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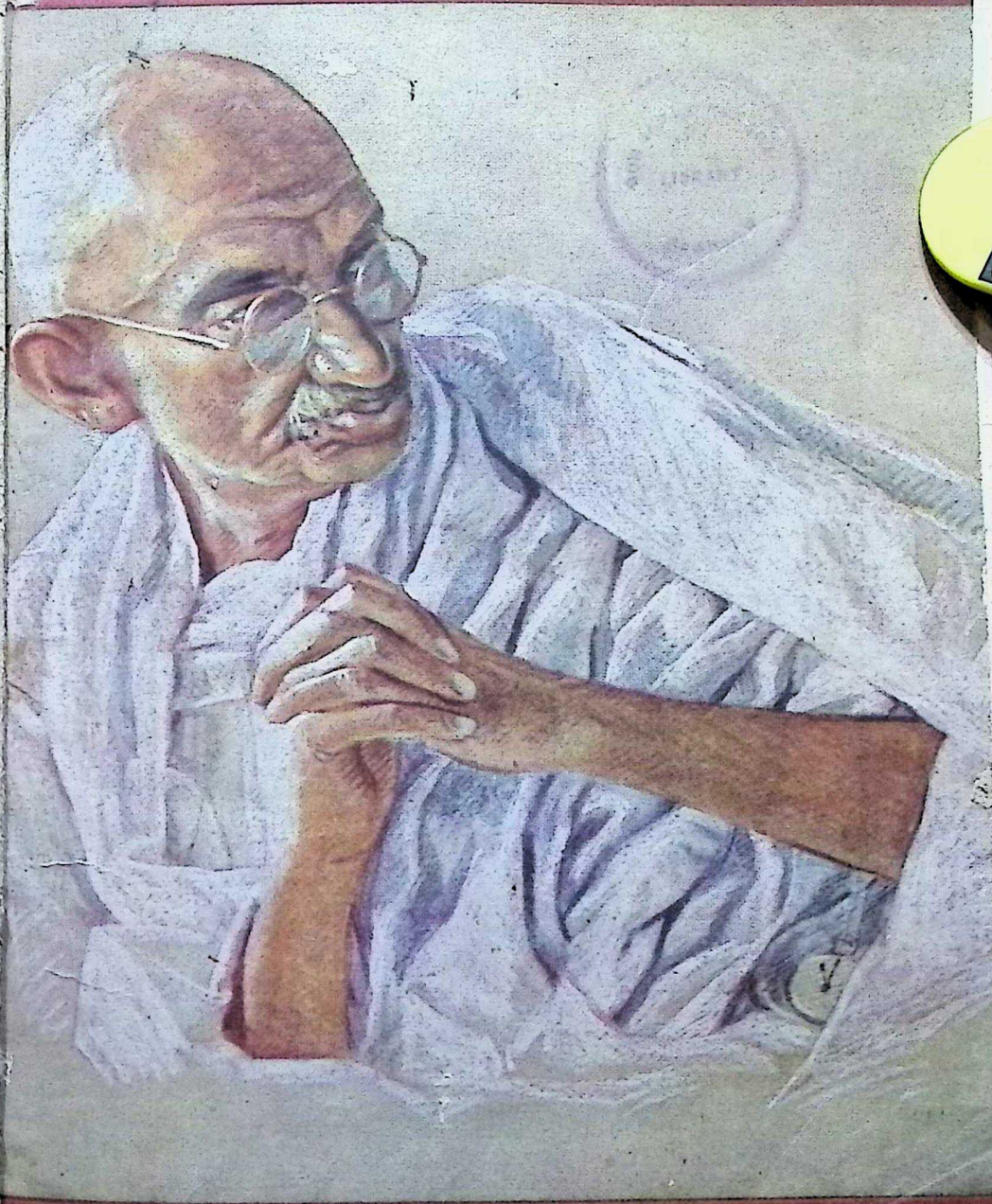

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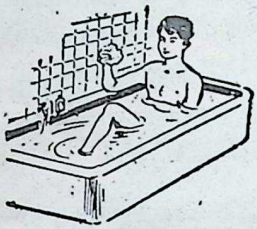

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

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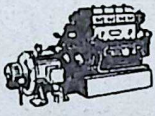

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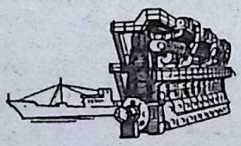

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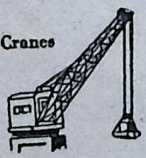

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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Vol. VII OCTOBER 2, 1960 No. 5

TRUTH

सत्येन वायुरावाति सत्येनाऽऽदित्यो रोचते दिवि,
सत्यं वाचः प्रतिष्ठा, सत्ये सर्वं प्रतिष्ठितं
तस्मात्सत्यं परमं वदन्ति।

The Wind blows on account of Truth; the Sun shines in the sky on account of Truth; the Word is established on Truth; everything is established on Truth. So, Truth is the highest and Truth is God.

Taittiriya Aranyaka

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 215

★ *MUSSOORIE* ★ *NIMKAROLI BABA*

★ *AVADHOOT HANSDEVJI*

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.
OCTOBER 2, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

MUSSOORIE has several advantages. It is motorable from Delhi in four hours and a half. It has a very convenient hotel run by an old friend, Captain Kerparam. And thirty-four years ago we had spent our honeymoon days there. So there we went, this May, for a holiday.

Modern Indian hotels try to reproduce the life of Western hotels; it is a *must,* if money is to be made. Luckily our rooms shut us out from the merrymakers, bridge players, ballroom dancers, the rock & roll experts as also the raucous jazz band, with which the modern holiday maker makes night and day hideous.

The Mall in Mussoorie is not a street; it is a drawing-room, where in the evening everyone meets everyone else. So I found myself at home. Quite a few dozen persons whom I met every evening had friendly contacts with me when, for five years, I lived in Uttar Pradesh as its Governor.

The climate was good. But I found the water heavy, and had to get water from the Ganga collected at Rishikesh before my stomach could maintain its normal working strength. So after all old revered Malaviyaji was right: he never drank anything but Ganga water even in England!

●●●

I met Sri Dube from Moradabad, a retired District Judge. He is a physical miracle. He is eighty-seven; claims to perform 500 *dands* in the morning; walks two hours in the morning and in the evening with boyish jumpiness; plays two sets of tennis every day. He is an expert in naturopathy and swears by clay bandage treatment as did Gandhiji. He tried to induce me to take it but his blandishments were unsuccessful.

I would like to narrate to you another incident—you may call it miraculous or accidental.

On returning from tea, to which

had been invited by Sri Dube, I decided to walk down to the hotel by one of the two roads which led to it. Half way an elderly gentleman stopped me.

'Munshiji, see, this man insists on lying down here,' he said and introduced himself as the father of Sri Trivedi, I.A.S., who lived in the bungalow nearby.

I saw a blanketed heap lying near the roadside to which Trivedi senior had referred. I thought some ailing beggar had collapsed there.

'What is the matter?' I asked of Trivedi.

'He does not go back to the house. He is lying here by the roadside for half an hour,' Trivedi said.

'Who is he?' I asked.

So the blanket-covered heap moved, a face peeped out.

'Munshi, you are here!' said the voice from the heap.

I looked at the face, and recognised it.

'Nimkaroli Baba! You here!' I exclaimed in amazement.

○○○

Nimkaroli Baba wanders about, dressed only in a blanket. He frequently visits Naini Tal, where he stays at Hanumangadi. No one knows from where he comes or where he goes to. Unexpectedly he arrives at a place and with equal suddenness leaves it. No one knows what his name is, but it is interesting to know how he came by the name by which he is well known.

Some years ago a train stopped at Nimkaroli station. A conscientious ticket checker found a blanketed tramp travelling without a ticket and pulled him out of the train. The tramp quietly sat down on the platform, picking his beard and jerkily telling the guard: 'You want the train to leave the station! Oh, well.'

The tramp continued squatting. The whistle blew. The guard flew his signal. But the engine would not move. Something went wrong with it. The engine-driver fiddled with the lever. Nothing doing.

Then someone told the stationmaster, 'Baba is a miracle worker. The train will not leave unless he is taken on the train.'

So the officers came to the Baba and begged of him to board the train, ticket or no ticket. And when he did so, the train moved out of the station.

Since then Baba is 'Nimkaroli Baba' to all who know him.

Baba has a wonderful memory. He never forgets a man once introduced to him. He enquires about him, his wife, his children and he never forgets anything about anyone of them.

But his way of foretelling events is uncanny. Walking on the road he spots a man, walks up to him, picks at his beard and says to him: 'Listen, such and such a thing is going to happen to you', and without a further glance at him walks away. I have met a dozen people who have vouched for the correctness of such prophecies.

But there is no way to win Baba's heart by worship, flattery or insistence. I have seen lots of people who invite him to their house without evoking any response. He just would not accept any invitation. It is the Baba who decides to whom he would go

and to whom he would indicate his future and when.

In 1951, when I was Food Minister, he went up to Pandey, the Assistant Secretary to the Governor of U.P., the office then being occupied by Sir Homi Mody, and said: 'Munshi is going to be your next Governor'.

At the time I had no intention of not seeking the elections in 1952; the Prime Minister never knew whom he will offer the governorship; I was then sure that governorship was an office for which I was not fitted.

When in U.P. I was told about the Baba and heard about his powers of prophesying, I wanted to pay my respects to him. So once when he had strayed to the Hanuman's temple near Naini Tal and I happened to be there, I went to him with my family. He enquired about all of us and said a few things to us.

Then a year afterwards he suddenly presented himself at the Government House at Naini Tal. He wanted to meet me. He came, had a cup of milk, enquired about all members of the family and left.

Then another summer I learnt one morning that he had come to the Hanuman's temple. I decided to go and see him immediately.

I reached the temple at about 10 a.m. Every one told me that since the morning, Baba had been saying that the Governor would soon come to see him in the morning!

●●●

So at Mussoorie, in May last, I was surprised—taken aback is the proper word—at being accosted by the Baba.

'Baba, when did you come here?'

'You go, finish your walk and then come to me,' he said.

'But you go to Trivedi's house and I will come there', I said.

'Shrimati has left?' he asked.

'Yes, Baba, she has returned to Bombay', I said.

He got up, enveloped himself in his blanket and left.

'No sooner he came to Mussoorie, he began to enquire about you,' said Trivedi senior. 'I telephoned to the Savoy, but could not contact you nor would they tell me whether you had left the station.'

'But how did he come to lie down by the roadside?' I asked.

'We were sitting together on a bench on the road. He suddenly got up, left us and lay down here by the roadside', said Trivedi.

If Baba had not decided to lie down by the road and refused to go into the house, if I had not decided to return to the hotel by this particular road we would not have met. Did he lie down on the roadside because he wanted to see me going by the road? Knowing Baba as I do, I am not prepared to be positive that it was an accident.

So I went into Trivedi's bungalow and talked to the Baba. In his jerky sentences he asked how the members of my family were doing.

'Have you built the temple? You said you would', he asked.

'Yes, I have done it', I said.

'I will come sometime to see it', he said.

'But how am I to know when you would be coming to Bombay', I asked.

'I will come all right', he said and

plucking at his beard he turned to others.

I took my leave. The next day early morning, he left Mussoorie.

●●●

When we were at Mussoorie, we learnt of the death of Avadhoot Hansdevji. I had met him only a couple of months before in Bombay; though his health was then crumbling, he was as cheerful as ever.

He was one of the most striking personalities I ever came across in my life; in an earlier Kulapati's Letter (No. 48) I have written about my contacts with him in detail.

At his death he was anything between 116 to 120 years of age. He had told me that when the Great Revolt of 1857 broke out, he was a boy of 13 to 14 years. In his life he had attended the Kumbh 8 or 9 times thus covering a span of 96 to 108 years.

One remarkable thing about him was that in spite of the large following he commanded, he never made a claim to miraculous powers. He said miracles were possible but performing them was a waste of time; it was just like halting at a wayside station when your destination was far away. Once I had asked him as to whether he had ever come across anything in the nature of miracles. He said that in all his life, covering over a century, he had come across only two incidents which he would call miracles.

"Once when I was wandering as an avadhoot without any companion, I met an old sadhu. I did not know where I could stay for a few days.

"The sadhu said: 'You will know where you will stay. On approaching the town you will meet a man of a particular description (the description was given). He will ask you certain questions (questions were mentioned). He will invite you to come to his house and the first meal he will offer to you will consist of particular food (the description was given)'. And so it happened. Travelling from place to place when I was approaching a town, a man of the above description met me, asked me the questions indicated, invited me and gave me the very food, the description of which had been given by the old sadhu."

The next miracle would easily be taken to be a freak of imagination if I had not known Hansdevji's practical outlook and his disregard of miracles. He said:

"In early years when I was travelling from place to place alone, I went and slept under a tree in a cremation ground", he said. "It was midnight. A funeral pyre was burning nearby. Near it were seated some men and women without clothes performing some rituals. I could see that they were Aghories. Though afraid of them, I continued to watch them at a distance. Some time after midnight, I saw an aerial car, in which Siva and Parvati were seated, hovering over them. I heard them offering prayers to the gods. Then the aerial car disappeared. It was not an illusion nor even a dream. It frightened me considerably."

Hansdevji came into our life in 1937. When he visited us first, my son was

almost sinking and, as we believe, his presence helped him in his recovery. Thereafter whenever he was in a place where we happened to be, we used to pay our respects to him. And his cheerful talk and smile lifted us into an atmosphere of purity and peace. He was great at telling stories to indicate his theme. I wish somebody had collected the numberless stories with which he illustrated moral dicta.

Once I asked him the secret of his longevity.

> "I attribute it to *pranayam*, he said. Every day I performed *pranayams* for a considerable time. I believe that each one of us is destined to draw a certain number of breaths in his life and if one can hold one's breath for a long time, to that extent he would live longer. He cannot die before the appointed number of breaths are drawn."

In a way one secret of longevity he had. He was never worried; he was never in a hurry; he knew no anxiety and no regrets. He had complete faith in God and was never ruffled.

●●●

Talking about men with extraordinary powers, I must mention Bhavani Shankar. He is a devout worshipper of Amba Mata, and sometimes, spends days in *sadhana*. Then he comes to you always unexpected. He asks for no money, would not dine with you unless he wishes to. But once he starts talking, he goes on in his quaint, picturesque Gujarati reconnoitring your subconscious mind, and saying things which are buried deep in it. Sometimes he forecasts things accurately, though not always. His talk is highlighted by quotations, anecdotes and illustrations of a graphic character, but without any pretensions. He offers advice to help you solve your problems supported by some apt anecdotes. He is a very shrewd observer of men and things, but how he probes into your character and problems so accurately cannot be explained by attributing the feat to mere shrewdness.

●●●

I had a great mind to visit Hardwar and Rishikesh once again. But I got a setback to my health and did not like to cut short my holiday by even four days.

Anyway I had not had such a holiday since 1946.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

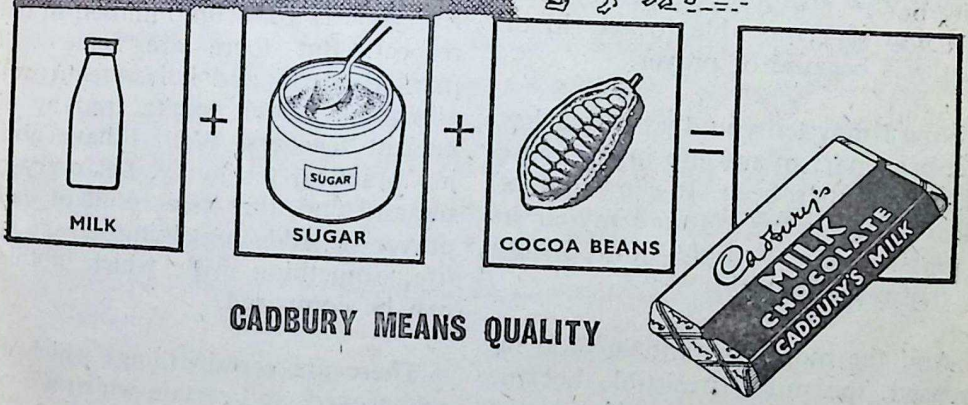
No nation belongs to itself. Every nation belongs to the world. I want my country to become free, so that, if necessary, it might die to serve the cause of humanity.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

YOU AND CADBURYS

"My work takes me all over the country—by rail, bus—even bullock cart. I used to find it difficult to get clean wholesome food in out-of-the-way places and usually just when I wanted it most—then I started packing a few blocks of Cadbury's Chocolate on every trip. Easy to carry, nutritious and delicious, it sustains me between regular meals. And it gives me extra energy too!"

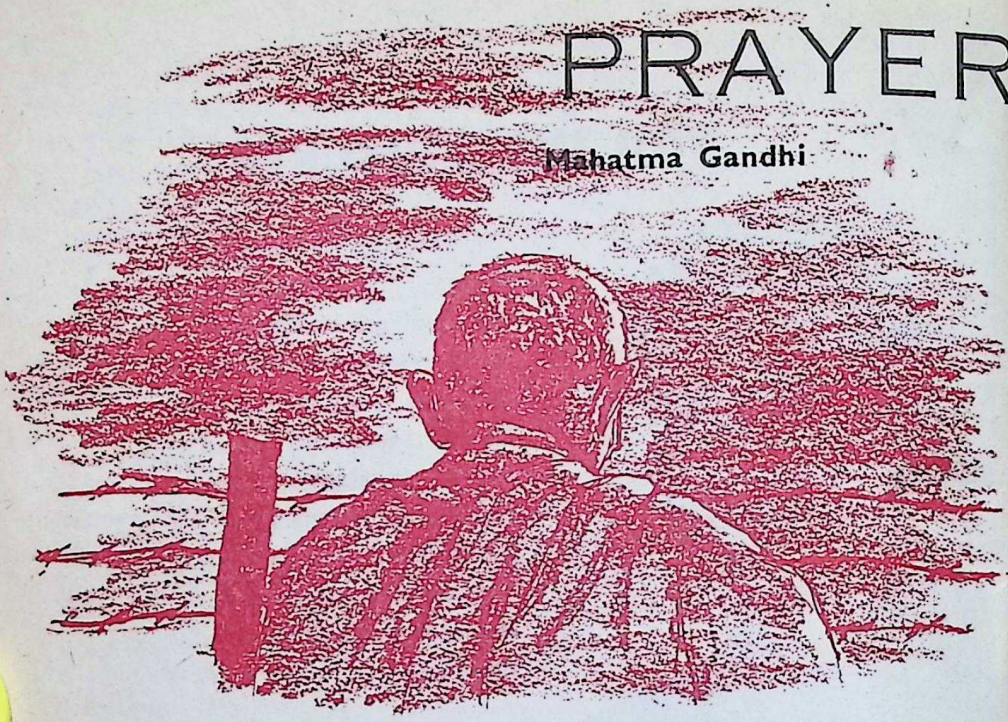
CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE...MORE THAN A SWEET—A FOOD.



CADBURY MEANS QUALITY

PRAYER

Mahatma Gandhi



PRAYER has been the saving of my life. Without it, I should have been a lunatic long ago. My autobiography will tell you that I have had my fair share of the bitterest public and private experiences. They threw me into temporary despair, but if I was able to get rid of it, it was because of prayer.

Now I may tell you, that prayer has not been part of my life in the sense that Truth has been. It came out of sheer necessity, as I found myself in a plight when I could not possibly be happy without it.

And the more my faith in God increased, the more irresistible became the yearning for prayer. Life seemed to be dull and vacant without it.

I have found people who envy m peace. That peace, I tell you, come from prayer. I am not a man of learn ing, but I humbly claim to be a mar of prayer.

I am indifferent as to the form Everyone is a law unto himself in tha respect. But there are some well marked roads, and it is safe to wal along the beaten tracks, trod by th ancient teachers. Well, I have give my practical testimony. Let everyon try and find, that as a result of dail prayer he adds something new to hi life, something with which nothin can be compared.

There are certain things which a self-proved, and certain which are n proved at all. The existence of Go is like a geometrical axiom. It m be beyond our heart-grasp. I shall n

talk of an intellectual grasp. Intellectual attempts are, more or less, fallacious, as a rational explanation cannot give you the faith in a living God. For, it is a thing beyond the grasp of reason. It transcends reason.

I would have you brush aside all rational explanation and begin with a simple child-like faith in God. If I exist, God exists. With me it is a necessity of my being, as it is with millions.

Once you accept the existence of God, the necessity for prayer is inescapable. Let us not make the astounding claim, that our whole life is a prayer, and, therefore, we need not sit down at a particular hour to pray. Even men, who were all their time in tune with the Infinite, did not make such a claim. Their lives were a continuous prayer, and yet for our sake, let us say, they offered prayer at set hours, and renewed each day the oath of loyalty to God.

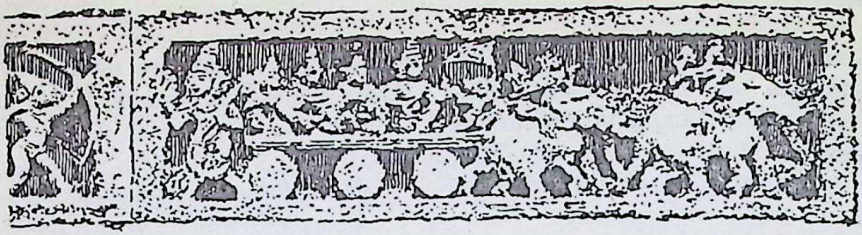
More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For, what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For, so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by golden chains about the feet of God.

—*Tennyson*

[*Courtesy:* Navajivan Trust.]

I have no desire for the perishable Kingdom of the earth. I am striving for the Kingdom of heaven which is spiritual deliverance. For me the road to salvation lies through incessant toil in the service of my country and Humanity. I want to identify myself with everything that lives. In the language of the Gita *I want to live in Peace with friend and foe. So my patriotism for me is a stage on my very journey to the land of eternal freedom and peace. They subserve my religion. Thus, it will be seen that for me there are no politics devoid of religion. Politics bereft of religion are a death-trap because they will kill the soul.*

—Mahatma Gandhi.



ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

NARADA REMINDS RAMA

Now Ayodhya Kanda starts.

One day Sri Rama was chatting pleasantly with Sita in the zenana. At that time Sage Narada announced himself unexpectedly. Seeing him Rama rose from his seat and along with Sita offered him all respects, and said:

संसारिणां मुनिश्रेष्ठ ! दुर्लभं तव दर्शनम् ।
अस्माकं विषयासक्तचेतसां नितरां मुने ॥

"O, great among sages! It is difficult for householders to have your Darsan. It is more so, O Sage, in the case of people like us whose minds are full with pursuit of pleasure."

अवाप्तं मे पूर्वजन्मकृतपुण्यमहोदयैः ।
संसारिणामपि मुने ! लभ्यते सत्समागमः ॥
अतस्त्वद्दर्शनादेव कृतार्थोऽस्मि मुनीश्वर ।
किं कार्यं ते मया कार्यं ब्रूहि तत्करवाणि भोः ॥

"It has been made possible to me by the ocean of Punyas collected by me in my previous lives, which alone enable householders, to come in contact with virtuous souls. Therefore, O Great Sage, I consider myself fortunate by your very Darsan. Please let me know what I can do for you and I shall have it done."

अथ तं नारदोप्याह राघवं भक्तवत्सलम् ।
किं मोहयसि मां राम वाक्यैर्लोकानुसारिभिः ॥
संसार्यहमिति प्रोक्तं सत्यमेतत्त्वया विभो
जगतामादिभूता या सा माया गृहिणी तव ॥

Hearing this, Narada addressed Raghava, the beloved of his devotees: "O, Rama! Why do you fool me by common worldly words? O, Lord, true indeed that you have described yourself as a family man. Is not the Universal Mother Maya your wife?

त्वत्सन्निकर्षाज्जायन्ते तस्यां ब्रह्मादयः प्रजाः ।
त्वदाश्रया सदा भाति माया या त्रिगुणात्मिका ॥
सूतेऽजस्रं शुक्लकृष्णलोहिताः सर्वदा प्रजाः ।
लोकत्रयमहागेहे गृहस्थस्त्वमुदाहृतः ॥

"By virtue of your company,

children like Brahma are born to Her. That Maya who is made up of threefold *gunas*—Sattva, Rajas and Tamas —always shines by virtue of Your company. She produces intermittently in all the three worlds children of white, black and red colour depending upon the *gunas*. In that sense You are really a family man.

त्वं विष्णुर्जानकी लक्ष्मीः शिवस्त्वं जानकी शिवा ।
ब्रह्मा त्वं जानकी वाणी सूर्यस्त्वं जानकी प्रभा ॥
भवान् शशांकः सीता तु रोहिणी शुभ लक्षणा ।
शक्रस्त्वमेव पौलोमी सीता स्वाहाऽनलो भवान् ॥
यमस्त्वं कालरूपश्च सीता संयमिनी प्रभो ।
निर्ऋतिस्त्वं जगन्नाथ तामसी जानकी शुभा॥
राम त्वमेव वरुणः भार्गवी जानकी शुभा ।
वायुस्त्वं राम सीता तु सदागतिरितीरिता ॥
कुबेरस्त्वं राम सीता सर्वसंपत्प्रकीर्तिता ।
रुद्राणी जानकी प्रोक्ता रुद्रस्त्वं लोकनाशकृत् ॥
लोके स्त्रीवाचकं यावत् तत्सर्वं जानकी शुभा ।
पुंनामवाचकं यावत् तत्सर्वं त्वं हि राघव ॥
तस्माल्लोकत्रये देव युवाभ्यां नास्ति किंचन॥

"You are Vishnu and Janaki is Lakshmi; You are Siva and Janaki is Parvati; You are Brahma and Janaki is Vani; You are the Sun and Janaki is Prabha; You are the Moon and Janaki is the beautiful Rohini; You are Indra and Sita is Powlomi; Sita is Swaha and You are Agni; You are Yama and Kala, and Sita is Samyamini, O Lord! You are Nirriti, Oh Lord of the world, and auspicious Janaki is Taamasi. O Rama! You alone are Varuna and auspicious Janaki is Bhargavi. You are Vayu, O Rama, and Sita is said to be Sadagati. You are Kubera, O Rama, and Sita is all the wealth. Janaki is known as Rudrani and You as Rudra, the Destroyer of the world. Indeed whatever feminine word there is in the world, all that constitute auspicious Janaki and all masculine words constitute you, O Raghava! Therefore, in all the three worlds there is nothing except you two.

त्वत्पादभक्तियुक्तानां विज्ञानं भवति क्रमात् ।
तस्मात्त्वद्भक्तियुक्ता ये मुक्तिभाजस्त एव हि ॥

"Those that are devoted to your feet attain *vijnana* in due course. Therefore, they alone who are devoted to you attain Moksha.

अहं त्वद्भक्तभक्तानां तद्भक्तानां च किंकरः ।
अतो मामनुगृह्णीष्व मोहयस्व न मां प्रभो ॥

"I am a humble servant of those who do service to your devotees. Therefore, please don't fool me, but protect me.

त्वन्नाभिकमलोत्पन्नो ब्रह्मा मे जनकः प्रभो
अतस्तवाहं पौत्रोऽस्मि भक्तं मां पाहि राघव ॥

"Oh Lord! Brahma grew out of the lotus of your navel. I am Brahma's son. Therefore I am your grandson. Protect me, O Raghava, your devotee!"

इत्युक्त्वा बहुशो नत्वा स्वानन्दाश्रुपरिप्लुतः ।
उवाच वचनं राम ब्रह्मणा नोदितोऽस्म्यहम् ॥
रावणस्य वधार्थाय जातोऽसि रघुसत्तम ।
इदानीं राज्यरक्षार्थं पिता त्वामभिषेक्ष्यति ॥

यदि राज्याभिसंसक्तो रावणं न हनिष्यसि।
प्रतिज्ञा ते कृता राम भूभारहरणाय वै।
तत्सत्यं कुरु राजेन्द्र सत्यसन्धस्त्वमेव हि॥

Praising in this manner in many words, Narada prostrated before Rama while tears of joy ran down his cheeks. Said Narada: "I have come here being sent by Brahma, O great among Raghus! You are born for the destruction of Ravana. Now Your father will coronate you on the throne for the protection of the State. If you get coronated, you will not kill Ravana; but Rama, you have given an undertaking to lighten the burden of the earth. Oh Great King! You are the protector of truth. Please therefore keep your word."

श्रुत्वैतद्गदितं रामः नारदं प्राह सस्मितम्।
शृणु नारद मे किञ्चित् विद्यतेऽविदितं क्वचित्॥
प्रतिज्ञातं च यत्पूर्वं करिष्ये नात्र संशयः।
किन्तु कालानुरोधेन तत्तत्प्रारब्धसंक्षयात्॥
हरिष्ये सर्वभूभारं क्रमेणासुरमण्डलम्।
रावणस्य विनाशार्थं श्वो गन्ता दण्डकावनम्॥
चतुर्दश समास्तत्र ह्युषित्वा मुनिवेषधृक्।
सीतामिषेण तं दुष्टं सकुलं नाशयाम्यहम्॥

Hearing Narada's words, Rama smiled and said: "Listen, Narada. Is there anything that I do not know? Have no fears about me! I shall certainly carry out my promise. But don't you know that time is the deciding factor? After allowing Destiny to work itself out for some time, I shall gradually rid the world of the host of Asuras. I shall be going to Dandaka forest tomorrow for the destruction of Ravana. After living in the guise of a sage for fourteen years there, I shall kill the wicked demon along with his brood using Sita as my tool."

एवं रामे प्रतिज्ञाते नारदः प्रमुमोद ह।
प्रदक्षिणत्रयं कृत्वा दण्डवत्प्रणिपत्य तम्।
अनुज्ञातश्च रामेण ययौ देवगतिं मुनिः॥

Narada was greatly pleased by the reassurance of Rama. Going round Rama thrice, he prostrated before him and with his permission returned to his heavenly abode.

[To be continued.]

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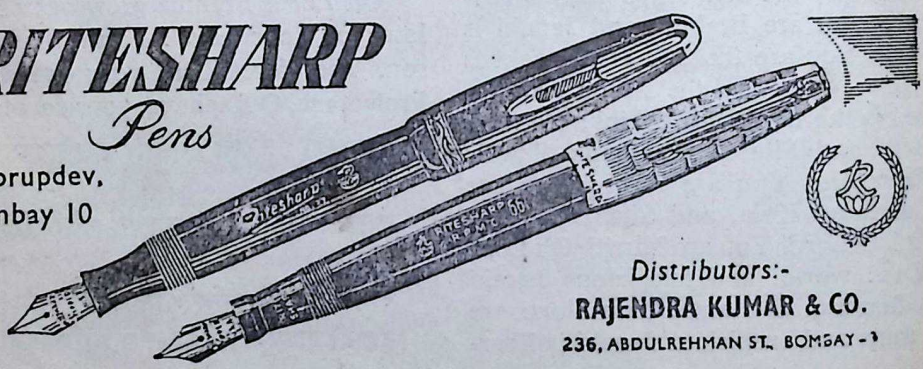

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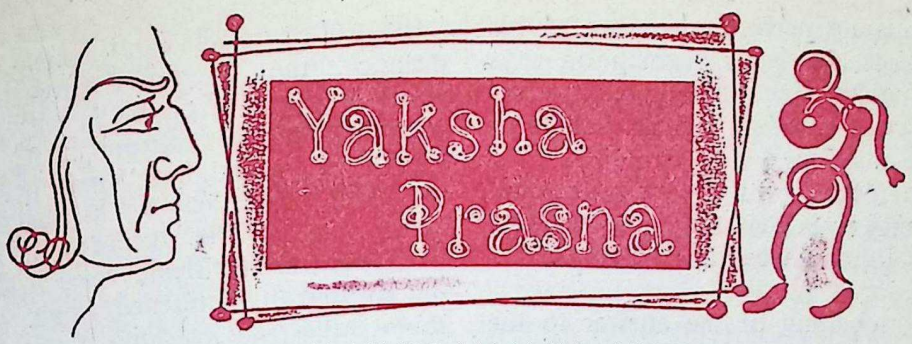

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from issue dated September 4, 1960.*]

The next four questions and answers are contained in the following stanzas:

किं क्षत्रियाणां देवत्वम् ? कश्च धर्मस्सतामिव ? कश्चैषां मानुषो भावः किमेषामसतामिव ?

What constitutes the divineness of Kshatriyas or warriors?

What is their quality similar to that of goodness? (i.e. what is their virtue?)

What constitutes their humanness?

What is their quality similar to that of bad men?

इष्वस्त्रमेषां देवत्वं यज्ञ एषां सतामिव।
भयं वै मानुषो भाव : परित्यागोऽसतामिव ॥

Arrows and missiles constitute their excellence.

Yagnas or sacrifices are their good qualities.

Their humanness consists in fear.

Abandonment of the afflicted is their bad quality.

The questions and answers are of the same pattern as the previous ones about Brahmanas or learned men. From the use of the word 'devata' again in the case of Kshatriya, the true import of the word devata becomes clear. Devatva does not mean in this context the status of a *deva*. It only means excellence or the quality like that of a *deva*. It is *divineness*. The word *deva* occurs in the following sukta of the *Rigveda*.

अग्निमीळे पुरोहितं यज्ञस्य देवमृत्विजम्

Sayana in his *Bhashya* says as follows:

देवशब्दः दान दीप द्योतनानां अन्यतममर्थं आचष्टे।

It means that quality which makes the possessor to shine brightly. Therefore devatva in the context means the quality that gives lustre to the Kshatriya. It is his military prowess that is indicated by the words i.e. arrows and missiles. Therefore the import of the question and answer is that it is military prowess that gives lustre to the warrior.

The performance of *yagnas* like Aswamedha, Rajasuya, etc. constitutes the virtue or good conduct of the Kshatriya. While, by his military prowess, a Kshatriya ruler may establish an empire, still the performance of Aswamedha or Rajasuya sacrifice is a me-

ritorious act performed soon after his conquests. Hence, Dharmaputra says that performance of *yagnas* constitutes good conduct of the Kshatriya or the warrior.

The meaning of the next question and answer is that fear or cowardice is the human weakness of the Kshatriya.

The meaning of the answer to the fourth question is that failure to protect and help the distressed will be the dark spot in his nature. The very word Kshatriya has been interpreted by Kalidasa in *Raghuvamsa,* 2nd canto in the following *sloka*:

क्षतात् किल त्रायत इत्युदग्रः क्षत्रस्य शब्दो भुवनेषु रूढः।

"He who protects one from injury" is the well-known import of the word Kshatriya. The greatness of this quality is beautifully illustrated by a story in the *Markandeya Purana*. There was once a king named Vipaschit Maharaja. He ruled very wisely and well. He observed all the religious duties enjoined on a Kshatriya. On his death, he attained heaven as reward for his virtue. But there was one remissness on his part amounting to a sin which had to be expiated by his stay in Naraka for 3¾ *nadigas*. Accordingly, Maharaja Vipaschit went to hell and his very presence was a source of alleviation of the suffering of the denizens of hell. The fragrance proceeding from his body was soothing to all of them. A well-known Vedic saying may be quoted here:

यथा वृक्षस्य सुपुष्पितस्य दूरात् गन्धो वाति एवं पुण्यस्य कर्मणो दूरात् गन्धो वाति।

"Just as the fragrance coming from a tree full of flowers can be smelt at a distance, the 'fragrance' from the *punyakarma* of a person is felt even from a distance." As soon as the allotted time passed, king Vipaschit had to depart from hell to his heavenly abode. But all the denizens of hell implored him with one voice to stay on so that his presence would give them relief for a long time. The heavenly messenger insisted that the king should come away soon. It is at that time that the king gave expression to his resolve to abandon heaven and to stay in hell only for the purpose of relieving the distressed. All the *devas* and *rishis* acclaimed his selflessness and virtue, and they said that protection of those who seek it is a greater virtue than even the observance of all religious duties enjoined by the sastras. So Dharmaputra declares that the protection of the weak who have sought refuge, is the greatest duty of the Kshatriya.

The next four questions and answers are contained in the following stanza:

किमेकं यज्ञियं साम किमेकं यज्ञियं यजुः।
कां चैकां वृणुते यज्ञं कां यज्ञो नातिवर्तते॥

What is the Sama which is beneficial for the sacrifice?

What is the Yajus which is beneficial to yagna?

Which among them is chosen for the yagna *itself?*

What is that which the sacrifice cannot be without?

Dharmaputra answered as follows:

प्राणो वै यज्ञियं साम मनो वै यज्ञियं यजुः।
ऋगेका वृणुते यज्ञं तां यज्ञो नातिवर्तते॥

Prana or vital energy is the Sama

which is most helpful to the sacrifice.

Manas or mind is the Yajus which is most helpful to the sacrifice. It is the Rik which chooses the yagna for itself.

It is the Rik alone which yagna or sacrifice cannot do without.

Both the questions and the answers have reference to matters connected with *yagna*. It is the Vedas that are most intimately connected with *yagna*. As it is well-known, in the *yagna* there are three sets of Ritviks or Priests who officiate, namely, the Hota, Adhvaryu and Udgata. The Hota is the person who recites the Rik *mantras* invoking the respective *devatas* in the sacrifice. The Rik *mantras* recited are also known as *sastra*. The Adhvaryu is the person who is concerned with the procedure in the sacrifice, especially the *homa* or the oblation in the fire. He recites the Brahmanas, *mantras* in connection with that. The Udgata is the person who sings the Sama in praise of the gods. All the three are necessary for the performance of the *yagna*. *Yagna* has always been considered the most important ritual, by the performance of which the country as a whole attains wealth and prosperity. By the performance of *yagnas*, timely rains will result, favourable for agriculture.

यज्ञात् भवति पर्जन्यः।

says the *Bhagavat Gita*.

Manu himself says:

अग्नौ प्रास्ताहुतिः सम्यक् आदित्यमुपतिष्ठति
आदित्याज्जायते वृष्टिः वृष्टेरन्नं ततः प्रजाः॥

This is the reason why though the *rishis* were strongly against *himsa*, still they permitted the sacrifice of animals in *yagna*. Hence the question of the Yaksha which is about *yagna* refers to the Sama and Yajus which pertain to the *yagna*. The Yaksha asks, assuming that the Sama is necessary for the *yagna*, the question: what is the Sama which is most helpful? The question is a trifle searching one and really requires a careful answer as all Samas are helpful to the *yagna*. Hence the answering person must really seek to find out the intention of the Yaksha in asking the question.

Apart from the physical performance of the *yagna*, the Upanishad describes upasanas based on the Sama, Yajus and Rik.

त्रयो वेदा एतएव वागेवर्ग्वेदो, मनो यजुर्वेदः प्राणस्सामवेदः (बृ-५-९)

The Brihadaranyakopanishad requires the upasaka or the person in meditation to think of Rik as Vak or speech, the Yajus as manas or mind, and the Sama as prana. The Chandogyopanishad also refers to the Rik being considered as Vak and the Sama as prana. It also mentions the reason for looking upon the Sama as prana on account of the connection between the two.

स्वरात्मकत्वात् साम्नः (१-८)

indicates that the utterance of the Sama depends on swara and swara depends upon prana. It is therefore clear now why the upasaka is directed to look upon Sama as prana. While in the karmakanda, *yagna* is looked upon as ritual for the propitiation of the gods, the very same *yagna* or the component parts of it are utilised for the purpose of upasana and the mental processes necessary for it.

The Yajus used for the purpose of the *yagna* may be contemplated as

manas or mind. A thinking mind and retentive memory are necessary for the purpose of seeing that the procedure of the *yagna* is strictly followed in its performance. Hence the upasaka is directed to contemplate the Yajus as mind. The Rik *mantras* are most essential in a *yagna* for the purpose of invoking the grace of the gods, Indra, Varuna, Agni etc. Hence it may be said that it is the Rik alone that really forms the effective *yagna*. This speech has taken the form of Rik; hence, it follows that Vak is essential for *yagna*. Therefore it is that Dharmaputra says that Vak chooses the *yagna* for its own. In this context, it is necessary to quote the reference from Satapathabrahmana to understand the form which the answer of Dharmaputra has taken.

यज्ञ। इयं वाक् योषा। त्वं तु पुमान्। तस्मात् तां उपामन्त्रयस्वा (शतपथ ब्राह्मण ३-२-१)

It is said there that the Vak courts the *yagna*, Vak being looked upon as a lady and that is why Dharmaputra uses the word which means also to court. Dharmaputra also adds that we cannot do without the Rik or Vak in a *yagna*.

Yagnas are of two kinds, one the external *yagna* and the other internal. Neelakanta, the commentator, here has explained the meaning of above stanzas as relating to the internal *yagna* which is known as *gnanayagna*. By *gnanayagna* is meant the attainment of gnana of the Brahman or the supreme. For this purpose the control of the breath or prana and the control of the mind are both necessary. Then the understanding and the realisation of the truth of the Mahavakyas indicated by the word Vak is necessary and without this, the knowledge of the Brahman cannot be obtained.

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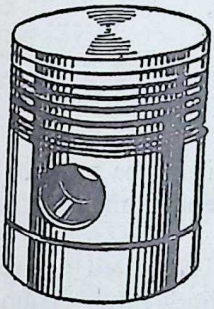

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PART II

5. AS A BRAHMACHARI

ARJUN and you lie side by side, talking far into the night. He tells you of all that was happening to them at Hastinapur; their triumphs and trials, of the humiliation to which they were subjected, of the affection in which they were held by Grandfather Bhishma and the venerable Veda Vyas. He also tells you as to how, years before, he and his brothers had been invested with sacred thread; how they had led the hard life of a *brahmachari*—celibate student; how their teachers were more than satisfied with their self-imposed discipline.

'But I was a small boy then. You are now past sixteen, Krishna,' remarks Arjun. 'You will find it hard to undergo the rigour of that hard life.'

'Not a bit,' you answer. 'I must undergo the rigid discipline of a *brahmachari*. I can't be true to *Dharma* if I don't prepare myself for standing for it.'

'But you have led a free and easy life in Vrindavan,' Arjun raised a doubt. He is a great fellow for raising doubts and asking questions.

'That is all the more reason that I should make up for lost time,' you say. 'And I am determined to do it—do it thoroughly. I cannot enjoy life unless I know how to enjoy it and where to stop, so that the enjoyment never ends in gluttony.'

'We have no enjoyment worth the name. And if Duryodhana succeeds in depriving us of our patrimony, I don't know where we will have to migrate in search of a place to live in,' says Arjun sadly.

'Why should you be denied your rightful patrimony? You are five bro-

thers. Haven't you faith in yourself?' you ask. You find it difficult to understand how such clever young men lack faith. You never do.

'Well, I have got some faith after meeting you. You know, I never felt so strong as when we swam together,' says Arjun.

'And we shall swim together—all our lives—till we have fulfilled our *Dharma,*' you assure him.

'Why do you always talk about *Dharma* as if you know all about it, Krishna?' Arjun asks timidly.

You laugh. 'It is so simple. I can see where my *Dharma* lies—every moment,' you say.

'That is more than I can do,' says Arjun modestly.

Arjun is very modest, never brags and believes in you; that is why you like him so much.

● ● ●

The day after, the ceremony of investing you with sacred thread begins. All celebrations have stopped, for we are still in mourning over Uncle's death.

Two days later, the ceremony reaches its final stage. The heads of all the three of you were shaved except for the sacred tuft; the sacred fires were lit; you ask permission of Father and Mother, and uncles and aunts and of Gurudeva Gargacharya, and you wear the sacred thread to the chant of *mantras*.

Each of you was given a deer skin to wear over your suspenders by day and to lie on by night; also a staff, a *kamandalu* (bowl hewn out of wood) and a pair of sandals.

Now you are 'reborn' as the *shastras* say: that is, you are a full *Arya* charged with sacred duties; you have entered the stage of *brahmacharya* (celibate studenthood), when you are expected to observe strict discipline.

As a *brahmachari,* you have to beg your food. So you stand before Mother with bowl in hand and utter the formula *'Bhavati, bhiksham dehi'* (Lady, give me food by way of alms).

You are happy that you are a student now. You are to live with Guru Sandipani, to serve him, to carry out his wishes. You are now to forego all pleasures and be worthy to fulfil your *Dharma*.

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It is a very enjoyable life, though it is different from the gay and easy life that you led at Vrindavan. But this studenthood is *Dharma*; you are now to prepare for developing *Brahma tej* or *Kshatra tej*. Perhaps you may develop both, why not?

You leave Father's palace and go and live with Guru Sandipani. He has a sweet smile, but his eyes are very expressive. He can command by a look.

You have now entered studenthood —the stage of *brahmacharya,* you

think as you lie on the ground in a garden where Sandipani and his pupils have put up. You have now to be a perfect *brahmachari*. You have, for the moment, to forget what you were and what you like: Govardhan, the cows, the *gopis* whom you love; even Father Nanda and Mother Yashoda, Father Vasudeva and Mother Devaki; even the memory of your exploits and of the love of people—even of Radha, your goddess of joy.

Guru entrusts Balaram, Uddhava and you to his nephew Shvetaketu. He is a handsome young man and looks like his uncle. You are told that he is the ablest disciple of the master.

You are now a member of Shvetaketu's batch, which consists, besides three of you, of the twin Princes of Avanti, Vinda and Anuvinda, who look so like each other that you often can't say which is which. You can see at once that Vinda and Anuvinda never can forget that they are the sons of a king and you are not. Every time you want to make friends with them, they make you feel that you are a cowherd's son. They wear their deer skins in a fastidious way and will go only to the princesses to beg their food. Poor things, you have to suffer these vain boys cheerfully.

You have no such vanity; it is wrong to be so snobbish. You promptly accept Trivakra's invitation to go to her the next day for collecting food. She is not a princess, but has a nobler heart than any woman's. And when you go to her quarters in the palace, she has cooked the nicest food with her own hands and offers it to you when you hold out the bowl to her.

But wherever you go for food these few days, Rukmi's sister is sure to be there—of course with Trivakra. She will also insist on putting a fine little morsel in your bowl, whoever be the lady giving you the food. And every time she does so, she smiles and shoots sly glances at you. She is very pretty, but very forward too.

You do not like her brother, it is true; but she is different. She has fine eyes. Her nose is straight. Radha was different—she was sweetness itself bubbling with spontaneous joy. This Princess is dignified—and perhaps inclined to be domineering. But no, you are wrong to think of girls when you are a *brahmachari*. You have to forget them.

●●●

The seventh member of the batch is eighteen-year-old Sudama or Kuchela as some call him, lean and weak, but very intelligent. He tells all about himself straightaway. His father came from the distant shores of the sea, somewhere near the sacred Prabhas Tirth, where he says all of us have to go on a pilgrimage. His father was Guru Sandipani's friend and colleague, and knew the chanting of Sama Veda music to perfection. He was now dead and Sudama is now continuing his studies till they are completed.

Sudama himself can chant the Sama Veda hymns to perfection. You heard him with admiration the day after you had joined the Guru. He has been good enough to agree to your proposal to teach you the Sama music.

Big Brother is a problem. He has already begun to find the life of a *brahmachari* hard. He misses the wide spaces of the forest. He is also

unhappy that he cannot roam at will, nor shout at people, nor get angry and hit some one. He finds life monotonous, and constant recitals and discussions boring.

Well, you have to help him overcome his disgust of the new life. You have always to be nice to him without letting him know that you are doing it on purpose. You have to pretend that you have forgotten the *mantras* and ask him to correct you—just to make him memorise them correctly. You have to ask him every time you learn to perform a ritual as to what is the correct way, just to refresh his own memory of it. He knows that you remember things all right and that this is only your trick to help him. He never forgets that compared to him you are very intelligent, and he is proud of what you are. But he never gets jealous, for he loves you and you love him. And he continues to master all the things that you want him to, just to please you.

After five days, Uddhava, your dear friend, returns from Vrindavan. He tells you how all in Vrindavan, old and young, were eagerly awaiting you; how they wanted your exploits to be retold again and again; how they have sent fond messages to say how they found the banks of the Yamuna desolate without you; how even your favourite cows, when Uddhava patted them, felt disconsolate.

You feel unhappy when you learn that Mother Yashoda shed tears when listening to the events that had happened in Mathura, that waking and sleeping she only calls upon you.

You feel more unhappy when you hear how absent-mindedly Radha heard the message you had sent. You had sent her a message: 'Radha, you are my goddess of joy. You are always in my heart; so will you remain. And let me know, when I return from the *ashram*, whether you would like to be with me, and I shall bring you here.'

And with a choking voice, Uddhava tells you what reply she made. She took him to the favourite grove where you used to be with her and asked him: 'Isn't my Kahn here?' Then she took him to the tree under which you sat with her and asked him: 'Don't you hear his flute?'

Uddhava says he was nonplussed, for she was as happy as ever. Then she turned to him and said: 'You are blind, Uddhava, and also deaf. He is here, my Kahn; he lives and moves with me; he is with me wherever I am; what more do I want?'

Uddhava confesses to you that he is unhappy at seeing her talking this way. But he found her very happy, wandering on the banks of the Yamuna and playing your flute.

Uddhava can't understand her. You can. She lives only in you. You may be a Krishna to others; to her you are 'my Kahn' who lives with her all the time.

And your heart becomes pure and joyous as you think of Radha's devotion, which has transmuted your relations with her into a thing of exquisite beauty.

[*To be continued*]

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BAPU

Jawaharlal Nehru

NINETEEN-SIXTEEN. That was when I first saw Bapu, and an age has gone by since then. Inevitably one looks back and memories crowd in.

What a strange period this has been in India's history, and the story, with all its ups and downs and triumphs and defeats, has the quality of a ballad and a romance. Even our trivial lives were touched by a halo of romance, because we lived through this period and were actors, in greater or lesser degree, in the great drama of India.

This period has been full of wars and upheavals and stirring events all over the world. Yet events in India stand out in distinctive outline because they were on an entirely different plane. If a person studied this period without knowing much of Bapu, he would wonder how and why all this happened in India.

The surprising thing about India during this period was not only that the country as a whole functioned on a high plane, but also that it functioned more or less continuously for a lengthy period on that plane. That indeed was a remarkable achievement. It cannot easily be explained or understood unless one looks upon the astonishing personality that moulded this period. Like a colossus he stands astride half a century of India's history, a colossus not of the body but of the mind and spirit.

This little man of poor physique had something of steel in him, something rocklike which did not

A more perfect ideal of *ahimsa* and love cannot be conceived. Gandhiji utilised every evil happening to test his inner purity.

Whether in the form of judicial punishment while dealing with internal crime or in the form of war while dealing with foreign aggression, *himsa* is inevitable in political life. But our apostle of *ahimsa* tried to transform even that unavoidable *himsa* into *ahimsa* by completely eschewing hatred from it.

—*H.H. Sri Sankaracharya of Sri Kamakoti Peetham.*

yield to physical powers, however great they might be. And in spite of his unimpressive features, his loincloth and bare body, there was a royalty and a kingliness in him which compelled a willing obeisance from others. Consciously and deliberately meek and humble, yet he was full of power and authority, and he knew it, and at times he was imperious enough, issuing commands which had to be obeyed. His calm, deep eyes would hold one and gently probe into the depths; his voice, clear and limpid, would purr its way into the heart and evoke an emotional response. Whether his audience consisted of one person or a thousand, the charm and magnetism of the man passed on to it, and each one had a feeling of communion with the speaker. This feeling had little to do with the mind, though the appeal to the mind was not wholly ignored. But mind and reason definitely had second place. This process of "spell binding" was not brought about by oratory or the hypnotism of silken phrases. The language was always simple and to the point, and seldom was an unnecessary word used. It was the utter sincerity of the man and his personality that gripped; he gave the impression of tremendous inner reserves of power. Perhaps also it was a tradition that had grown up about him which helped in creating a suitable atmosphere. A stranger, ignorant of this tradition and not in harmony with the surroundings, would probably not have been touched by that spell, or at any rate, not to the same extent. And yet one of the most remarkable things about Gandhiji was his capacity to win over, or at least to disarm, his opponents.

He was humble but also clear-cut and hard as a diamond, pleasant and soft-spoken but inflexible and terribly earnest. His eyes were mild and deep, yet out of them blazed a fierce energy and determination.

His voice was quiet and low, and yet it could be heard above the shouting of the multitude; it was soft and gentle, and yet there seemed to be steel hidden away somewhere in it; it was courteous and full of appeal, and yet there was something grim and frightening in it; every word used was full of meaning and seemed to carry a deadly earnestness. Behind the language of peace and friendship there was power and the quivering shadow of action and a determination not to submit to a wrong. We are familiar with that voice now; we have heard it often enough during the last fourteen years. But it was new to us in February and March 1919; we did not quite know what to make of it but we were thrilled. This was something

very different from our noisy politics of condemnation and nothing else, long speeches always ending in the same futile and ineffective resolutions of protest which nobody took very seriously. This was the politics of action, not of talk.

What a problem and a puzzle he has been not only to the British government but to his own people and his closest associates! Perhaps in every other country he would be out of place today, but India still seems to understand, or at least appreciate, the prophetic-religious type of man, talking of sin and salvation and non-violence. Indian mythology is full of stories of great ascetics who, by the rigour of their sacrifices and self-imposed penance, built up a "mountain of merit" which threatened the dominion of some of the lesser gods and upset the established order. These myths have come often to my mind when I have watched the amazing energy and inner power of Gandhiji, coming out of some inexhaustible spiritual reservoir. He was obviously not of the world's ordinary coinage; he was minted of a different and rare variety, and often the unknown stared at us through his eyes.

Surely to very, very few human beings in history could it have been given to find so much fulfilment in their own lives. He was sad for our failures and unhappy at not having raised India to greater heights. That sadness and unhappiness are easy to understand. Yet who dares say that his life was a failure? Whatever he touched he turned into something worth while and precious. Whatever he did yielded substantial results, though perhaps not as great as he hoped for. One carried away the impression that he could not really fail in anything that he attempted. According to the teachings of the *Gita,* he laboured dispassionately without attachment to results, and so results came to him.

> He stopped at the thresholds of the huts of the thousands of dispossessed, dressed like one of their own. He spoke to them in their own language. Here was living truth at last, and not only quotations from books. For this reason the Mahatma, the name given to him by the people of India, is his real name. Who else has felt like him that all Indians are his own flesh and blood? When love came to the door of India, that door was opened wide. At Gandhi's call India blossomed forth to new greatness, just as once before, in earlier times, when Buddha proclaimed the truth of fellow-feeling and compassion among all living creatures.
>
> —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

During his long life, full of hard work and activity and novel adventures out of the common rut, there is hardly any jarring note anywhere. All his manifold activities became progressively a symphony and every word he spoke and every gesture that he made fitted into this, and so unconsciously he became the perfect artist, for he had learned the art of living, though the way of life he had adopted was very different from the world's way. It became apparent that the pursuit of truth and goodness leads among other things to this artistry in life.

Who is this Gandhi and why is it, today, that he represents the supreme moral force in the world? Throughout history, age after age, in every country, there have been very distinguished men and great men—kings, warriors, lawgivers, poets — men whose fame had rung through the corridors of their own periods. Their names have survived, and they are fresh today in their radiance, as they were in their own times. Buddha, Jesus Christ and Mohammed, and a few others, whose gospel was an exaltation to the spirit of man. Today, there is Gandhi, a tiny man, a fragile man, a man of no worldly importance, of no earthly possessions, and yet a man, greater than the emperors. The emperors have passed in processions, through the streets of their own cities and provinces, and crowds have applauded them, out of duty, sometimes tinged with affection, and sometimes tinged with fear, but because it was a convention. But this man, with his crooked bones, his toothless mouth, his square yard of clothing, or of cloth rather, that just covers his nakedness, where nakedness must be covered, he passes meekly through the years, he faces embattled forces, he overthrows empires, he conquers death, but what is it in him that has given him this power, this magic, this authority, this prestige, this almost godlike quality of swaying the hearts or minds of men?

It is a quality he shares with that small band of great teachers of the world, who inaugurated great religions. He shares with them the quality of bringing hope to the hopeless, of bringing courage to those who are afraid, of uplifting those who have fallen.

—*Sarojini Devi.*

As he grew older his body seemed to be just a vehicle for the mighty spirit within him. Almost one forgot the body as one listened to him or looked at him, and so where he sat became a temple and where he trod was hallowed ground.

Our memories of him will be of the Master, whose step was light to the end, whose smile was infectious, and whose eyes were full of laughter. We shall associate no failing powers with him of body or mind. He lived and he died at the top of his strength and powers, leaving a picture in our minds and in the mind of the age that we live in that can never fade away.

That picture will not fade. But he did something much more than that, for he entered into the very stuff of our minds and spirits and changed them and moulded them. The Gandhi generation will pass away, but that stuff will remain and will affect each succeeding generation, for it has become a part of India's spirit. Just when we were growing poor in spirit in this country, Bapu came to enrich us and make us strong, and the strength he gave us was not for a moment or a day or a year but it was something added on to our national inheritance.

Bapu has done a giant's work for India and the world and even for our poor selves, and he has done it astonishingly well. And now it is our turn not to fail him or his memory but to carry on the work to the best of our ability and to fulfil the pledges we have so often taken.

[Collated from his speeches & writings.]

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THE DAY FOR SELF-AUDIT

JAIRAMDAS DOULATRAM

THE second of October should, every year, be a day for a national self-audit.

This is the day on which one of the mightiest souls in human history took birth in our land. That soul, after a few infant stumblings, walked firmly and steadily on the narrow path of high principles. It was for these he lived, and toiled, and died!

No principles, however good, can have effect on human affairs, unless put into action patiently and perseveringly. It is action which makes them triumph, in the end, over all obstacles. An iron will is the medium through which such principles operate and win success.

Mahatma Gandhi ever supplied this psychological basis for each principle in which he believed. His fate was primarily cast in the midst of the people of India. They constituted nearly one-sixth of the human race. He found them in bondage, not knowing how to become free.

He saw, with his clear vision and his experience in South Africa, that there would have to be a moral revolution among the people before the chains of bondage could be broken. The masses were lying emasculated by fear and inertia. He shook the nation out of its slumber and worked it up into a mood of fearless action. Inertia and fear were gone for the moment and we achieved results which nobody believed possible, when his soft but vibrant voice first rang in India's ears.

He wrought this moral revolution not by simply believing in high principles. He worked for them tirelessly and, literally, from hour to hour, all his life. He gave himself up completely to the attainment of his selfless objective. There was an intensity in his action of which his calm exterior gave no evidence.

With many other contemporaries, I also had the privilege of observing, at close quarters, how he functioned in life. He never lived even a moment for himself. Even his sleep was meant for regaining freshness and vigour to pursue further his objective the next day. He worked like a machine which is given rest only to fit it for resuming work. He believed that God had given us mental and physical powers only to use for righteous causes. Every ounce of his own energy was for the people's service.

He worked as few have worked. That is why he was able to deal with so many men and so many matters, big and small, national and individual. To each of them he gave his utmost attention. For each of them, he did the deepest thinking. In the midst of such heavy pressure and continuous travel in train or car, through the towns and villages of India, sometimes for twelve months on end—he was able to maintain, with clock-like regularity, a constant flow of editorial matter for his three great weeklies, in English,

Hindi and Gujarati, while simultaneously, every day, addressing a dozen meetings, giving interviews to scores of men and women and writing, with his own hand, twenty to thirty letters to various persons on problems of all types, public and personal. And when the right hand was tired out, he would write with his left!

He never knew what it was to sit and do nothing even for a moment. If a minute or two happened to intervene between one interview and another, he would use it to dash off a brief reply to one or other of the letters on the pending file, always at hand. Even when he took his food, he felt he must also do some work and so, quite often, interviews, discussions, dictation of replies to correspondents, listening to news from the papers—something or other went on, while he ate his meagre meal. Even in the midst of momentous debates in the Congress Working Committee affecting the fate of millions, he did not cease to work: he plied the Charkha to preach silently to all that India's salvation lay in serving the masses.

He took things to a climax when he utilized spare minutes even in the bathroom for reading the day's bundle of correspondence, so as to be able to deal with it the moment a gap in engagements could be available. His morning and evening stroll was not merely to keep fit, but was also the occasion for walking-interviews to all manner of men on all kinds of subjects. Even while having his daily massage of the body, he gave urgent interviews or dictated letters that could not wait. And so also when the day was over and his forehead was being massaged to relax the brain into sleep, he would give time for very special interviews, till he dosed off and his body claimed him for the nightly recuperation.

Work, hard work and *efficient* work was the daily lesson he taught. He preached it by practising it, in our presence, every moment he lived. We revere his name, and seem to admire him, adore him, but on this day of self-audit, can we, truthfully, say that we follow him?

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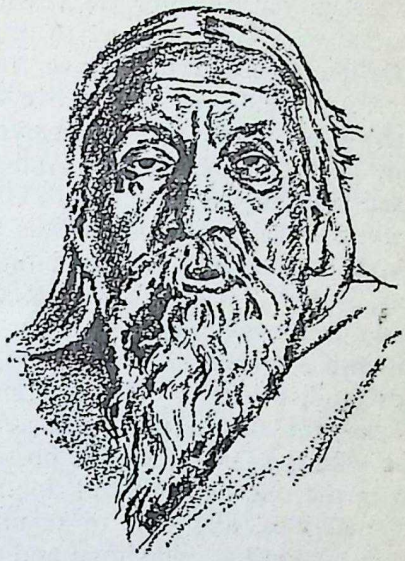
Sri Aurobindo



RISHABHCHAND

"In absolute silence sleeps an absolute Power.
Awaking, it can wake the trance-bound soul
And in the ray reveal the parent sun:
It can make the world a vessel of Spirit's force,
It can fashion in the clay God's perfect shape.
To free the self is but one radiant pace;
Here to fulfil himself was God's desire."

—*Savitri.*

SRI AUROBINDO once wrote to a disciple: "No one can write about my life because it has not been on the surface for men to see." Indeed, as Emerson says: "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing except to the Shakespeare in us." If that is true about poets and artists, how much more true it must be in regard to yogis and mystics, the greater part of whose lives is really lived within rather than without? They explore and conquer the inner realms before they ever think of the mastery of the outer. Their outer achievements are but a reflection of their inner sovereignty.

But still biographies of yogis and mystics are written. They are our loving tribute to greatness, a sacramental act of hero-worship, which ennobles and exalts us. We cannot see the sun except in the light of the sun; and, though our eyes are blear today, we can always hope for the film of ignorance to clear away and the splendour of the sun to be revealed in its naked reality.

Three things stand out in Sri Aurobindo's life:

His consuming love of God and his passionate will to realise Him and

manifest Him on earth. Union with God for personal freedom and fulfilment was never his aim. He yearned to be one with God in order to bring the Divine Consciousness down into Matter, and help mankind to live the Divine Life here, in the material world, in the human body. And he realised God, united himself with Him, and lived and moved and had his being in Him. He recovered the integral vision of the Vedic Rishis and, disdaining the ascetic escape from the world and its evolutionary progress towards God, proved by his experience and example that a total and active union with the Divine is quite possible even in the midst of the full flood of life's activities, and that to manifest God in human life, individual and collective, is the purpose of the soul's descent into Matter, and the glorious end of Nature's evolutionary travail. Human nature can be changed into the Divine Nature, Apara Prakriti into Para Prakriti, and human life into the Divine Life, even in the material world, *ihaiva,* as the Upanishad says. That was, in fact, the ideal of the Vedic Rishis, though mankind was not ripe then for its full realisation: "Be man, create a divine race".[1] We can, indeed, say about Sri Aurobindo, in the words of the Upanishad: "He drew out the lustre of the heavenly fire and filled the earth."

The second ruling passion of Sri Aurobindo's life was his love for India. He looked upon her as the Mother, the Divine Mother, the ageless guardian of spiritual Light, the leader of the world in the ways of the Spirit. It was he who first preached in the post-partition days in Bengal the burning gospel of spiritual nationalism. India must shake off foreign yoke so that she may rise to her full spiritual stature, recover and replenish her spiritual and cultural heritage, and shed the light of the Spirit upon the benighted world of today, as she has done so often, from age to age, in the pre-history and history of mankind. It was he whose inspired writings, at first in the *Induprakash* of Bombay, and later in the *Bandemataram* and the *Karmayogin* of Bengal, quickened the whole country into an intense yearning for freedom, Swaraj. India must be free, India must rise, not for herself, but for humanity. She must rise because the world needs her guidance today. She must rise because she alone possesses and is destined to impart to mankind what it sorely requires in its present cultural crisis. Indian culture[2] is nothing if it is not theo-centric, geared to spiritual values, attuned to the rhythms of the Eternal.

Sri Aurobindo's nationalism was, therefore, not at all confined to the geographical boundaries of India—it was trans-national, it was universal. In the seclusion of his Alipur gaol, he heard God's voice speaking to him: "Something has been shown to you in this year of seclusion, something about which you had your doubts, and it is the truth of the Hindu religion. It is this religion that I am raising up before the world, it is this that I have perfected and developed through the Rishis, saints and Avataras, and now it is going forth to do my work among

1. *Rigveda.*

2. For an authentic account of the greatness of Indian Culture, read his *Foundations of Indian Culture.*

the nations. I am raising up this nation to send forth my word... When you go forth, speak to your nation always this word, that it is for the Sanatana Dharma that they arise, it is for the world and not for themselves that they arise. I am giving them freedom for the service of the world."[3] Vivekananda had spoken of the regeneration of humanity, and now it was Sri Aurobindo's turn to emphasise the historical mission of India.

The third thing to note is his boundless love for man and earth. It was, indeed, a natural corollary to his love of God; for he saw God in all beings and things, and God's hand in all happenings. God was to him not only the invisible Creator, but the Leader of the worlds. He was not content to show the path of Mukti or Nirvana to a handful of spiritual aspirants and leave the rest of mankind to the normal darkness and suffering of their lives. He strove for decades upon decades of unflagging yogic concentration to raise man as a race from the mind to the Supermind, from ignorance to full and perfect knowledge, from mortal life to the Life Divine. He felt in himself the timeless agony of the earth, the deep, dumb agony of her separation from Heaven, and resolved to heal that agony by uniting her to her eternal Lover. And what he resolved to do he has accomplished. He has brought down the Truth-Consciousness of the Supermind into the earth, and made it possible for man as a race to rise from his dim and bounded mind to the summit of his evolutionary ascent, the infinite, luminous and blissful Supermind or the Vijnana of the Upanishads.

For convenience of treatment, I shall divide Sri Aurobindo's life into four periods: his education in England; his life at Baroda—a life of intensive self-preparation; his political and educational work, always leavened with a dynamic spirituality, in Bengal; and his long life at Pondicherry of concentrated Yoga for ascent to and descent of the Supermind. We shall glance at the main events of these four periods in a rapid survey, and try to bring into focus the mission and significance of Sri Aurobindo's life. The subject is somewhat difficult, because there is much that is original and revolutionary in Sri Aurobindo's thought and experience, much that is a striking and epoch-making departure from the beaten track and the traditional ruts, much, indeed, that is likely to shock the intellectual and religious world into new and more fruitful perspectives. The reader has to pause and ponder as he proceeds, welcoming what is new and original, for it is in them that lie the seeds of tomorrow.

BIRTH, CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

Sri Aurobindo was born in Calcutta on the 15th of August, 1872. His maternal grandfather, Sri Rajnarayan Bose, was a saintly man, and an eminent scholar and patriot of Bengal. His father, Dr. K. D. Ghose, who had been to England for his medical studies, held the post of a civil surgeon in some districts of the Province. He was generous to a fault, and very noble-hearted, but thoroughly angli-

3. Sri Aurobindo was assured of India's freedom in 1908.

cised in his outlook and way of life. He was very particular that all his sons, of whom Sri Aurobindo was the third, should have an entirely English upbringing and education. He sent them to Loretto Convent School at Darjeeling. Sri Aurobindo as a child spoke only English and Hindustani, and knew no Bengali, though it was his mother-tongue. When he was seven years old, his father took all his three sons to England[4] in 1879, and placed them in the charge of an English clergyman and his wife with strict instructions not to let the boys come in contact with any Indian, or be in any way influenced by Indian thought or ways of life. Sri Aurobindo grew up in complete ignorance of "India, her people, her religion and her culture."[5]

Sri Aurobindo learnt Latin and Greek so well and within so short a time that he was sent from St. Paul's School with a senior classical scholarship to King's College, Cambridge, where he studied for two years. Besides his courses, he studied English poetry, fiction and general literature, French literature, history of ancient, mediaeval and modern Europe etc. He picked up a fairly good knowledge of Italian and German, and learnt some Spanish. He began writing English poetry from the age of fourteen. He won all the prizes in King's College in one year for Greek and Latin verse. At Cambridge, Sri Aurobindo passed high in the first part of the Tripos (first class). In 1890 he passed the open competition for the Indian Civil Service, securing record marks in Greek and Latin, but, neglecting his lessons in riding, failed in the last test. The fact of the matter is that Sri Aurobindo, who had already developed strong nationalist tendencies and an intense feeling of resentment against the British rule in India that was sucking her life-blood and smothering her urge for freedom, did not want to enter the Civil Service. So, he deliberately disqualified himself by not turning up for the riding test. Besides, when he was eleven years old, he had a premonition of the great revolutionary changes that were coming upon the world, and he felt that he had a part to play in it. At Cambridge, as a member (later he became secretary) of the Indian Majlis, he delivered fiery speeches against the heartless exploitation of his country by the British Government, and subsequently formed a secret society, named Lotus and Dagger, vowed to overthrow the British rule in India. By an irony of fate he who was meant to be a docile pupil of the West, thoroughly westernised in outlook and manners, grew to be, instead, a passionate lover of India and a staunch patriot. He read the Sacred Books of the East series, edited by Max Muller, and gained a revealing insight into the immense cultural heritage of his motherland.

At the age of twenty-one, after having drunk deep at the fountains of Western culture, Sri Aurobindo returned to India in 1893. A very strange and significant thing happened as soon as he set foot on the soil of his motherland at Apollo Bunder, Bombay. A vast peace and calm su

4. The fourth son, Barindra was born in England.
5. *Sri Aurobindo on Himself.*

denly descended upon him and enfolded him in its embrace. It was the first kiss of his country, his beloved mother India, upon his soul, welcoming him home. The peace and calm remained with him for many a long month.

Just before his departure from Europe, Sri Aurobindo had been introduced to the Gaekwar of Baroda who offered him a high post in the State Service. He lived at Baroda for about thirteen years, first as a Settlement and Revenue Officer, next as a professor of French and English, and finally as Vice-Principal of the Baroda College. During all this period he was often asked to act as the Maharaja's personal secretary. He was held in high esteem, not only by the Gaekwar, but by his students and the elite of the town. The years at Baroda saw Sri Aurobindo grow into an ardent nationalist. He learnt Bengali, his mother-tongue, Sanskrit, Marathi and Gujarati. It was for him a period of intense self-preparation for the great work waiting for him. With the same passion with which he had drunk deep of the fountains of Western culture, he drank now at the well-springs of his national culture. He learnt Sanskrit so well that he translated into English considerable portions of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, Kalidas etc. Romesh Dutt was so much impressed by the quality of his translations of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* that he remarked that he would not have published his own translations of them if he had seen Sri Aurobindo's translations earlier. Sri Aurobindo wrote some English poetry also during Baroda life, and began his great Epic, *Savitri*.

Though he held such high posts at Baroda, Sri Aurobindo's habits were extremely simple, and his nature gentle, reserved and unassuming. None ever saw him finding fault with anybody or complaining about anything. Indifference to heat and cold, honour and obloquy, and particularly to money, was not a result of self-discipline—it was ingrained in his nature. Once, when his watch was stolen, he said that the man who had stolen it must have been in need of it. He was a Yogi, not made, but born.

When he went to Kashmir with the Gaekwar, he had a realisation of the vacant Infinite, while he was walking on the ridge of the Takhti Suleman. On the banks of the Narmada, he felt the living presence of Kali in a shrine. Once again, when he was in danger of a carriage accident, he had the vision of the Godhead surging out from within him. Sri Aurobindo had started Yoga in 1904, without any help from anybody. It was in the beginning an assiduous practice of *pranayama*. Later, he met a Maharashtriyan yogi, Vishnu Bhaskara Lele, who taught him the secret of silencing the mind, which he was able to do in three days only. In that silence, he had the realisation of the indefinable Brahman, *Tat*, in which the whole universe seemed to appear as shadowy, unreal. This silence never left him afterwards, whatever he might be doing. Thought, speech, directions for action, all came from above, and all that he spoke and wrote afterwards—and he delivered many speeches and wrote bulky volumes of prose and poetry—came direct from the higher planes of

consciousness without his mind interfering in the least in the movement.

Along with Yoga, the writing of poetry, translating Sanskrit epics and classics etc., Sri Aurobindo carried on secret political activities, mostly of a revolutionary type till the Partition of Bengal, which made him give up his post and plunge headlong into the nationalist movement in Bengal. The letters that he wrote to his wife[6] from Baroda breathe something of his fiery patriotism and his intense aspiration to realise God and attain to a complete union with him. He had surrendered totally to the Divine and was being led by Him in all that he thought and did. There was no longer any personal will in him, nor any personal choice and initiation of work. This unreserved surrender amazed even Lele, but it opened to Sri Aurobindo the floodgates of spiritual experiences and carried him with lightning speed through various stages of progress and perfection.

In 1906 Sri Aurobindo finally went to Bengal and joined the Nationalist movement. He engaged himself in various nation-building activities. He became principal of the newly-founded National College, and gave to his countrymen a new ideal of national education. But the authorities of the College were wedded to the European system of education and could not see eye to eye with Sri Aurobindo, as a result of which he had to leave. "The system prevailing in our universities", he writes, "is one which ignores the psychology of man, loads the mind laboriously with numerous little packets of information carefully tied with red-tape and, by the methods used in this loading process, damages or atrophies the faculties and instruments by which man assimilates, creates, and grows in intellect, manhood and energy.... It is not eighteenth century India, the India which by its moral and intellectual deficiencies gave itself into the keeping of foreigners, that we have to revive, but the spirit, ideals and methods of the ancient and mightier India in a yet more effective form and with a more modern organisation." "What was the secret," he asks, "of that gigantic intellectuality, spirituality and superhuman moral force which we see pulsating in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, in the ancient philosophy, in the supreme poetry, art, sculpture and architecture of India?" And he himself replies: "We shall find the secret of their success in a profound knowledge of human psychology and its subtle application to the methods of intellectual training and construction". "At the basis of the old Aryan system was the all-important discipline of Brahmacharya."[7] The more we increase and sublimate the energy stored in our system, the more we can develop the body, heart, mind and spirit.

Resigning his post at the National College, Sri Aurobindo joined the editorial board of the *Bandemataram*, a

6. He had married Smt. Mrinalini, daughter of Sri Bhupalchandra Bose, according to orthodox rites in 1901. But he hardly ever knew what was worldly life. His whole life was consecrated to God and humanity.

7. Brahmacharya makes for Concentration, and Concentration is the key to success in every walk of life.

newspaper founded by Bepin Chandra Pal, and wrote most of its leading articles. His inspired and brilliant exposition of the creed or rather the religion of nationalism, his scathing criticism of the timid prayer-and-petition policy of the Moderates, and his relentless bombardment of the steel structure of the predatory British bureaucracy, electrified not only Bengal but the whole of India. There was no other paper in the country that breathed such purifying fire, no other voice that spoke in the ringing accents of a pioneer and a prophet. He preached Swaraj, complete and absolute independence, as the goal of national movement, and "an increasing non-cooperation and passive resistance which would render the administration of the country by a foreign government difficult or finally impossible; a universal unrest which would wear down repression and finally, if need be, an open revolt all over the country." "His plan of work included a boycott of British trade, the substitution of national schools for the Government institutions, the creation of arbitration courts to which the people could resort instead of depending on the ordinary courts of law, the creation of volunteer forces which would be the nucleus of an army of open revolt"[8] etc. It is interesting to recall that he preached non-cooperation, though he phrased it as "no control, no cooperation". But he was no believer in non-violence.[9] His political philosophy was, in certain respects, akin to that of Tilak, with whom he had been on intimate terms from his Baroda days.

Sri Aurobindo's political life was cut short by his detention in the Alipur jail for a period of one year on a false charge of sedition. This imprisonment proved a God-send. He found God in the seclusion of his cell, and was vouchsafed a clearer perception of the mission of his life. After his release, which was in no small measure due to the brilliant and devoted advocacy of C. R. Das, Sri Aurobindo declared in his Uttarpara speech: "Sanatana Dharma is life itself; it is a thing that has not so much to be believed as lived. This is the Dharma that for the salvation of humanity was cherished in the seclusion of this peninsula from of old. It is to give this religion that India is rising....She is rising to shed the eternal light entrusted to her over the world. India has always existed for humanity and not for herself, and it is for humanity and not for herself that she must be great." These flaming words reveal the heart of the God-possessed lover of humanity. None before him nor after has seen so deeply into the spiritual truth of the historical mission of India, and none has shown the way to its perfect fulfilment, as he has done. The Indian youths of today who are dazzled by the glamour of the materialistic civilisation of the West and

8. *Sri Aurobindo on Himself.*

9. "Peace is a part of the highest ideal, but it must be spiritual or at the very least psychological in its basis; without a change in human nature it cannot come with any finality. If it is attempted on any other basis (moral principle or gospel of Ahimsa or any other), it will fail and even may leave things worse than before."—*Sri Aurobindo on Himself.*

easily led astray by its superficial, temporising ideologies, should hearken to what Sri Aurobindo says to them: "First become Indians. Recover the patrimony of your forefathers. Recover the Aryan thought, the Aryan discipline, the Aryan character, the Aryan life. Recover the Vedanta, the Gita, the Yoga. Recover them not only in intellect or sentiment but in your lives. Live them and you will be great and strong, mighty, invincible and fearless....For it is in the Spirit that strength is eternal, and you must win back the kingdom of yourselves, the inner Swaraj....There the Mother dwells, and She waits for worship that She may give strength. Believe in Her, serve Her, lose your wills in Hers...." Let these words sink into the hearts of the youths of India and become their Ishta Mantra, and the future of India will glow again with a glory greater than that of the past, and India will become again the Light of the world, and the world the happy home of a divine race.[10]

Describing his spiritual realisations in the jail, Sri Aurobindo said in his Uttarpara speech: "It was while I was walking that His strength entered into me. I looked at the jail that secluded me from men and it was no longer by its high walls that I was imprisoned; no, it was Vasudeva who surrounded me. I walked under the branches of the tree in front of my cell but it was not the tree, I knew it was Vasudeva, it was Sri Krishna whom I saw standing there and holding over me His shade. I looked at the bars of my cell....and again I saw Vasudeva. It was Narayana who was guarding and standing sentry over me. Or I lay on the coarse blankets that were given me for a couch and felt the arms of Sri Krishna around me, the arms of my Friend and Lover...." When he was taken to the Court for trial, he had the same vision and experience. "..... I looked and it was not the Magistrate whom I saw, it was Vasudeva, it was Narayana who was sitting there on the bench. I looked at the Prosecuting Counsel and it was not the Counsel for Prosecution that I saw; it was Sri Krishna who sat there, it was my Lover and Friend who sat there and smiled...."[11]

In the light of his fast growing spiritual knowledge, Sri Aurobindo clearly saw that the political freedom of India was assured, and would be achieved without bloodshed by means of the very programme of action he had given to the country, and that a vaster field of a much more important work was opening before him—a work which "far exceeded the service and liberation of the country and fixed itself in an aim, previously only glimpsed, which was world-wide in its bearing and concerned with the whole future of humanity."[12]

His spiritual experiences were increasing in magnitude and universality, revealing to him realms of the Spirit, unexplored for countless centuries, and he knew that the two great reali-

10. In his book *The Ideal of Human Unity,* Sri Aurobindo has discussed at considerable length various aspects of the problem of unity, and suggested its solution.

11. The Uttarpara Speech by Sri Aurobindo.

12. *Sri Aurobindo and His Ashram.*

sations he had, one of the indefinable Brahman and the other of Narayana in all beings and things and happenings, were but the indispensable prelude to the supreme, completer realisation which would unite and harmonise the polar ends of existence, Spirit and Matter.

A sudden Adesh (command) from the Divine made Sri Aurobindo quit Bengal for ever. He came to Pondicherry, where spiritual aspirants from different parts of the country, began to gather round him for practising his Integral Yoga[13] of supramental transformation. Himself advancing with a giant's steps, Sri Aurobindo ascended to the Supermind or the supreme Truth-Consciousness, where he discovered the final solution to the riddle of the world. It was because spirituality in India, after the period of the Veda and the Upanishads, had failed to rise to the Supermind or the highest, creative plane of Vijnana that Mayavada made its appearance and the world was regarded as unreal. And, naturally enough, the nation that regards the world as unreal and insubstantial, or as a mere snare for the soul, cannot but fail in life. India failed in life, her culture decayed, her vitality waned, and she fell an easy prey to the virile hordes from beyond her frontiers.

In the Supermind, Sri Aurobindo found the key to the meaning, destiny and regeneration of the world, the supreme solution of all life's problems, the secret of uniting Spirit and Matter, Earth and Heaven. If all is Brahman, life cannot be spurned a illusory. It, too, is Brahman, as Matte is Brahman and Mind is Brahman, ac cording to the Rishis of the Upani shads. Brahman must be realised, no only beyond the universe but in the universe; not only in the soul but in the human body; not only as Spirit but as Matter. Life is the field for the progressive manifestation of God.

Sri Aurobindo saw that unless earthly life undergoes a radical transmutation, and the whole being and nature of man are converted into the divine being and nature by the Light-Force of the Supramental Truth-Consciousness, the manifestation of God on earth cannot be perfect. So, he strove for long years of unrelaxed concentration, in collaboration with the Mother, to bring down the Supramental Truth-Consciousness into Matter.

The Mother came from France in 1914 and, realising her identity with Sri Aurobindo in spirit and mission, decided to collaborate with him in the great work of supramental manifestation. She helped Sri Aurobindo in starting and editing the monthly journal, *Arya*. But the first world war broke out, and she had to return to France to settle her affairs there and come back to India for good. She came again in 1920, and in 1926 Sri Aurobindo gave her the entire charge of the Ashram and retired completely for carrying on his supramental work with a greater concentration. The Ashram is the creation of the Mother, and she has developed and expanded it into the huge institution it is at present. She has been the spiritual guide and teacher of the sadhaks who practise the Inte-

13. For an elaborate account of the Integral Yoga, refer to *On Yoga*, Vol. I by Sri Aurobindo.

The Great Path-finder

RAMMOHUN ROY *inaugurated the Modern Age in India. He was born at a time when our country having lost its link with the inmost truths of its being, struggled under a crushing load of unreason, in abject slavery to circumstance.*

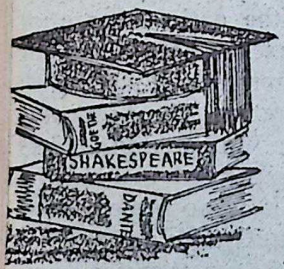
In social usage, in politics, in the realm of religion and art, we had entered the zone of uncreative habit, of decadent tradition, and ceased to exercise our humanity.

In this dark gloom of India's degeneration Rammohun rose up, a luminous star in the firmament of India's history, with prophetic purity of vision, and unconquerable heroism of soul.

He shed radiance all over the land; he rescued us from the penury of self-oblivion.

Through the dynamic power of his personality, his uncompromising freedom of the spirit, he vitalized our national being with the urgency of creative endeavour, and launched it into the arduous adventure of realization.

He is the great path-maker of this century who has removed ponderous obstacles that impeded our progress at every step, and initiated us into the present Era of world-wide co-operation of humanity.



Rammohun belongs to the lineage of India's great seers, who age after age have appeared in the arena of our history with the message of Eternal Man.

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

[Raja Rammohun Roy: *b.* May 22, 1772; *d.* September 27, 1833.]

gral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. After Sri Aurobindo's passing in 1950, she opened the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education where education is sought to be imparted in the light of Sri Aurobindo's teachings and hers. She is the Mother who is leading her thousands of children in India and abroad to the Kingdom of the supramental Light.

The descent of the creative Truth-Consciousness is, then, the greatest gift of Sri Aurobindo to humanity and the life of the earth in general. He has achieved what was never attempted in the entire history of the human race, because evolutionary humanity was not ripe for it before. All that now remains for man to do, in order to lead the Divine Life, a life of knowledge and bliss, peace and power, a luminous life of creative unity and harmony, is to follow the trail Sri Aurobindo has blazed for him with such infinite labour of love and compassion. We can now confidently accept the whole of human life with all its activities, fuse the vibrant, vitalistic, pragmatic message of the West with the spiritually dynamic message of the Divine Life[14] of the East, and march forward with firm steps towards the regeneration of man into a divine being, and a radical reconstruction of human society. This is the only way to meet the dire challenge of the Atomic Age.

This ideal of the Life Divine is no figment of a rosy, spiritual idealism—it is implicit in the very logic of evolution.[15] If life has emerged from Matter, and mind from life, if the progress of evolution is a gradual emergence of consciousness, then evolution cannot certainly stop short at the twilit mental consciousness of man. The Vijnana and Ananda, which are involved in Matter, must also, like the other primal basic principles, emerge, and man must be able to live in the infinite consciousness and unity and bliss of the Supermind even as he lives now in the fumbling half-knowledge of his mind. A new race of supramental men, living the Divine Life and manifesting God's glory, the Kingdom of Heaven, on earth—this will be the final fruit of Sri Aurobindo's life-long yoga.

14. *The Life Divine* by Sri Aurobindo, regarded by many as his masterpiece, contains an exhaustive exposition of his philosophy and his gospel of the Divine Life.

15. For Sri Aurobindo's Theory of Evolution, refer to his *The Life Divine* and *The Human Cycle.*

The apparent multiplication of gods is bewildering at first glance, but you soon discover that they are all the same God in different aspects and functions. There is always one uttermost God who defies personification. This makes Hinduism the most tolerant religion in the world,. because its one transcendent God includes all possible gods.

—George Bernard Shaw

TENTH INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMATIC COMPETITION

Sri K. M. Munshi Shield is being presented by Kulapati Munshi to the students of Bhavan's College and Government Law College who share the prize.

THE Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted annually under the auspices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has made history in the annals of the theatre movement of this cosmopolitan city. This festival since its inception in 1951 has received unprecedented welcome from the budding artistes of Bombay whose number is increasing year after year.

This year's competition which during a month-long festival has witnessed some of the finest performances from the amateur talents of the different colleges of Bombay concluded on 20th of September, 1960. Judged by all standards the 10th anniversary of this drama festival was a spectacular success. About 30 colleges had taken part in it. Of the 71 entries, 9 were English, 19 Marathi, 21 Gujarati, 12 Hindi, 5 Kannada, 2 Sanskrit and 3 Konkani. There were 25 sittings in all for elimination and finals.

The following are this year's winning teams in the different languages: (1) *Sanskrit*: "Mrichakatikam"—G. S. Medical College. (2) *Gujarati*: "Scene from Shah Jehan"—Bhavan's College of Arts. (3) *Marathi*: "Vairyachi Ratra"—Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Arts. (4) *Hindi*: "Ibtidai Ishq Hai Rota Hai Kya"—Government Law College. (5) *English*: "One Bright Day"—Government Law College. (6) *Konkani*: "Sambhaji Lo Vadha"—G. S. Medical College. (7) *Kannada*: "Thai"—Government Law College.

There was a tie for the coveted Munshi Shield awarded to the best among the winning teams in the different languages. The Bhavan's College of Arts for the Gujarati drama "Scene from Shah Jehan" and the

Judges of the Hindi Drama Competition finals. (L. to R.): Sri Satyakam Vidyalankar, Editor, Navaneet; *Smt. Poornima Pakvasa, Member of the Film Advisory Board; Sri R. R. Saksena, Director, Eastern Shipping Corporation.*

(L. to R.): Smt. Lilavati Munshi introducing the chief guests; Mr. Robert M. Carr, American Consul-General in Bombay; Sri. D. S. Desai, Minister for Education, Government of Maharashtra; Dr. T. R. Naravane, Minister for Prohibition and Social Welfare, Government of Maharashtra; Sri. Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan, Minister for

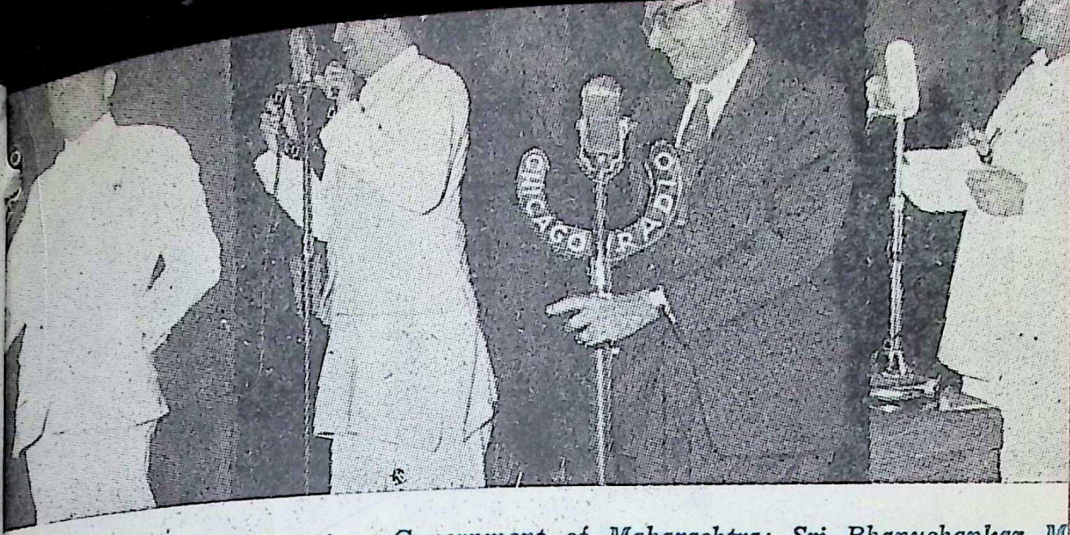
Sri M. A. Master

Government Law College for the English drama "One Bright Day" will keep the prize by turns.

Presiding over the Trophy Day Function on the 19th September, Sri K. M. Munshi, Kulapati of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, said: "Performing amateur drama is the greatest school in life. It gives the participants strength of nerves, voice, ability to behave and talk gracefully and trains in expressing different moods and emotions of life. By rehearsing and staging a single play, you get more intence education than several years of education in the colleges. There is no higher form of art than the drama. Literature, art, behaviour, expression, all combine to produce the magic effect of drama."

The following is a statement of the entries for the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition yearwise:

1951: English-7, Hindi-10, Gujarati-5, Marathi-6; 1952: English-8, Hindi-12, Gujarati-10, Marathi-14; 1953: English-11, Hindi-13, Gujarati-14, Marathi-15; 1954: English-11, Hindi-12, Gujarati-17, Marathi-19; 1955: English-10, Hindi-12, Gujarati-21, Marathi-20, Kannada-3; 1956: English-8. Hindi-13, Gujarati-22, Marathi-20, Kannada-5; 1957: English-8, Hindi-



Public Health and Tourism, Government of Maharashtra; Sri Bhanushankar M Yagnik, President, B.P.C.C.; Sri Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff of Bombay. Proposing a vote of thanks is Sri Navin Khandwala, Hon. Secretary of the Kala Kendra.

12, Gujarati-17, Marathi-20, Kannada-8; 1958: English-10, Hindi-13, Gujarati-23, Marathi-14, Kannada-4, Sanskrit-2; 1959: English-10, Hindi-13, Gujarati-20, Marathi-13, Kannada-4, Sanskrit-1, Konkani-1; 1960: English-9, Hindi-12, Gujarati-21, Marathi-19, Kannada-5, Sanskrit-2, Konkani-3. During the ten years over 15,000 students took part and over 2½ lakhs of students witnessed them.

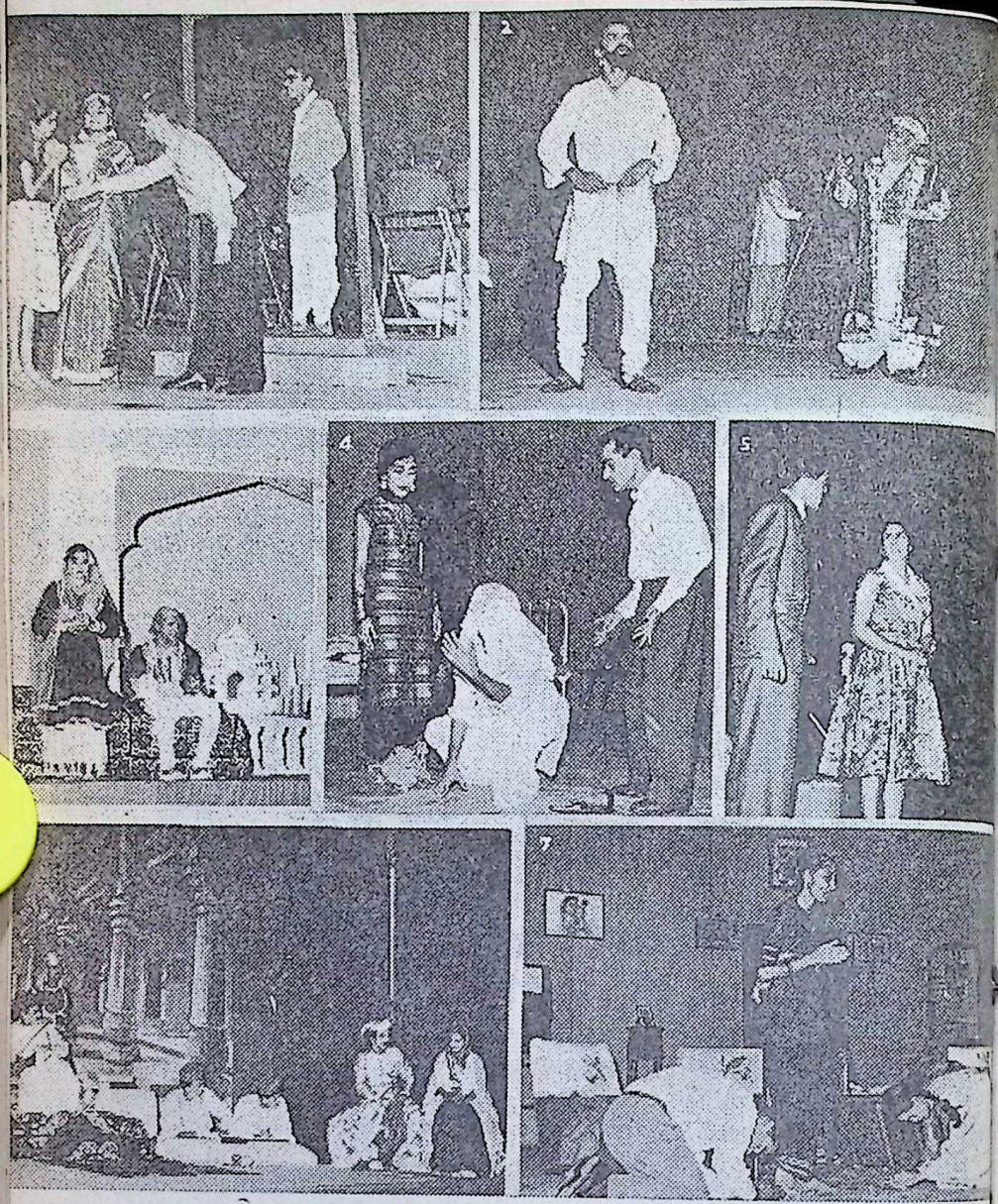
The following were the chief guests during this year's finals: Sri M. A. Master, Sri P. J. Chinmulgund, I.C.S., Sri Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan, Minister for Health, Government of Maharashtra, Sri Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff of Bombay, Mr. Robert M. Carr, Consul General for the U.S.A., Sri Bhanushankar Yagnik, President, B.P.C.C., Dr. T. R. Naravane, Minister for Social Welfare, Government of Maharashtra, Sri D. S. Desai, Minister for Education, Government of Maharashtra.

Gratified by the resounding success of this competition, the authorities of the Bhavan are considering the extension of this opportunity to other Indian languages like Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Sindhi.

This year's competition rounded off with an At Home to the various participants of the drama festival.

Thanking all present for their valuable contributions, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Chairman of the Kala Kendra observed:

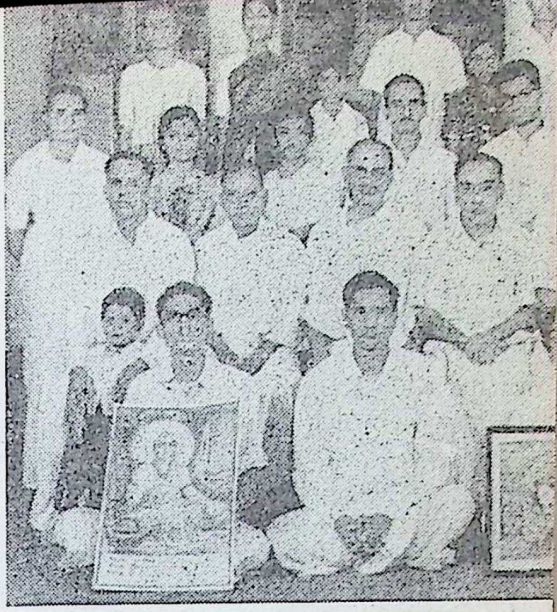
"Dramas are the effective medium which gives a great deal of courage to the performers and pleasure to the audience. In a certain way it also influences them. This year the dramas were more varied and in some way better than those of the previous years. But I would venture to suggest one thing: Can we not select dramas with some ennobling purposes? Today the taste of the public is more for the farce and our young dramatists feel



(1) A Scene from the Marathi Play "Vairyachi Ratra". (2) A Scene from Konkani Play "Sambhaji Lo Vadha". (3) A Scene from Gujarati Play "Scene from Shah Jehan". (4) A Scene from Hindi Play "Ibtidae Ishq Hai Rota Hai Kya". (5) A Scene from English Play "One Bright Day". (6) A Scene from Sanskrit Play "Mrichakatikam". (7) A Scene from Kannada Play "Thai".

that only by making the audience laugh, the success of the drama is assured. There is nothing wrong in laughter. But if it is done with a dubious expression bordering on vulgarity as sometimes is done even by many seasoned dramatists, its purpose is defeated.

"This brings me to the matter of the scripts. I understand that there will not be any censoring of the scripts by the Tamasha Board in future. But if you all search for the script during the vacation you will have a wide choice and can be ready with your choice by the beginning of July. In order not to interfere with the examinations we start the competition by the middle of August. But if we started early by the first week of August we could have finished the whole thing by the end of August.



Students and teachers of the Sara Sanskrit section of Bhavan's Madra Kendra.

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"One other suggestion I may like to give is this: Why not form a dramatic club which all you belonging to different colleges can join. If such a club is formed, we shall try to help you as much as we can."

Smt. Munshi also paid tribute to Sri Navin Khandwala, Hon. Secretary of the Kala Kendra, for the successful manner in which the Competition was organised. She also thanked the staff of the Kala Kendra headed by Sri E. K. Warrier, Office Secretary of the Kala Kendra, for the very hard and devoted work put in by them to make the Competition a success.

NAVARATRI: RAS AND GARBHA

THE five-day festival of Gujarati folk dances—Ras and Garba—organised by the Kala Kendra and the Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was inaugurated by Sri V. N. Desai, Mayor of Bombay, on 21st of September. About a hundred girls of different age-groups participated in this festival which is an annual event synchronising with Navaratri. The direction was by Sri Yogendra Desai and music by Ishwar Pandya, Bindu Jhaveri, Nina Shah and 20 other musicians.

The Mayor praised the organisers of the festival and commended the part played by the Bhavan in keeping aloft the cultural heritage of India.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Chairman of the Kala Kendra and Stree Seva Sangh, welcomed the Mayor.

The following were the chief guests respectively on the following days: Sri Bhanushankar Yagnik, President, B.P.C.C., Miss Kapilabehn Khandwala, Deputy Municipal Commissioner; Sri Mohanlal Mehta (Sopan), Editor *Janmabhoomi;* and Smt. Lilavati Munshi.

LOOK OUT

For

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(Issue dated 16th October, 1960)

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—Editor.

THE TWO BIG BROTHERS

Kamala Subramaniam

NATURE had been lavish in her gifts there. The flowers had bloomed abundantly. It was a wonderful spot. The scenery could not be described by mere words. No language was adequate to describe the *ashrama* and its surroundings.

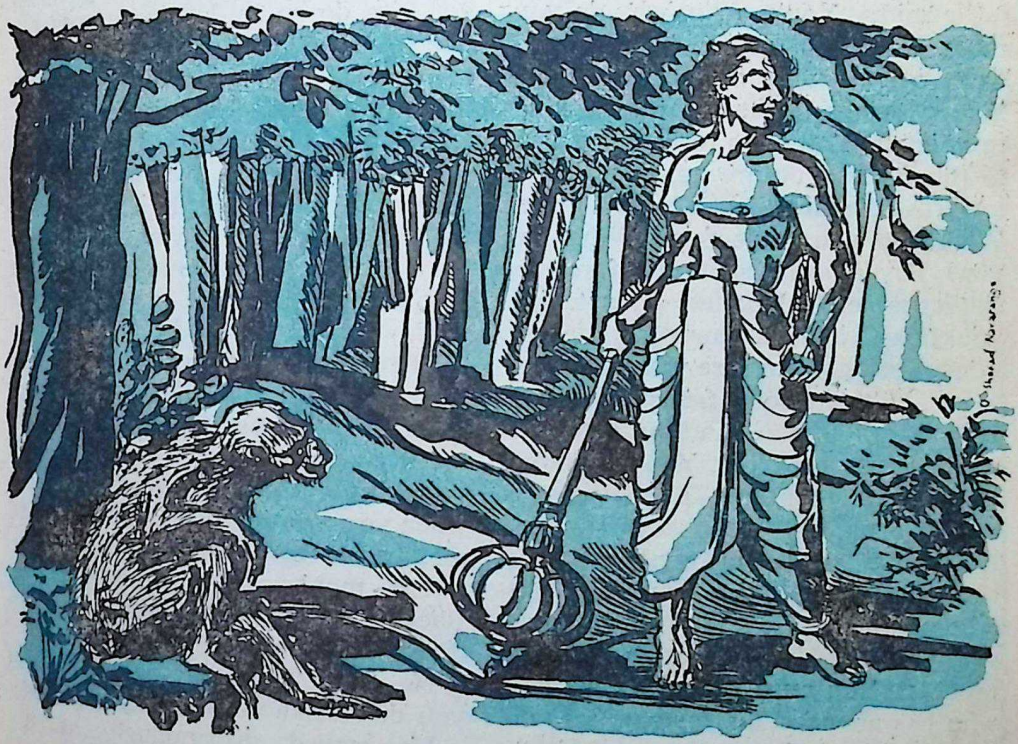
One day Draupadi was sitting there looking at the beauty spread out in front of her. Suddenly a flower was blown towards her. It was enchanting. It had a maddening perfume. She took it in her hands and looked at it for a long time.

Bheema came there just then. Draupadi called him near and said: "Look, my lord, look at this flower. Smell it. What a wonderful perfume! I like it so much. Won't you get me some more of these flowers?"

Bheema was only too eager to do something to please Draupadi. He set out immediately in quest of the flower.

He followed the perfume like a hound followed in the wake of its quarry. Bheema went on and on, pursuing the teasing smell. He did not know how far he had gone. His mind was busy with a thousand thoughts. His feet were proceeding just mechanically.

He had come quite some distance. He realized it suddenly. He blew his conch and went further. The noise of



his conch roused all the lions that were sleeping in their dens. Bheema went further on.

In that forest dwelt the great Hanuman. He was sleeping. The noise of Bheema's conch woke him up from a deep sleep. He shook his tail and dashed it against the ground. The noise made by it resounded in the caves of the mountain. This was heard by Bheema. It sounded like a challenge to him.

Hurrying in the direction from where the noise came, Bheema found an old monkey sitting on a large slab sight. The monkey sat there coolly blocking his way.

Bheema went near him. At the noise made by his approach, the monkey half opened his eyes.

He said: "Young man, why do you make so much noise? Your conch woke me up from my sleep. All the human beings in these parts are kind to animals. You seem to be a stranger to this place. You are not considerate towards the inmates of this place. Where do you come from? Who are you? Beyond this spot this forest is impregnable. In kindness I am telling you this: kindness towards a fellow human being. I am sure you will listen to me. Here are some fruits. Eat them. Rest a while here and go back to where you come from. You cannot go any further than this. I tell you the truth".

Bheema spoke in reply to the strange monkey which could talk like a human being. He said: "May I know who you are? You are not an ordinary monkey. You must be some demi-god who has assumed the form of a monkey. As for me, I am the son of Vayu. My mother is Kunti. My name is Bheemasena: Bheema for short. I am one of the Pandavas who are in exile".

He told the story of the Pandavas and about Arjuna whom they were to receive in a short while.

The monkey smiled at the words of Bheema. He said: "I am in your way. I am not able to move. If you will take my advice you will return the way you came".

Bheema felt his temper rising. He was getting very impatient. He said: "I do not want your advice. I want to go on. I am in a hurry. Move out of my way. If you do not, you will regret it".

The monkey said: "As I told you before, I am too old to move. If you insist on proceeding against my advice you can do so by leaping across my body".

Bheema was getting disgusted with the whole thing. He frowned and said: "You are older than I. You are sitting in my way. It is not right to leap over your body. It is disrespectful to an elder. But if you insist, I will have to leap over you as the great Hanuman did when he had to cross the sea".

The monkey asked: "Who is this Hanuman you talk about? You seem to have some respect for him. I can see it by the way you pronounce his name. Your voice is so gentle and soft when you mention this Hanuman. Tell me, who is this Hanuman?"

The monkey turned his eyes on Bheema. There was a droll look in them which irritated Bheema.

He said: "You are a monkey and you do not know who Hanuman is?"

He smiled disparagingly at the

monkey and said: "Hanuman is the greatest of all monkeys. He is my brother. He is a great scholar. He is famed for his great deeds in the story of Sri Rama. When Sita, Sri Rama's wife, was carried away by Ravana, this brother of mine leaped across the sea and carried Rama's message of comfort to Sita. I am just nothing in front of him, his prowess and his strength. But I am strong enough to fight you if I have to. I have got to go to the heart of this forest. Please make way for me. If you do not, I am afraid I will have to use my power and hurt you. I will have to kill you though I do not want to".

Hanuman smiled to himself when he saw the impatience of Bheema. He said: "Please do not be angry with me. I tell you, I am too old to move. Please take pity on my age. My tail is in your way. If you push it to one side, the path will be clear. You can go then".

Bheema smiled condescendingly and with his club he tried to brush aside the tail.

He could not do it: the tail refused to move! Surprised at this he used both his hands to push it aside. He could not. He frowned at this unexpected event. He tried again and again. But the tail remained where it was! The monkey was sitting still watching him with a faint smile of amusement in his eyes.

Bheema had to admit defeat. He hung down his head in shame.

Bheema went to the presence of the monkey. He prostrated before it and said: "Please forgive me for my harsh words. In my arrogance I overreached the bounds of behaviour. You are old. I am younger than you. You must overlook the faults of one who is like your child. I am sorry for my rude words. Please forgive me". Bheema's eyes were wet. He continued: "You must tell me who you are. You are a king among monkeys. I want to know you".

The monkey smiled at him and said: "I am as anxious to tell you who I am. I am the son of Vayu. My name is Hanuman".

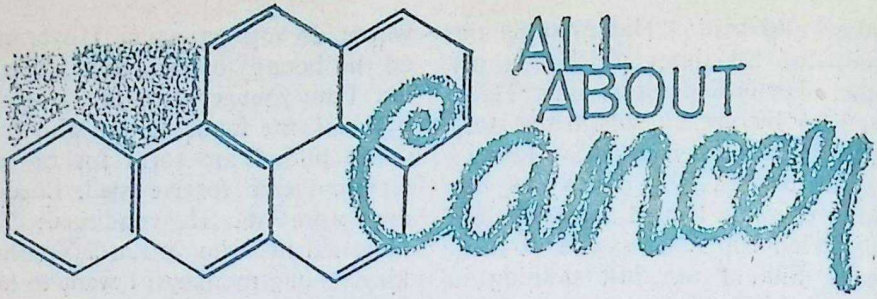
The moment these words left his lips they were clasped in each other's arms. Tears ran down the faces of both. Again and again Bheema said "My brother" and fresh tears would spring to his eyes. They spent a long time thus talking to each other. Bheema was thrilled beyond words at the thought that he had met his brother. It was a rare piece of good fortune that had come his way.

Hanuman said: "I want to grant you a boon as a mark of appreciation of your strength and in memory of these wonderful moments".

Bheema could not ask him anything. He said: "When I know that you are with us there is no doubt about the Kauravas being killed".

Hanuman said: "I will sit on the flag-staff of Arjuna's chariot when the war begins. With my shouts of encouragement, I will put new life into your army and frighten the enemies. I will always be with you. You must be very careful."

The brothers embraced each other once again and parted.



JOHN WAKEFIELD

"CANCER" is no more than a handy label for a large and varied group of diseases—much as "fever" was in days gone by. Each cancer is unique, but all have certain features in common.

Normal growth in animals conveys the idea of increasing size, but to the biologist it usually means an increase in the number of cells comprising the body. Growth is at its most rapid from conception to birth, when the embryonic cells assume distinctive features to fit them for their various roles—as nerve, muscle, blood, bone cells, and so on; it stops at the end of adolescence, and in adult life occurs only in the replacement of damaged or worn-out cells. A characteristic of normal growth is that it is subject to controls of some kind which cause it to stop when it has served its purpose.

Cancerous growth involves *uncontrolled* multiplication of body cells that have become abnormal. These malignant caricatures of normal cells can invade surrounding tissues and become locally destructive. Later they may migrate to other parts of the body to set up secondary growths. They are similar in many ways to the rapidly dividing cells of the embryo, and malignant change seems to involve reversion to a more primitive type.

Much research is concerned with the nature of cancer and with variations in its occurrence and distribution. We know that cancerous growth is neither a disease of civilisation, nor exclusive to man: it is found in all forms of life from plants, fish and insects to birds and mammals. Some animals (budgerigars, domestic poultry, goldfish, mice and dogs) are more prone than most to develop cancer; others (guinea-pigs, rabbits and primates) are less prone. Some breeds of dog, such as retrievers, are very prone, but chows and pekinese rarely get it. And one odd fact: about 6 per cent of old horses develop cancer, but 80 per cent of old grey horses do.

Studies in many parts of the world have produced interesting facts about cancer in man. All races are equally susceptible to cancer, though there are marked differences in the forms of cancer most commonly found in different countries. Australian sheep-farmers exposed for years to intense

sunlight frequently develop skin cancer; Kashmiris develop cancer of the abdomen through wearing charcoal warmers inside their clothing; the chewing of betelnut and of tobacco with lime in India seems to be associated with mouth cancer; races which practise ritual circumcision, Moslems and Jews, rarely or never develop cancer of the penis; cancer of the breast is uncommon in Japan where women breast-feed their babies for a long time; nuns rarely develop cancer of the womb; Bantus on a deficient diet are very prone to liver cancer; Peru, France, Yugoslavia, Russia, and Scandinavia have the greatest incidence of male stomach cancer; atmospheric pollution and cigarette smoking increase the risk of developing lung cancer. All these are clues that point the way to profitable lines of study of the influences involved in the complex processes of malignant change.

Fundamental research is concerned with the structure, behaviour and chemical constituents of the cell. It has become clear that something is lacking in the cancer cell, either in the substances responsible for restraining its power to proliferate or in the hereditary material responsible for synthesising those substances. Recent work suggests that uncontrolled proliferation alone does not account for the ability of malignant cells to migrate to other parts of the body. Changes in the surface properties of cancer cells apparently make them less adhesive and therefore more free to move to other tissues.

A considerable body of research is concerned with the hereditary material of the cell—the chromosomes and their complicated blueprint of genus that determine the limits of our hereditary potentialities. The key chemical component of chromosomes, and characteristic of all living things, is DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). Any variation in the highly complicated structure of the cell's DNA could interfere profoundly with the delicate chemical balance that governs its behaviour. Recent research on the role of DNA has been much influenced by the discovery by Crick and Watson in 1952 of the probable structure of this remarkable substance, one of the most important advances of recent years.

There is no sharp dividing line between the various lines of research, since cancerous change is the outcome of a number of inter-related processes. The nature of the cancer cell, for instance, cannot be studied in isolation from the mechanisms of malignant change.

One of the earliest attempts to find a single cause of malignant change followed the discovery of "germs" in the mid-nineteenth century. The hope of those who sought a "cancer-bacterium" was to produce a vaccine, as had been done for one infectious disease after another. But eventually it became clear that cancer was not caused by bacterial infection.

Interest has recently been revived however, in the possible role of viruses. Viruses that can transmit special forms of cancer have been identified in domestic poultry, mice, rabbits, and frogs. None has been found in man. but the invention of the electron microscope has opened up large fields of

THE COLONEL COMPLAINED
ABOUT TROUBLESOME
PILES
UNTIL HE STARTED USING
HADENSA

Z-645 A

inquiry into the part played by virus like particles (which Huxley has called "paragenes") found outside the nucleus of the cell.

The lines of research so far described are concerned largely with how malignant change occurs. Geneticists look at the problem and ask: Why do some people develop cancers, while others do not? Is there some hereditary basis for this and, if so, is cancer inherited like the probable colour of one's eyes or the shape of one's ears?

Another major branch of research is concerned with chemical carcinogenesis—the way in which cancer-producing chemicals act on the body cells. Since the earliest observation on cancer causation, when Percival Pott in 1775 noticed that chimney-sweeps exposed from boyhood to soot developed cancer of the scrotum, many thousands of suspect substances have been investigated.

Research into cancer causation has provided information on possible forms of treatment by drugs. The paradoxical ability of X-rays both to cause and to destroy cancer is shared by certain of the "radiomimetic" chemicals known to be capable of producing cancer. The nitrogen-mustard derivatives, whose most important role is in research into causation, have proved useful in temporarily controlling Hodgkin's disease, a cancer-like disorder, though they are by no means the final answer. A group of drugs called "anti-folics" and the antimetabolite "blocking agents" such as mercaptopurine have proved similarly useful in some forms of leukaemia. Another drug, methotrexate, has been successful in controlling a very rare

form of highly malignant cancer of the womb that was formerly quite untreatable.

Study of the role of hormones in cancer has led to several practical applications in treatment. Hormones form a group of chemical substances secreted by the endocrine glands into the blood stream. They serve to co-ordinate the work of the various organs and tissues. Some control chemical processes (insulin, produced in the pancreas, controls our utilisation of sugar); some, such as oestrone, control the development and function of the sexual organs; others control growth, while the pituitary gland beneath the floor of the brain plays a co-ordinating role.

Cancerous growths are of two types: "hormone-dependent" (which are temporarily at least influenced by their hormonal environment); and "hormone-independent" (which are not under hormone control and cannot be influenced by hormonal changes). Hormone-dependence has often proved to be only part of a complicated set of inter-relationships.

The discovery of hormone-dependence has led, for example, to the use of female sex hormone to treat suitable cases of cancer of the prostate gland in men. Sometimes the results are dramatically good, but not all cases respond. The reverse procedure—using male sex hormones to treat cancers of the female breast, some of which seem to be hormone-dependent—is sometimes effective, but again one must stress that not all cases are suitable and the results are not uniformly good.

●●●

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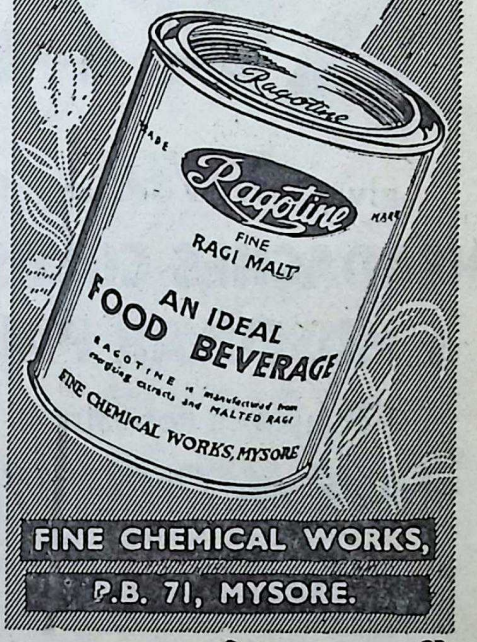

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Surgery, which attempts to remove all malignant cells from the body, remains one of the two major methods of treatment. The introduction in recent years of blood transfusions, antibiotics, and new anaesthetics has made possible enormous strides in technique and achievement. The other major weapon is radiotherapy, by which ionizing radiations, whether from X-ray machines, naturally occurring substances like radium, or from man-made isotopes, are directed at the site of the cancer. Certain isotopes (radioactive iodine for thyroid tissue and radioactive phosphorous for bone-marrow) can also be used to irradiate malignant cells from *within* the body because they are attracted only to particular types of tissue. Radiotherapy relies fo its effectiveness on its selective action on cancer cells, some of which ar more sensitive than normal cells t radiation. Newer super-voltage X-ra machines such as the linear accelerato have proved to be highly effective i treating growths seated deep in th body.

A high proportion of the so-calle "accessible cancers"—those on th skin and lips, in the mouth, breas neck of the womb, bladder, and rec tum—is now cured either by surger or by radiotherapy or by a combina tion of both *provided that treatmen is begun at an early stage of th disease.*

[*Condensed from THE GUARDIAN*]

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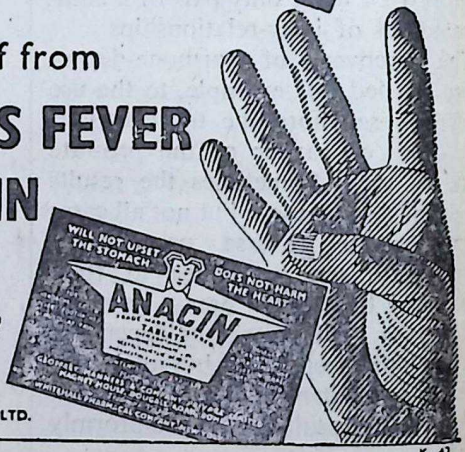

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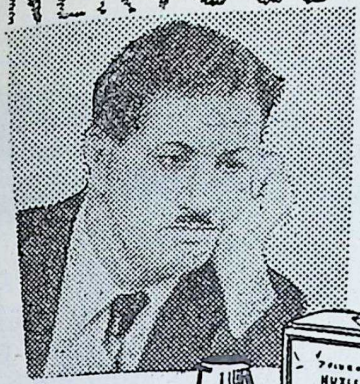
NERVOUS DEPRESSION



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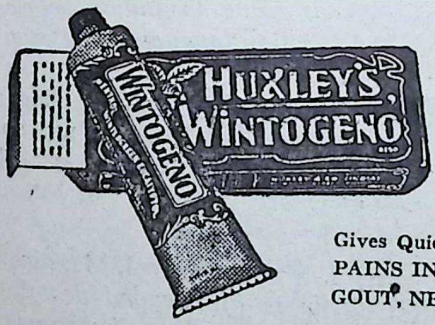

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ANSWERS by

K. M. Munshi

833

Sri P. N. Ranganathan, Thanjavur.

Q: *If the Swatantra Party gets elected to the Legislature, will it have a whip? Will there be freedom of vote?*

A: All parties have some common platform and members have to accept some discipline. The Swatantra Party will also have to have such a discipline through a whip. Outside such fundamental policies, members ought to be free.

834

Sri C. S. Hiremath, Mysore State.

Q: *What is the difference between mind, life and soul?*

A: Life makes physical activity in man possible. Mind is the stuff which cognises, thinks and reasons. Soul is the element from which aspirations for Truth, Beauty, Love, Calmness, Bliss arise and is not destroyed even after the body and with it the mind come to an end.

835

Sri H. V. Singiengar, Kolar.

Q: *What is 'soul?' Where does it go after death?*

A: Soul is the unmanifested spark of Divine Consciousness, which radiates fundamental aspirations of Truth, Beauty, Love, Calmness, Bliss in us. After death, it is reborn.

836

Sri R. Indu Sekhar Rao, Madanapalle.

Q: *What do you think of Sri Vinoba Bhave's mission in the Chambal Valley?*

A: I think it was a setback to the law and order situation in the state.

837

Sri K. Adisesha Reddy, Allur, Nellore.

Q: *Why don't you publish the* Bhavan's Journal, *which is of very great value to Indian people, in all Indian languages and at a low cost?*

A: We are publishing it in Hindi and Gujarati. Give me money and I will have it published in all languages.

838

Sri S. Madana Gopal, Masulipatam.

Q: *How is life beyond death? Can you suggest some books on that subject?*

A: (1) I believe in the Karma theory of rebirth, and have had no time

to look into the life beyond death other than rebirth.

(2) I have had some experience of calling spirits. I do not think the so-called spirits are disembodied souls. They are entities created by the will and imagintaion of those who call them and give responses as if they were independent centres of consciousness.

(3) Ask some spiritualist about books. Our *Garuda Purana* gives a detailed account of what happens to a man after death. But it is not wholesome reading.

839

Sri T. S. Krishna Iyer, Somanur.

Q: *(a) The Hindus believe the ultimate realisation is the Paramapurusha. That being so, why should there be conflicts between Saivism and Vaishnavism in the Puranas and one God superior to the other.*

(b) Do you think the constant repetition of the name of one's Ishta Devata can help one overcome wrath, envy, evil passions, etc. and lead him along the correct path?

A: (a) Different Puranas were composed by members of different sects, and each one tried to show that the godhead of his sect was the highest form in which God manifested Himself. But all the Puranas give place of pre-eminence to Shiva and Vishnu.

(b) Yes. I have repeatedly explained the value of Japa.

840

Sri S. K. Sha, Guntar Dist.

Q: *Why don't you take steps to publish selections from* Koran *and* Bible *also, since there are many readers belonging to other religions who like your Journal?*

A: We must have competent men who could make appropriate selections from scriptures other than of Indian origin.

841

Sri Binod Bihari Dixit, Sambalpur.

Q: *How is it possible to agree with Lord Buddha's statement "What a man thinks, that he becomes"?*

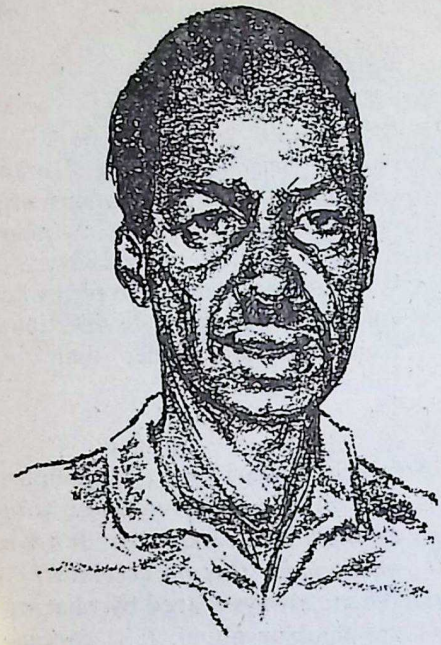
A: We are always shaped by what we are thinking about. It is concentration which releases the creative activity in man. If appropriate creative activity is released, it will shape the man.

842

Sri S. Krishnamurthy.

Q: *For the last five years I have been resisting certain evil powers at work in my official work which try to put me wrong for personal benefit. My resistance involves sometimes a neglect of my duty to my parents too. It is quite possible that the other powers may try to risk my livelihood and even personal safety. Do you think I should put up fight to the end or give it up as hopeless?*

A: Never give up an honest fight.



JULIUS K. NYERERE

REGRETTABLE as are the post-Independence developments in Congo in the African Continent, the unanimous election of Julius K. Nyerere, TANU leader, as the first Prime Minister of self-governing Tanganyika is reassuring in that the pace of emancipation of Africa has not been and will not be affected by the Congo muddle. The most level-headed and ablest among the new crop of rising African politicians, there is virtual unanimity of opinion that Nyerere will play a prominent role in the future shape of African politics. Given the chances, there is little doubt that the ghost of colour discrimination will be buried deep by him in the Sahara.

Respected for years throughout black Africa as a national leader, 38-year old Nyerere (pronounced *Nyuh-ray-ree*) is a small, spry, moustached, thoughtful man, with a quick smile and ready sense of humour. Incidentally he does not know the exact date or even the year of his birth: he is one of 26 children of one of the wives of a tribal chieftain!

After early education in local schools, he took an M.A. degree from the Edinburgh University with History and Economics. He said sometime back that his filed teeth which is a tribal practice was useful to him in his college days as an amusing gimmick. Nyerere is a devout Roman Catholic by faith and he started life as a school teacher in a missionary school.

Ambitious by nature, politics easily attracted him. Like all foreign educated colonial intellectuals, Nyerere too was a fiery radical in the first flush of education, but cooled down as he advanced in experience. Naturally, in the beginning, the missionary principal of his school asked him to stay away from politics, but Nyerere's conscience refused to accept the well-meant advice and so he threw up the sponge and took over full-time leadership of his Tanganyika African National Union, TANU for short, of which he is the chief leader. African Independence naturally is the party's objective.

Tanganyika was originally German territory; it became a U.N. Trust Territory and went to the British under

mandate from it. Technically it continues to be a protectorate. It has a population of over 2½ million Africans and less than 200,000 Europeans and Asians put together and is administered by a Governor. Bantus are numerically the largest tribe and sisal is the country's chief crop.

Under the new reforms which give the Africans majority in the Legislature, a fresh election took place last month which returned the TANU almost *en bloc*. It won 70 out of 71 seats in the Legislative Assembly. In spite of the fact that his present ministry contains two officials as ministers and the Governor is vested with reserve powers, Nyerere claims that his country has already become independent, although the reforms cover a four-year transition period. At all events Tanganyika has become a self-governing country.

Nyerere is a firm believer in multi-racial amity. Indeed one of the first acts of his Government has been to abolish segregation in schools.

A soft-spoken man, Nyerere is a moderate and anti-Communist by conviction. "Violence is unnecessary and costly; peace is the only way" he says. "The Africans must and will rule. Our unity is our weapon"—that has been his motto in life.

After he has landed in the job he had worked for, he feels "Our task really begins now. We have changed our cry from *'Uhuru'* to *'Uhuru Nakazi'* or 'freedom and work.' "

Nyerere's sweeping success at the polls is a clear mark of the trust his people repose in him. He has since the elections successfully scotched the genuine apprehensions of the white farmers of Tanganyika that his Government might retaliate against South Africa's apartheid policy by sternly dealing with recalcitrant elements in his party.

Indeed his sense of nationalism goes much beyond a fair deal for minority communities in Tanganyika. He envisages the eventual federation of the East-African states of Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda provided, of course, the other two governments fall in line with him. He is not merely a stabilising influence in the politics of Africa, but its inspiration and hope too.

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by
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Translated from Gujarati
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PART II Chapter 31

GANGI

My dear Uday,

Swamiraj has now taken me completely under his wing. Yesterday when the cows of the *ashram* filed before him to receive their daily feed of cocoanut and molasses from his hands, he inquired of the cowherd: "Where is Bhuri?"

"She is ill, Maharaj, and is unable even to stand."

"Is that so?" asked Swamiraj and gave into the hand of the cowherd Bhuri's share of the daily feed. We could still hear the medley of jingling noise emanating from the bells tied to their necks as the cows returned to their sheds.

Swamiraj could not contain himself for long as he said: "Come along, I would like to go and see how ill Bhuri is. She must be very unwell."

We went. Bhuri was indeed ill but evidently her complaint was that her share of cocoanut and molasses should have been sent to her through the cowherd, for she would not eat them. Now that Swamiraj offered them to her himself, she became quiet and looked at him affectionately as though asking, "Well, Swamiraj, you wanted me to eat my cocoanut from the hands of the cowherd. Did you?"

There seems to be some power about Swamiraj which makes men as well as animals grow fond of him. Indeed his charm consists in spontaneously attracting affection. I wonder why all of us cannot develop this charm to make ourselves liked by all.

The next evening, Swamiraj continued the story of Rajubhatt from where he had left it:

> Chandan's death affected Rajubhatt so much that for a time he almost appeared to have lost his senses. Ba Saheb, however, meticulously looked after him as if he were her own son. Her dutiful ministrations made one think that she saw in him her own son who had

died in the Dhebaria affray come back to life.

One day when Rajubhatt was in a particularly dejected mood, Ba Saheb related to him her own trials in life.

Her husband, Thakore Fatehsinh, while he was heir-apparent, liked to have a good time. In those days, the Jaghir was heavily in debt and in order to pay off the debt, Fatehsinh's father, the then ruling Thakore, got his son married to Ba Saheb who was the only daughter of a very wealthy Rajput Jaghirdar.

Fatehsinh was a gambler, a woman-hunter, and a spendthrift. He agreed to marry her in the hope that he would have plenty of money at his disposal to do what he liked. He was, in reality, infatuated with a palace-attendant's daughter, called Rangili. Rangili too was fond of him and she went to the extent of attempting to poison Ba Saheb in order to secure her position.

After the death of his father, Fatehsinh ascended the *gadi*. Ba Saheb had by that time borne him two sons, but the Thakore showed little liking either for his wife or sons. He spent most of his time in Baroda, drinking and gambling.

Ba Saheb was a pious woman. With the help of her father's money she redeemed her husband's lands and villages from encumbrances and administered the Jaghir herself. She brought up both her sons according to the best Rajput traditions. She bore her husband's indifference with stoic calmness.

When Fatehsinh left Barkantha and took up permanent residence at Baroda, he deserted even Rangili which almost brought the poor girl to death's door. When Ba Saheb came to know of it, she engaged Rangili as one of her attendants, knowing full well that she had been her ruin and because of her, her husband had disliked her from the day of their marriage. She also knew perfectly well that it was she who had attempted to kill her. Nevertheless Ba Saheb could not bear to see the girl feel unhappy.

Rangili was actually two years older than Ba but she had now to be looked after by Ba Saheb like a younger sister. Gradually, Ba Saheb persuaded Rangili to sit by her when she offered daily worship. Ba Saheb was at that time still quite young, twenty-two years old or so.

Thakore Saheb rarely came to Barkantha and whenever he did, it was only to get money. He altogether avoided Ba Saheb and did not even speak to her. Ba Saheb had known all along that the prince had married her for her money and that he had no love for her. Nevertheless, being young she had hoped that some day Thakore would change his mind and take her to Baroda when the two could live together happily.

Soon, however, she was disillusioned, but she did not allow her disappointment to embitter her outlook. Instead, she became more and more generous. She was virtually a grass-widow but instead of allowing that to worry her in any way whatsoever, she threw herself wholeheartedly in performing her duty,

as she understood it, towards her husband's house and her two sons. She looked after everything with great efficiency and devoted such time as was left to the service of God. There was one expression which was always on her lips, "May God's will be done".

Ba Saheb and Rangili soon became intimate friends. They shared all the work, the management of the house and the supervision of the estate; they used to meet the village-folk jointly, listen to their difficulties and did what they could to remove them. Gradually, Rangili became completely devoted to Ba Saheb. But that did not mean that she forgot Thakore Saheb, for she really loved him dearly and was often grieved at her having to live away from him. It became Ba Saheb's duty to console her at such moments.

Like Ba Saheb, Rangili too learnt to place her trust in God. They neither spoke ill of Thakore Saheb nor let an improper thought about him pass across their minds. Ba Saheb had given her all to Thakore Saheb: money, reputation, sons; so had Rangili given him her heart and her body. Neither had asked anything in return and neither complained openly or silently.

My dear brother, when I heard this narration, some lines of the poet Kalapi came to my mind:

"My dear Baban, there is joy even in learning to endure suffering."

Here in this case, it was not just for joy: to the two of them, suffering had become a source of deep satisfaction.

Swamiraj then resumed the story of Rajubhatt:

Having lost one son, Ba Saheb had replaced him by the man in whose company he had died. The Government of Baroda had issued a warrant of arrest for Rajubhatt. Search had been instituted all over the countryside for him. Feeling that Raju's safety lay in his leaving Barkantha, Ba Saheb decided to send him away. She gave him a hundred rupees and put him on a boat manned by trustworthy boatmen. Lest the people of Dhebaria should recognise him, she made him put on the robe of a Gosain. His hair and beard had already grown long and all she had to do was to pierce his ears and tag on the earrings. In this new garb Rajubhatt was completely unrecognisable.

The boatmen carried him as far as Jadeshwar near Broach. Raju stayed there in the *dharmashala* of the temple of Mahadev for a month and a half.

One day, while standing in front of his room, he saw a young woman running towards him, greatly agitated. She seemed anxious to find a place to hide herself. She was out of breath and beads of perspiration rolled down her face and forehead. She came near him and threw herself at Raju's feet, and said: "Maharaj, have pity on me. Please save me from these people who are after me and who are determined to kill me."

She was a pretty woman of about twenty or twenty-two years. Her *sari* was in tatters, and her blouse was torn. Her face was badly

scratched and her body and hair covered with manure which had evidently been thrown at her.

It was barely four months since Chandan had died. Her loss was still so fresh in Raju's mind that he could not even bear the thought of speaking to a young woman. His first instinct therefore was to run away, but he hesitated as he recognised the young woman. Her name was Gangli. She belonged to the caste of the oil-mongers. She had been brought from Broach by young Manohar, the son of Jora Patel, the headman of the village.

The women-folk of the village looked upon Gangli as a witch. They were convinced that she had occult powers. When she looked at a man in a certain way he immediately became her slave. Raju had himself heard that she could invest grains of rice with such efficacy by *mantras* that they would forthwith kill those who partook of them. People believed that she frequented the cremation ground in the dark hours of the morning and ate the unburnt remains of human skulls.

"Maharaj, these people are out to kill me. They will come up soon. They say I am a witch ; I am not ; I swear, I am not. O, father, I beg of you, protect me. I surrender myself to your protection."

By this time the shouts of the pursuers came very near. Gangli was terrified as she looked behind her like a hunted doe and then again fell at Rajubhatt's feet.

Rajubhatt raised her and instinctively pushed her into his room. Locking the door he sat in front of it. Hardly had he done so when the crowd came shouting, screaming, waving sticks and uttering vile abuses against the woman. There were women too in the crowd which was as excited as a party of huntsmen pursuing a quarry. The blacksmith Arjun, who led the crowd flaunted an axe in his hand ; his eyes were blood-shot, and his face mirrored his hatred and violent intentions.

The sight of Arjun was repelling to Rajubhatt who muttered to himself, "I am sure even a tiger or a wolf would not look so fierce through hatred." Taking up his big staff in his hand, he stood up and asked: "What do you want, blacksmith Arjun?"

"Where is Gangli?"

"Gangli? Where is she?".

"The witch has possessed my daughter's son", shouted a woman and raised a big iron spoon.

"It is because of her evil eye that my cow has stopped giving milk" said another.

"And the wretched woman has enslaved my son" said a third woman.

"She has made Magan's father infatuated with her by making him eat enchanted cardamom seeds."

From all around there echoed charges of this kind as Arjun shouted: "I want to smash her head", while another said, "We want to seat her on a donkey and drive her out of the village".

Rajubhatt inquired quietly, "What is the matter with you, folks, that so many of you have turned out to beat a poor woman?"

But even as he asked, Raju realised that his words would have no effect on these people who were blind with rage. Even if he could persuade the men to spare Gangli, he was convinced that the women would not let her go alive.

He, therefore, said much against his will, "I have not seen any woman pass this way. She must have gone by some other route. I am sitting here for quite some time. She must have gone in that direction", and pointed to a direction away from the *dharmashala*.

Raju felt that if Yudhishthira considered it justifiable to indulge in an equivocation for getting Drona killed, it was surely not wrong for him to speak an untruth to save a woman. The crowd believed him and went away in further search of Gangli. There were some men in the crowd whom he knew to be intrinsically good and Raju was deeply shocked to see them too behave like wild animals.

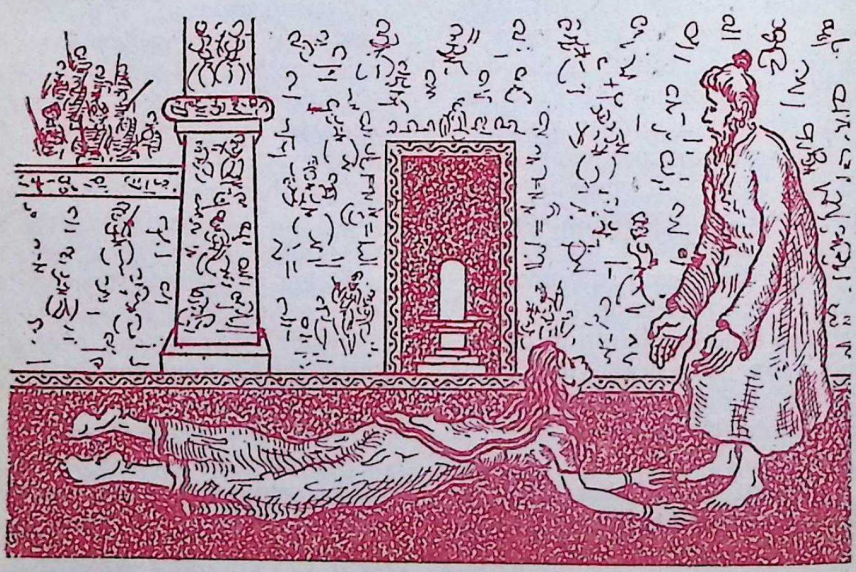
As soon as it was safe, he opened the door and stepped inside the room. Now that she was secure Gangli had become bold and stood waiting for him. She had washed done her hair up, and had put her clothes aright.

Raju told her, "The people have gone away; you had better run away in another direction".

Gangli looked down for a minute, then looked at him and smiled. Her smile had charm; Raju was not old enough to escape her it said. But he was quick to see that she was trying to captivate him.

"Maharaj, what shall I offer you?"

From the way she spoke, however, Raju felt that there must be some good point in this woman and



said: "Young woman, I want nothing. You had better go away from here."

"Of course you must be wanting what all men want, don't you? Haven't you done me a great favour? Come, let me pay my debt." So saying Gangli came near him, and threw her hands around him to embrace him.

Raju was embarrassed, puzzled and then frightened as he looked at Gangli. He moved a few steps back, but Gangli also followed him saying, "Maharaj, why, you are shy like a young girl!"

As Raju pushed her hands aside, his mind instinctively turned, for contrast, to Chandan's shy but unflinching devotion.

"Why do you feel so shy? You won't be committing a sin by touching me. Even Viswamitra was not afraid of Rambha!"

"Go away, you foolish girl, go away", shouted Rajubhatt as he moved towards the door.

Gangli burst out laughing: "Am I not pretty? I have read up to the seventh standard. Today all those people came to beat me up, but which of them did not sleep with me during the last four months?" she asked with pride.

"Shut up, you fool!" Rajubhatt was now angry. "Don't you know that I am a devotee of God Shankar?"

"Who is not? All these men in this crowd are also devotees of Jadeshwar Mahadev! And yet what have they been doing? Yes, maybe, their wives do not know of it. But even that is not correct. Otherwise, why should there be so many women wanting to burn me? You alone, Maharaj, seem to be unspoilt. Even God Shiva was enamoured of a Bhil woman. Or, can it be that you are after all not a man?"

While she was taunting him thus, Raju was moving backwards step by step until he reached the door. When he did so, he opened the door, came out and closed the door behind him. He was bathed in perspiration as he sat on the steps outside the room in deep dejection.

Swamiraj carried the tale no further. So I left him and came back to our rooms. We shall be staying here for three more days. If I had my way, I would stay with Swamiraj and learn from him the art of extracting good out of evil. We have, however, still to visit many other places before eventually reaching Pondicherry on the 10th of August.

Yours,
Raj.

[*To be continued*]

Why do rivers carry the waters? What for do cows give milk? For whom indeed do the trees bear luscious fruits? Are they for their own benefit? No; they are for sustaining others. Even so are the attainments of the great made use of for the benefit of others.

—Wise Sayings.

KUMBHI EXPOSED

WHAT distinguishes women from men, among others, is their greater control of mind. Although it was a fact that her heart longed to see her husband at once, Princess Hanumati framed her question look casual. However, the gardener-woman instinctively understood her eagerness.

"Yes, right now if you will," replied she.

Hanumati excused herself for a minute, went to her mother and taking her permission to go on a small *jatra,* followed the gardener-woman unknown to any other person.

Reaching the garden, Hanumati's heart pounded fast. The old woman took her by the hand to the hut occupied by her cripple son and when Hanumati saw him, her whole being was aflame with remorse, grief, joy and what not. She threw all precautions to the winds and cried: "O, lord! How is it that you happened to lose both your limbs? From being the greatest warrior on earth, after killing the *rakshasa* who was a thorn unto earth, how are you now quiet like a lamb, unknown like an orphan? How dare Brahma inscribe this fate on your illustrious head? Alas! Believing that he was a friend, you left me in the care of Kumbhi. That cad betrayed your faith and consistently double-crossed you and ultimately harmed you thus. I am grateful to God that I am able to see you at least now!" And she threw her hands about the cripple and embraced him.

The Queen who had accompanied her daughter stealthily was dumbfounded at this development. Concluding that her daughter was getting off her head, she went near her and said: "Hanumati! What are you doing? How possibly can this cripple be your husband? Do not be crazy. Come away. If Kumbhi hears about this, he may kick up a row!"

Hanumati sharply turned towards her mother and replied: "Mother! Is there no scope for honesty and truth in this land? What rule is it that believes in the wretch Kumbhi and ignores a leonine Kshatriya here in a crippled state? Don't you know that by the consistent flouting of justice and truth your husband has brought calamity on me? When I told him that Kumbhi was an impostor, he would not listen to me. Truth does not appeal so well as untruth these days. Believing in the sinner Kumbhi, the King let *dharma* go by the drain. A kingdom without honesty, a society without learned men, the arguments of an incapable minister—these are to be abhorred. Let that go. Whatever is fated to come will certainly come. Perhaps I am fated to have my husband in this condition. Why should I blame my parents? This is my world. Mother you can return!"

When the Queen-mother saw and heard what her daughter did and said,

her entire frame shrunk in shame. She returned to the palace and reported everything to her husband.

King Ajavaksha on hearing them hurried to the garden of the old woman and meeting his daughter addressed her: "Is it proper for you to behave in this manner? Don't you think you are earning infamy not only for yourself but to your parents also? Oh, what have you found in this cripple that you don't find in the able-bodied Kumbhi? Are you mad? Desist from it and return home."

Princess Hanumati facing her father replied: "Father! You are my superior in every respect, and yet it does not become you to speak in his manner. For a woman, her husband is her only God. She is happy in his company alone. It is immaterial whether he be deaf, blind, dumb or maimed. May I tell you one thing? This Kumbhi of whom you are speaking is the greatest rogue mankind has ever known. He is a cad; he has betrayed his friend who loved him like his own brother, and you, by speaking in his favour, are only prejudicing your own title to virtue. Don't you know the wise saying that the sins of a people will visit the king; the sins of a king will visit his priest; the sins of a woman will visit her husband and the sins of a disciple will visit the guru? Please, therefore, desist from dragging me away from the righteous path and let me not hear any talk for which I have no liking. You may kindly return home!"

Failing to dissuade his daughter, King Ajavaksha addressed the cripple: "My dear man! Who are you? Who are your parents? Do you know this man Kumbhi? How did you happen to know my daughter? As I am in a fix, will you kindly explain to me these things in detail?"

Pavakaroma felt very sad to find himself in a situation where he had to vouch his own identity.

He replied: "I am the son of King Ambhira. This man Kumbhi is my servant. This woman Hanumati was won by me in the Swayamvara you had set and therefore she is my lawful wife."

Continuing this revelation, Pavakaroma related in detail all that had happened to him since the time of the Swayamvara up to the moment of talking.

When he concluded the narration, King Ajavaksha's anger knew no bounds. He gnashed his teeth and shouted: "Bring the cad Kumbhi before me."

As soon as his officials heard this order they ran helter-skelter to bring Kumbhi in chains. When he was brought, the King addressed him: "You cad and betrayer! What made you cut the hands and feet of this noble Prince?"

Kumbhi replied: "Uncle, this man is my born enemy. He must thank himself that I left him alive. Let that go. Why do you vex me with these questions? True indeed is the statement that all Kings tend to become fools. Otherwise why should you suspect that I should torture an innocent man?"

Saying this Kumbhi tried to walk away from the King's presence. But the King ordered him to stop and thundered: "You devil! After doing havoc to this innocent Prince's life, you dare to address me as your uncle! Know that your antics will not fetch

a pie henceforward. I now know all your betrayals. Know that the hour of your end is at hand. At least now tell the truth."

When the King threatened him in this manner, Kumbhi tried to wriggle out of the hands of his captors. But the latter caught hold of him firmly. People assembled demanded: "Cut him into two ; send him to the gallows ; peal his skin away ; dash his head against the pole," etc, etc.

When Pavakaroma sensed the frenzy of the people, he decided to intercede and nearing Kumbhi, said: "Have no fears about your life. I give my word that I will protect you. All that I want you to do now is, if at any time in your life you have misbehaved towards me, say so and admit them before this King."

On hearing Pavaka's assurance, Kumbhi broke down before him and falling at his feet, cried: "Oh, blessed one! You are the innocent. I am the great sinner. I have been your betrayer. I know, I can have no emancipation from the sins I have committed against you and your dutiful wife."

On hearing this admission, Hanumati turned to her father and said: "Father, now look at your supposed son-in-law. How you believed him and all his words till some time back! Now, are you satisfied that he is the betrayer and this noble man is my real husband?" Ajavaksha smiled.

Calling his aides, the King ordered: "Take this Kumbhi right away and make him embrace the red-hot iron pillar. That will give him solace and probably emancipation from all the mountain of evil actions he has perpetrated against this gentleman and my daughter."

Pavakaroma interceded and requested King Ajavaksha: "I have given my word to protect his life. May I, therefore, request you to revoke that order? I think it is unnecessary for us to punish him ; none of our punishments can equal those he is sure to get at the hands of Yama. In my view, it is wrong for us to elect to become arbiters in matters of crime and

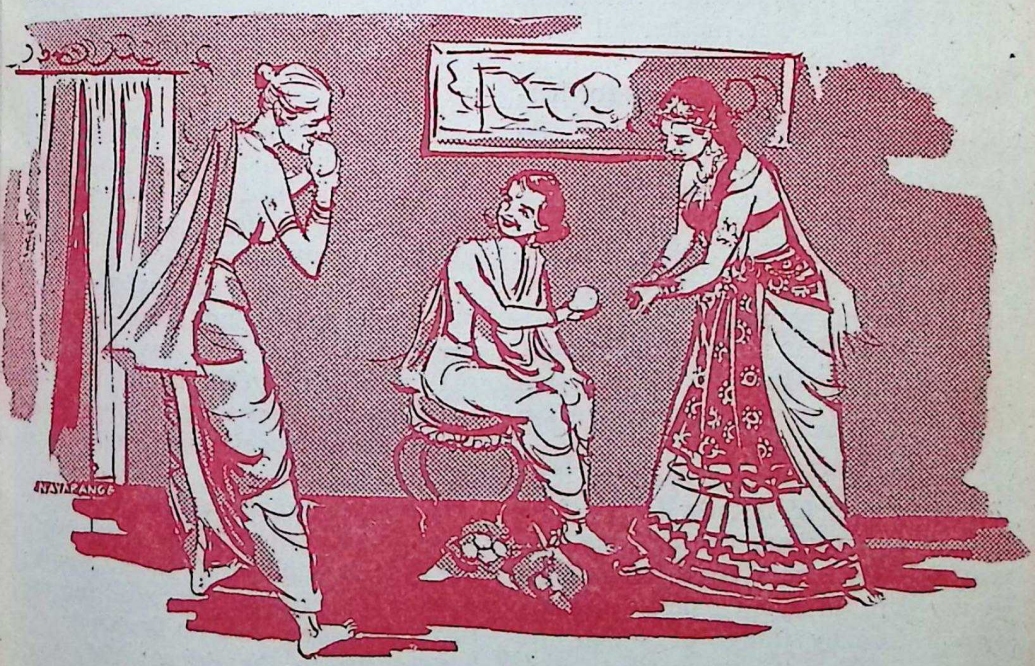
(Continued on page 74)

Danseuse Becomes A Baboon

WHEN the younger Prince descended into the courtyard of the danseuse's house, the first to see him do so was the maid-servant of the house. As soon as she saw him, she ran to her old mistress and whispered in her ear that the prodigal had returned.

The old woman was surprised to hear it because she was almost sure that the Prince would have reached Yama's abode by that time. Soon, however, she neared him and finding him peering at her, smiled at him and said: "Welcome, my son, welcome! You see, when you took that purgative the other day, your condition became so bad that I really became afraid. You know we are alone here and there is no male help. Thinking that we were helpless to you, we placed you outside the house all the while praying that some better soul would come to your help. How happy am I now to find that God had answered my prayer! I hope you will not entertain any ill-will that might possibly have suggested itself against us and continue to live with us as before."

The Prince replied: "Don't worry, aunt! I have never at any time thought ill of you and I shall not do so and I am happy to accept your invitation to live here as of old."



The Prince gave the mango fruits.

The Prince started living in the company of the old woman's daughter as of old.

One night, however, when all had slept, he willed, with the help of his magic implements, that a large mansion rise at the back-yard of the danseuse's house. And so did one rise instantaneously! Next, he willed that the mansion be furnished charmingly. The same was accomplished in no time. Thither then the Prince repaired and slept far into the day.

Early in the morning, as soon as the young danseuse saw the new building behind her house, she was surprised. Out of curiosity she went inside it and was charmed by its beauty and opulence. When she went further inside, she saw her paramour, the Prince, sleeping soundly on a cosy bed! Surprised at the sight, she ran back home and reported to her mother all what she saw. The old woman too went inside the new building and saw for herself that her daughter had said the barest truth. Then she concluded that the Prince was no mean person and that he had more powers than she had ever thought of. She therefore wanted all the more to take full advantage of his stay in her home.

As soon as she saw the Prince come, she asked him: "How is it, son, that you have suddenly constructed a mansion down there?"

The Prince replied indulgently: "Oh, that is nothing. You know I have these things: this turban, *kurta,* cane and sandals? These were vouchsafed to me by my guru. With their help I can accomplish many things of which the construction of this house is a flea-bite."

The Prince then related to the old lady the circumstances (with appropriate modifications) in which he came into possession of those four precious gifts and explained in detail the properties of each and how one should operate them.

The moment she heard these things, the old lady decided that those four gifts were really meant for her and her daughter. She wanted to device a plan by which the Prince could be disposed of quickly to the other world.

Following the plan, she came on the next day to the Prince and said: "My dear son! What shall I say? My daughter has suddenly taken ill. I consulted the astrologers. They say that she should propitiate a deity which is near the sea. I do not know how I can get there alone and perform the *pooja.*"

"Aunt! Why do you worry? When I am here, you have little to fear. Look! Are you ready?"

The old woman said she would be ready in a few minutes. Soon she came carrying a basket full of flowers, fruits and the rest of the things that were meant for worship.

As soon as she came out, the Prince put on his sandals and holding her by the hand, willed "Let me go to the sea-shore". Within the twinkling of an eye the old woman and the Prince found themselves standing on the coast of the sea.

The danseuse pointed out the temple whereto the two walked. After bathing in the temple-tank, the old woman wanted to prepare *neyvedya* for the deity. But there was no firewood.

Said she to the Prince: "My son, what a fool have I been? I have for-

gotten to bring firewood. Would you help me by breaking some twigs from withered trees yonder?"

The Prince nodded and left in search of firewood.

When he did so, he inadvertently left all his four magic weapons in a bundle for which the old woman was waiting.

As soon therefore as she saw his figure disappearing, she opened the bundle, took out the sandals, jumped on them and took hold of the other three implements and willed to return to her home. Even so, she walked into her home jubilant that she had outwitted the Prince at last.

She completely went under the belief that the Prince would never be able to get those things back from her. If only all our thoughts could be translated straight into actions!

When the Prince returned to the temple with the firewood, he was surprised not to find the old woman there. Neither was there any trace of the basket of flowers which she had carried with her. He made an extensive search of the place, fearing she had fallen into the sea. But there were no footprints. It was not before quite some time that he suddenly recollected his own package which he had left at a corner of the temple and which had contained the precious magic implements. When he went there, he was shocked to find it lying open and all its contents missing from it. It then dawned on him that the old woman had once again pulled a fast one on him. Chagrined at this thought, he finally consoled himself that even as they came to him, they had left him and as such, he had no right to complain.

Musing thus, he trudged on towards the city with his hands clasped behind his back.

On the way he had to cross a wooded part to reach the city.

Half way up there, he felt so hungry that he could not proceed any further before eating something.

He looked about and saw right before him a giant mango tree which had four sturdy branches. All those branches were bent with luscious ripe fruits. Thanking God for the timely help, he climbed up one of those branches and plucking the nearest fruit, ate it avidly. But the next moment he found himself transformed into a baboon! In the new form it was not difficult for him to hop on to the next branch which he did and from which also he plucked another fruit and ate. When he did so, again, he found himself transformed into an aged man! Descending along the branch, he caught hold of the third branch from which too he plucked another fruit and ate it since his hunger had not yet subsided. But this time he became the sturdy young man he was. Becoming curious, he ate the fruit of the fourth branch also, when lo! he found himself transformed into an eagle!

He now came to the conclusion that that tree was a miracle tree and that its four branches had those four different properties. In order to confirm his findings, he ate another fruit from the third branch, when, from an eagle he again became the young man that he was. Confirmed in his findings, the Prince now thought of a plan, how with this new finding he could wreak vengeance on the deceitful danseuse and her daughter. Striking at a plan of ac-

tion, he collected some fruits from those branches which could convert their eaters into baboons and eagles respectively.

Wrapping them into a bundle he walked vigorously towards the house of the danseuse. Reaching it, he comfortably seated himself on a stool outside the mansion. In the evening the danseuse and her daughter came out of the house as usual to watch the crowd. But to their surprise they saw the young Prince outside sitting with a bundle by his side.

Although the old woman had been sure that she was the winner in the war of wits against the Prince, she was now puzzled why he should return and sit in her verandah. This troubled her as she suspected that the Prince had some more tricks in his bag.

As though she saw him for the first time, she went near the Prince and said: "Oh my son! What shall I say? When you went in search of firewood a big tiger appeared from nowhere and started chasing me. I shouted for you and was afraid it might harm you. So I ran and ran and ran in search of you and failing in it, managed to come home. All the while I was worried about you. I cursed myself that I was not born a man. I am so happy to see you safe. Please come in. What is it that you carry in that bundle? More tricks?"

The Prince on hearing her words, laughed disarmingly and said: "Aunt! What tricks can I play before you? On my way I saw some good fruits on a mango tree. Knowing your taste I plucked some of them thinking you would be delighted to eat them."

"Oh, is that so? Let me see, let me see."

Then the Prince untied the bundle and showed her the fruits which were inviting.

Without even waiting to be given, she pinched one from his bundle and ate it. Simultaneously the Prince took out another fruit from the other bundle and gave it to the old woman's daughter. When both of them ate the mangoes, one became a baboon and the other an eagle!

[*To be continued*]

KUMBHI EXPOSED—*Contd.*

abuse sinners. Indeed I have heard it said that if we abuse a sinner, that sin leaves him and takes possession of us. Your majesty would not like to take up that position. The best course would be to extradite him from this country."

King Ajavaksha agreed to the suggestion and issued orders banishing him from his country.

Later on King Ajavaksha took his daughter along with the maimed Pavakaroma to his palace where he had them duly married with usual pomp. The couple lived happily.

One day, however, the Queen said to her husband: "My lord! My heart becomes sick at the thought that while all beautiful girls of the land have faultless husbands, our daughter alone should have a cripple for her husband."

When the King heard this, he smiled and replied: "My dear! What you feel is natural. But I think we can do nothing about it. It is her destiny and she alone must work it out. I shall tell you a story in illustration of this point."

[*To be continued*]

Our Bookshelf

PATHWAY TO GOD IN KANNADA LITERATURE. By the late Dr. R. D. Ranade. Published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7 in collaboration with the Karnatak University, Dharwar. pp. 344. Price: Special Library Edition Rs. 6; Popular Edition Rs. 2.

THE excellent volume under review is the substance of the late sage-professor R. D. Ranade's planned twenty lectures on Karnatak mysticism, of which fourteen were delivered between the years 1954-57. The remaining six lectures remained undelivered in the form of brief notes. After the death of Professor Ranade, the dynamic Vice-Chancellor Sri D. C. Pavate, with his great love and drive to promote research and the cause of learning, entrusted the valuable task of completing the work of Sri Ranade to an editorial board with Sri R. R. Diwakar, Prof. N. G. Damle and a few others. The present volume is the result of the editorial board's work of devotion and discernment. But for the unstinted efforts of the Vice-Chancellor and his abounding love and admiration for the philosopher-saint Ranade, the book would not have seen the light of the day.

Prof. Ranade has already distinguished himself as an expert on the subject of mysticism. He produced the volume on Maharashtra mysticism, the *locus classicus* on the subject in 1933. *Pathway to God in Hindi Literature* was published in 1954. He was not only pre-eminent as a Professor of Philosophy for over four decades but also lived a spiritual life and had first-hand spiritual experience as the result of the grace of his guru, Bhausaheb Maharaj of Umadi's grace and his intense unremitting spiritual *sadhana*. His influence had a wholesome effect on the religious-minded men who rushed to him in large numbers. Unlike the pure speculative philosopher, he believed in a way of life. He set up a spiritual centre in Nimbal called the Adhyatma Vidya Mandir. Every year people met there and had religious discourses and meditation. Ranade speaks from spiritual experience and not merely from book-lore. He understands the mystics

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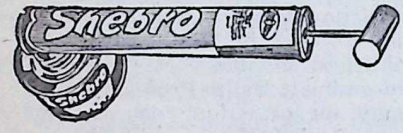

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best and has culled for us the universal religion of the mystics. It is his profound faith in the universal religion of the God-lovers that made him present to us a non-sectarian, rational humanistic, non-dogmatic spiritual religion. He recognised the heart-unity of the mystics, no matter to whatever religion, caste, sex, nationality and the country they belonged.

In the volume under review he has given us a clear picture and a moving account of the chief mystic saints of Karnatak, Saiva and Vaishnava. He writes (taking the important songs and *vachanas* of the mystics for his data) about the mystical works of Prabhudeva, Basaveshvara, Channabasava, Siddharama, Mahipati, Sarpabhushana, Sarvajna, Sarifsaheb, Purandaradasa, Kanakadasa, Jagannathadasa and Nijaguna Shivayogi. The treatment is throughout comparative. The detailed comparisons instituted by Professor Ranade between the Karnatak mystics and the mystics of other lands and regions is summarised for us by Sri R. R. Diwakar in the valuable introduction to the book which gives the reader an insight into the plan of the book.

The different chapters of the book cover all the topics that are discussed in connection with the philosophy of mysticism in general. The chapters on the Incentives to Spiritual life, Moral Preparation for the Mystical Life, the Functions of the Spiritual Teacher, and the Relation of the Spiritual Teacher to the Disciple are of special significance. Almost on the lines of William Jones we have a chapter on the Characteristics of Saints (chapter IX). The treatment of the nature of God and the place of Japa or the taking of the name of God are the special doctrines of Ranade. With great psychological insight the learned professor gives us an inside picture of the mystic's supernal experience with astounding details. The last two chapters deal with the effects of God-realisation. There are four appendices to the volume dealing respectively with transliteration, key to pronunciation, glossary of Sanskrit words and bibliography. The volume

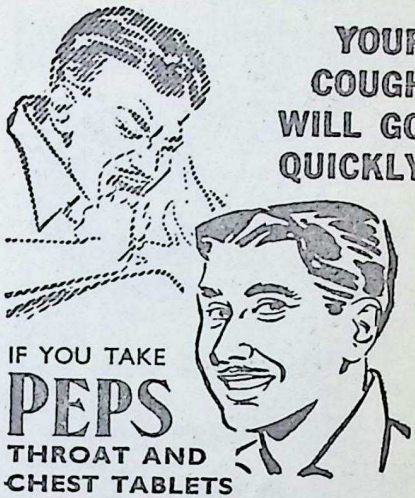
gives a just assessment of the rightful place of Karnatak mysticism in the context of mysticism in general. Dr. Ranade's volume is an invaluable addition to the study of Indian mysticism.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

UPANISHADS IN STORY AND DIALOGUE. By R. R. Diwakar. Published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. pp. 130. Price: Rs. 2.

THE Upanishads are the highest and the purest expression of the spiritual experience and the speculative genius of the sages and seers of ancient India. They represent the summit of the original Indian philosophical thought. Their messages have brought the sense of freedom and bliss to countless millions of anxious human spirits in the East and West. The great German philosopher Schopenhauer performed his daily prayer from the Upanishads before he went to bed. He writes "From every sentence, deep, original and sublime thoughts arise and the whole is pervaded by a high, holy and earnest spirit. In the whole world, there is no study...so beneficial and so elevating as that of the Upanishads. They are destined sooner or later to become the faith of the people". The Spanish writer Mascaro described the Upanishads as the "Himalayas of the soul". All the schools of Vedanta have erected their system on the leading ideas of the Upanishads. It is the foundation of all religions and philosophical thought in India. They are in the form of dialogues, some in prose, some in verse, some informal, others grave. They are in varying length.

Sri R. R. Diwakar has always been a lover of the Upanishads. He has already rendered the Upanishads in the most readable Kannada within the reach of all. In the volume under review he has given us a competent and compact account of the dialogues and stories in the Upanishads. The universal catholicity of outlook that characterises the Upanishads is brought out clearly. The style is direct and simple without losing its power. There is no important philosophical dialogue left



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out from the Upanishads. The volume is representative in every sense of the term. It carries four illustrations and a useful glossary of terms. In the Foreword to the volume Dr. S. Radhakrishnan has with his characteristic insight described the essential qualities of Diwakarji's presentation i.e. "his conspicuous ability and earnest conviction". This volume should be in the hands of all who love and desire to know the spiritual genius of India.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS. By B. N. Pal. Published by Kitab Mahal, 56-A, Zero Road, Allahabad. pp. 752. 1959. Price: Rs. 18.

THE agricultural sector is the most important sector of India's economy. In recent years a number of detailed studies have appeared having a bearing on the working of this sector in the context of the national economy. In the United States, systematic study of agricultural economics occupies an important place in economic studies. In this comprehensive volume Prof. Pal has made a massive effort to present a detailed analysis of the various economic problems besetting agriculture in India. The book consists of 33 chapters. The author intended that the present work would provide some background to the student and the layman. Though this is perhaps the first systematic effort in this direction in India the book suffers from an inadequate presentation of background statistical data in respect of Indian agriculture. Again, in the context of the special problems of economic development, a number of modifications are necessary in the application of economic principles to underdeveloped countries in general and to agriculture in particular. All this calls for the need for more work. However, the author has to be congratulated on the accomplishment of what is certainly a Herculean effort. It is hoped that in later editions he would bring about the needed integration between the economic theory relevant in underdeveloped countries and the economic problems of agriculture in India. In view of the diverse nature of the problems dealt with, a subject

index would have been very useful.

—*Dr. P. R. Brahmanand.*

MODERN TRENDS IN INDIAN DEMOCRACY. By V. V. Giri. Published by Harold Laski Institute of Political Science, Ahmedabad. pp. 16. Price: Re. 1.

THE booklet which comprises the Laski Memorial Lecture delivered by Sri V. V. Giri at the Harold Laski Institute, Ahmedabad, provides a penetrating and thought-provoking analysis of the conditions essential for the maintenance of democracy and furtherance of world peace. Sri Giri has viewed the problems in the wider context of promoting international peace and security. While examining the salient features of the Indian Constitution and reviewing the recent political trends he rightly denounces the fissiparous tendency developing amongst the people and feels that the objectives of democracy cannot be achieved just by laying down legal enactments but through a proper understanding of the rights and duties of the citizens, through a spirit of co-operation. He also advocates democratic decentralization at both political and economic levels for this purpose. He hopes that the present nationalistic tendency would disappear and the world would ultimately be governed by internationalism; then only the ideal of one world would be realised. As he has observed, India is the one country that is keeping up the flag of internationalism and democracy in the East, and the Institute has done well in organising this lecture and helping people to understand national and international implications of the challenging issues of the present-day.

—*Prof. C. L. Gheevala.*

ECONOMICS OF GROWTH. By Ramu Pandit. Published by Harold Laski Institute of Political Science, Ahmedabad. 1960. pp. 80. Price: Rs. 3.

THIS monograph is a brief theoretical survey of the contributions made to the economics of growth. In the last one decade the study of economics of growth has assumed importance, with particular reference to the underdeveloped countries. There has been con-

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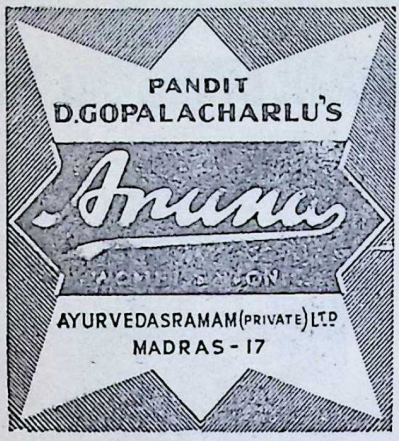

siderable progress in the contributions to this area of research and study. The author is to be congratulated for attempting to provide a critical summary of the contributions to these theories.

Section I deals with the theories derived primarily from the experience of developed countries. The author has given a succinct summary of the theories in classical analysis, Marxian analysis, neo-classical analysis. Schumpeterian analysis and post-Keynesian analysis. The treatment of Schumpeter may be said to be most illuminating. Section II concentrates upon theories of underdevelopment which have exclusive bearing upon underdeveloped countries. The author could have devoted more space to a discussion of these theories. However one could not also expect that the treatment of the most essential problem of the growth of underdeveloped countries would be anything but cursory. Within the compass of 79 pages, the author has done well to present in capsule form the various theories of growth in the historical perspective of development of economic thought. It would serve as a well compiled and lucidly written Introduction to the study of economics of growth.

—*Prof. C. L. Gheevala*

PURUSHA SUKTA. (Text in Sanskrit with notes and commentary in Tamil). By "Anna". Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4. Price: Popular Edition Re. 1. Calico-bound Re. 1.50 nP.

THE Purusha-sukta *mantras* constitute an important set of hymns that occur in all the four Vedas, of course with slight variations. They are chanted during the worship of deities from time immemorial. Apart from it, their Vedantic content have been commented upon by great seers and Acharyas. The present author has therefore done great service to the Tamil-reading public by bringing out this work, with elaborate notes and translation, based on the works of great Acharyas like Sayana and others.

—*Sri Mahalinga Sastry*

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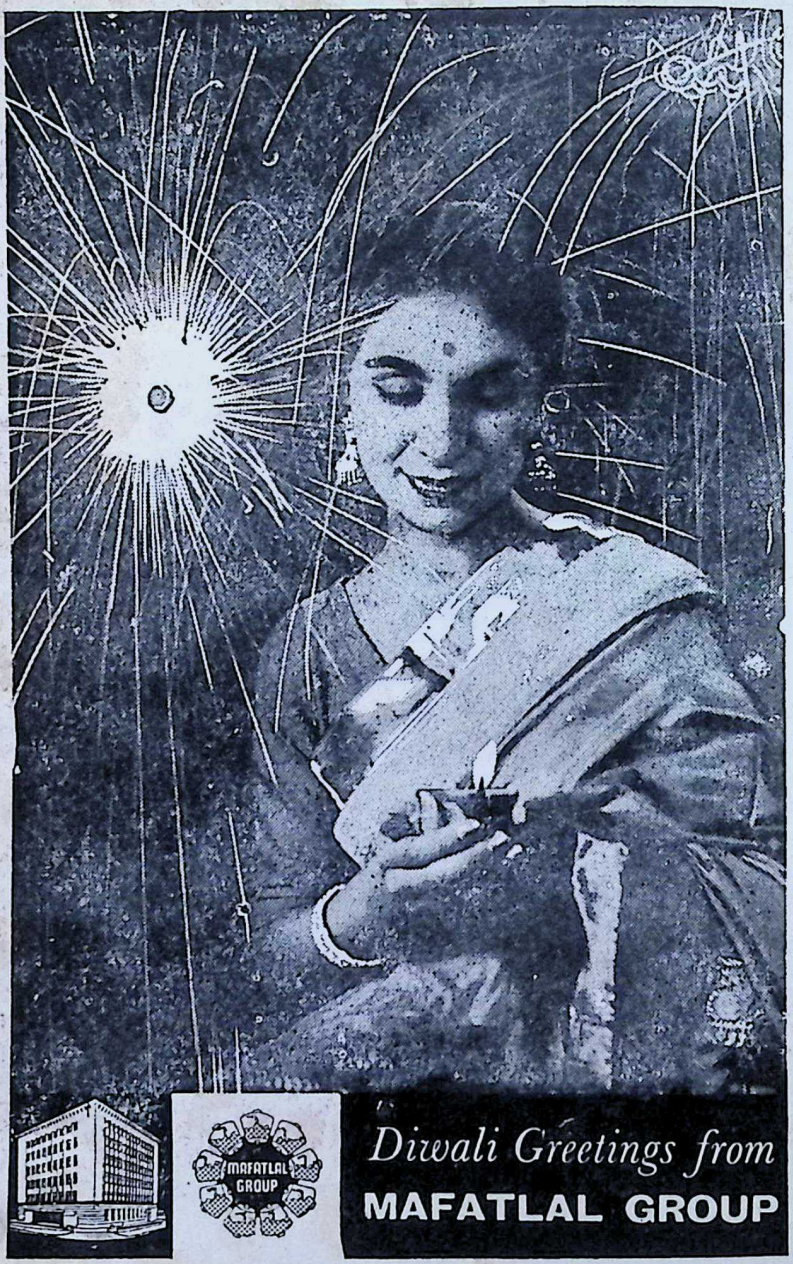
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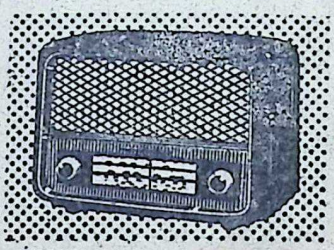

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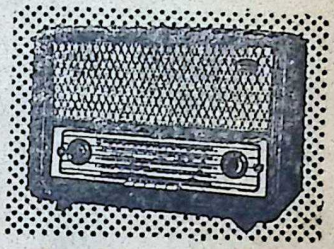

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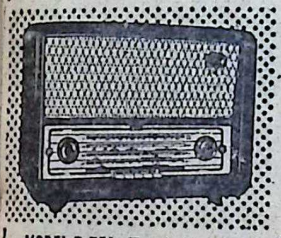

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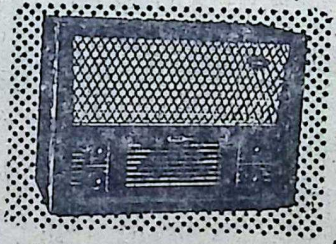

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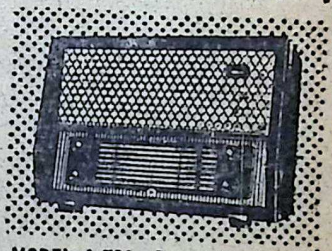

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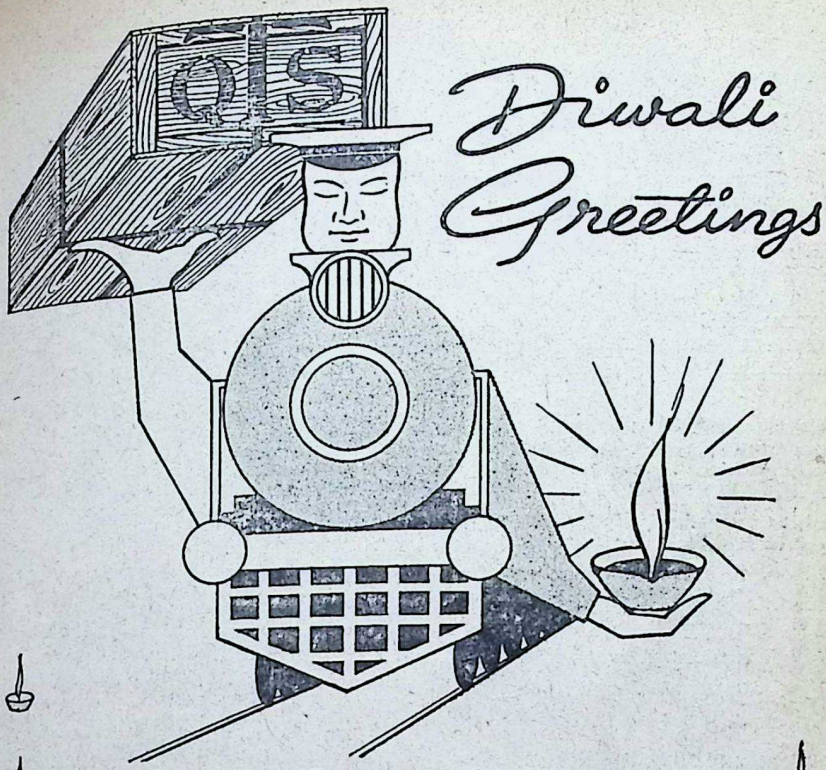

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Vol. VII OCTOBER 16, 1960 No. 6

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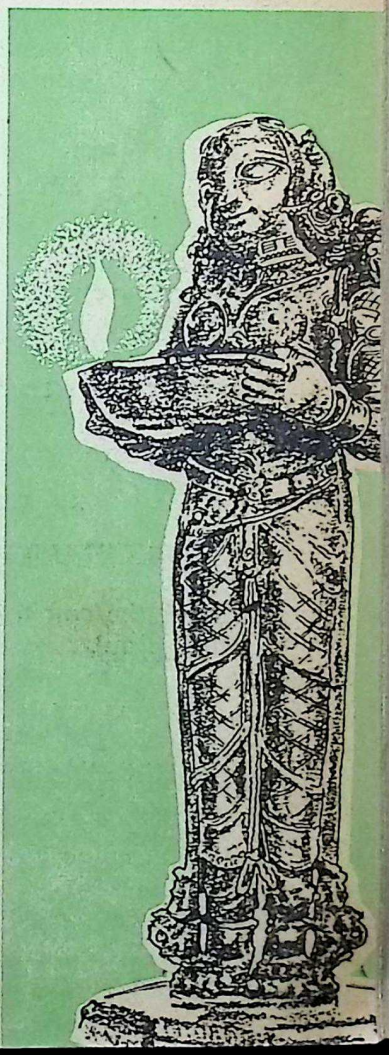
I offer my obeisance each morning to the Mother of this Universe, dutiful wife of (Lord Vishnu) the sole Protector of the worlds, daughter of the Milky Ocean, and whose body is exhilarated by the pure and lovely water of the divine Ganga poured from out of golden pots carried by the Elephants guarding the Directions (Diggajas).

[See front cover]

—Sankara Bhagavatpada.



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 216

DANGERS OF LINGUISM ★ DISINTEGRATION STEP BY STEP

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.
OCTOBER 16, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN objective study and experience of linguism has led me to the conviction that disintegration is growing in the country at a fast pace.

Soon after the Constituent Assembly was convened, the whole of the South was thrown in the vortex of a bitter controversy by the advocates of linguistic States. The Dhar Committee, of which I was an associate member for the Bombay City, drew the attention of the country to the dangers of 'linguism', a word which perhaps happened to be first used by me and which has since become common.

In my note to the Dhar Committee —later published in a book form—I tried to define linguism. It is a group sentiment based on the affinity of la guage, seeking expression in terms power politics. It identifies langua with culture and equates cultural wi political frontiers of a region. In e sence, it is not a cultural force, f the boundaries of culture are nev confined to any single language grou or an area occupied by such grou nor in reality has it any inherent r lation to political ends; it is a for of intolerant, aggressive nationalis

Experience in Europe has show that a purely cultural movement seldom more than a first stage; almo everywhere it has been inspired b political ambition. By the very log of its formative principle, it tends treat all other language groups wit

in the particular language area as aliens. Such nationalism, in the words of Professor Schuman, "implies friendship with the members of the 'in-group' and hostility towards members of all 'out-groups'. The 'in-group' is the focus of all social life... 'stranger' is usually enemy and foreign cultures are strange and hostile."

The political ambition of a linguistic group can only be satisfied by the exclusion and discrimination of other linguistic groups within the area. No safeguards and no fundamental rights can save them from the subtle psychological exclusion which linguism implies. As Macartney puts it in his book *National States and National Minorities*, "In such a case, the rule of the majority, exercised most often under the title of democracy, is a true tyranny."

In 1947 we had just emerged from a nation-wide struggle for freedom. Most of the members of the Constituent Assembly had been freedom-fighters under Gandhiji and were emotionally integrated to India. Though the Partition had shaken our faith in our nationhood as we conceived it before 1947, most of us took Indian nationalism as an irresistible force.

In our struggle for national freedom from alien rule we never fully appreciated the play of forces in history which had prevented us from cementing national unity through a common political consciousness. The only cohesive bond, before the rise of modern Indian nationalism in the nineteenth century, was provided, firstly, by Hindu religion and culture; secondly, by the Hindu law texts and the social institutions sanctioned by them and accepted throughout the country; and lastly, by Sanskrit being accepted as the predominant language of culture throughout the country. But this bond was never so powerful as to produce, much less to foster, the will to political unity or to nationhood in the way we understand it. Akbar and his immediate successors imposed political unity on many parts of the country through an imperial structure founded by force of arms. The people played no conscious part in it.

Old religious bonds have grown weak. The sanctity of Hindu law and of the institutions which it sanctions, have disappeared. Sanskrit has receded into the background. Educationists have begun to look upon it as a dead classic, not a living parent language. We have seen to it that its study brings neither career nor prestige. And governments are denied the capacity to see it as it is—a vital binding force

if properly nourished. The old cohesive bond has lost its strength considerably.

Modern Indian nationalism is the product of several forces: first, of the political unity created by the British occupation; secondly, of the uniformity and continuity of political and judicial institutions established by the British through all-India services; thirdly, by the use of English as an all-India medium of education and official intercourse; and lastly, by the militant nationalism inspired by great leaders to rid the country of foreign rule.

With freedom come, the British occupation has gone. Our inferiority complex has given us the urge to displace English from its position without its place being taken by a common Indian language. The services somewhat lost their all-India character by caste and regional prejudice in the States. Having got rid of foreign rule, the motive power behind nationalism has run out.

Those who sponsored Hindi as the official language in the Constituent Assembly—I was one of them—thought that the Government of India would take energetic steps to foster the spread of Hindi, and English would be displaced from higher education and official intercourse only as Hindi, developing into an effective medium, progressively took its place. We were woefully mistaken. For over ten years, the Centre did nothing to promote Hindi in the Universities; English, the victim of an indefinite policy, receded; the vacuum began to be filled by the regional languages.

Then came the rise of militant linguism. Neither the Report of the Dhar Committee nor the Report of the J.V.P. Committee could offer successful resistance, simply because, after Sardar's death, there was no one in the Central Government strong enough to stand firmly against the militancy of this disintegrating force.

One fast unto death brought down resistance to linguism, and with the emergence of Andhra, national unity began to slide down an inclined plane. The claims of linguistic chauvinists gained validity. Some States began to resist even the allotment of all-India service men not of their own region.

The States Re-organization Commission also yielded to linguism, but the process of disintegration could have been partially halted even if a firm stand had been taken on its Report. But when its Report was published, the Prime Minister was the first to be 'surprised' and thereby to destroy its finality. Then the question of the Bombay State was tackled on a trial and error basis, or rather on the basis of popularity hunting. The Bombay riots, directed against a linguistic minority, controlled by the firm handling of Sri Morarji Desai, was writing on the wall. But none had the perspicacity to heed it.

Linguism, as a divisive force, continued to assert itself in different forms. The Centre will not, and the State Governments dare not, take a firm stand on English, and a generation has now grown up which finds itself incapable of following English studies at the University stage. And now, with thoughtless cheerfulness, higher studies in many States are sought to be conducted through regional languages

which, in their present state of development, are not capable of doing justice to the task to which they are called. In fact, the Centre seems to be pledged to it.

The Hindi-speaking States naturally took advantage of Hindi being accepted as all-India language, to develop intolerance towards other regional languages. Other regions reacted by developing resistance to Hindi 'imperialism'. The South revolted against it. The Centre, for a long time, would not take a firm stand. Recently when it accepted English as a second all-India language for official use, it did so under circumstances which made the acceptance look like helpless surrender to the South, leaving North India to switch over to Hindi if it so chose. The seed is thus sown to divide North from South India.

Linguism has now reached the stage which, in 1947 I feared, it would take. It is now an unabashedly political force of sinister potency. Universities are going in for regional language even for higher studies. In the result, national consciousness is becoming dim in the mind of the intelligentsia. The educated class in the country, which gave to the country a common medium, a common scholarship, a national and collective all-India consciousness, will, in a few years, be fragmented into regionally divided groups who would not have the command over a common medium. The important role of a centrally-sponsored language for a people, essential for forming and sustaining a national outlook, which we see in operation in countries like U.S.A., Soviet Russia and Israel, is not understood by those who frame our policies.

Gujarat is an example in point. It fought against linguism throughout. But once the Bombay State was bifurcated, its Congress wing has become more fanatic in its desire to force Gujarati even in spheres of official intercourse, higher studies, and even law courts, than many other State Congress wings in the country. Soon Gujarat will be a linguistic island. The only move that provides some relieving feature against this unhappy background is the recent decision of its legislature to have Gujarati and Hindi both as State languages. This is an example which might usefully be followed by other States.

In Punjab, linguism has assumed a more dangerous shape by being inextricably associated with religion. And whatever the merits or demerits of the Punjabi Suba, the Hindus and Sikhs, if truth be told, today face each other in distrust as hostile religious units.

The Assam-Bengal tension is the culmination of the processes started by linguism. The Assam happenings proved, if it were necessary, how sinister is the implication of current linguism in the country. And Bengal, naturally indignant, has been roused to a frenzy of bitterness, which has converted purely a regional affair into an inter-regional war. And the Central Government, instead of being the national government of plenary power as it is under the Constitution and as it should be, has been reduced to the position of a conciliator unable to take drastic action and which dares not make a judicial probe for fear of exposing the claim of the

ruling party to national character.

Thus linguism is developing slowly to a tragic end. This has resulted from the incapacity of the Congress, in spite of 14 years' rule, to release such psychological forces as would maintain national unity and foster emotional integration. It has rejected the spiritual appeal of Indian nationalism, which it had in the days of Dayanand, Surendranath, Sri Aurobindo and Gandhiji. It has neglected several occasions when regional chauvinism could be undermined and national emotion could be evoked. It has not stimulated the forces of unity represented by Sanskrit, English or Hindi by intensive effort. On the other hand, it has always retreated before the strength of disintegrating urges. When Tibet was raped or part of Ladakh occupied, it failed to channel national indignation into constructive channels.

Divisive forces are growing. Nationalism is slowly coming to depend, firstly, upon constitutional and institutional unity, which at regional level will fall apart no sooner regional languages are adopted as State languages; secondly, upon the financial pressure of grants and loans given by the Centre to carry out centrally-sanctioned plans; lastly, upon the army (as we saw it in operation in Assam). None of these factors are likely to encourage emotional integration.

It is not too late to retrieve the situation. The sanctity of the Constitution could be restored by not amending the Constitution to suit the ruling party's policies, but to adjust the policies to the Constitution, and further, by restoring to legislatures the vitality, denied to them by over-whippi party-men to uncritical obedience.

The institutional unity could strengthened by firmly maintaini the *esprit de corps* of the all-Ind services; by transfer of highly-plac officers, who are experts, from Sta to State as the need for expert gui ance arises; by insisting that all-Ind communications and high-level inte course, post-graduate studies and st dies for higher services, should be English, till Hindi is accepted by t whole country as the all-India nation language.

Economic programmes, even und a planned policy, have no unifyi force by themselves. They have to supported by a strong psychologic bond inspired by an emotional sen of identity. By themselves, they on increase parochial greed. But o Plans have no such support.

However, parochial outlook cou be combated if the States, for the pu pose of Plan projects, are combin in zones, decided on purely econom factors like river basins or natur boundaries. This proposal has, off-an on, been considered, but never enfor ed with appropriate Constitution sanctions. Even Article 263 of the Co stitution provides the necessary m chinery for setting up of a Coun for specific purposes. This wou mean that Plan projects could drawn up and submitted zone-wis that, for the purpose of determini projects and implementing them, t Zonal Council consisting of so Central Ministers and the Chief Min ters and Planning Ministers of ea component State, would be the imp menting machinery. As a corollar

persons residing in the zone should be freely employed for working out the Plan projects, irrespective of State boundaries.

If this is not done, linguism will take a step forward and lay claim to regional autoarchy. Each State will insist on being economically and industrially self-sufficient, bringing political pressure on the Centre to secure this end. The symptoms are already in evidence. In one State, all its representatives in Parliament were urged to bring pressure on the Centre to give it new industries, irrespective of whether they will be profitably located there or not. In another State, a claim has been put forward that the State should have a public sector industry of its own.

These claims look harmless now, but they are a step forward in State autoarchy. If once economic self-sufficiency is the goal of each individual State, competition between the States and conflict with the Centre will follow. Even during the control days of 1950-52, when the surplus States were arrayed against the deficit States, this was in evidence. Negation of the economic unity of the country will necessarily follow. The only answer is therefore zonal planning and zonal performance wherever Central aid is given. But the answer will be feeble unless the popular will to national unity is strengthened by cultural and emotional bonds.

One of the most important step in the emotional integration of the country is to establish one Central University in each zone, if not in each State, where education could be imparted in the all-India medium. It may start with advanced studies, but with power to affiliate colleges. And the N.C.C. training should be made compulsory for all students in all universities, may be for one year, preferably the junior B.A. year when the pressure of studies is not high.

Whatever the steps taken, the time has come when the tide of disintegration, proceeding apace, has to be resisted firmly.

Yours sincerely,

K. Munshi

Many people in India are opposed, on principle, to linguistic States, having regard to the peculiar circumstances of India. Her population is a mixture of races and creeds and this very diversity may go far to ensure the stability of our new democratic institutions. The component States too should conform to this pattern as far as possible, if India is to remain an integral whole. The linguistic pattern would mean creation of a number of States inclined towards mutual hostility, besides creating a minority problem in each State. This would result in ultimate disruption and disaster.

Piecemeal and insufficiently considered action is not wise. Statesmanship consists in the anticipation and guidance of events, not in waiting upon them. It is necessary to consider systematically, and at once, the whole question of Indian administrative units, and in this problem language is only *one element*, and *not the most important.*

—*Sir Mirza Ismail.*

MATRU-VANDAN

सागरालिंगितां लक्ष्मीं जगज्जनककन्यकाम् ।
स्थितां हिमनगस्यांके पार्वतीमपरां भजे ।।

Adoration unto Bharata-Mata, Creator's own daughter, who is embraced by the oceans (on three sides) and reclines on Himavan's lap like another Parvati!

शुभ्रं धर्मध्वजं मातुः किं वा राशीकृतं यशः ।
रौप्यं वा मकुटं दिव्यं वन्देऽहं तं हिमालयम् ।।

I bow to Himalaya who shines bright like Mother India's banner of Dharma! Or is it Her accumulated glory? Or else, is it Her divine Crown made of silver?

जाह्नवी यमुना सिन्धु ब्रह्मपुत्रा शतद्रुभिः ।
भूदेवीं पञ्चधाराभिः सततं सोऽभिषिंचति ।।

The five great rivers Ganga, Yamuna, Sindhu, Brahmaputra and Satadru by their unceasing flow, eternally consecrate Her by five dharas!

नगाधिपं धारयन्तीं मस्तके रत्नमद्वयम् ।
काश्मीरं च ललाटे भ्रूमध्ये नेपालिकां शुभाम् ।।

On her head she wears the king of mountains. On her forehead she wears the unrivalled jewel Kashmir. Between her brows she wears blessed Nepalika (as tilak).

नर्मदातपतीविन्ध्य सप्तपीठकमेखलाम् ।
पूर्वापराचलोरुं च मलयं पादपीठके ।।

The Vindhya Hills carrying the Narmada and Tapti constitute Her seven-jewel-studded belt. The eastern and western ghats are her thighs. Malaya Hills are her foot-rest.

द्रष्टारश्चोपनिषदां गीताशास्त्रप्रवर्तकः ।
षड्दर्शनप्रवक्तारः भगवान् पाणिनिर्मुनिः ॥
वाल्मीकश्च तथा व्यासः कालिदासो महाकविः ।
आर्यभट्टश्च भरतः शंकरोऽद्वैतकेसरी ॥
भीष्मरामार्जुना वीराः नृपौ रामयुधिष्ठिरौ ।
सावित्री द्रौपदी सीता दमयन्ती च तारका ॥
महार्घाण्यद्वितीयानि रत्नान्येतानि भूतले ।
जननी भारती तेषां रत्नगर्भा कथं न सा ॥

The great seers of Upanishads, the propounder of the Gita, *the creators of the six systems of Indian philosophy, the (grammarian) sage Panini, the great poets Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidas, (astronomer) Aryabhatta, Bharata Muni, the Lion of Advaita—Sankara; warriors like Bhishma, Parashurama and Arjuna; kings like Rama, Yudhishthira; (great women) like Savitri, Draupadi, Sita, Damayanti and Taraka—these priceless gems are the children of your soil. Aren't you, Mother Bharati, a mine of precious gems?*

कैलासद्वारकाधीशौ रामेश्वरपुरीश्वरौ ।
द्वारपाला बभूवुश्च सौभाग्यं मातुरद्भुतम् ॥

What wonderful fortune is yours, Mother, to have the Lords of Kailas, Dwaraka, Rameshwara and Puri stand guard on your sides?

पोषयन्ति सदा मातुः पर्वतस्तनमण्डलात् ।
निस्सृताश्च पयोधाराः सन्ततीनां परंपराः ॥

Mother, from your mountainous breasts flow incessant streams of sweet water which can support your children for generations together!

मरणे जन्मकाले च मुमूर्षुर्नवबालकः ।
त्वदंके चैव संशेते अहो वत्सलता तव ॥

Oh, how great is the affection between you and your children? At birth as well as death, your children choose to lie on your lap alone!

(Continued on page 16)

ॐ नमः

OM *means what fulfils the desires and liberates man, and is, therefore, always meditated upon by the Yogis.*

NA *stands for* namanti, *what is bowed to with respect by sages, nymphs and gods.*

MA *signifies Mahadeva (great God), Mahadhyani (great meditator), and Mahasakti (great power).*

SI *means what is* santa *(peace), and Siva (good).*

VA *signifies Vahana (the great bull on which God Siva rides), Vasuki (the serpent that adorns God Siva and that supports the earth).*

YA *stands for the Omnipresent God.*

—Adi Sankaracharya.

म शिवाय ।

OM *You would know its meaning only if you have realised its source* (omkarabija) *and the Reality from which it sprang forth.*

NA *signifies* nirahankara (*absence of egotism*).

MA *stands for* marma, *the secret of the fourteen worlds.*

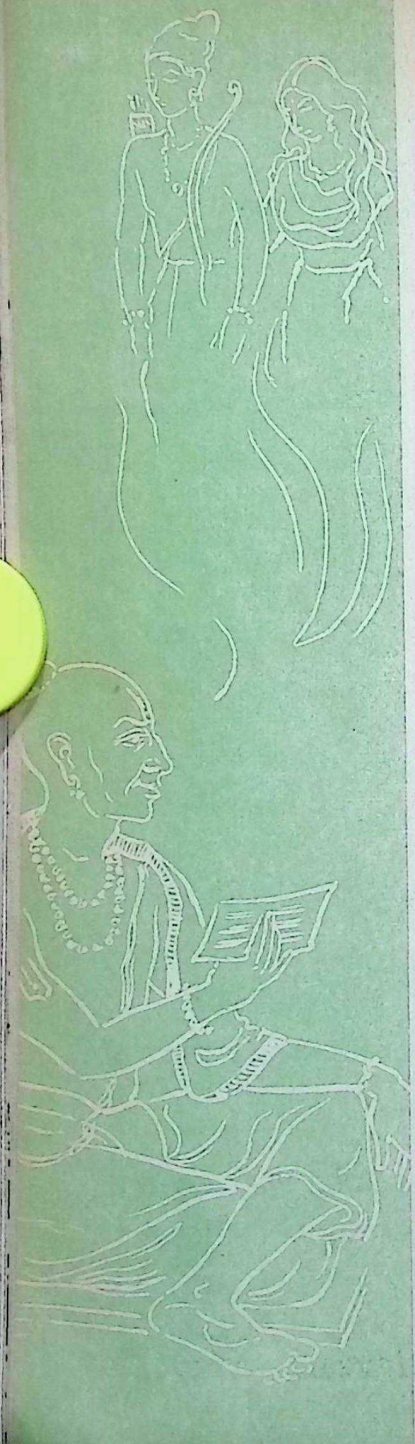
SI *signifies* akasa, *and* akara, *the main forms seen therein.*

VA *means* vayu (*air*) *and other elements such as fire, earth and water.*

So the letters Si *and* Va *together stand for all the five elements, of which all things in the world are constituted.*

YA *signifies that nobody has been able to know God's real nature, or that He alone knows Himself.*

—Sadaksari Muni.



God's Name is

Let anyone accept any sadhana, *he is fre*
follow its pur
But to me Thy Name is the granter of all bo

The various paths outlined in the Vedas for
emancipation from karma, upasana *and* gyan
all g
But I seek only one shelter and that is Thy Na
I seek nothing bes
Alas! I had wasted all these years on other th
like a dog rushing from one place to ano
But now, having enjoyed the sweet bliss of
Name, I cast not my glances elsew
It is the fulfiller of my wishes here and in
world to c

Has not Thy Name, O Lord, made the very st
swim in the ocean and also helped the mon
to cross the wa
A man may have his affection revetted anyw
as also his f
But I recognise only my relationship with
NAME—Rama—It is my father and my mo
I swear by Shankara and state the Truth wit
hidi
That Tulsidas sees all good accruing to him
by repeating Thy N

TULSIDAS

Why
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There
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name i

PUR

Greater than God

Why should I care for you, Oh God! when Thy name is powerful enough to save the devotee from any calamity in life?

When the elephant king, caught up by the crocodile, was sending up its prayer to God, was it not Thy primordial name that saved it from death?

When Prahlada was being harassed by his father in many ways, was it not the name of Narahari that protected him?

When the young lady, Draupadi, was being stripped of her clothes in the open assembly of the Kauravas and Pandavas, was it not the name of Krishna that saved her honour?

When the messengers of death were dragging the most sinful Ajamila, was it not the name of Narayana that saved him?

When Valmiki, the sinful and barbarous dacoit was uttering 'this Mara and that Mara' (this tree and that), was it not the inverted order of his utterances, embodying the name of 'Rama', that came to his help, and saved him?

When the young child Dhruva was entering the forest for performing penance, was it not the name of Vasudeva that saved him?

There is no parallel, nothing in the world equal to Your name, Oh, Purandara-Vithala! Your name is really greater than yourself.

PURANDARADAS

Nam Sankirtan

"Krishna! Krishna! Sweet Beloved Krishna!
chanting these sweet names, steeped in nectar,
you awake from your bed, O devotee!

All else, besides the Lord's name, is a phantom
and as mere dust.

Krishna dwelleth in Gokul and fulfilleth my wishes
and desires. Ah! how glorious are His exploits,
steeped in compassion, and filled with His Grace!

He reclaimed Ganika, a common woman, and
enacted the story of Ahalya who ascended the
celestial regions.

I am making offering to His sweet name.

Krishna is my father, my mother, my kinsman,
my kith and kin. Remember that in the end thou
shalt depart alone with only Krishna following
thee.

The name of the Lord and He Himself are One in
their efficacy and no difference exists between the
two.

Repeat it and believe Narsi and you will easily
become an heir to His Vaikuntha and reach His
Lotus Feet.

NARSI MEHTA

he name of the Lord is the seed and also the
uit which springs therefrom.
is the highest religion, the good deed and the
orship.

is the essence of all religious practice.
banishes all trouble, for where the Lord's
evotee sings His name and performs the Nama
ankirtan all virtues combine and dwell there.

hen the Lord enters the heart and ascends the
hrone all that is good makes its appearance there,
nd as a result of His entrance pain of
ransmigration ends for the devotee.

o do not fear to follow the tenets of the faith
n which you are born, all that is necessary is to
epeat the name of Lord Vithal constantly.

e has many names, the Vedas call Him the
erennial Being, the Yogis call Him the Formless
One, and the emancipated ones call Him the
Radiant Omnipotent Atman.

Tukaram, however, knows Him as Bal Krishna,
who has for our sake adopted the beautiful
aptivating human Form (shape).

MATRU-VANDAN—*Contd.*

पद्मालया त्वमेवासि त्वमेव च सरस्वती ।
अन्नपूर्णा त्वमेवासि त्वमेव च शिवा सती ॥

You are in truth Lakshmi (wealth), you are in fact Saraswati (wisdom). You are in fact Annapoorna (Universal Feeder) and you are Sati Parvati (valour).*

त्वद्वृक्षाः कल्पवृक्षाश्च चिन्तामणिशिलाः शिलाः ।
त्वद्वनं नन्दनं साक्षात् साक्षात्त्वं स्वर्गदेवता ॥

Your trees are verily Kalpavrikshas, *the stones that lie about your surface are Chintamanis; your gardens are verily* Nandana (Indra's garden) *and you are heaven incarnate!*

प्रतिजन्मनि मे वित्तं चित्तं देहश्च सन्ततिः ।
त्वत्सेवानिरता भूयुः माता त्वं करुणामयी ॥

O, Compassionate Mother, bless me that we may, in every birth, serve you with our wealth, heart, body and our progeny.

---

*Not only to her own children but also to all others who come to her.

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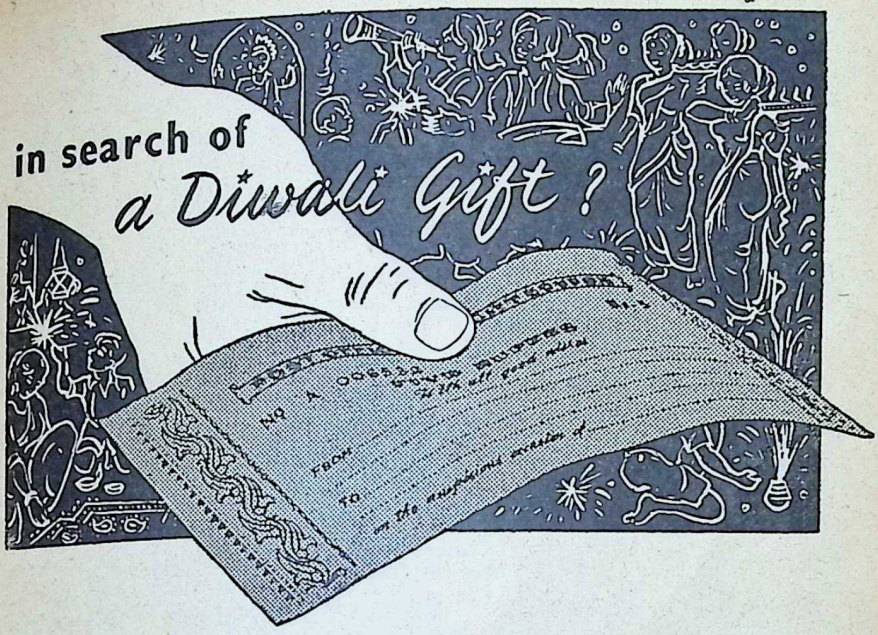

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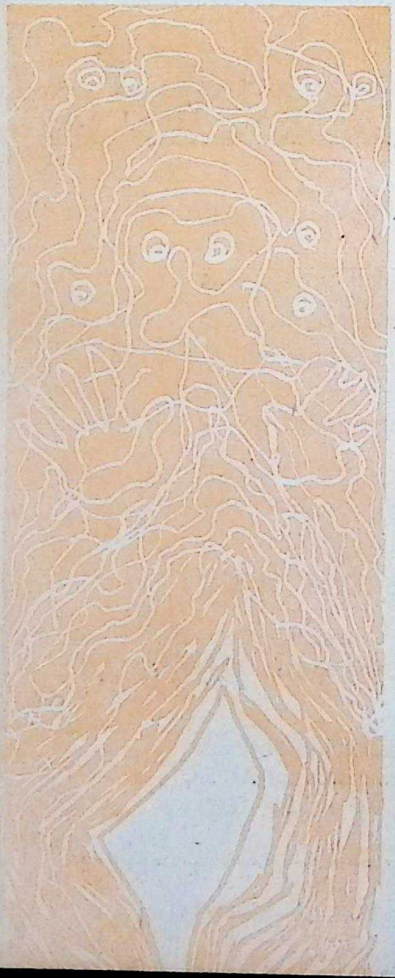
WHAT VEDANTA SAYS

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA



IN the winter, sometimes a thunder-cloud comes up; it roars and roars, but it does not rain; in the rainy season, the clouds speak not but deluge the world with water.

So those who are really workers and really feel at heart the universal brotherhood of man, do not talk much, do not make little sects for universal brotherhood; but their acts, their movements, their whole life, show out clearly that, in truth, they possess the feeling of brotherhood for mankind, that they have love and sympathy for all. They do not speak, they do and they live.

So, do your work, says Vedanta.

It first advises us how to work—by giving up—giving up the apparent illusive world.

What is meant by that? Seeing God everywhere. Thus do your work. Have the desire to live a long life of happiness, of blissfulness and activity on this earth.

Thus working, you will find the way out. There is no other way.

मौलौ गंगाशशांकौ करचरणतले कोमलांगा भुजंगाः
वामे भागे दयार्द्रा हिमगिरितनया चन्दनं सर्वगात्रे।
इत्थं शीतं प्रभूतं तव कनकसभानाथ वोढुं क्व शक्तिः
चित्ते निर्वेदतप्ते यदि भवति न ते नित्यवासो मदीये॥

On your head you wear the (cool) Ganga and the (cooler) moon; on your hands and feet nestle serpents (which are quite cool to the touch); on your left half you keep the daughter of the Snow Mountain; and your entire body is smeared with cool sandal paste. O, Lord Nataraja, how are you able to bear all this cold? Is it not proof that you live eternally in my heart which is literally baked by the heat of sorrows?

—*Appayya Dikshitar.*

And if a man curses the world, goes into a forest, mortifies his flesh, and kills himself little by little by starvation, makes his heart a barren waste, kills out all feeling, and becomes harsh, stern, and dried-up,—that man also has missed the way.

So work, says Vedanta, putting God in everything, and knowing Him to be in everything. Work incessantly, holding life as something deified, as God Himself, and knowing that this is all we have to do, this is all we should ask for.

God is everything, where else shall we go to find Him?

God is in the wealth that you enjoy. He is in the desire that rises in your mind. He is in the things you buy to satisfy your desire. He is in your beautiful attire, in your beautiful ornaments. This is the line of thought. All will be metamorphosed as soon as you begin to see things in that light.

If you put God in your every movement, in your conversation, in your form, in everything, the whole scene will change, and the world, instead of appearing as one of woe and misery, will become a heaven.

I never read any more beautiful conception of God than the following: 'He is the great Poet, the Ancient poet; the whole Universe in His poem coming in verses and rhythms, written in infinite bliss.'

If this room is full of darkness for thousands of years, and you come in and begin to weep and wail, 'Oh the darkness,' will the darkness vanish? Bring the light in, strike a match, and light comes in a moment.

So what good will it do you to think all your lives: 'Oh, I have done evil, I have made many mistakes?' It requires no ghost to tell us that. Bring in the light, and the evil goes in a moment.

Strengthen the real nature, build up yourselves, the effulgent, the resplendent, the ever pure,—call that up in every one whom you see. I wish that every one of us had come to such a state that even in the vilest of human beings we could see the God within, and, instead of condemning, say: 'Rise, thou effulgent One, rise, thou art always pure; rise, thou birthless and deathless, rise, almighty, and manifest your true nature.

'This is the highest prayer that the Advaita teaches.

'This is the one prayer; remembering our real nature.

'Assert it and manifest it—not to become pure; you are pure already; not to become perfect, you are that already.'

Every good thought which you think or act upon is simply tearing the veil, as it were, and the purity, the Infinity, the God behind, manifests itself—the eternal subject of everything, the eternal witness in the Universe, your own Self.

Knowledge is, as it were, a lower step, a degradation.

When we have given up desires, then shall we be able to read and enjoy this universe of God. Then everything will be deified: nooks and corners, byways and shady places, which we thought dark and unholy, will be deified.

They will all reveal their true nature, we shall smile at ourselves and think that all this weeping and crying has been but child's play, and we were only standing by watching.

This little separate self must die.

Then we shall find that we are in the Real and that Reality is God, and He is our true nature, and He is always with us and in us.

Let us live in Him and stand in Him. It is the only joyful state of existence.

Life on the plane of the spirit is the only life. Let us all try to attain to this realisation.

[Courtesy: *Advaita Ashram*]

Thought Seeds

Paramahansa Yogananda

Nurtured in the soil of consciousness by daily meditation, watered with showers of the heart's devotion, may these thought seeds blossom into divine realizations.

* * *

Let me not dope myself with the opiate of restlessness. Behind the throb of my heart may I feel the presence of God's peace.

* * *

Within the soul is the joy that my ego is seeking. I suddenly become aware of His bliss honeycombed in the hive of silence. I will break the hive of secret silence and drink the honey of unceasing blessedness.

* * *

I will fill my heart with the peace of meditation. I will pour heartfuls of my joy into peace-thirsty souls.

* * *

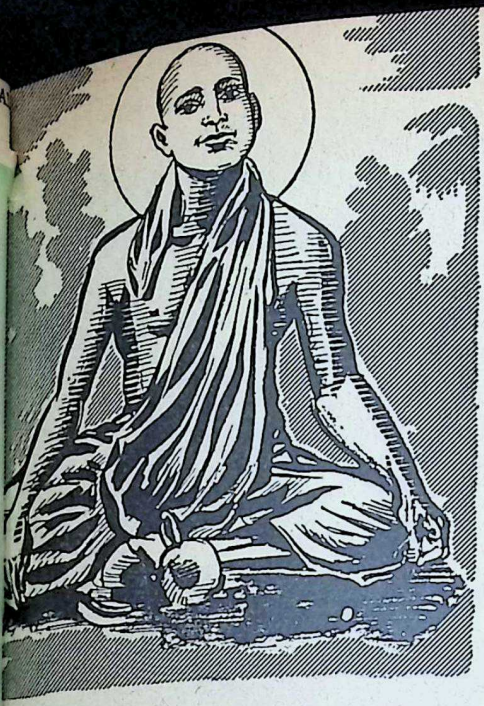
The kingdom of the planets and all the riches of the earth belong to Thee, my Divine Father. I am Thy child; therefore I am the owner of all things even as Thou art.

* * *

O immortal Love, unite my love with Thy love, unite my life with Thy joy, unite my mind with Thy cosmic consciousness.

* * *

O Lord! make my heart big enough to hold Thee, that it throb with the Christ Consciousness in everything. Then shall I enjoy the festivity of Thy birth in my mind, my soul, and in oneness with every pulsing atom.



... you gain immense strength. Most of your diseases leave you: consumption, stomach trouble, blood diseases; almost every disease will leave you if you practise ...

PRANAYAMA

Swami Rama Tirtha

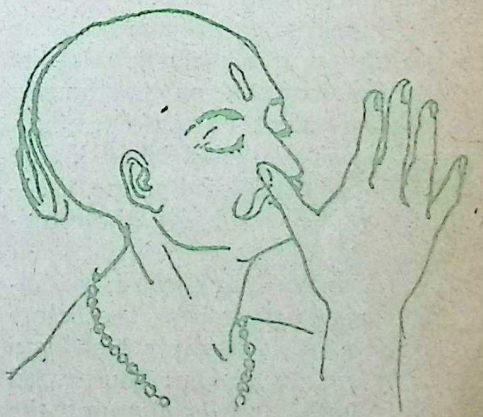
•

PRANAYAMA literally means "control of breath". The Hindu books on Yoga give eight principal methods of controlling the breath. But Rama will lay before you only one method known as *Pranayama*, a very important method of controlling the breath.

You will put the question: what is the use of controlling the breath? In answer to that Rama simply says, "Learn this method of controlling the breath and put it into practice, and your own practice will show that it is extremely useful, highly beneficial."

Whenever you feel dizzy, whenever you feel in dumps, in blues, dejected, crest-fallen, whenever you feel put out, practise *Pranayama*, which Rama is going to lay before you, and you will see that immediately you are rested. You will find the immediate use of this way of controlling the breath.

Again when you begin to write on any subject, when you begin to think on any subject, and you find that you



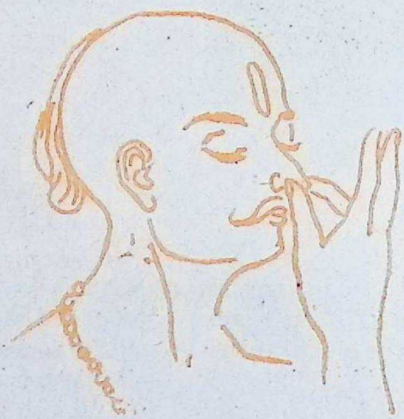
cannot control your thoughts, practise this *Pranayama* and immediately you will marvel at the powers you attain. Everything is in order. Everything is put in the most desirable state. These are the benefits of *Pranayama*.

It will cure you of many physical diseases. You will be cured of stomachache, heartache, headache by *Pranayama*. We will now see what is that.

In order to practise *Pranayama* you must sit in a most comfortable, easy position ; to sit cross-legged is the most comfortable posture.

You may sit in an easy-chair.

Keep your body straight, back-bone stiff, head up, chest out, eyes front. Place the right-hand thumb on the right nostril, and inhale the breath slowly through the left nostril. Go on inhaling slowly, until you feel at ease, go on inhaling as long as you conveniently can.



While inhaling, let not the mind be vacant. While you are inhaling, let the mind be concentrated on the thought that all omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent Divinity is being inhaled, that you are drinking Divinity, the Godhead, the whole world, the whole universe.

Well, when you think you have filled in the air to your best, then close the left nostril, through which you were inhaling, by finger ; thus when you stop both nostrils, let not the breath escape through the mouth ; keep the inhaled breath within you in the lungs, in the stomach, in the abdomen ; all the cavities being filled with air, the air which you have inhaled, and when the breathed air is in you, let not the mind be vacant, let the mind be centred in the idea, in the truth that you are Divinity, the Almighty God that fills, permeates and pervades everything, every atom and molecule in the universe. Feel that. Put forth all your energies to realize that idea, apply all your strength to feel your Divinity.

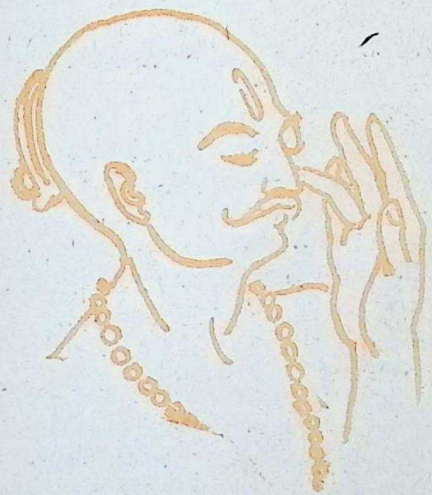
Just as the breath fills your body, so realize and feel that you are the truth, you are the power Divine that fills the whole universe. Feel that. You try to concentrate your minds on that.

When you think that you cannot hold the breath any longer, then keep the left-hand nostril shut, open the right-hand nostril and through the right-hand nostril, slowly, gradually exhale. There let the mind not remain at rest, let it work, let it feel that just as the breath goes, the impurities of the stomach are being driven off, so is all impurity, unchastity, all that was unclean, all that was wicked, savouring of wickedness, all ignorance is exhaled, driven off and deserted. All weakness is gone ; no weakness, no ignorance, no fear, no anxiety, no pain, no worry, no troubles, all ceased, have gone, left you.

When you have exhaled, when you

have breathed out so far as you most conveniently can, go on exhaling so long as you conveniently can, and when you think that you cannot exhale any longer, then try to keep all air shut out with both nostrils open.

Take off the hand from your nose, don't allow the air to come in for some time, for so long as you can, and while by your efforts the air is not allowed to enter the lungs through the nostrils, let the mind be again at work and let it feel, let it be exerted to its full power and strength in realizing that this is the unlimited Divinity. All time and space is thought by me—as my own real Atman, Self. Feel that this Divinity is beyond time, space and causation, is not limited by anything in this world. It is beyond imagination, beyond thought, beyond all that, beyond everything, not limited, everything is contained in it, everything is limited by it, the Atman or Self cannot be limited. Feel that.



Thus you mark that in this *Pranayama* there are four processes, both physical and mental. The first process was inhaling. The inhaling part was the physical process, and the idea, the way of feeling and thinking and applying your mind and exerting your energy to realize that Divinity, that Divinity am I, Divinity is Me—this idea was the mental process connected with it.

Again, while you kept the breath in your lungs, there was a double process, the physical process of keeping it in your lungs, and the mental process of feeling that you were the whole universe, and in the third process you exhaled through the right nostril and threw off all weakness; firm determinations to keep yourself rooted, established, seated in the Divinity, never to allow any weakness or any demon temptation to approach you, and then there was the fourth process of keeping the breath outside. Thus the first half of *Pranayama* is done so far up to this fourth process. One half is finished.

After going through this fourth process, you may take a little rest. Then allow the breath to fill your nostrils, as it may. Inhale and exhale just as you inhale and exhale rapidly after taking a long walk. This natural inhalation and exhalation which will go on very rapidly is *Pranayama* by itself. That is the natural *Pranayama*.

So after taking rest this way, after allowing your lungs to inhale and exhale for some time, begin again. Now begin, not with the left-hand nostril but with the right-hand one. Mental process is the same as before. Only the nostrils are changed. Inhale through the right-hand nostril, and while inhaling, feel that you are inhaling Divinity, and after inhaling to your fill, so long

as conveniently you can, keep the breath within you, and again, when the breath is within you feel that you are the breath and life of the whole universe, you fill and enliven the wide world, and after that exhale through the left-hand nostril, exhale through the nostril through which you inhaled in the first half of *Pranayama* and feel that you are driving off, just as the sun drives off the mist, fog, cold, darkness; so feel that all weakness, all darkness is being driven off from your mind. No mist, fog, darkness or cold. And then keep the breath outside your nose, and try to elongate and lengthen every process.

Altogether we have got eight processes in this. The first four processes form one half of the *Pranayama,* and the last four form the second half of the *Pranayama*. Try to lengthen every one of these processes as long as and as much as you can. Here is harmonious motion; just as a pendulum has got double oscillation, so here you have to make a pendulum of your breath, harmonious motion. You will see by your own experience that you gain immense strength. Most of your diseases leave you; consumption, diseases of the stomach, blood diseases, and almost every disease will leave you if you practise that.

Well, Rama finds that when people begin to practise *Pranayama,* most of them fall sick. The reason is that they do not adopt the natural course. They begin to inhale and exhale for such a long interval that makes them sick. Be natural in every part of this breathing process. Make efforts, do your best to lengthen every process, but do not fatigue yourself. Do not work much yourself. If, after performing only the first two processes, say, the inhalation and keeping the breath in your lungs, you feel tired, stop. Stop, you are under no obligation. The next day be more considerate, and while performing the first process or the second process, try to keep your energies reserved, so that you may be able to continue the remaining processes; be judicious.

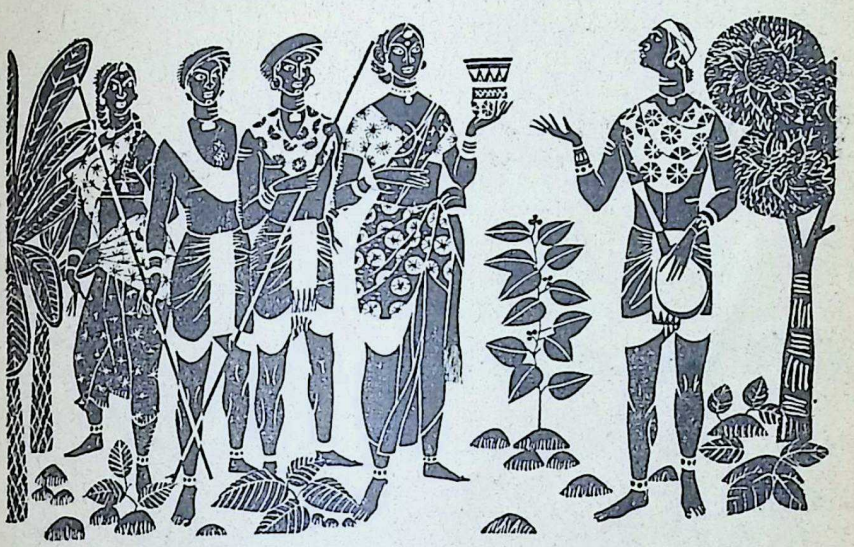
When you begin to inhale or exhale, keep your abdomen, the lower part of the body, drawn in. That will be of great use to you. Again when you inhale and exhale, let the breath reach and fill all your belly. Let not the breath simply go down to the heart and no farther. Let the breath go deeper down. Let every cavity of your body, all the upper half of your body be filled. Well, this will do for *Pranayama* and those who want to concentrate their minds on Vedantic lines, will find it a wonderful aid.

Gold alone becomes malleable by contact with fire. We are able to make wonderful jewels by that quality. Even so men of character are only chastened by their anger. Instead of harm, it will end in benefit to the other. Men of base character, however, are like straw. Anger in their case will end like a spark of fire in a haystack.

—Wise Saying.

The age-old custom of ceremonial tree-planting is much more than a colourful ritual. It is an expression of faith in a worthy enterprise—no matter how modest the beginning. It symbolises faith in the future—faith in growth.

Everything which is vital grows—a seed into a tree, an idea into an enterprise, a school of thought into a way of life. Each adds to it carefully with the passage of years. Often, the transformation of an idea into reality can be accelerated by deliberate direction and effective planning.



Standard-Vacuum's Executive Development Programme is a case in point. It began as an idea more than fifteen years ago to increase the number of Indians in management positions. At the time there were only three Indians of this category with the Company. How quickly the idea has developed into reality can be seen from the fact that at the end of last year in Stanvac's Marketing Organization alone there were 897 Indians in management positions. Another 113 Indians were holding similar positions in the Stanvac Refinery. Adding the number of Indians in management positions in the Indo-Stanvac Project, the total for 1959 came to 1040.

As more and more Indians qualify for management positions, the number of overseas personnel (who at one stage held an over-whelming majority of senior jobs) continue to decline.

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ATMAJYOTIS

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

THE following is a verse known as *Ekasloki* written by Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada.

By the method of questions and answers, he explains in it the nature of *Atmajyotis* which is the essential and eternal substance of every individual.

किं ज्योतिस्तव भानुमानहनि मे रात्रौ प्रदीपादिकं
स्यादेवं रवि दीपदर्शनविधौ किं ज्योतिराख्याहि मे।
चक्षुस्तस्य निमीलनादिसमये किं धीर्धियो दर्शने
किं तत्राहमतो भवान्परमकं ज्योतिस्तदस्मि प्रभो ॥

Q: *What is the light by which you perceive the things of the world?*

A: It is the light of the sun by day and of lamps etc., by night.

Q: *Well; but tell me by what are you able to see the Sun, the lamp, etc.?*

A: The eye.

Q: *When the eye does not function due to the eyelids being closed or from other causes?*

A: The intellect.

Q: *How is the intellect known?*

A: "I" am the 'seer' of the intellect.

Q: *So, are you not the most supreme* jyotis?

A: Verily, it is even so. I am that *Jyotis* in truth.

In this dialogue between a Teacher and his pupil, Sri Sankara brings out the Vedantic characterisation of the *Atman* and *Jyotis*.

On this *dipavali* day, when the innumerable lights that will be lit fill the whole world with dazzling brilliance, let us turn our minds for a short while at least, in adoration of the light of lights, the *jyotisham jyotis*, the Supreme Being who is our innermost *Atman* and dwells in the bliss of that contemplation.

Dipavali is a universal national festival observed by Hindus of all asramas. The *Dharmasindhu* declares that even Sannyasins should observe it. They must take a ceremonial bath before dawn on that day directing their minds to this *atmajyotis*.

MOKSHA:
The Advaitic Concept

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri

SRI BHAGAVATPADA did not found the Advaita system of philosophy. Advaita is enshrined in the Upanishadic texts and what Sri Sankara did was to establish by his elaborate commentaries that the main teaching of the Upanishads was the Advaitic truth that Brahman is one and that It alone is real.

Sri Sankara himself has in unambiguous terms declared that any *siddhanta* which has for its basis the intelligence and ingenuity of man only will not stand the test of time as it is certain that at a future date it would be challenged and overthrown by an individual of greater intellectual attainments.

Further if we do not rely on the testimony of the Vedas in matters which are absolutely transcendental, there will be a number of conflicting and contradictory systems each deriving its authority and exposition from an individual. The ordinary man will be left wondering what the truth is.

As a matter of fact, at the time Sri Sankara was born, the world of religion and philosophy was in a state of utter confusion. A number of Avaidic and Nastika systems of thought raised their heads and for the time being eclipsed our Sanatana Mata. People had been led astray. They were frankly unable to find any purpose or

meaning in life, and did not know what was the right path for them to follow. They were profoundly disturbed and unhappy. Sri Sankara came bearing in his hand the torch of that knowledge which was to lead the people out of the abysmal darkness of *ajnana* (ignorance) in which they were plunged.

Sri Sankara was born of rich parents. But early in life he sacrificed all his personal happiness in order that the world might be happy. At a time when travelling was a slow process he traversed the entire country from Cape Comorin to Himalayas delivering the great message of the Upanishads. He vanquished all opponents of Vedic religion and restored the latter to its former position of glory and unchallenged supremacy.

Not only that, he has left behind him for the eternal *shreyas* of humanity his great *bhashyas* and a number of *prakaranas*—all of which have the one aim of bringing home to the people the central teaching of the Upanishads—that Brahman is *Advitiyam*.

Among his *prakaranas* the *Viveka Chudamani* is truly celebrated. It is verily the crest-jewel of wisdom. Within the compass of about 600 verses Sri Bhagavatpada expounds in lucid and colourful language the philosophy of Advaita.

Advaita is formulated on the basis of the triple testimony of *shruti* (scripture) *yukti* (reasoning) and *anubhava* (realisation).

The scripture is the source and basis of Advaita. As Sri Sankara says in the *Viveka Chudamani "Brahma Advitiyam srutyuktapramanam"*.

But the truth that the scripture propounds should not be regarded as a dogmatic assertion which we are expected blindly to accept. The place of reason in the formulation of Advaitic doctrine is not denied. On the other hand full use is made of reasoning in reinforcing and establishing the statements of the *shruti*.

A deep knowledge and reflection of *shruti* texts helps to remove the *abhavana* regarding the fundamental postulate of Advaita of *Brahma Satyam* and *Jagan Mithya*.

This mortal body which we falsely identify with the Self is the result of *ajnana* or nescience. Enshrouded by *moha*—by virtue of which we regard the transient and the unhappy as eternal and blissful—the *jiva* undergoes untold suffering. Out of *moha* are born *raga* (desire), *dvesha* (hatred) and a host of other evils. Unless we purify our mind and get the better of the nescience and realise our *atma swarupa* release will not be possible.

How does *yukti* help us in establishing the true nature of the Self and its absolute difference from the non-self which is our body?

The human body consists of three important divisions called the *sthula sarira* (the gross body), the *sukshma sarira* (the subtle body) and the *karana sarira* (the causal body). It has also a five-fold division as the *pancha koshas* or the five sheaths of matter (*anna maya*), life (*prana maya*), consciousness (*mano maya*), reason (*vijnana maya*) and bliss (*ananda maya*).

The gross body corresponds to the sheath of matter, the subtle body comprises the three sheaths of life consciousness and reason and the causal body corresponds to the sheath of bliss.

By an analysis of the three states of waking, dream and sleep as also the state of samadhi it is easy to establish that the Self is different from the mortal frame and that It only is the reality and the eternal witness.

In the waking state the self dwells mainly in the subtle body and its experiences are those pertaining to dreams.

At this time the gross body is at rest and hence it is clear that the Self is different from the gross body, and is active independently of it.

In the state of deep sleep the self dwells only in the causal body and enjoys its bliss freed from all distractions. The Self not only experiences this bliss but also continues after sleep as testified by the statements 'I slept

very soundly, I never knew anything.

In the state of *samadhi*, the Self frees itself from the causal body also and enjoys bliss consciously unlike in the state of sleep which though blissful is a latent state of *ajnana*.

Though the three states and also the state of *samadhi* are different from each other, connecting all like a thread which holds together different kinds of flowers,—in them yet out of them, different from them, unchanging, eternal and blissful witness, the light that brightens the states and gives meaning to the experiences of the phenomenal world is the self and that is the only reality. This is beautifully expressed in the following verse of *Viveka Chudamani*.

जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुषुप्तिषु स्फुटतरं यासौ समुज्जृंभते
प्रत्यग्रूपतया सदाऽहमहामित्यंतः स्फुरन्नेकधा।
नानाकारविकारभाजिन इमान्पश्यन्नहंधीमुखान्
नित्यानन्दचिदात्मना स्फुरति तं विद्धि स्वमेतं
हृदि ॥

What the scripture postulates, reasoning confirms but the actual realisation of *advaita* is achieved only by intuitive experience (*anubhuti*). People who have had this *aparoksha anubhuti* are the blessed and they are the *deshikas*.

The existence of a long and authentic tradition in this behalf is proof positive of the possibility of realising this state of blessedness even in this very life.

This state of *jivan mukti* finds sublime expression in the following verse:

शान्तो दान्तः परमुपरतः क्षान्तियुक्त समाधिं
कुर्वन्नित्यं कलयति यतिः स्वस्य सर्वात्मभावम्।
तेनाविद्यातिमिरजनितान्साधु दग्ध्वा विकल्पान्
ब्रह्माकृत्या निवसति सुखं निष्क्रियो
निर्विकल्पः ॥

To the *advaitin, moksha* is not a destination away from him in time and space, but is here and now when the shackles of ignorance have been broken in the realisation of the eternal bliss of the inner light.

FROM DARKNESS UNTO LIGHT

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharya of Dwaraka

पापान्धकारार्कपरम्पराभ्यां तापत्रयाहीन्द्र-
खगेश्वराभ्याम् ।
जाड्याब्धिसंशोषण बाडवाभ्यां नमो नमः
श्रीगुरुपादुकाभ्याम् ।।

I pray repeatedly at my Guru's feet which are verily a Sun unto the layers of darkness; the Garuda for the mighty snakes of threefold pains; and the Great Fire that vaporises the ocean of my inertia.

ALL our seasonal festivals have been designed for propitiating God, imparting culture, increasing piety and generally helping us enjoy our life better by making us forget the small sorrows and setbacks of life.

Chief among these festivals are the Sravani (Upakarma), Vijayadasami, Dipavali and the Holi. They have been enjoined specially for observance by the Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shudras respectively. Yet people belonging to all classes participate in the general enjoyment of these festivals. For that reason on the Dipavali day when Dhana Lakshmi is specially propitiated by Vaishyas, Brahmanas worship Her as Gyana Lakshmi, Kshatriyas worship Her as Shaurya Lakshmi, etc.

Lord Krishna killed the wicked, power-mad Narakasura who was a thorn on the flesh of the people, and rescued the world from the darkness of his fear. Dipavali came to be celebrated in commemoration of that act.

That act has an inner meaning. It means that the world is surrounded by a terrific demon called Maya. To overcome it one has to enkindle Atmajyotis or the light of Self.

Maya is coeval with creation. Yet in this Kali age, it has grown to alarm-

ing proportions. From its blinding illusion have risen greed, hatred, selfishness and other evil propensities which have pervaded the entire world. In an equal measure have grown lack of peace, anxiety, sorrow and other ills. The only way out of this frightening situation lies in the enkindlement of the flame of Gyana in the temple of man's heart. The festival of Dipavali comes year after year only to remind us of this secret.

The physical lamp can drive physical darkness for a short while only. But the Lamp of Self or *atma-jyotis* can drive away the thickest layer of darkness accumulated through several births together. At the same time it will bring the light of eternal bliss!

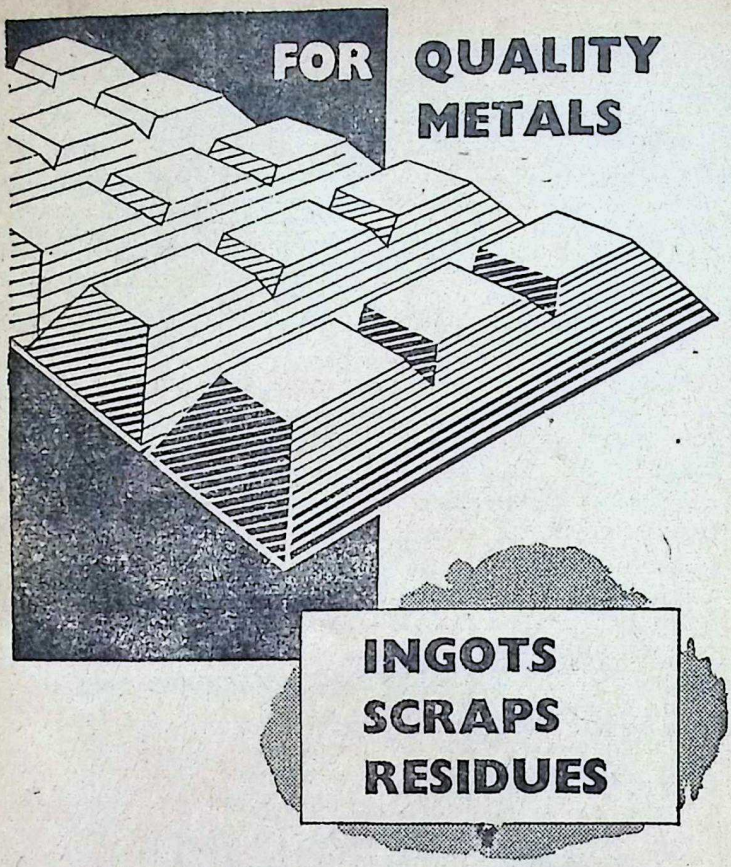
The luminosity of physical bodies like the Sun, Moon, Agni, etc. is but an *amsa* or manifestation of God. There is no other *tej* or light that could bestow God with luminosity.

Srutis and *Smritis* proclaim:

न तत्र सूर्यो भाति न चन्द्रतारकं नेमा विद्युतो
भान्ति कुतोऽयमग्निः ।
तमेव भान्तमनु भाति सर्वं तस्य भासा सर्व-
मिदं विभाति ॥

न तद्भासयते सूर्यो न शशांको न पावकः ।
यद्गत्वा न निवर्तन्ते तद्धाम परमं मम ॥
ज्योतिषामपि तज्ज्योतिः तमसः परमुच्यते ॥
यदादित्यगतं तेजो जगद्भासयतेऽखिलम् ।
यच्चन्द्रमसि यच्चाग्नौ तत्तेजो विद्धि माम-
कम् ॥

Following the Vedic prayer "Lead me from darkness unto light", may Sri Krishna Chandra, Lord of Dwarka and Lord Chandramaulishwar, being the Cosmic Light, drive away the darkness called evil and ignorance from this world. May the Almighty bless us all with happiness, peace and prosperity.



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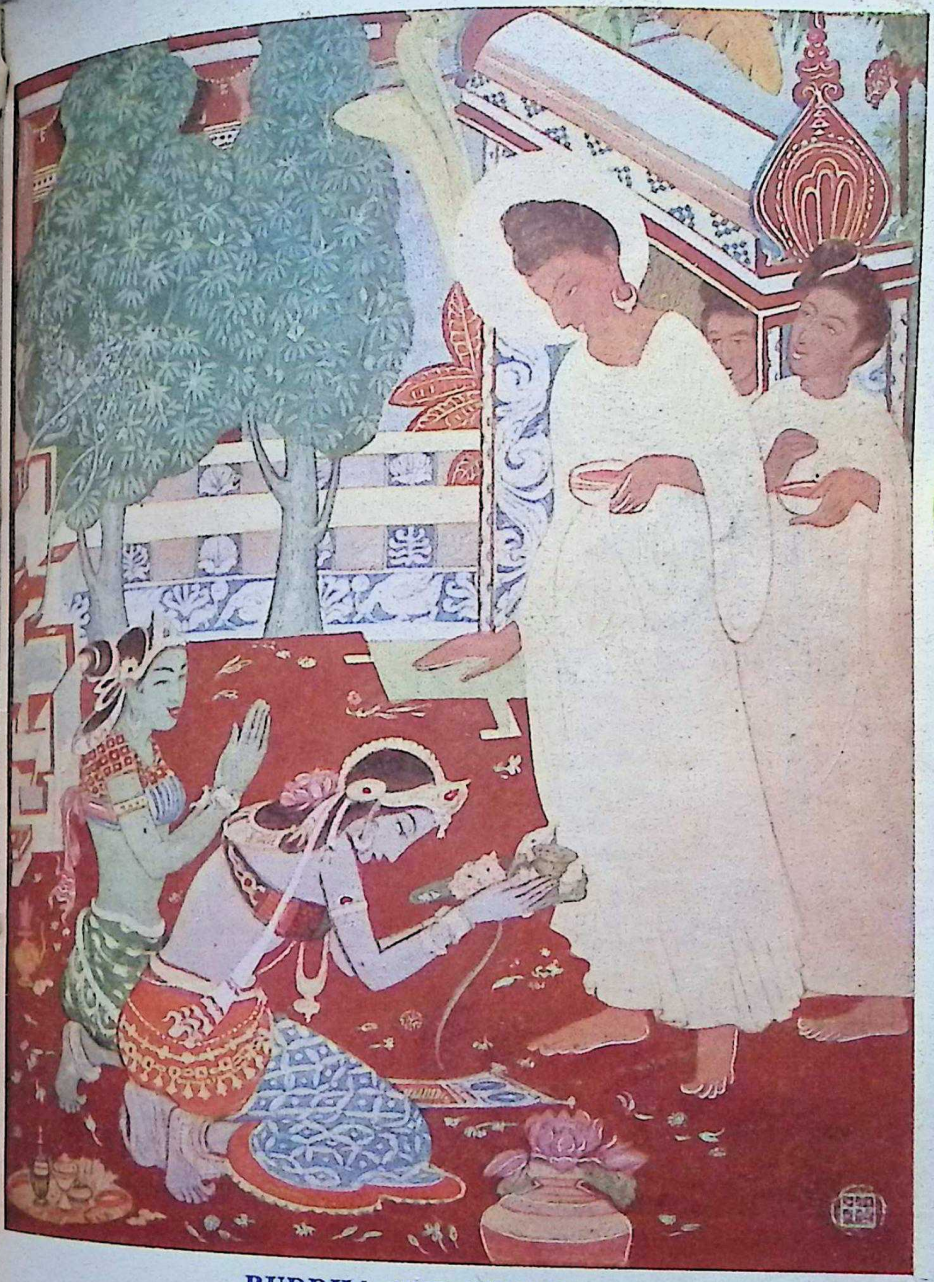

BUDDHA AND SUJATA

Artist: Sri Yagneshwar Shukla.

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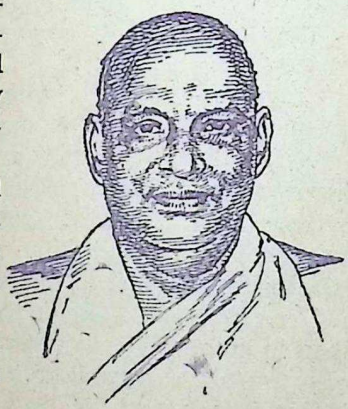
ASHRAMAS: THEIR CONCEPT AND PURPOSE

SWAMI SIVANANDA

LIFE has been conceived in India as a progress of the individual from matter to pure spirit.

The division of human values into Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha is based on an exhaustive analysis of situations in life and a broad understanding of duty in relation to a universal society.



The basic idea behind the concept of Dharma is that the universe is one family, a single unit, and that its inhabitants, therefore, cannot help abiding by this law, whether they know it explicitly or not. Any breach of this law is called Adharma, that which tends to division and rupture within an organic whole.

Adharma is like disease, any counter-force directed towards the disintegration of the body, by bringing about ill-health in the system. In one word, Adharma is *selfishness* in any form or intensity. It is a disruptive tendency —call it illness, unhappiness, unrest, disturbance, transformation or death.

Dharma, in this comprehensive sense, is said to support the universe. Dharma is law, not of any country, society or nation merely, which are all the outcome of special necessities, customs, manners, conventions and prejudices, but rooted in the principle of the sustenance of every speck and atom in perfect harmony with the Whole.

Artha, Kama and Moksha are attained as determined and regulated by Dharma. This means that not even Moksha or the final salvation of the soul can be in contravention of the

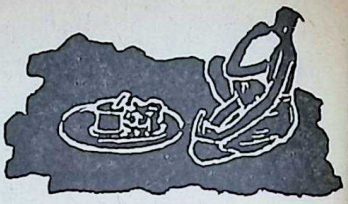
law of the co-extensiveness and co-eternality of beings in the one Supreme Existence. What to speak of Artha and Kama! They are bound to be governed by Dharma, if only they should survive or have any meaning in them.

The whole life of man is, broadly speaking, a pursuit of Artha and Kama—material prosperity and vital satisfaction. But these cannot be, if they go counter to Dharma, for thereby they would be violating the principle of the integral system of the organism, and would consequently be doomed to destruction.

Law reigns supreme. It is eternal (*Sanatano Dharmah*), though its applications under particular circumstances may vary, due to different methods having to be employed to set differing situations in tune with the Infinite. Life is a systematic working out of Dharma through Artha and Kama, for the ultimate aim of life, viz. Moksha, which is the regaining of one's nature in the highest sense.

The four Ashramas of life, as prescribed in Hindu Law, are meant to provide occasions and means for the fulfilment of this grand scheme of human existence—Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha. These Ashramas are four: Brahmacharya, Garhasthya, Vanaprastha and Sannyasa. The duties of the Ashramas are described in great detail in the Smritis or codes of law, such as those of Manu, Yajnavalkya and Parashara, as well as in the *Mahabharata* and the Puranas.

Brahmacharya is the life of probation of a student who lives with a learned and morally perfect preceptor, and who undergoes training in the

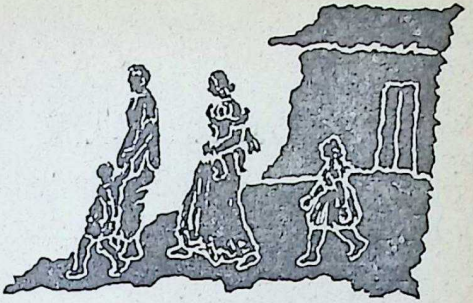


arts and sciences, and the relig lore in particular, leading a life strict celibacy.

Discipline is the watchword of Brahmacharin. He entirely dedic himself to the service of his Gu never tells a lie, never hurts any cr ture, does not accept gifts or prese maintains perfect continence thought, word and deed, and does covet objects of normal human sire. He resorts to the great auste of self-abnegation and conservation energy for a higher utilisation of in the later periods of his life. The a of a Brahmacharin spreads a spec splendour (*Varchas*), and his per nality becomes radiant (*Agni-ma vaka*).

This is the first stage of one's intended not to acquire any mate gain but to preserve the vital, men and spiritual force intact, with co plete self-control in honour of the g rious Dharma. The teacher in the U nishad instructs the Brahmacharin:

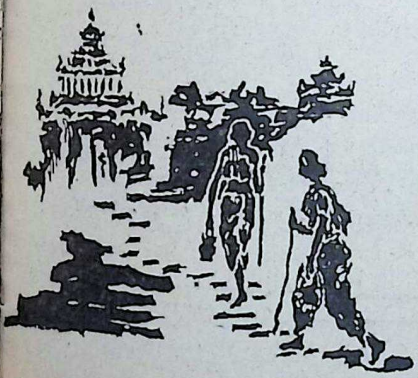
"Speak the truth. Practise Dhar Neglect not study. Let there be negligence towards truth. Let there no negligence towards Dharma. there be no negligence towards (one prosperity. Let there be no neglige of duties towards the gods and fathers. Let mother be your god. father be your god. Let the teac be your god. Let the guest be y



d. Those acts which are irreproach-
e should be done, not others. Give
ith faith. Give in plenty. Give with
odesty. Give with fear. Give with
mpathy." (vide, *Taittiriya Upani-*
ad: I. 11).

The second Ashrama is that of the
rihastha, the householder, the family-
an, who puts into practice the learn-
g and the sacred lore of the Brah-
acharin and directs his energies to
e pursuit of Artha and Kama based
n Dharma, as a support to the other
ree Ashramas, and as a training for
ading the life of the contemplative
d the holy mystic.

The Grihastha, in one sense, is the
vot of the Ashrama life, not only
ecause of his being the source of help
nd sustenance to the remaining stages,
ut also as his life exemplifies a
horough balancing of forces—a har-
ony among divine aspiration, social
uty and personal desire. His Dhar-
ma embodies at once the attempt of
he soul to spring from the lower clog-
ing matter, an adjustment of persona-
ity with the other individuals in the
orld, and a sublimation of desire
hrough disciplined fulfilment and res-
aint. He overcomes material life by



obeying its law and abiding by its dictates insofar as it does not violate the highest rule that life is unitary and that the goal of all beings is one.

The stage of the Vanaprastha is one of preparation for Sannyasa, just as Brahmacharya can, in a way, be said to be a preparation for the life of the householder, notwithstanding the exceptional fact that certain highly equipped Brahmacharins are allowed to observe Naishthika-Brahmacharya or life-long continence in dedication of self to Guru or God, or are permitted to embrace Sannyasa directly if they are found to be morally and spiritually ready for it. The Vanaprastha reduces social contact to the minimum, refrains from assuming the usual responsibilities of the Grihastha, and spends his time in religious worship and contemplation. This period is one of a probation for the consummation to be reached in the magnificent ideal of Sannyasa which promises for man, when strictly followed, the knowledge of the way to the Supreme Beatitude.

The view of moral life is inseparable from a philosophy of life based on a concept of the structure of the cosmos. Geniuses in India had long ago discovered a single purpose in the

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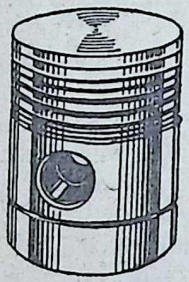

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evolution of the universe. The history of man is the history of creation. The growth and improvement of created beings in this history is judged from the extent to which Spirit has succeeded in winning victory over the impediment of matter and in absorbing it into phases of Consciousness. This highly significant meaning of evolution is brought out in different ways in the concepts of the four Yugas and the four Ashramas.

Dharma is portrayed as capable of increase and decrease according as the individuals are in consonance or dissonance with the environment of the universe. The highest Dharma is represented by the conditions of Satya-Yuga or Krita-Yuga when people are regarded to have been not in need of any governmental or social restrictions inasmuch as each knew and practised Dharma without the least violation of it, and by the Ashrama of Sannyasa in which the mind is freed from all bondages of attachment, convention and anxiety and the common notions of duty and responsibility. It is the state in which the soul aspires for nothing short of the Infinite, and the mind vibrates in unison with boundless existence.

Dharma decreases gradually as consciousness gets externalised more and more. But even in its externalised state it ought not to operate in a way that would contradict fundamental being —the law which the Veda terms *Rita* and *Satya*, the law of integration, unity, love, brotherhood, concordance, harmony, stability and peace everywhere.

Brahmacharya is the foundation, Garhasthya the superstructure and

the last two stages the crowning spire, as it were, of the edifice of human life. The higher is not reached without fulfilling the demands of the lower, and the freeing of the spirit from enmeshing flesh requires an intelligent conformity to the clamourings of the latter. The three basic cravings, which the Upanishads call *Eshanas*, and which modern Depth-psychology understands as the primal urges, are comprised in the craving for wealth, fame, power and sex. The Grihastha overcomes them by penetrating through them with the strength and will acquired by Brahmacharya and Dharma. When he rises above these, he becomes fit for the highest spiritual freedom.

The plan of life as chalked out in the four Ashramas is a highly methodical arrangement for the preservation, direction and transfiguration of human energy—vital, mental, moral and spiritual—for the liberation of the self from the thraldom of localised and mortal existence. This is achieved by degrees.

That the goal of life is Self-realisation will be borne in mind by everyone who finds in the fourfold order

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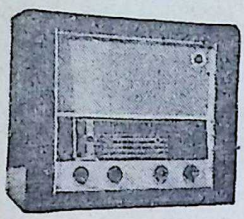

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a way of life that not only bears out a social necessity, but becomes meaningful only when a universal purpose is recognised in it.

It may perhaps be said that times have changed a great deal and the rules, too, ought to be altered. But this is a thoughtless comment, for however difficult of realisation an ideal may be, it should not be lowered to suit our desires and conveniences. Once the human mind tacitly subscribes to the lowering of any lofty ideal, then the undesirable precedent is set up. The ball is set rolling, that will ultimately end in all-round degeneracy.

One should rather accept and confess one's weakness and inefficiency than seek to pull down the high goal from its pristine seat. The indomitable spirit of man has a strange fascination to strive for the attainment of seemingly unattainable ideals. It is the Everest Peak that the adventurous mountaineer struggles to climb, and not some foothill. Peaks are to tower over the plains, or else they are no peaks at all. Nor do we try to shorten the stature of the Everest if its peaks are difficult to scaling, and yet wish to obtain the glory of that enviable achievement.

There is no amending and altering the conception of Godhead to something conveniently attainable by the limited attempts of average minds. Rather, finite man has, through patient, hard, earnest and prolonged endeavour, to make himself Infinite, and thus know and realise the Infinite.

Dharma may be difficult of understanding and practice; but it has to be done, and there is no other way.

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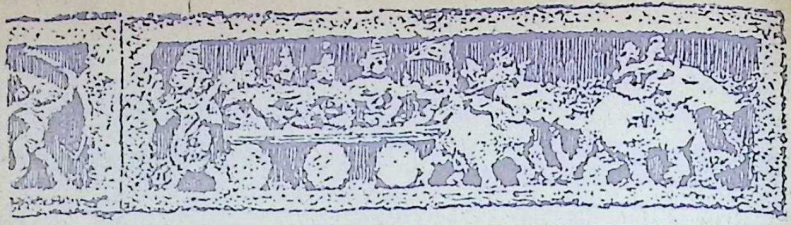


ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

VASISHTHA'S PLEA TO RAMA

When King Dasaratha asked Sage Vasishtha to prepare Rama for the coronation, the Sage directly went to the palace of Sri Rama. On seeing him enter Sri Rama accompanied by Sita received him, seated him on a bejewelled seat, washed his feet and sprinkled that water on his head and said: "I am blessed indeed by the water that has washed your feet."

At this Vasishtha replied:

इदानीं भाषसे यत्त्वं लोकानामुपदेशकृत्।
जानामि त्वां परात्मानं लक्ष्म्या संजातमीश्वरम्॥

"Rama, you speak thus merely to instruct the world (as to how to behave towards one's *guru*). Do I not know you as the Paramatman born in this world in the company of Lakshmi?

देवकार्यार्थसिध्यर्थं भक्तानां भक्तिसिद्धये।
रावणस्य वधार्थाय जातं जानामि राघव।
तथापि देवकार्यार्थं गुह्यं नोद्घाटयाम्यहम्॥

"I know also that you have descended (on this earth) for destroying Ravana and fulfilling the *bhakti* of your devotees. I shall not however publicise this secret since the task of the Devas has to be fulfilled.

यथा त्वं मायया सर्वं करोषि रघुनन्दन।
तथैवानुविधास्येऽहं शिष्यस्त्वं गुरुरप्यहम्॥

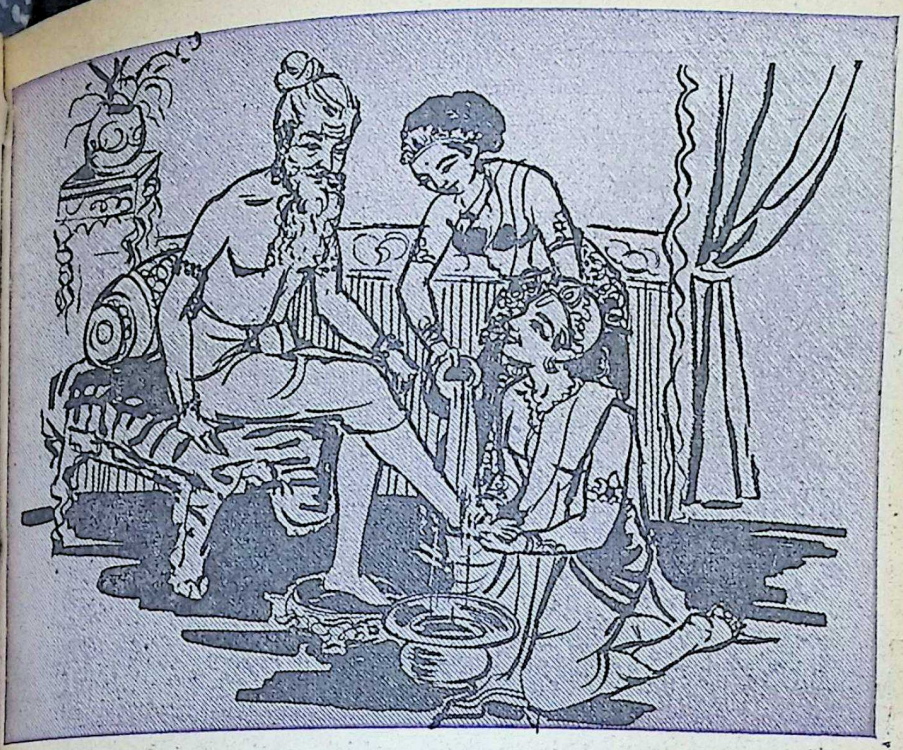
"O delighter of the Raghu race! Even as you have chosen to play with the aid of your Maya, I shall fall in line with you. In that play I shall tak the role of your *guru* and you becom my disciple.

गुरुर्गुरुणां त्वं देव पितृणां त्वं पितामहः।
अन्तर्यामी जगद्यात्रावाहकस्त्वमगोचरः॥
शुद्धसत्वमयं देहं धृत्वा स्वाधीनसंभवम्।
मनुष्य इव लोकेऽस्मिन् भासि त्वं योगमायया॥

"Aren't you the *guru* of *gurus*, th grand-*pitru* of all *pitrus*? As the in dweller of all objects, you are the unseen vehicle of the world's *jatra*. By virtue of your *yoga-maya*, you hav with your pure *sattva*-body been born at your own will as a human and shin as such.

पौरोहित्यमहं जाने विगर्ह्यं दूष्यजीवनम्।
इक्ष्वाकूणां कुले रामः परमात्मा जनिष्यते।
इति ज्ञातं मया पूर्वं ब्रह्मणा कथितं पुरा।
ततोऽहमाशया राम तव सम्बन्धकांक्षया॥
अकार्षं गर्हितमपि तवाचार्यत्वसिद्धये।
ततो मनोरथो मेऽद्य फलितो रघुनन्दन॥

"I know that priesthood is despi



cable livelihood but knowing from Brahma long ago that the Lord will be born as Rama in the Ikshwaku line, I, overpowered by the love of your contact, accepted this accursed priesthood. Today my dream has come true, O delighter of the Raghu race!

त्वदधीना महामाया सर्वलोकैकमोहिनी।
मां यथा मोहयेन्नैव तथा कुरु रघूद्वह।
अनिष्कृतिकामस्त्वं यदि देह्येतदेव मे॥

"Maha-Maya is your dependant. She deludes all the worlds. Please see, O great among Raghus, that she does not delude me too (into feeling that I am competent to be your *guru* etc.). If you wish to pay me any *guru-dakshina* please fulfil my above request.

प्रसंगात्सर्वमप्युक्तं न वाच्यं कुत्रचिन्मया।
राजा दशरथेनाहं प्रेषितोऽस्मि रघूद्वह॥

त्वामामन्त्रयितुं राज्ये श्वोऽभिषेक्ष्यति राघव।
अद्य त्वं सीतया सार्धं उपवासं यथाविधि॥
कृत्वा शुचिर्भूमिशायी भव राम जितेन्द्रियः।
गच्छामि राजसान्निध्यं त्वं तु प्रातर्गमिष्यसि॥
इत्युक्त्वा रथमारुह्य ययौ राजगुरुर्द्रुतम्॥

"I have said these things to you only; I shall not breathe a word of it elsewhere. O, great among Raghus, King Dasaratha sent me here to prepare you for being anointed tomorrow on the throne. Today along with Sita observe fast in the prescribed manner. Be pure. Sleep on the floor. Overcome your senses. I am presently returning to the King's presence; but you will be leaving (*where to?*) tomorrow morning!" After speaking thus, Sage Vasishtha boarded the chariot and hurriedly left.

[*To be continued*]

K. M. Munshi

Krishnavatara

PART II

6. THE WALKING SCHOOL OF SANDIPAN

ON the twenty-fifth day after the death of Kamsa, Acharya Sandipani and his walking school took the road along the banks of the Yamuna.

In the morning, long before dawn, Sandipani and his pupils took their dip in the Yamuna, performed their *sandhya*[1] on her banks and started for the outskirts of Mathura to wait for the others.

Soon the royal guests, accompanied by Ugrasena, Akrura, Pradyota and other Yadava chiefs of the higher rank, came there, for the Princes were also to set out for their respective capitals at the same time as Sandipani. Their chariots, horses and the carts which carried their belongings, follo ed them at a distance.

The guests had belonged to t group of princes who, under Kams leadership, had accepted Jarasandh hegemony, and all the efforts of Vas deva and Akrura to bind them in closer alliance with the Yadavas ha failed. The cordiality between t guests and hosts had been formal a correct, but the purpose of keepi them had been frustrated mainly d to the hostility of Rukmi, the son Bhishmaka, the powerful King of t Bhojas of Vidarbha.

Vasudeva, Devaki, Rohini and other spouses, together with memb of the families of some chiefs, al came there to bid good-bye to Krish and Balaram. Trivakra was th with her inseparable box of scents a unguents to offer them to the Prin

1. Ritual to be performed thrice a day, in which the principal item is the repetition of the famous Gayatri *mantra*.

and bid a loving farewell to Krishna.

The townsmen had already begun to gather on the spot and soon a huge crowd surrounded the departing caravan.

Devaki's eyes were fixed on Krishna. She was happy to have regained her boy, of whom she had dreamt for the last sixteen years; miserable, to have to part with him for a considerable time. But things had to be so.

She was very glad that her son rejected the rulership of Mathura; more glad than ever that under a master like Sandipani, his education, neglected so far, would be complete.

When the golden rays of the not-yet-risen sun spurted in the sky, Sandipani blew his conch. The auspicious moment for beginning the journey had arrived. Then, with head bent and eyes closed, the Guru took water from his bowl and offered *'arghya'*—worship—to God Sun.

King Ugrasena applied *kumkum* upon the forehead of each of the royal guests, placed in his hands the auspicious gift of a cocoanut, and spread on his shoulders a gold-embroidered shawl.

Vasudeva, Devaki and Rohini sniffed the heads of the three boys—for Uddhava, as the inseparable companion of Krishna, had been like a son to them—smeared sandalwood paste on their foreheads and placed cocoanuts in their hands.

Trivakra, not to be behind, smiled at every royal guest and sprinkled scents on their hands. She could not sprinkle scents on the Guru, nor on the three *brahmacharis*, for the rules of discipleship forbade celibate students the use of scents and unguents.

Then she fell at the feet of Krishna, restraining sobs with great difficulty, for it was inauspicious to shed tears when bidding farewell.

King Ugrasena finally blessed the three boys by placing his hand on the head of each boy. Then he touched the feet of Guru Sandipani—and so did all the chiefs.

After the farewell had been bidden, the caravan, led by Sandipani, staff in hand, took to the road which skirted the banks of the Yamuna.

●●●

The walking school of Sandipani was regulated by strict discipline, though quite a few of the pupils were princes, including Vinda and Anuvinda, the twin princes of Avanti.

The school always camped for the night near some village which had a river or a stream within easy reach. So, before the morning star rose, the master and his pupils rose from their deer-skins which served as bed by night and clothing by day, and protected them against inclement weather.

Then they went to the river or the stream nearby for their bath; offered worship to God Sun in knee-deep water; came out to practise the chanting of the Vedic *mantras* in the accents in which the Venerable Veda Vyas had cast them.

After the chants had been duly recited, the school partook of milk if the residents of the nearby village chose to offer them, and started on their journey. The pupils walked in batches of five or six in charge of a senior student who, as they walked together, taught new pupils the Vedic chants and the rules of grammar. Each group

was usually accompanied by some senior disciple who taught, as they walked, the canons of *Dharma Shastra* or the tenets of some new school of thought or the ways of war or polity.

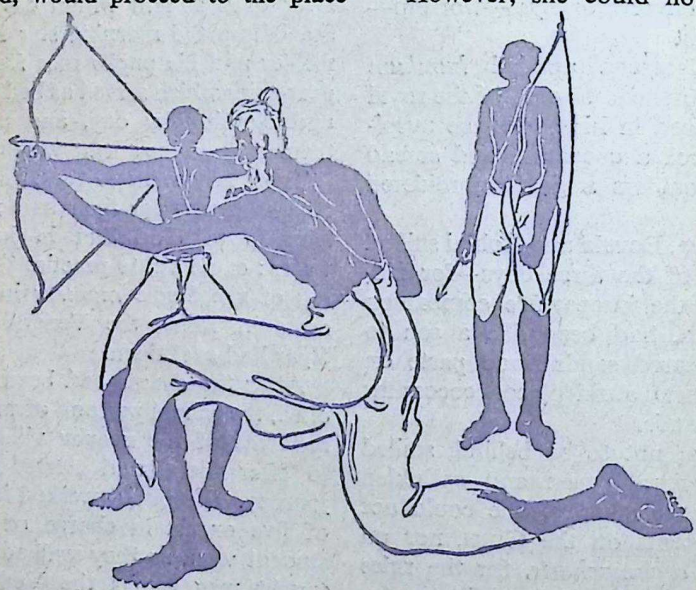
The Guru and his pupils walked on till the sun rose high and the heat became unbearable. Then they encamped under a banyan tree or a clump of other trees. If a village was nearby, the pupils, with bowls in hand, went to beg for food, while Sandipani sat offering oblations to the sacred fire installed for the purpose.

So long as the Princes followed the same route as the school, they rode in their chariots or on their horses in advance and selected the site for a camp. Their retainers would then prepare their food for them as well as for Sandipani and his pupils.

The pupils then, each with a bowl in hand, would proceed to the place where the Princesses would be sitting and recite the formula: *'bhavati bhiksham dehi'* (Lady, give me food by way of alms.) No more words were they allowed to speak. And the Princesses would respond by putting food in each bowl.

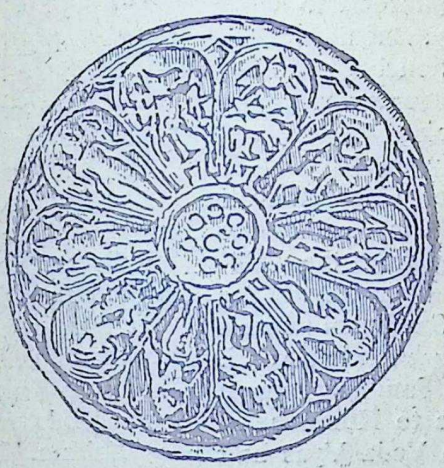
Rukmini had no idea how strictly Sandipani's school behaved. She thought at one time that travelling in the same caravan she would have a better chance of meeting the dark skinned young man, after whom she had been mad. When the journey started and she climbed on to the chariot in which she was to travel, she had a glimpse of Krishna. How different he looked, she thought, with his beautiful curls shaven off, his body wrapped in a deer-skin and a staff and a bowl in his hands!

However, she could not resist the



..under the direction of the Guru they practised archery..

temptation of seeing him as often as she could. Whenever the pupils of Sandipani came to ask for food, she would push everybody aside and be there in the front to drop the food in the bowl of Krishna. Other princesses smiled, giggled and exchanged meaningful glances at this forward, headstrong princess of the King of Vidarbha. But there was no resisting her. Her brother's wife had sunk into sullen hostility; she and her husband had found it impossible to keep this wilful and forward girl in check. She was cunning; she had a bad temperament; she found a retort for every rebuke administered to her. There was no use making scenes with so many princes and princesses about them.



Whenever Rukmini came forward to give him food, Krishna looked steadily at her. He did not respond to her smile. His eyes only told her that he had understood her infatuation; that he was out to go through the discipline of studentship with absolute thoroughness; that for the moment he had forsworn laughter and joy.

●●●

After the morning meal, the school would take a siesta. When the heat became bearable, it would begin its journey and with it its educational activity. When the evening came, the school would camp again under the roof of a clump of trees. Wrestling would then start, after which the master and his disciples would take their bath, offer their prayers, partake of food, and then spreading their deerskins on the bare earth, retire for the night.

Krishna kept his love of beauty, of flowers and feathers, of song and dance under strict control. His body and mind were attuned to the new discipline which he loved with overpowering zest. Shvetaketu, the leader of his batch, had never seen a pupil with such a receptive mind. Once a *mantra* was chanted, Krishna would reproduce it with meticulous accuracy. If a canon of conduct was once explained to him, he would never forget it, would enter into its spirit and follow it up in minutest detail. His education had been neglected so far, and he appeared to be determined to make up for it with passionate intensity. And everything which the discipline enjoined, he did with a cheerful alacrity.

But there was a quality in his relationship with the members of his batch, which even Sandipani had never seen before in any other pupil. He could establish friendship with any one who came in contact with him. He did it with such sincerity that no one could help loving him. He served all with a cheerfulness which made even the proud Princes of Avanti feel small.

No one could match Krishna and Balaram in running and wrestling. But wrestling with Krishna was not a battle with skill and strength. It was a struggle in which the wrestling skill of a champion was always pitted against a powerful mind which foresaw every one of his mood and move and took advantage of his every physical and mental weakness.

●●●

Soon a close friendship sprang between Shvetaketu and the members of his batch. Only Vinda and Anuvinda struggled their hardest to stand on their royal dignity. But they stood in fear of Balaram and began to behave themselves no sooner the young giant gave them a look.

The caravan slowly travelled along the banks of the Charmanavati (modern Chambal). The Princes, one after the other, parted from the walking school and went their way. After a month and a half, Sandipani and his pupils arrived at the *ashram* in Avanti.

Every year, Guru Sandipani made two pilgrimages—one to Kurukshetra where the Venerable Veda Vyas had his *ashram,* and other to the holy Prabhas Tirth on the shore of the sea, as a dip there, where three rivers meet the sea, on the full-moon day, was considered most sacred. However, the time to depart on this journey to the seashore had not yet come, and Krishna and Balaram were put to an intensive training in the use arms.

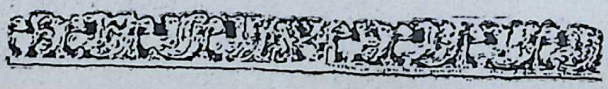
Day after day, morning, noon a evening, under the direction of Guru himself, they practised arch and wielded the mace and the bat axe in the way the master taught the Balaram, with his great height a power of muscles, soon excelled wielding the mace. He had the te perament of a tornado when he w roused, and loved the weapon wh would enable him to smash his w through a crowd of hostile warrior

On the other hand, of all the arm Krishna liked the *chakra.* From boyhood, he had the unerring eye a accuracy of aim for throwing the noo round the neck of an obstinate bu

He had lassoed the Kaliya Sna under impossible conditions. And could easily master the art of whirli the discus round his forefinger, spee ing it by giving it a circulatory twi which, after cutting the target in tw would return to him. Few exper known to Sandipani had mastered t use of this very tricky weapon. B to Krishna it was a weapon o weapons.

For sixty-four days Krishna an Balaram underwent training in arm Then Sandipani and his walkin school started for Bhrigu Tirth, fro where they took boats for Prabha Tirth.

[*To be continued*



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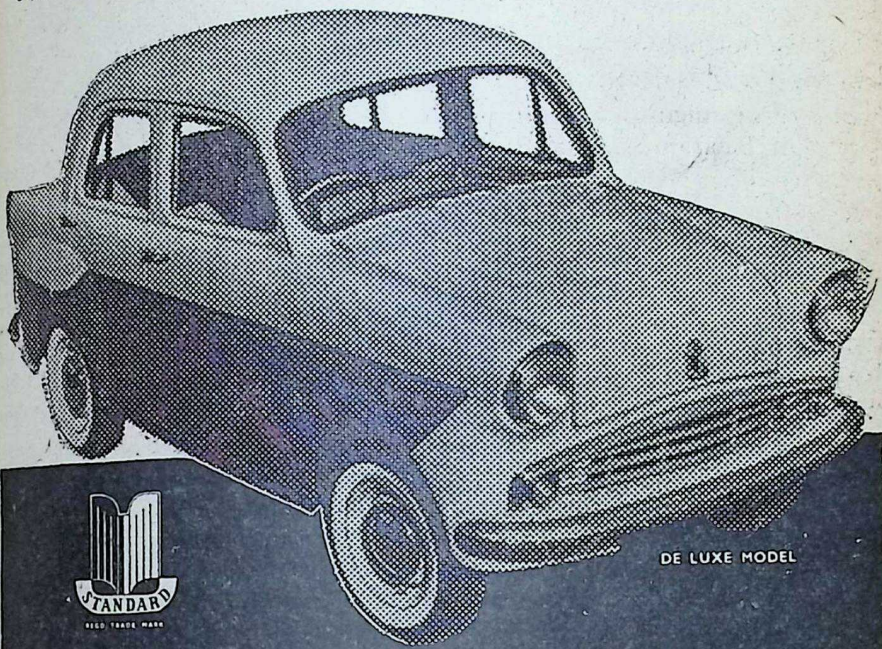

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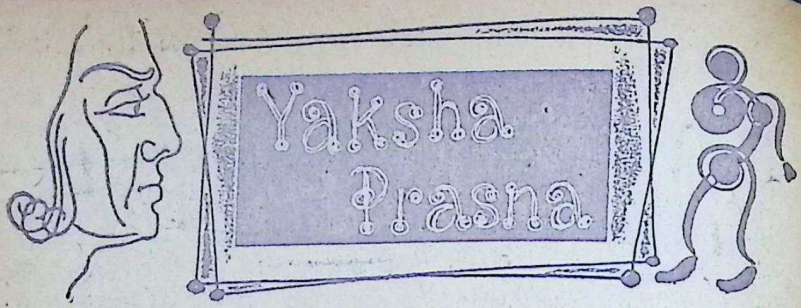


K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[Continued from last issue]

The next four questions are

किंस्विदावपतां श्रेष्ठं किंस्वित् निवपतां वरम् ।
किंस्वित् प्रतिष्ठमानानां किंस्वित् प्रसवतां वरम्।

What is the best among those that shower?

What is the foremost among those put into the ground?

What is the best among the four-footed animals?

What is the best among those that are begotten?

Dharmaputra replies thus:

वर्षमावपतां श्रेष्ठं बीजं निवपतां वरम् ।
गावः प्रतिष्ठमानानां पुत्रः प्रसवतां वरः ॥

The rain is the best among those that shower.

Seed is the foremost of those that are put into the ground.

Cows are the best among four-footed animals.

The son is the foremost among those that are begotten.

The word Prathishtamananam is understood as four-footed beings.

This is explained in *Sankarabhashya* as referring to the quadrupeds or four-footed animals.

"पादाभ्यां हि प्रतितिष्ठति"

The Yaksha asked:

इन्द्रियार्थान् अनुभवन् बुद्धिमान् लोकपूजितः ।
संमतस्सर्वभूतानां उच्छ्वसन् को न जीवति ?

Who is that, enjoying the objects of senses, endowed with intellect, respected by the world and accepted by all beings, though breathing, does not live?

Dharmaputra replied:

देवतातिथिभृत्यानां पितॄणां आत्मनश्च यः ।
न निर्वपति पञ्चानां उच्छ्वसन् न स जीवति ॥

"He who does not propitiate by offerings, the Devas, guests, dependants, pitris and one's own self, those five, though breathing does not live."

Both the question and answer refer to the well-known *Panchamahayagnas* enjoined by the Hindu Smritis on every grihastha or householder. In fact the question puts us in mind of the 72nd sloka in *Manusmriti*, Adhyaya 3 which runs on the same terms as Dharmaputra's answer. Hence the question is framed in the manner above mentioned. The Yaksha is extolling these fivefold yagnas by condemning a person who does not perform them and who, he says, though

breathing does not live. The question and answer clearly convey in what way the Sanatana Dharma regards the five duties of a Hindu grihastha, without the daily performance of which, from the spiritual point of view, his life becomes worthless, even though, from the worldly point of view, he may be a great and good man. Hence, the Yaksha uses the laudatory terms *buddhiman, lokapujita, sammatassarvabhutanam.*

These five duties to the devas, the pitris, the guests, the dependants and to one's own self enjoined on a householder are described by Manu as mahayagnas, while the srauta sacrifices enjoined in the Karmakanda of the Vedas are described as yagnas.

In another verse (Adh. 2. sloka 28) Manu declares that the body of man becomes fit for the attainment of spirituality or the awareness of Brahman by the performance of mahayagnas and yagnas:

महायज्ञैश्च यज्ञैश्च ब्राह्मीयं क्रियते तनुम् ।

Therein, the panchayagnas and srauta yagnas are differentiated by the use of the expressions, mahayagnas and yagnas. There is also authority in the Veda for the five mahayagnas. The *Taittiriya Aranyaka,* Prasna 2, runs as follows:—

पञ्च वा एते महायज्ञाः सतति प्रतायन्ते ।
सतति संतिष्ठन्ते देवयज्ञः पितृयज्ञो
भूतयज्ञो मनुष्ययज्ञो ब्रह्मयज्ञ–इति ॥

The word yagna is derived from the root यज् पूजने (to worship). It generally therefore refers to an act of worship. Technically in the Karmakanda it refers to the sacrifices mentioned therein as in the Vedavakya

स्वर्गकामो यजेत ।

Here yagna is interpreted as the offering of *dravya* (material) owned by a person to the particular devata with a view to propitiate him, with the appropriate mantras. The meaning of the word yagna has been expanded from this technical sense to denote all acts of dedication to God in a spirit of worship and sacrifice. For example, the *atithiyagna* (अतिथियज्ञ), feeding of the guests, is regarded as a yagna as it is done in a spirit of sacrifice and worship. It is in this extended sense that it is used in the word Brahmayagna and in the most extended sense we have it in Gnanayagna. If we have this extended meaning of the word yagna in mind, the five mahayagnas can be clearly understood.

Devayagna means worship of the gods. *Pitriyagna* refers to the *tarpana* offered to the forefathers. The *atithiyagna* or manushya yagna means food offered to the guests in respectful worship. The *bhrityayagna* is the maintenance of those dependent on oneself and it includes family servants. If it is done as a duty in a spirit of sacrifice or worship, it becomes yagna. The *Atma yagna* otherwise referred to as Brahmayagna is the nourishing of one's soul or spirit.

In the sloka the verb निर्वपति is used as indicating यज्ञ or यजन while in the strict sense निर्वपति may be appropriate to the tarpana of the pitris. In its general meaning, it may be used in reference to the other forms of the yagnas also.

Both the Yaksha and Dharmaputra have taken their authority from the sloka 72 in Adhyaya 2 of the Manusmriti. But they have not used the phraseology of verse 70. I think there is some significance in this as they intend that the five duties should be made more general and applicable to all Hindus. While Brahmayagna may refer to the study of the Vedas only, the reference to Atma makes it applicable to all spiritual and religious literature. Instead of bhritya, some readings have bhoota. Bhoota and bhritya have more or less the same meaning in this context. *Bhoota* applies to all beings while *bhritya* refers to all those who are to be maintained. It comes to the same nearly as referring to all beings.

This is also further emphasised by the fact that the sage Valluvar, in his immortal work in Tamil known as *The Kural,* mentioned the same idea as is contained in verse 72 of Adhyaya 2 of the Manusmriti:

Tenpulattar daivam virundu
okkal tan yenrangaimbulattaru
ombal talai.

(Tirukkural — Arattupal — Adikaram 5)

[It is the supreme virtue, (of the householder) to fulfil his obligations to these five, namely forefathers, gods, guests, relatives and himself.]

The conception of the Panchamahayagna is really a grand and comprehensive one covering the entire gamut of duties of a man in civilised society. While deva and pitriyagnas refer to beings above him, the atithiyagna and bhootayagna refer to beings around him and below him. By atmayagna is meant the duty to one's higher self, that is the duty of cultivating spirituality and realising the Brahman in one's self. There can be no higher or more comprehensive enunciation of the duties of man than those which are denoted by the Panchamahayagnas.

Hinduism calls upon every Hindu to fulfil these five duties daily in his life, irrespective of caste or creed. It is this fundamental call of Hinduism that forms the true import of the above question and answer.

The next four questions of the Yaksha are as follows:—

किंस्वित् गुरुतरं भूमेः
किंस्वित् उच्चतरं च खात्
किंस्वित् शीघ्रतरं वायोः
किंस्वित् बहुतरं तृणात् ॥

1. Which is weightier than the earth itself?

2. What is higher than the sky?

3. What is swifter than the wind?

4. What is more numerous than grass?

Yudhishthira answered as follows:—

माता गुरुतरा भूमेः खात्पितोच्चतरस्तथा
मनश्शीघ्रतरं वातात् चिन्ताबहुतरा तृणात् ॥

The mother is weightier than the Earth.

The father is higher than the Sky.

The mind is swifter than the Wind.

Thoughts are more numerous than grass.

It is the earth that sustains and nourishes. When compared to the earth, one's mother sustains and nourishes one much more. Hence she is more precious than even the earth.

On account of rain, the sky is very beneficial. But the father confers greater benefits on his son. Hence he should be considered to be

of greater value than even the sky. In fact, the earth and the sky (Dyava and Prithvi) are often compared in the Vedas to one's father and mother. Our great Hindu culture puts paramount value on the devotion to one's parents. This is most brilliantly exemplified in the Ramayana by the unparalleled devotion and obedience of Rama to his father and mother. He says "I shall even fall into the fire if my father says so." Without one word of demur or one thought of unhappiness, Rama went into exile in the forest and thus set an everlasting example to India's sons to follow.

The next two questions and answers are concerned with another fundamental aspect of our culture and religion namely, control of the mind and the senses or self-control and austerity. The Yogasutra of Patanjali describes the first step in yoga as *chittavrittinirodha* or the control of the fluctuations of the mind. In the Bhagavat Gita when Arjuna said "the mind is fickle. It is violent, powerful and obstinate. To control it is as difficult, it seems to me, as to control the wind." The Lord answered "Doubtless, the mind is fickle and hard to curb; but, by constant practice and by detachment or control of the senses it can be curbed. The Yogasutra also refers to the *nirodha* of the mind by constant practice and detachment.

There have been in former times in the Tamil country great saints known as Siddhas who have given expression to their thoughts in simple cryptic songs which have a deeper spiritual significance than the apparent simple meaning. One such Siddhapurusha was Kudambaisiddhar. He has been known by this name, on account of the refrain, kudambai occurring frequently in his songs. One of his songs is as follows:—

Veham adangiye
vilangum mai olikku
yogamdan edukkadi Kudambai

"Does a realised soul who shines by the control of the force of the mind, need yoga?" What he means by this is the best yoga consists in the control of the mind and forms the sure step to the realisation of Truth.

The next four questions of the Yaksha are as follows:—

किंस्वित् सुप्तं न निमिषति
किंस्वित् जातं नचोपति।
कस्यस्विद्धृदयं नास्ति
किंस्वित् वेगेन वर्धते ?।

1. What is that which does not close its eyes while asleep?

2. What is that which does not move after birth?

3. What is that which is without heart?

4. What is that which swells by its own force?

Dharmaputra answered as follows:—

मत्स्यः सुप्तो न निमिषति
अण्डं जातं न चेङ्गते।
अश्मनो हृदयं नास्ति
नदी वेगेन वर्धते।

1. A fish does not close its eyes while asleep.

2. An egg does not move after birth.

3. A stone is without heart.

4. A river swells by the force of its current.

The first question refers to a natural phenomenon in regard to the fish.

Even though fishes sleep, their eyes do not close which is not the case with other beings. But there is a deeper spiritual import for both the question and the answer. The word 'matsya' refers to the Jiva. Just like the fish which swims from one bank of a river to other bank alternately, so the Jiva goes from the waking state to the dream state and becomes motionless when it goes to its own resting place. Simultaneously the Jiva moves to both these states and finally attains the state where it is oblivious of all sense perceptions and of the working of the mind. But it still shines with self-knowledge or pure consciousness. When explaining the nature of the *purusha* moving from the waking state to the dream state and dreamless state, the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad compares the Jiva to a mahamatsya or a big fish. The Upanishad says:

तद्यथा महामत्स्य उभे कूलेऽनुसंचरति पूर्वं नापरं च, एवमेवायं पुरुषः एतावुभावन्तावनुसं चरति स्वप्नान्तं च बुद्धान्तं ॥

By this illustration, it is made clear that the body and its organs together with their stimulating causes, desire and work are the attributes of the non-self and the self which is in its so-called transition from the waking state to the dream state and from dream state to the dreamless state is not in the least affected by these attributes of the non-self, but is distinct from them.

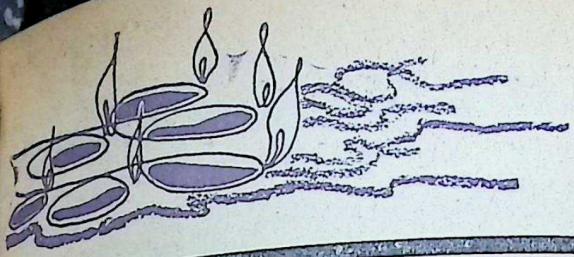
The next question and answer also apparently refer to a thing not moving after birth. But in its spiritual import it means that the jiva superimposed by its limiting adjuncts of the body still does not move i.e. it is not affected by them. Due to ignorance, when the body moves the self also is said to move. The word *chopati* is derived from the root '*chipu*' which denotes 'slow moving.' In one of his cryptic sayings in Tamil, the sage Tayumanavar asks "when shall I attain the state where, though asleep, I shall be awake and be happy."

Toongamal toongi sukham peruvadu ekkalam?

The next question and answer must have a deeper significance than a statement that stones are without heart. It does not require a Dharmaputra to make this pronouncement. The word *ashma* has now come in ordinary usage to have the restricted meaning, 'stone.' But its etymological import is that which is without a perishable body. *Shma* in *ashma* means 'the perishable body'. Hence the use of '*shma*' in *shmasana* or burning ground and *smashru* meaning 'whiskers' or 'beard'. Hence *ashma* etymologically means that which has no body. अशरीरं वावसन्तं नः प्रियाप्रिये स्पृशतः। says the Upanishad. "A person who is not affected by the body is said to be without a body, i.e. without feelings of attachment or dislike which are the ordinary impulses of the heart."

In the *Ramayana,* bemoaning her lot in the Asoka grove Sita exclaims: "Fortunate are those sages who are free from all impurities of the mind and are without attachment or dislike. In this world, attachment be-

(*Continued on page 64*)



A Bird's-eye View of the Shad-darsanas

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

INDIAN philosophical systems are known as *darsanas*. Darsana means a vision. The Indian philosopher who propounded this system of thought was not merely a theoretical speculator trying to understand the mystery of the world by intellectual inquiry. His purpose was not only to *know* Reality, but to *see* Reality. He wished to obtain for the verities that he discovered by his mind the certificate of verification by a direct experience of the ultimate Truth. He aimed not merely at mental conviction, but also at a soul-sight of the root of things, of the ultimate Principle in which the universe of name and form, animate and inanimate lived, moved and had its being. In addition to *tattvajnana*, he wanted *tattvadarsana*.

This is because the urge for metaphysics in India arose out of a felt need to get over the ills of life and to attain to a state of enduring felicity without a trace of sorrow. To this end it was necessary to understand the predicament of human life, its origin, its nature and its destiny. Though arising out of a context of dissatisfaction, philosophical quest in India was motivated by a *divine* discontent which held an optimistic promise and showed the way to an experience of plenal bliss and abiding peace. Every system of Indian philosophy, therefore, not merely detailed a *view* of life, but also prescribed a *way* which pointed to a *vision* to which it led whoever accepted its principles and adopted its practices. The progenitor of every system has declared in unequivocal language that he has known the Truth and has 'seen' it. A Vedic *rishi* proudly proclaimed वेदाहमेतं पुरुषं महान्तमादित्य वर्णं तमसः परस्तात् 'I know the Supreme Person...who

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is beyond the darkness'. He has pierced the darkness of ignorance and obtained the vision of the Light beyond. वेदाहं (I know) here does not mean mere intellectual apprehension, but 'seeing' the Light, being face to face with it, being enveloped by it. Both the possibility and the fact of such *darsana* have been testified to by the Vedas which constitute the most ancient literature of humanity, encyclopaedic in its contents relating to all knowledge secular and spiritual.

The Vedic passages are all *ipse dixits* conveying the truths which were intuited and realised by the superminds who were *rishis*. By themselves, to the ordinary intellect, these passages will be mere dogmas unless justified at the bar of reason. Relating, as those truths do, to super-sensible facts, they cannot be apprehended either by sense-perception or by mere reasoning which, for a large part, is dependent on the material provided by such perception. But though supra-rational, the Vedic declarations are not anti-rational and hence, attempts have been made in the history of Indian thought to expound the fundamental doctrines in ways in which the mind can comprehend and accept not merely as a *creed*, but as a *reasoned truth*.

But the Vedas do not apparently speak with one voice: अनन्ता वै वेदा—the Vedas are infinite. They are not merely prolix, but they are also diverse. But this diversity is not at the expense of a fundamental and foundational unity. एकं सत् विप्रा बहुधा वदन्ति 'What exists is One, the wise speak of it variously' is a Vedic dictum. Not only is the one Truth spoken of variously, but it is also understood variously due to differences of predilection and capacity, रुचीनां वैचित्रियात् and अधिकारि भेदात्. That accounts for the rise of various systems of philosophy all of which, however, are one in their allegiance to the Vedas and hence are called *astika darsanas*, orthodox systems in contrast to the *nastika darsanas* which do not trace themselves to Vedic origin.

Such *astika darsanas* are six in number consisting of two dual systems, namely, Nyaya-Vaiseshika and Samkhya-Yoga and two kindred, yet distinct systems known as Purva Mimamsa and Uttara Mimamsa or Vedanta. The philosophy represented by each of these systems was first set forth by its exponent (who did not claim to 'originate' that system) in the form of sutras or aphorisms characterised by brevity, absence of uncertainty, essentiality, universality and absence of confusion and of flaw. Thus, we have Gautama's *Nyaya Sutras*, Kanada's *Vaiseshika Sutras*, Kapila's *Samkhya Sutras*, Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*, Jaimini's *Mimamsa Sutras* and Badarayana's *Brahma Sutras*. The feature of brevity (*alpaksharam*) which is the primary excellence of the *sutras*, however, detracted from clear comprehension of their meaning and was also the cause of differences of interpretation giving rise to various schools leading to philosophical disputations always conducted, however, on a high academic level with remarkable fidelity and fairness and without ill-will or rancour.

Looking at it from a purely intellec-

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tual point of view, apart from its significance for religious endeavour, metaphysical quest has been directed to determining the nature of the ultimate in the universe. To put it in Upanishadic language, its purpose has been to discover 'that from which all these things originate, that by which they all subsist and that into which they enter finally'. Co-ordinate with this search for the foundational Principle of the universe has been the desire to know the nature of man in relation to the world and to understand his origin, nature and destiny. One of the persistent problems of philosophy in the West has been whether, in the last resort, the universe is to be explained by one Principle, or by two or by many. Monism, Dualism and Pluralism have been the dominant philosophies in the West. It has been the same in India also. Nyaya-Vaiseshika is a pluralistic philosophy. Samkhya-Yoga is a dualism while Vedanta, by and large, is monistic. Likewise, philosophies have been divided on the basis of the status that they gave to the external world, the Realists being those who affirmed that the world of perception has an independent reality of its own, while the Idealists denied it and said that the world of name and form is but an appearance of the One Ultimate which is super-sensible. The Nyaya-Vaiseshika is an extreme form of Realism, and Vedanta of Advaitic type is an extreme form of Idealism.

Nyayadarsana is important for its logic and theory of knowledge. A discipline in Nyaya is considered foundational to all philosophical studies since it is devoted to the elucidation of the *pramanas* of knowledge or the canons of the understanding. A clear analysis of the sources of knowledge, namely sense-perception or *pratyaksha*, inference or *anumana*, comparison or *upamana* and authoritative testimony or *Sabda* is the main thesis of *Nyayadarsana* which, supplemented in certain cases by other *pramanas*, has been pressed into service by the expounders of other systems. From the point of view of metaphysics, like its sister *darsana* Vaiseshika, Nyaya is a Realism upholding the independence of the perceived world from the perceiving mind. Even Time and Space are objective realities. The self is the knower and enjoyer of the material world. Its bondage is due to wrong knowledge, and liberation is effected by right knowledge. The world whose material cause is the infinity of atoms as detailed in the Vaiseshika system has been created out of these atoms by God who is its efficient cause and who is also the moral Governor of the universe. Liberation known as *apavarga* is freedom from pain and is negative in conception. Rebirth with its attendant pain can be avoided by right knowledge of the soul aided by the Nyaya canons of understanding.

The *Vaiseshika* is the Indian counterpart of Democritan Atomism. The name is derived from *Visesha* which means difference or differentiating quality and the system insists that there is diversity, not unity, at the root of the universe. Like Nyaya, the Vaiseshika *darsana* too postulated the independence of the things of the world from the knower and from one another. It resolved external reality into seven categories namely, *dravya, guna,*

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karma, samanya, visesha, samavaya and *abhava*, i.e., substance, quality, action, generality, particularity, inherence and non-existence. This list refers to substances, their qualities, their behaviour and the various kinds of relations into which they enter. It has not merely a logical significance, but is also of ontological import. *Dravya* does not mean the gross material substance, but the ultimate subtle elements which are primordial to the gross objects. It is of the nature of an infinitely small atom, a *paramanu* which, being unbreakable, is eternal. The combination of the subtle atoms in various ways is the cause of the material objects. They combine as dyads, triads and in larger groups determined by the will of God. Creation and destruction alternate.

Samkhya is a dualistic philosophy according to which Reality is dichotomised into *Prakriti* or the primordial Matter and the *Purusha*, the sentient being set over against it. *Prakriti* is the first cause of the universe. It is made up of the essential characteristics of the objects which have evolved out of it, namely *sattva, rajas* and *tamas* which are *gunas* and are in a state of equilibrium in *Prakriti* before things evolve from it. *Sattva* stands for what is fine or light, *tamas* for what is coarse or heavy and *rajas* is the principle of dynamism. These three constitute the stuff of *Prakriti* like three ropes twined into one. (*Guna* is Sanskrit for 'rope'). The world is an evolute of Prakriti and is implicit in it. It is not a new creation (an *arambha* as the Nyaya-Vaiseshika would have it), but a manifestation or *abhivyakti*. Since a thing cannot come out of nothing, the world is a changed condition (*parinama*) of what was pre-existent. Contrasted with the *Asatkarya Vada* of the Nayyayikas who maintain that the effect is unconnected materially with the cause, the Samkhya hold the theory of *Satkaryavada* according to which it is the cause that has become the effect. The system speaks of twenty-five *tattvas* including the self and they are in the order of evolution, Prakriti, Mahat, Ahankara, Manas, the five sensory organs (or *jnanendriyas*) the five motor organs (or *karmendriyas*), the five subtle elements (or *tanmatras*) of earth, water, fire, air and ether and the five gross elements coming out of them.

The self or *purusha* is sentience pure and simple and is different from the Prakriti and its evolutes. He is only a knower and enjoyer. He is, however, caught in the tentacles of Prakriti from absence of knowledge of his true nature and his imaginative identification with the forms of Prakriti, and, that is responsible for all his ills and sorrows. It must be his endeavour to detach himself from this wrong identification and realise his lone excellence. He becomes unattached or *kevala* and that state is known as *Kaivalya*. Not being then affected by the *gunas* of Prakriti, he is not bound by them and escapes from suffering. He attains *apavarga* or liberation.

Yoga is both a philosophy and a method. Its philosophic platform is predominantly Samkhyan with the addition of the concept of God who is the Supreme Purusha. The method deals with the process of acquiring the intuitive experience which is release from Prakriti. Starting with the Sam-

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khyan distinction between Prakriti and Purusha, Yoga maps out the path to the realisation of one's true nature as kevala Chit or lone sentience by detachment from Prakriti, and renunciation or *Vairagya* and by meditation on one's true nature. Yoga which literally means union, is a process tending to the merging of finite in the Infinite. The process has eight stages or *angas* (hence the name *ashtanga yoga*) namely *Yama*, having reference to the cultivation of negative virtues of restraint connoted by *ahimsa, satya, asteya* and *brahmacharya, Niyama*, the cultivation of positive virtues like *saucha* or purity, *santosha* or a sense of optimism, *tapas* or austerity, *svadhyayana* or learning and *Isvarapranidhana* or propitiation of God. The third *anga* relates to *Asana* or postures to be assumed in meditation. *Pranayama* or breath control is the fourth. *Pratyahara* which is the fifth *anga* is withdrawal of the senses from their objects. The psychophysical make-up resulting from the practice of these *angas* facilitates concentration which is called *Dharana*, and meditation or *Dhyana* which supervenes on it. Undisturbed and continuous meditation effects the last stage of *Samadhi* in which the sense of finitude and individuality is lost in the plenal bliss of objectless consciousness. This *Samadhi* itself is of two kinds, one, *samprajnata* in which the *buddhi* continues to function though absorbed in contemplation and the other, *asamprajnata* in which *buddhi* itself disappears. The former is like the reflection of a tree in a placid lake. In the latter, there is no reflection as the waters of the lake have dried up. That is the attainment of Kaivalya from which there is no return to world-consciousness.

The Vedas are divided into two parts, the earlier one called the *Karmakanda* dealing with the performance of ordained rituals and the later called *Jnanakanda* concerned not with ordinances of duty, but with the exposition of the nature of the world, the self and of the Supreme. The former is the prescriptive part of the Vedas, the latter is the descriptive part. In the *Jnanakanda* portion which is the Upanishadic part, there is a subordination of *karma* to *jnana* and *bhakti* as the way to liberation. The *Mimamsa darsana* is a vindication of the supremacy of *karma* in spiritual effort. Starting with the purpose of explaining the texts relating to ritual by enquiry into their meaning and

manner of performance, it ended with propounding a system of philosophy based on the primacy of the *Karmakanda* over the *Jnanakanda*. Literally *Mimamsa* means *inquiry* or examination of a statement. Since it arose in the context of rituals or *karma*, the term *Mimamsa darsana* came to be exclusively used for the philosophy of rituals. It is also called *Purva Mimamsa* as it relates to *Karmakanda*, the earlier part of the Vedas as distinct from the *Uttara Mimamsa* dealing with the Upanishadic later portion. Jaimini is the progenitor of the Mimamsa school which upholds the inherent validity of the Vedic sentences (*svatahpramanya*), their self-certification. The system does not postulate a God either as the creator of the world or as the giver of deserts, but attributes this function to *adrishta* or *apurva*, a potency which is the product of *karma*. It is this *apurva* which lifts a performer of the prescribed rituals to heaven, a state in which there is unalloyed bliss.

Uttara Mimamsa or Vedanta is inquiry into the metaphysical problems of the world, the self and the Supreme Reality which form the subjects of discourses in the various Upanishads. The several views held about these were brought together and compendiously summarised by Vyasa otherwise known as Badarayana into 555 *sutras*, also called the Vedanta Sutras since they deal with the subject matter of the final part of the Vedas. Sariraka Sutras is another name given to them since they expound the nature of the Atman which, for the time being, is the tenant of the *sarira* or the body. Since the inquiry into the Atman with a view to the realisation of its true nature is not possible for one in the earlier three *asramas* due to preoccupations with worldly life, it is reserved for the sannyasi, who has renounced the world. Hence they are also called Bhikshu Sutras.

What is the nature of the world or *prapancha*, of man or the Jiva, and of the Supreme known as *Brahman*, that is the subject matter of inquiry in the *Uttara Mimamsa*. The Brahma Sutras have been differently interpreted by different commentators, each claiming Upanishadic sanction for his view. That Supreme Reality is ultimately one without a second, that the world as it appears has no abiding reality in itself, but is 'real' only as an appearance of Brahman, that the Jiva or the individual man is only Brahman in

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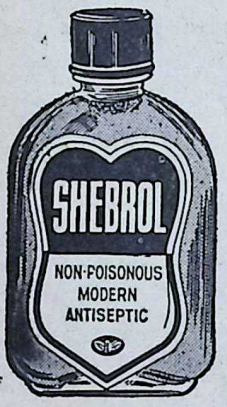

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essence though, as an *existent* with name and form, he appears different from Brahman and from other Jivas, that the Supreme Reality is qualityless, actionless, partless, that it is *nirguna* and *nishkriya, niravayava,* that the cause for the appearance of the world is to be traced to a beginningless agency called *maya* whose operation can be annulled upon the dawn of right knowledge which alone, fructifying from antecedent *karma* and *bhakti* is the means to salvation, and that liberation in this life itself (*Jivanmukti*) is both a possibility and a fact are the cardinal features of that interpretation of Vedanta called Advaita. That the Supreme Brahman is not *nirguna,* but is *saguna* possessing countless auspicious qualities, that the Jiva as such and the *prapancha* as such are not appearances, but have a reality subordinate to and in dependence on Isvara and are permeated and controlled by Him, and that the realisation of this status is salvation which will be effected by the grace of God dowered after death on *bhakti* to which *karma* and *jnana* are ancillary are the tenets of Visishtadvaita. That there is a complete and final difference among God, Jiva and the world in five forms, between God and Jiva, between God and the world, between Jiva and Jiva, between Jiva and the world and between one thing in the world and another, that all Jivas and all objects have an abiding, indepedent reality of their own and that salvation is the gift of God after death for the *punya* earned by sanctified service and worship are the doctrines of Dvaita Vedanta. According to the Visishtadvaitins and Dvaitins, their schools of

thought are absolute and admit of no synthesis or reconciliation with any other view. But the Advaitins look upon their philosophy, which from the point of view of system-building is chronologically the earliest as also logically the highest, as having no quarrel with the other schools since they form but stages in Advaitic realisation. Advaita Vedanta makes a distinction of truth into Vyavaharika relating to the world of experience and Paramarthika which is trans-empirical. The Saguna Brahman who is the highest among the Vyavaharic realities is real for moral and spiritual endeavour and so, the other two schools of Vedanta, in so far as they speak of Him as the Supreme, are included, in general outline, apart from credal differences, in the inclusive Advaita which transcends them.

The various *darsanas* signify the forms of human endeavour determined by human understanding to reach the goal of liberation from the shackles of the recurrent cycle of life and death. At the present day, Nyaya, Vaiseshika and Samkhya have only an academic interest and these systems do not influence the *mumukshu*, the seeker of salvation in any manner. Yoga is significant more as a discipline than as a philosophy. What is alive today in the thoughts of men and in their practices, both as their creed and as their conduct is Vedanta in its diverse forms. Among us, one is born into a philosophy, inheriting the faith from his parents. Forgetting the original Vedic source from which all these systems of philosophy have drawn their substance, we are putting ourselves into opposite camps stress-

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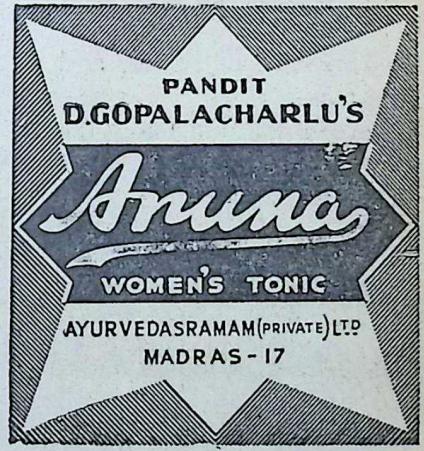


ing our doctrinal differences and ignoring our allegiance to the great Original differently reflected in each system. In our quarrels we forget *Ekam Sat vipra bahudha vadanti*. Before the followers of each system begin to fight with the rest, they will do well to remind themselves of the following slokas which emphasise that the various *darsanas* are only different paths to the same goal:

यं शैवाः समुपासते शिव इति ब्रह्मेति वेदान्तिनः
बौद्धा बुद्ध इति प्रमाणपटवः कर्तेति नैयायिकाः।
अर्हन्नित्यथ जैनशासनरताः कर्मेति मीमांसका।
सोऽयं वो विदधातु वांच्छितफलं त्रैलोक्यनाथो हरिः॥

'He whom the Saivas worship as Siva, the Vedantins as Brahman, who is worshipped as the Buddha by the Buddhists, as the Creator by the Nayyayikas, as Arhat by the Jains and as Karma by the Mimamsakas, may that Hari endow you with the fruits you desire'.

त्रयी सांख्यं योगः पशुपतिमतं वैष्णवमिति
प्रभिन्ने प्रस्थाने परमिदमदः पथ्यमिति।
रुचीनां वैचित्र्यात् ऋजुकुटिलनानापथजुषां
नृणामेको गम्यस्त्वमसि पयसामर्णव इव।

'The various schools of philosophy namely the Vedanta, Samkhya, Yoga, Pasupata and Vaishnava came to be formulated to satisfy different tastes of men. Though their directions may appear contrary, yet, as one pursues each school with the constancy ordained in it, after a shorter or a longer journey as the case may be, one will be led to the Supreme which is omnipresent even as all rivers flowing in different directions fall into the same ocean which appears at land's end everywhere and envelopes the globe on all sides'.

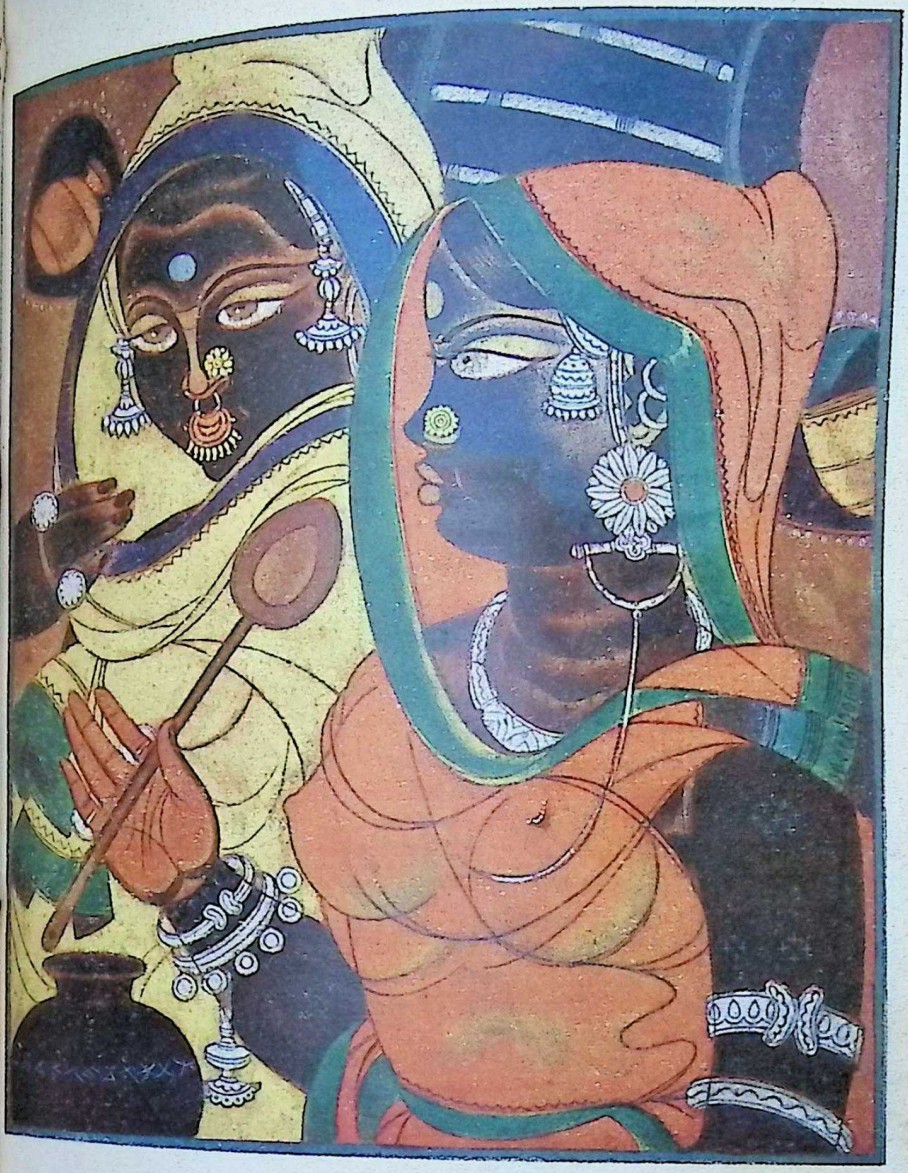
YAKSHA-PRASNA—(*Contd.*)

comes a source of sorrow and dislike breeds fear."

The next question and answer also apparently refer to the natural phenomenon of the swelling of the river by the force of its current. But it has a deeper spiritual significance. Having attained the dreamless state or Samadhi or trance, the jiva is still able to come suddenly to the waking state and imbibe the sense perceptions all around. It is able to do this of its own accord and impulse. The word *nadi* here refers to the flow of consciousness. When this flow takes place, the jiva comes to the waking state and perceives the objects in the world.

My goal is friendship with the world and I combine the greatest love for men with greatest opposition to wrong.

—Mahatma Gandhi



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on the STATE and STATESMEN

DILIP KUMAR ROY

THE Kulapati's Letter published in a recent issue of the *Bhavan's Journal* (dated 18-9-60) is not only brilliant but makes refreshing reading in these days when mass-hypnotism (with staring slogans) is abroad. I hope it will be widely read and deeply pondered. Sri Munshi is to be felicitated especially because there is all through his remarkable analysis of current trends a distinct under-current of a deeper insight and acumen than can possibly accrue to so-called nation-builders with the one brick of mounting taxation. In fact his apposite diatribes on the outlook of the "world-betterers" of today (to borrow a Shavian term) remind us of an illuminating book Sri Aurobindo wrote three decades ago, entitled, *The Ideal of Human Unity*, or rather a chapter in it entitled *The Inadequacy of the State Idea*. I give below an excerpt from this which, I trust, will be welcome to thousands groaning today under the growing incubus of the modern State led by "progressive" politicians with the help of a State which the great saint Vinoba Bhave has characterised so appositely as an "ill-fare State". (Can one question his definition after what has happened in Assam lately? To think that the Hindus can be refugees in a Hindu State, under a Hindu Raj! It had to be seen to be believed!!) But to quote the words of the great Sage:

"What, after all, is this State idea, this idea of the organised community to which the individual has to be immolated? Theoretically, it is the subordination of the individual to the good of all that is demanded; practically, it is his subordination to a collective egoism, political, military, economic, which seeks to satisfy certain collective aims and ambitions shaped and imposed on the great mass of the individuals by a smaller or larger number of ruling persons who are supposed in some way to represent the community. It is immaterial whether these belong to a governing class or emerge, as in modern States, from the mass partly by force of character, but much more by force of circumstances; nor does it make any essential difference that their aims and ideals are

imposed nowadays more by the hypnotism of verbal persuasion than by overt and actual force. In either case there is no guarantee that this ruling class or ruling body represents the best mind of the nation or its noblest aims or its highest instincts.

"Nothing of the kind can be asserted of the modern politician in any part of the world; he does not represent the soul of a people or its aspirations. What he does usually represent is all the average pettiness, selfishness, egoism, self-deception that is about him and these he represents well enough as well as *a great deal of mental incompetence and moral conventionality, timidity and pretence*. Great issues often come to him for decision but he does not deal with them greatly; *high words and noble ideas are on his lips, but they become rapidly the claptrap of a party*. The disease and falsehood of modern political life is patent in every country of the world and only the hypnotised acquiescence of all, even of the intellectual classes, in the great organised sham, cloaks and prolongs the malady, the acquiescence that men yield to everything that is habitual and makes the present atmosphere of their lives. Yet it is by such minds that the good of all has to be decided, to such hands that it has to be entrusted, to such an agency calling itself the State that the individual is being more and more called upon to give up the government of his activities. As a matter of fact, it is in no way the largest good of all that is thus secured, but a great deal of organised blundering and evil with a certain amount of good which makes for real progress, because Nature moves forward always in the midst of all stumblings and secures her aims in the end more often in spite of man's imperfect mentality than by its means.

"But even if the governing instrument were better constituted and of a higher mental and moral character, even if some way could be found to do what ancient civilisations by their enforcement of certain high ideals and disciplines tried to do with their ruling classes, still the State would not be what the State idea pretends that it is. Theoretically, it is the collective wisdom and force of the community made available and organised for the general good. Practically, what controls the engine and drives the train is so much of the intellect and power available in the community as the particular machinery of State organisation will allow to come to the surface; but it is also caught in the machinery and hampered by it and hampered as well by the large amount of folly and selfish weakness that comes up in the emergence. Doubtless, this is the best that can be done under the circumstances, and Nature, as always, utilises it for the best. But things would be much worse if there were not a field left for a less trammelled individual effort doing what the State cannot do, deploying and using the *sincerity, energy, idealism of the best individuals to attempt that which the State has not the wisdom or courage to attempt, getting that done which a collective imbecility would either leave undone or actively suppress and oppose*. It is this energy of the individual which is the really effective agent of the collective progress. The State sometimes comes in to aid it and then, if its aid

does not mean undue control, it serves a positively useful end. As often it stands in the way and then serves either as a brake upon progress or supplies the necessary amount of organised opposition and friction always needed to give greater energy and a more complete shape to the new thing which is in process of formation. But what we are now tending towards is such an increase of organised State-power and such a huge irresistible and complex State activity as will either eliminate free individual effort altogether or leave it dwarfed and cowed into helplessness. The necessary corrective to the defects, limitations and inefficiency of the State machine will disappear.

"The organised State is neither the best mind of the nation nor is it even the sum of the communal energies. It leaves out of its organised action and suppresses or unduly depresses the working force and thinking mind of important minorities, often of those which represent that which is best in the present and that which is developing for the future. It is a collective egoism much inferior to the best of which the community is capable. What that egoism is in its relation to other collective egoisms we know and its ugliness has recently been forced upon the vision and the conscience of mankind. The individual has usually something at least like a soul, and, at any rate, he makes up for the deficiencies of the soul by a system of morality and an ethical sense, and for the deficiencies of these again by the fear of social opinion or, failing that, a fear of the communal law which he has ordinarily either to obey or at least to circumvent; and even the difficulty of circumventing is a check on all except the most violent or the most skilful. *But the State is an entity which, with the greatest amount of power, is the least hampered by internal scruples or external checks. It has no soul or only a rudimentary one. It is a military, political and economic force; but it is only in a slight and undeveloped degree, if at all, an intellectual and ethical being. And unfortunately the chief use it makes of its undeveloped intellect is to blunt by fictions, catchwords and recently by State philosophies, its ill-developed ethical conscience.*"

The italics are mine.—*D.K.R.*

We are all lamps and our life constitutes the flame of that lamp. When the supply of oxygen is cut off, this lamp will go out. The best we can do, therefore, is to keep the lamp clean.

—Swami Vivekananda.

SOME LESSONS OF MAHATMA GANDHI'S LIFE

SRI PRAKASA

[*Governor of Maharashtra State*]

MEMORIES, sad and glad, of the country's Freedom struggle of the last four decades and more, would come crowding in the minds of many, with the great and gentle figure of Mahatma Gandhi dominating the scene all the time, on this the 2nd of October, when if the cruel hand of the assassin had not deprived him of life, he would have been just one and ninety years of age.

It was he who saw the light in the midst of the surrounding gloom of the early days of the century; and despite the adverse and menacing circumstances all around, beheld the torch of Freedom that would once again illumine the land. His unerring instinct also told him how the noble object could be attained.

With the strange and certain insight into human nature that he possessed in abundance, he took the masses in his confidence that no leader before him had ever thought it necessary or even feasible to do; and he adopted the outward habits of life for himself that would conform to those of the humble of the land; but still did not deny himself the resources put at man's disposal by the

advance of science in post, telegraph, telephone, motor car and the steam engine so that he could proceed towards his goal with steady and assured steps.

The way we regained our liberty looks like a miracle. History shows no precedent of a subject people gaining their freedom in the manner that we have done—gaining it without firing a shot, and continuing to maintain the sincere friendship and goodwill of those from whom we parted.

Though he is no more, his influence lingers; and if to-day nations do not plunge in a global war, even though very often on the brink of it, it is because Mahatma Gandhi's teachings still dominate the thoughts of men who now seek solutions of the most difficult problems round a council table in an atmosphere of peace and goodwill, of mutual sympathy and understanding.

It is an unfortunate fact that we in our country are inclined to be satisfied only by offering obeisance to the great, and feel we have fulfilled our duty when we have done so.

We do not generally think that it is important and necessary that we should draw for the ordering of our own lives some useful lessons from the lives of our heroes, so that we might also be able to contribute our little bit to the service of our fellowmen.

We seem to think that that is none of our business; that as ordinary mortals we have to live in the ordinary way; that great things must be done by great folks alone who must mysteriously appear in our midst from time to time, and to whom we should pay homage when they are with us, and to their memories—their statues and their portraits—when they are no more.

Let us, however, not forget that Mahatma Gandhi was intensely human; and though we cannot all be great as he was, nor do the great things that he did, we can imbibe many of his qualities, so that in our own limited spheres, we might be able to play our fitting part, and be to the people around us what he was to the world at large.

I remember how when beginning to address the Convocation of the Bihar Vidyapith at Patna in 1927, he beckoned one of the young boys in front of him to come up to him, and asked him: "What do you want to become in life?"

The fact was that in British days, the only Indian to become a Governor, was Lord Sinha, and he was assigned to Bihar.

A Governor in ordinary parlance is known as *"Lat"*—really a tall pole—and the boy not unnaturally feeling that a Governorship would be a fine distinction for himself, answered: "I want to be a *Lat.*"

There was general merriment in the audience; but Gandhiji proceeded: "My boy, I cannot make you the *Lat* of the province—that is not within my power—but I can make you the *Lat* of your village".

That is a good instance of not only the way Mahatma Gandhi's mind worked, but also how every single one of us can be truly effective and useful in our own circles if only we sincerely want to be so.

It is indeed a pity that so many of us wanting to play a part on the world

stage are not able to achieve even the little that otherwise we could and would and should have done.

If we examine Mahatma Gandhi's life, we shall see that he had himself for long worked in an anonymous manner fulfilling the duties that he had undertaken without caring for any publicity or even for the appreciation of others.

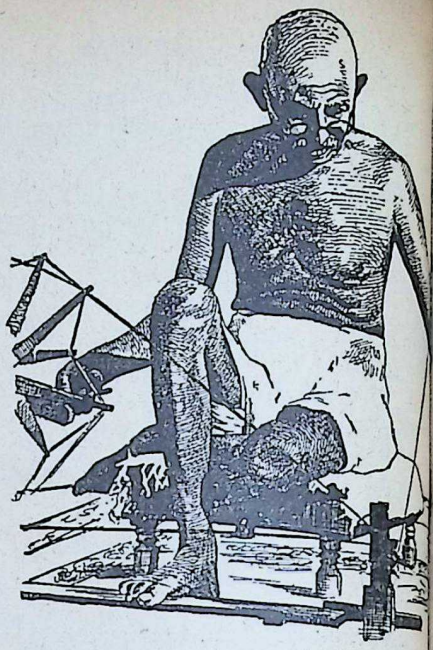
We may say that luck favoured him, and he rose to be a great and magnificent world figure. We cannot all become that—and it is just as well that we cannot!—but we can learn from his life the lesson of fulfilling our own tasks properly, and to be of service to our immediate surroundings, whether that leads or does not lead to further recognition.

Let us however not forget that when he took up any work, he applied himself to it with a determination that nothing could shake. Most of us feel disappointed, discouraged, frustrated when we meet the least little obstacle —as is inevitable in all work—and give up the struggle blaming for our failure everyone except ourselves. That was not Gandhiji's way. He stuck to his task with an iron indomitable will, and would never give up, whatever befall.

The story of our Freedom struggle is a saga of his unshaken and unshakable Faith—and has not that a lesson for us all for our own lives, however limited the circle of our activities?

Another thing that we can learn from Mahatma Gandhi which can be useful to us in whatever position we may be placed, is hard work.

It is truly said that "genius is only one per cent inspiration while it is



ninety-nine per cent perspiration". W cannot gain anything if we are n prepared to work hard—very ver hard indeed. Mahatma Gandhi is great example of this, for his averag must have been eighteen hours of soli work from day-to-day.

And there was a method in whatever he did. He knew the value o occasional rest and sleep. He alway kept his mind free from worry. H did his tasks in a detached manner, an left the results on the knees of th gods.

All who knew him and had see him working, wondered how he coul be at his labours so incessantly: speak ing or writing; interviewing or nego tiating; exhorting or spinning; advis ing individual men and women o their personal problems or taking de cisions on public questions, all th

time.

He was also a very responsible person; and when he undertook to do a thing, however small it might be, he would always do it, and nobody had any reason to doubt that he would forget what he had undertaken to do.

Let me give an example. The daughter of a friend of mine was very keen on having Mahatma Gandhi's signature in her autograph book which she had entrusted to me. I gave him her book with a request that he might be pleased to sign it. This was in 1936. He said he signed only in autograph books of hand-made paper. He asked me to leave this book with him, and offered to get an autograph book of hand-made paper prepared for this little girl, and sign on it and send it to me.

This autograph book I had given him in the midst of busy days when he had come for the Congress at Lucknow.

Some weeks later, I received back both the original book, that my friend's daughter had sent through me, as well as a new autograph book of hand-made paper that he had got specially prepared for her, and on which he had duly put his signature!

I do not know how many of us would be as meticulous as he. In small things as in great, everyone could depend upon him. Not many of us are truly responsible in the real sense of the word. We are all inclined to make promises rather airily, and forget them immediately they are made. That is the cause of a great deal of confusion in our social and economic life, for no one can or does really trust anyone else; and it is time that we learnt this important lesson from Mahatmaji's life, and followed him rather than worshipped him, both for our own good, and the good of society as a whole.

Mahatmaji's efficiency was unbounded. He used no expensive chairs or tables, no fashionable pens or inkpots for his work. As he travelled about, his files were tied up in a bundle; but this bundle which he called his office—*daftar*—was a symbol of the perfection of the master's performance.

I remember his asking me to see him at Wardha in 1942 when he wanted me to proceed to Jodhpur on a particularly important and delicate political mission. I had no idea that I was to be entrusted with this task when I was summoned to his presence. As I arrived, he pulled out from this bundle a file, and gave me instructions regarding 'who's who' and 'what's what' in Jodhpur. He put me in the picture in a few minutes, passed the file to me, and before I could protest or say anything, asked me to be off. To my utter amazement, everything turned out exactly as Mahatmaji had foreseen!

I may add that this was at the time that he was preparing for his "Quit-India" movement when ordinarily he should not have thought of undertaking or asking anyone else to undertake anything else. He, however, thought of everything all the time, and did not allow any possible future difficulties in any direction to interfere with any of his many items of activity.

His knowledge of things was remarkable. When I was sent to Pakistan as High Commissioner, he spoke to me

(*Continued on page 74*)

Many Happy Returns

On a certain day in 1933, the gates of the Nasik Central Prison opened to discharge a tall and distinguished looking youth, on completion of his sentence of imprisonment. There is little doubt that when the historian of the future comments on our times, he will mark out that event as one of the significant happenings of the year 1933.

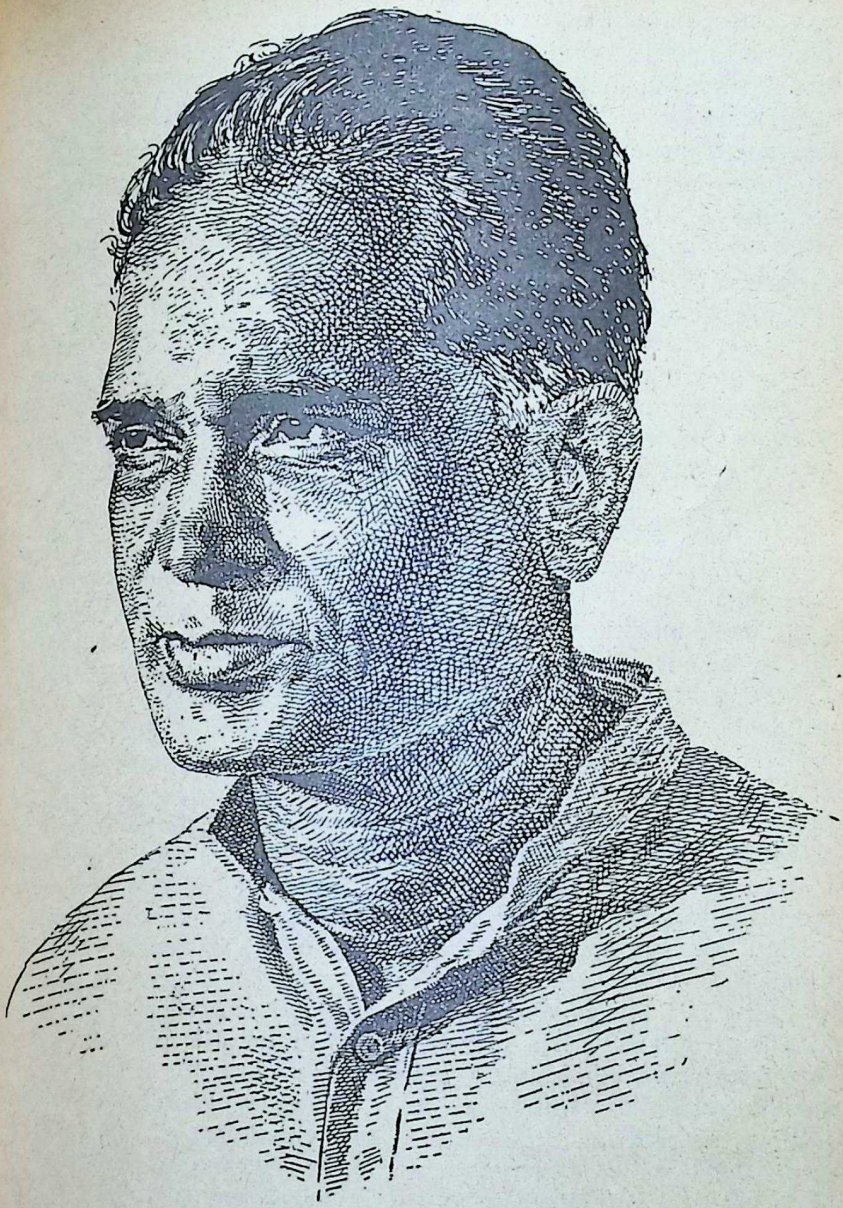
For, with his release, a new force had emerged in Indian politics. Jayaprakash Narayan came out of prison with an idea, a purpose and a vision.

He is today one of the most popular and respected names in Indian public life.

But few know what a magnificent personality it is that passes under the name of Jayaprakash.

Fewer still suspect the widely varied experience and adventures that have gone to the making of so fascinating a man.

—Yusuf Meherally



[Sri Jayaprakash Narayan: b. October 11, 1902.]

with much feeling regarding the condition of Hindus there in the wake of the tragic partition of the country. He said that the million and a half of well-to-do urban folk would all come away from Sind, but that I must take very great care of the two lakhs of the unfortunate peasants of Tharparkar who would be left behind, not knowing what else to do.

I knew no problems of Sind,—I had never heard of Tharparkar and its peasants—when I went there; but the facts were exactly as he had described. The urban population walked away not wanting to remain in Pakistan despite all my pleadings that they should stay on. The Tharparkar peasants, however, would not leave, for they had no other place to go to. They would go only if lands exactly like what they had been used to, could be given to them; and such lands were nowhere available. They remained back, and had been very often in my own thoughts. I may only hope they are well. It was truly amazing that Mahatma Gandhi knew all this.

People have often been surprised at his knowledge of the actual prices of things that were auctioned for his funds at his public meetings. He seemed to know everything about everything that was in the land. How he acquired all this knowledge and how he was able to retain it, is a mystery that only great men can solve. I am too small a person to think even of approaching the riddle.

Then there was his intense concentration of mind and effort on anything that was immediately in hand. This, I believe, is a characteristic of all persons who are truly great. When they are at some work, they put all their mind and heart in it, and do n think of other things while they a performing it.

I had occasion to be a good de with him during his tour in Utt Pradesh in 1929, on the eve of h starting the Salt Satyagraha movemen I was the General Secretary of th then United Provinces Provincial Co gress Committee, and as such in-charg of his tour.

He would sit down in the midst o an enthusiastically demonstratin crowd, to write out an article fo "Young India". He did not seem t hear or see anything as he put his min to his work for the moment.

Unfortunately few of us have th very useful and necessary power o concentration. We are very often in clined to think more of other thing than the work we are actually doing and worry over everything, thus spoi ing our own work and ourselves a well in the bargain.

He could also sleep in impossibl conditions; and not even the lou shouts and cheers of large crowd could disturb him as he took his fiv to ten minutes' nap in moving cars.

Mahatmaji was punctual to a fault and however late he might have kep up at night, he would rise at four in th morning for his prayers, even thoug he may go off for a short nap afte performing this important part of hi daily routine.

He very carefully fulfilled all hi own engagements to the second—keep ing no one waiting at any time.

He was very considerate of the need and comforts of persons around him He kept close personal relations wit all, high and humble alike, who wer associated with him in any of hi

great missions of Freedom—economic, social and political. Messages of goodwill on occasions of joy, and of sympathy in moments of sorrow, would be received by persons in distant places to their utter amazement, for ordinarily they could not have even imagined that Mahatma Gandhi would know of their personal joys and sorrows, or would care to take notice of them.

Thus when my wife died in 1926, there was his telegram of deep sympathy. When my daughter married in 1934, there was his message of felicitations and good wishes. When my father was dangerously ill in 1941, and Government sent me out on parole from jail to look after him, I had his anxious telegrams of enquiry enjoining on me to keep him informed from day to day about the condition of my father's health. Many like me have had reason to be greatly touched by such kind considerateness on his part.

To my mind, if we who are humble and have our own struggles to face in our limited spheres of activity and difficult conditions of existence would, without unnecessarily breaking our hearts in search of fame, greatness and distinction, perform our tasks properly, never allowing obstacles to dishearten us; be punctual and methodical, ever working hard and in a manner that all with whom we deal, could absolutely be assured that we mean what we say, and that we could be trusted entirely; and if we would deal with our fellowmen with sympathy and keep them attached to ourselves and not abandon them when our own work is done;—we would be able to make our world a very different place to what we find it to-day.

And if these important lessons are grasped by us from Mahatma Gandhi's life, he certainly would not have lived and died for us in vain.

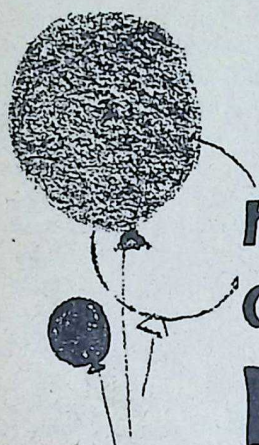
To-day as we celebrate his birthday and recall his memory with reverence and gratitude, let us ponder over these lessons from his life as he actually lived it; and by doing the tasks allotted to us or voluntarily taken up by us in life—domestic, social, professional or public—properly and well, prove ourselves truly worthy of him, and thus actively help to ensure the Freedom of our country that he has left to us as a sacred legacy for all time to come.

[*Broadcast Talk on Oct. 2, 1960. Courtesy: A.I.R.*]

Identification with everything that lives is impossible without self-purification; without self-purification the observance of the law of ahimsa *must remain an empty dream; God can never be realized by one who is not pure of heart. Self-purification therefore must mean purification in all the walks of life. And purification being highly infectious, purification of oneself necessarily leads to the purification of one's surroundings.*

—Mahatma Gandhi.

. . . The only real answer to inflation is increased productivity . . . Our goal does not appear to be productive efficiency but merely greater welfare . . .



reflections on INFLATION

H. M. PATEL, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THAT inflation has taken place and has not yet ceased is not now questioned by anyone. The kind of arguments which were used recently in the course of the Parliamentary debate to show that there is nothing unusual in this and that we are better off than most countries of the West because inflation has taken place in those countries to an even greater extent is quite irrelevant. What matters is the actual additional burden that the rise in prices constitutes for the average citizen of this country and viewed from that point there can be very little doubt that the rise in prices affects very seriously in particular a considerable section of the people of this country—the ill-defined middle class.

We must concede that if developmental activities are to proceed at all at a reasonable tempo, the inflation or rise in prices is unavoidable. Since we are all desirous of rapid development, we must reconcile ourselves to this measure of inflation. If inflation gets out of hand it may jeopardise our very existence as a free democratic country besides, of course, bringing untold misery upon the mass of our people.

What causes inflation? Quite simply when supply or production does not keep pace with the demand; or, put differently, when there is more money in the hands of the people, and not enough goods of the kind they desire to buy with that money, goods of essential kind and consumer goods generally.

With us, our plans have deliberately

Inflation is loss of capital in its widest sense. The Latin word signifies "blowing up"; in its narrower sense therefore it signifies the blowing up of a currency.

* * *

The population must be made to realize again and again that undertakings which fail to provide a surplus will be compelled to close down and to dismiss staffs. Furthermore, the population must realize clearly that there is a fundamental connection between wages and output. Where no surplus is achieved, no surplus can be distributed. The man who produces more must receive a higher remuneration than the man who produces less. Liberty is not synonimous with laziness. Freedom is not given away: it must be earned daily, in war by force of arms, in peace by the work of brain and hand. Whoever desires better housing, clothing and food must work for it. That is God's law. But it is also the essential condition of all economic progress in a country.

* * *

The State does not exist to make its citizens happy—that is the citizens' own job. The State exists to protect its citizens. Gifts and acts of charity are bad educators: difficulties and hardship are the making of men.

—*Dr. Hjalmar Schacht.*

pumped into the economy large sums of money for the creation of what may be described as economic overheads which will enable us hereafter to produce more consumer goods but which, at the moment, have created the imbalance between supply of money in the hands of the people and supply of the kind of goods they stand in need of. The plans have of course endeavoured to ensure an adequate production of essential consumer goods, and, had a full measure of success attended those efforts, the rise in prices of those essential goods would not have occurred at all or would have been of not a significant nature. Unfortunately our efforts there have not been adequately successful. A factor which has attributed to this situation has been the rather rapid rise in population. Here again our effort to get people to accept family planning has been hesitant and not adequate.

The Third Plan, it is clear, may accelerate the pace of inflation. Even though agriculture is given the highest priority, the emphasis on heavy industry is maintained. The rate of increase in population despite the growing popularity of family planning is likely to remain higher than the rate of development our production can afford. Not enough importance, nevertheless, is given in the plan to family planning. It is admitted that the plan will not be able to reduce even the existing level of unemployment, and indeed the possibilities are that there may be some slight increase in it. This growing unemployment is in a sense an important anti-inflationary force: its political significance, of course, is more sinister, just as its human and social aspects are serious.

The size of the Plan calls for large resources. Where are they to come from? Admittedly to a large extent from indirect taxation. And indirect taxation of the order that will be necessary cannot but lead to a rise in prices of consumer goods in the main.

The Government can keep the price level under control, if it can organise

successfully efficient machinery for the regulation of prices of a large number of goods, not merely essential goods but also certain basic materials such as steel, cement, timber, etc. The apprehension however is that Government will not be able to create this necessary machinery, or if it is created, to give it the requisite support and freedom from interference by interested parties.

It is clear that the only real answer to inflation is increased productivity. How is this increased productivity to be achieved? The past record does not warrant only undue optimism in this respect. Despite elaborate planning, the production of the three new steel plants will not even reach 50% of the target that should have been reached. This was due to the failure to co-ordinate the production and supply of coal, iron ore, etc. The target of increase in production of coal will again not be achieved and the short-fall in fertiliser production is, and will be of a significant character. The fertiliser factory at Sindri which had achieved its maximum target of production fell off considerably from it during the current year—by as much as a hundred thousand tons: this is said to have been due to short supply of coal! Then again the labour legislation has all been designed to improve the lot of the workers but not to the effect that simultaneously with increased emoluments and amenities, there is achieved satisfactory increase in productivity. The result, thus, tends to be, in many a sphere, unsatisfactory.

We appear to be great devotees of Parkinson's Law in most administrative spheres. Our goal does not appear to be productive efficiency but merely greater welfare.

Kubera

While controls and regulations may be necessary in certain spheres, the onus surely lies upon Government when it introduces control and regulation even in industries which are capable of producing as much as and indeed more than what is required by the consumers. The textile industry left to itself can produce all the cloth that the country needs and enough to spare for the export trade. And yet everything possible seems to be done to discourage production. In 1957 the production was over five thousand million yards and it fell in the following year by more than three hundred million yards, thanks to restrictive policies.

Pageant of Great Lives—13

APPAR

Ah! Designer Infinite!
Must Thou char the wood
Before Thou canst limn with it?

Appar

SAIVITE tradition in Tamilnad speaks of sixty-three saints. But this number is not to be taken as exact or final. Even of these sixty-three, we have group names like, 'Those without false allegiance,' and 'Devotees of the Lord-beyond'. 'Beyond' here refers to those beyond the confines of the land and times in which the saints referred to, lived. This is an indication of an undercurrent of

Dr. V. A. Devasenapathi

belief in Saivism (as for that matter, in Hinduism in general) that whoever worships the Lord (and whatever be the form of worship or the name by which the Lord is addressed) with sincerity and devotion is acceptable to Him and is to be considered a devotee.

Appar, Tirujnanasambandhar, Sundarar and Manikkavachagar are four of the Saivite saints whose names have become household words in Tamilnad. Though they belong to the highest spiritual level, they are considered exemplars *par excellence* of four steps in spiritual life, viz. Charya (cleaning the temple etc.), Kriya (gathering

things necessary for worship), Yoga (communion with the Lord) and Jnana (union with the Lord). Their spiritual lives are said to exemplify four kinds of relationship to God—relationship as between (1) master and servant, (2) father and son, (3) between two friends and (4) teacher and pupil (or lover and beloved).

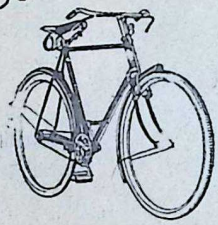
Appar was the elder contemporary of Tirujnanasambandhar. His original name was Marulnikkiyar. Another name by which Appar is known is Tirunavukkarasu (Lord of the sacred utterance), a name given by the Lord in appreciation of the saint's poetic gifts.

'Appar' (literally 'Father') was the name by which Tirujnanasambandhar hailed him—a name which combines respect with affection.

Appar was born in the seventh c tury, A.D., in Tiruvamur in So Arcot District (South India). H parents were Pugalanar and Mad niyar. He had a sister by name, Ti kavatiyar. Tilakavatiyar was enga to be married to Kalippagai Nayan It so happened that Kalippagai Na nar who was the commander-in-ch of the King's army had to lead a m tary expedition to the north. He w killed in action. Though the wedd had not taken place, Tilakavatiyar c sidered herself bound to him a would think of marrying no one e In the meantime, her parents also d Grief-stricken, she wanted to put end to her life. But the disconso condition of her brother made decide to live for his sake.

Appar was an earnest seeker a

THE FOREMOST NAME IN BICYCLES



FOR 75 YEARS

RALEIGH

SEN-RALEIGH

SRC-72

Truth. Jainism was prevalent at this time in the King's Court as well as among the people. Appar felt the influence of Jainism so much as to give up his own faith and embrace Jainism. He rose to a position of eminence among the Jaina teachers and came to be known as Dharmasena. This course of events saddened the heart of Tilakavatiyar who, becoming a recluse, went to a sacred place in the neighbourhood and engaged herself in doing service in the temple. Her prayer to the Lord was that her brother should come back to his ancestral faith!

The Lord chose to answer Tilakavatiyar's prayer in a peculiar way. Appar was stricken with a severe type of stomach-ache. All efforts of his co-religionists to cure him proved unavailing whereupon he sent word to his sister. She asked him to come to her. When Appar went back to his sister, she gave him the sacred ashes and took him to the temple. As he prayed to the Lord in the temple for forgiveness and cure, the disease was cured. He was blessed with the gift of sacred poesy. From that time on, Appar started visiting temples in various parts of the country and singing the praises of the Lord.

The Jainas were upset by Appar's reconversion to Saivism. This would be a blow to their influence. So they told the King that Appar had feigned illness, thus making it impossible for them to cure him. They asked the King to send for Appar and punish him. When the King's messengers went to him, Appar refused to go to the King saying that he recognised none save the Lord as his master. In a verse which is widely known, he replied that he was subject to none, was not afraid of death, stood in no danger of going to hell, led no false life in the world, was confident that no one could hurt him, knew no (spiritual) disease, was subservient to none, had abiding joy and never any misery—all because as a bond slave of the Lord, he had sought shelter at His Feet.

The King's messengers pleaded with him to go with them as otherwise they would be visited with the King's displeasure. Appar went with them. Advised by the Jainas, the King subjected Appar to ordeals which remind us of those which Prahlada had to undergo. Appar was locked up in a limekiln for a number of days. When they opened it at last, expecting to find him dead, they found him 'calm and cool'. He had been contemplating the Feet of the Lord all the time!

> Like (the melody of) the faultless Vina, like the evening crescent,
> Like the soft southern breeze, like the Spring (conspiring to load and bless with its fruits),
> Like the fragrant flower-covered tank frequented by bees,
> Is the shelter of the Feet of my Father and Lord.

(It will be seen here that the senses of hearing, sight, touch, taste and smell could feast without satiety by being sublimated and attuned to divinity). As Appar sang this song, He who protects us from the 'fretful fever of life', protected His devotee from the heat of the limekiln.

Finding Appar alive, the King's men made him drink poison. The *Puranas* say that Siva drank poison to save the worlds from destruction. The blue throat of Siva is a perpetual re-

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minder of this act of mercy. It was but natural for the devotee of Siva to drink poison and feel no untoward effects! The king's men set a wild elephant on Appar. As the elephant rushed towards him, Appar sang that as he was a devotee of the Lord (whose name is potent to kill the mischief of not one—but five strong elephants viz. our five senses and, Who is the Father of Vinayaka) he feared nothing and had nothing to fear. The elephant went round him respectfully, turned back and charged against the people who had set it against Appar. Finding all these efforts to kill him unsuccessful, a final attempt was made. They tied him to a heavy stone and cast him into the sea expecting that he would be drowned. Appar started uttering the name of the Lord, the name which helps one to swim across the sea of *samsara*. The stone became a float for Appar to reach a neighbouring shore, near Tiruppadirippuliyur. The trials were over and Appar recommenced his practice of worshipping his Lord at all sacred places. In a repentant mood, Mahendravarma Pallava, the king who had persecuted him, went to the saint, and begged him to forgive him and take him back to Saivism. The Saint readily did so.

With a small spade in his hand to remove stones and thorns from the precincts of the temple, Appar went from one sacred place to another singing the praises of the Lord. Though his songs directly and indirectly reflect his spiritual wisdom, Appar never claimed any wisdom. He considered himself a humble devotee of the Lord. One of his verses runs thus:

The wise ones worship You in their wisdom.
I am incapable of worshipping You in wisdom.
Seeing the wise ones worship You in wisdom
Oh, Wise One, I also join the worship.

But Appar's life is a supreme example of practical spiritual wisdom. He set himself to do manual work in the service of his Lord, by clearing the path for worshippers. But his mind and spirit were wholly given over to contemplation of the Lord. Like the saint who said he could pray with his pots and pans, Appar could pray with his spade and shovel and practise the presence of the Lord. He prayed to the Lord to purify his body by placing the marks of the sacred bull and the trident on his arms. The Lord granted this prayer.

Appar went from one sacred place to another. Chidambaram was one of the places he visited. When he went to Sirkali, he met Tirujnanasambandhar, the boy-saint, and was affectionately addressed by him as 'Appar.' Appar prayed to the Lord to place His Feet on his head. This prayer was also granted.

There was a pious person by name Appudi Adigal in Tingalur. He had heard of the greatness of Appar and was so drawn to him that he called his son and every possession of his by the name Tirunavukkarasu (a name given to Appar by the Lord, as we saw earlier). When Appar went to Tingalur, Appudi Adigal was overjoyed to see in person one whose very name was sacred to him. Arrangements were made for a feast. Appudi Adigal's son who went into the garden

Jnanasambandhar

to get a plantain leaf was bitten by a snake. He rushed back, gave the plantain leaf to his parents and collapsed. The parents were worried that this mishap might prevent Appar from taking his meal and so did not inform Appar about it. By the Lord's grace, Appar found out what had happened, prayed to the Lord to restore the dead child to life. The Lord was pleased to do so.

In the course of his pilgrimage he met Tirujnanasambandhar again and also three other saints, Siruttondar, Tirunilanakkar and Muruga Na-

yanar. All of them stayed together for some days. Then Appar and Tirujnanasambandhar started out together. It was a time of famine in the neighbourhood of the Cauvery delta. The saints prayed to the Lord for relief to the starving people. The Lord was pleased to give each of them every day a gold coin with which they were able to buy provisions for the starving people.

At Maraikkadu, the main doors of the temple were closed by the Vedas. Appar prayed to the Lord to have the doors opened. When the doors were opened, the saints went in and worshipped. On coming out, Sambandhar prayed to the Lord to close the doors again. The doors were closed again.

There was a difference in these occurrences. Appar had to sing for a long time before the Lord answered his prayer whereas Sambandhar prayer was answered almost imm diately. Appar was filled with sorr that he was unable to understand t Lord's will. As he slept that night, t Lord appeared in his dream and a ed him to go to Tiruvaymur. App went there but was not able to see t Lord. Meanwhile, Sambandhar a joined him. Appar prayed to the Lo to reveal Himself at least to his s (Tirujnanasambandhar's life, we s earlier, exemplifies the parent-chi relationship with God). The Lord r vealed Himself to Sambandhar w showed Him to Appar.

Messengers arrived from the Que of the Pandiyan king and his ch minister to request Tirujnanasamba dhar to go to Madurai to restore S vism. The Pandiyan king had co under the influence of the Jainas a

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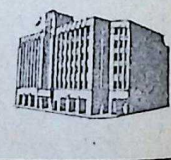

d embraced Jainism. Appar was willing to let Sambandhar go, fearing persecution by the Jainas and, offered to go himself. Sambandhar declined this kind offer. Appar tried to dissuade him saying that the planets etc. were inauspicious for travel. Sambandhar sang a number of verses whose central theme is that if the Lord is pleased to abide with us, nothing could go wrong with us. Planets, so-called inauspicious days, wild animals, malevolent spirits—all these would be good to those in whose heart the Lord is pleased to reside. The message, in brief, is 'If you make your heart the dwelling place of the Lord, you can "shake the yoke of inauspicious stars."' Perhaps it was Appar's desire to tell the world through the boy-saint who spoke as one with the authority of his divine Father, that where the Lord reigns, there everything would be auspicious.

As Appar resumed his pilgrimage, one day he was overcome by hunger and fatigue. Unmindful of these, he was continuing his journey. The Lord was pleased to appear in human form, give him food and water and a cool place to rest in for some time. When Appar resumed his journey, the Lord went with him and disappeared as the saint drew near a shrine. Appar realised that it was the Lord who was pleased to appear before him and give him all help.

Visiting several sacred places, the saint went to Kalahasti, a place with which the name of Kannappar is associated. Kalahasti is called Southern Kailas. This roused the desire of Appar to visit Kailas in the north. This was an arduous journey. Appar was

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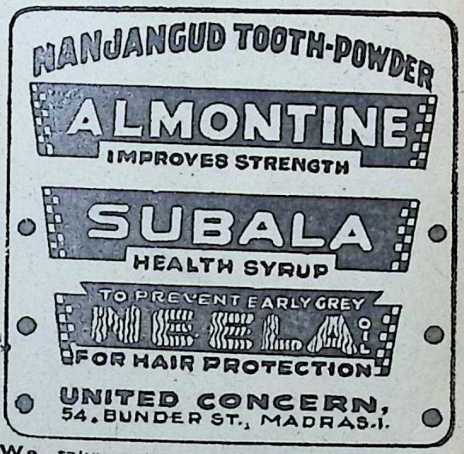

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badly bruised in body and limb by the obstacles on his way. The flesh was failing but the spirit knew no fatigue and would not admit failure. As the saint was urging his broken and bruised body along the road to Kailas, he reached a condition of physical immobility. The Lord appeared in the form of an ascetic and told him that he should give up this humanly impossible quest. But the saint said that he would not return without seeing Kailas. Pleased with his determination, the Lord disappeared. Speaking from the skies, the Lord asked him to get up. The saint got up, whole in body and limb. The Lord said that if the saint bathed in the tank nearby, he would reach Tiruvaiyaru in the South where he would see Him exactly as He was in Kailas. The saint obeyed the Lord, stepped into the tank and reappeared in Tiruvaiyaru. In Kailas, the Lord abides with His consort. What was the sight that greeted Appar in Tiruvaiyaru? Every living being, to whatever species it belonged, appeared with its mate before the saint. This vision faded after a while. This was a revelation of divinity in all living beings. To the spiritual eye, the male and female of every species of living beings appeared as the Lord and His consort. By the Lord's grace, the saint understood this as the real significance of Kailas.

When Appar was staying in Tiruppundurutti, Sambandhar returned from Madurai after re-establishing Saivism in the King's Court as well as among the people. He came in his palanquin to see Appar. Unobserved by others, Appar joined the palanquin-bearers. Sambandhar was surprised to find Appar among his palanquin-bearers and was deeply touched by the aged saint's humility. Appar was very happy to hear about the restoration of Saivism in Madurai. He went to Madurai and other sacred places in the South up to Rameswaram and returned to Tiruppugalur.

All his life, Appar had been an ascetic. He did not go the way of all flesh. He cared not for worldly riches. But was he well-poised in spirit? As the saint was plying his spade to remove stones and thorns, the Lord caused precious stones to appear among them. The *Periya Puranam* says that the saints treat gold and potsherd as alike matter. Appar exemplified this attitude. He threw away the precious stones along with the ordinary ones.

Now came a more irresistible temptation. Celestial damsels appeared before him and tried to distract his mind with their seductive charms. The saint spurned them as so many forms of delusion. They went away unable to divert his attention from contemplation of the Lord. What he preached to humanity, he practised to perfection. "Attune your minds to contemplation of the Lord. No harm will befall you," he said. In the face of temptations also, he displayed this attunement of the mind.

The saint had lived a long life—a life of intense search for Truth, a life of great suffering by persecution—but a life of great joy when he had discovered the Truth in his own ancestral faith. He now prayed for departure from this world so that he could be always in the presence of the Lord. The Lord was pleased to take him back to Himself.

The songs of Appar have a moving quality about them. Though based on intense spiritual experience of an ex-

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ted kind, they touch a sympathetic chord in the hearts of common people also. Perhaps, it is because the saint identifies himself with the common people that we feel a kinship of spirit with him. He is master of a special form of long verse. Yet, other verses of his, shorter in form, also are gems of their kind. All his verses have an authoritativeness about them. Here is one which combines profundity of thought with brevity of expression.

Like fire (hidden) in fuel, like butter in good milk,
Stands concealed He Who is like the effulgence of a (precious) stone;
With love as churning rod and wisdom as the rope,
As we vigorously churn forth, He stands revealed.

The significance of this verse is thus pointed out: The three grades of human beings, the dull, the buoyant and the wise (*tamasik, rajasik* and *sattvik* types) are comparable to fuel, milk and unpolished precious stone respectively. Only with long and vigorous effort can fire be churned out of fuel; with vigorous effort, butter churned out of milk; and with slight effort in polishing, brightness brought forth from the precious stone. Even so are the efforts to manifest divinity in the three grades of souls. What are the instruments which help us to manifest our innate divinity? A loving heart and an enlightened understanding!

Devotion is of two types, one where there is some measure of human effort and another where there is utter self-surrender. These are usually compared to the way of the young one of a monkey and the way of the young one of a cat. The former's safety lies in clinging to its mother; the latter's, in its utter surrender to its mother. Appar gives two other parallels for these two types. They are the ladder and the boat respectively. The ladder helps us to go from a low to a high level. But we have got to do the climbing. The boat, on the other hand, carries us from one shore to another, without any effort on our part.

Human birth is frequently spoken of as an evil. This is because the high purpose of human birth is forgotten among the temptations of worldly life. But, says the saint, "If it enables us to see the sweet-smiling face of the Lord, even human birth is to be welcomed indeed!" He calls upon men to realise the value of human birth with opportunities for worship of the Lord it makes possible. Human birth enables us to become servants of the Lord. Yes, to the devotee, service to the Lord is perfect freedom. Why human life? Even the life of a worm is to be welcomed, *if* the Lord is pleased to abide with it.

Appar thinks of the commonfolk whose faith requires help in distress. Identifying himself with them, he sings, "People like me will not believe in your existence, if devotees are left helpless in distress." But his own faith is not a fair-weather one. It could withstand any storm, physical or spiritual.

What if the sky falls,
The earth quakes,
The mountain turns upside down,
The swelling sea dries up,
And the Sun comes down,
To one who has attained the perfect Lord!

What a message of hope and courage to mankind! Surrender yourself to the Lord. Neither global nor even cosmic catastrophe can have any terrors for you!

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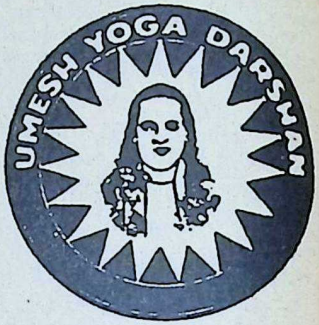

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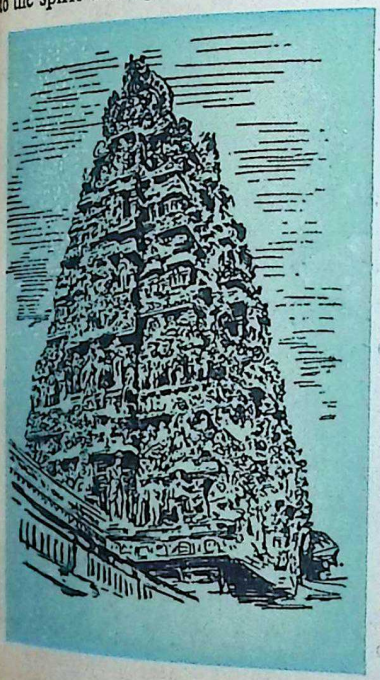
The Significance of Indian Architecture

Sri Aurobindo

ARCHITECTURE, sculpture and painting, because they are the three great arts which appeal to the spirit through the eye, are those



too in which the sensible and the invisible meet with the strongest emphasis on themselves and yet the greatest necessity of each other. The form with its insistent masses, proportions, lines, colours, can here only justify them by their service for the something intangible it has to express; the spirit needs all the possible help of the material body to interpret itself to itself through the eye, yet asks of it that it shall be as transparent a veil as possible of its own greater significance.... For the Indian mind form does not exist except as a creation of the spirit and draws all its meaning and value from the spirit. Every line, arrangement of mass, colour, shape, posture, every physical suggestion, however many, crowded, opulent they may be, is first and last a suggestion, a hint, very often a symbol which is in its main function a support for a spiritual emotion, idea, image that again goes beyond itself to the less

definable, but more powerfully sensible reality of the spirit which has excited these movements in the aesthetic mind and passed through them into significant shapes.

This characteristic attitude of the Indian reflective and creative mind necessitates in our view of its creations an effort to get beyond at once to the inner spirit of the reality it expresses and see from it and not from outside. And in fact to start from the physical details and their synthesis appears to me quite the wrong way to look at an Indian work of art.... Here the only right way is to get at once through a total intuitive or revelatory impression or by some meditative dwelling on the whole, *dhyana* in the technical Indian term, to the spiritual meaning and atmosphere, make ourselves one with that as completely as possible, and then only the helpful meaning and value of all the rest comes out with a complete and revealing force. For here it is the spirit that carries the form.... The striking phrase of Epictetus recurs to the mind in which he describes man as a little soul carrying a corpse, *psucharion ei bastazon nekron*....

But the seeing of the Indian mind and of Indian art is that of a great, a limitless self and spirit, *mahan atma,* which carries to us in the sea of its presence a living shape of itself, small in comparison to its own infinity, but yet sufficient by the power that informs this symbol to support some aspect of that infinite's self-expression. It is therefore essential that we should look here not solely with the physical eye informed by the reason and the aesthetic imagination, but make the physical seeing a passage to the opening of the inner spiritual eye and moved communion in the soul. A gre oriental work of art does not ea reveal its secret to one who comes it solely in a mood of aesthetic cur sity or with a considering critical c jective mind, still less as the cultiv ed and interested tourist passing amo strange and foreign things; but it h to be seen in loneliness, in the solitu of one's self, in moments when o is capable of long and deep medit tion and as little weighted as possib with the conventions of material lif That is why the Japanese with the fine sense in these things.... have p their temples and their Buddhas often as possible away on mountai and in distant or secluded scenes Nature and avoid living with gre paintings in the crude hours of da life, but keep them by preference such a way that their undisputed su gestion can sink into the mind in i finer moments or apart where th can go and look at them in a treasur secrecy when the soul is at leisu from life. That is an indication of th utmost value pointing to the nature the appeal made by eastern art an the right way and mood for lookin at its creations.

Indian architecture especially d mands this kind of inner study an this spiritual self-identification with i deepest meaning and will not othe wise reveal itself to us. The secula buildings of ancient India, her palac and places of assembly and civic ed fices have not outlived the ravage time; what remains to us is most something of the great mountain an cave temples, something too of th temples of her ancient cities of th

plains, and for the rest we have the shrines and shrines of her later times, whether situated in temple cities and places of pilgrimage like Srirangam and Rameshwaram or in her great once regal towns like Madura, when the temple was the centre of life. It is then the most hieratic side of a hieratic art that remains to us. These sacred buildings are the signs, the architectural self-expression of an ancient spiritual and religious culture. Ignore the spiritual suggestion, the religious significance, the meaning of the symbols and indications, look only with the rational and secular aesthetic mind, and it is vain to expect that we shall get to any true and discerning appreciation of this art....

Indian sacred architecture of whatever date, style or dedication goes back to something timelessly ancient and now outside India almost wholly lost, something which belongs to the past, and yet it goes forward too, though this the rationalistic mind will not easily admit, to something which will return upon us and is already beginning to return, something which belongs to the future. An Indian temple, to whatever godhead it may be built, is in its inmost reality an altar raised to the divine Self, a house of the Cosmic Spirit, an appeal and aspiration to the Infinite. As that and in the light of that seeing and conception it must in the first place be understood, and everything else must be seen in that setting and that light, and then only can there be any real understanding. No artistic eye however alert and sensible and no aesthetic mind however full and sensitive can arrive at that understanding, if it is attached to a Hellenised conception of rational beauty or shuts itself up in a materialised or intellectual interpretation and fails to open itself to the great things here meant by a kindred close response to some touch of the cosmic consciousness, some revelation of the greater spiritual self, some suggestion of the Infinite. These things, the spiritual self, the cosmic spirit, the Infinite, are not rational, but suprarational, eternal presences, but to the intellect only words, and visible, sensible, near only to an intuition and revelation in our inmost selves. An art which starts from them as a first conception can only give us what it has to give, their touch, their nearness, their self-disclosure, through some responding intuition and revelation in us, in our own soul, our own self. It is this which one must come to it to find and not demand from it the satisfaction of some quite other seeking or some very different turn of imagination and more limited superficial significance....

This is the first truth of Indian architecture and its significance which demands emphasis and it leads at once to the answer to certain very common misapprehension and objections. All art reposes on some unity and all its details, whether few and sparing or lavish and crowded and full, must go back to that unity and help its significance; otherwise it is not art....

The greater unity that really is there can never be arrived at at all if the eye begins and ends by dwelling on form and detail and ornament, because it will then be obsessed by these things and find it difficult to go beyond to the unity which all this in its totality serves not so much to express in it-

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self, but to fill it with that which comes out of it and relieve its oneness by multitude. An original oneness, not a combined or synthetic or an effected unity, is that from which this art begins and to which its work when finished returns or rather lives in it as in its self and natural atmosphere. Indian sacred architecture constantly represents the greatest oneness of the self, the cosmic, the infinite in the immensity of its world-design, the multitude of its features of self-expression, *laksana,* (yet the oneness is greater than and independent of their totality and in itself indefinable), and all its starting-point of unity in conception, its mass of design and immensity of material, its crowding abundance of significant ornament and detail and its return towards oneness are only intelligible as necessary circumstances of this poem, this epic or this lyric—for there are smaller structures which are such lyrics—of the Infinite....

To appreciate this spiritual-aesthetic truth of Indian architecture, it will be best to look first at some work where there is not the complication of surroundings now often out of harmony with the building, outside even those temple towns which still retain their dependence on the sacred motive, and rather in some place where there is room for a free background of Nature. I have before me two prints which can well serve the purpose, a temple at Kalahasti, a temple at Simhachalam, two buildings entirely different in treatment and yet one in the ground and the universal motive. The straight way here is not to detach the temple from its surroundings, but to see it in unity with the sky and low-

lying landscape or with the sky and hills around and feel the thing common to both, the construction and its environment, the reality in Nature, the reality expressed in the work of art. The oneness to which this Nature aspires in her inconscient self-creation and in which she lives, the oneness to which the soul of man uplifts itself in his conscious spiritual upbuilding, his labour of aspiration here expressed in stone, and in which so upbuilt he and his work live, are the same and the soul-motive is one. Thus seen this work of man seems to be something which has started out and detached itself against the power of the natural world, something of the one common aspiration in both to the same infinite spirit of itself,—the inconscient upsurge and against it the strong single relief of the self-conscient effort and success of finding. One of these buildings climbs up bold, massive in projection, uppiled in the greatness of a forceful but sure ascent, preserving its range and line to the last, the other soars from the strength of its base, in the grace and emotion of a curving mass to a rounded summit and crowning symbol. There is in both a constant, subtle yet pronounced lessening from the base towards the top, but at each stage a repetition of the same form, the same multiplicity of insistence, the same crowded fullness and indented relief, but one maintains its multiple endeavour and indication to the last, the other ends in a single sign. To find the significance we have first to feel the oneness of the infinity in which this nature and this art live, then see this thronged expression as the sign of the infinite multiplicity which fills

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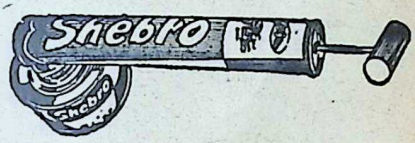

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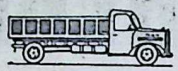

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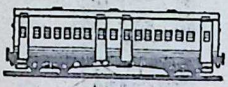

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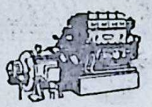

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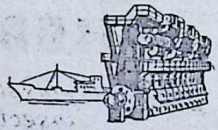

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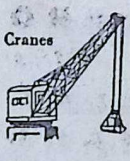

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this oneness, see in the regular lessening ascent of the edifice the subtler and subtler return from the base on earth to the original unity and seize on the symbolic indication of its close at the top. Not absence of unity, but a tremendous unity is revealed. Reinterpret intimately what this representation means in the terms of our own spiritual self-existence and cosmic being, and we have what these great builders saw in themselves and reared in stone. All objections, once we have got at this identity in spiritual experience, fall away and show themselves to be what they really are, the utterance and cavil of an impotent misunderstanding, an insufficient apprehension or a complete failure to see. To appreciate the detail of Indian architecture is easy when the whole is thus seen and known; otherwise, it is impossible.

This method of interpretation applies, however different the construction and the nature of the rendering, to all Dravidian architecture, not only to the mighty temples of far-spread fame, but to unknown roadside shrines in small towns, which are only a slighter execution of the same theme, a satisfied suggestion here, but the greater buildings a grandiose fulfilled aspiration. The architectural language of the north is of a different kind, there is another basic style; but here too the same spiritual, meditative, intuitive method has to be used and we get the same result, an aesthetic interpretation or suggestion of the one spiritual experience, one in all its complexity and diversity, which founds the unity of the infinite variations of Indian spirituality and religious feeling and the realised union of the human self with the Divine. This is the unity too of all the creations of this hieratic art. The different styles and motives arrive at or express that unity in different ways. The objection that an excess of thronging detail and ornament hides, impairs or breaks up the unity, is advanced only because the eye has made the mistake of dwelling on the detail first without relation to this original spiritual oneness, which has first to be fixed in an intimate spiritual seeing and union and then all else seen in that vision and experience. When we look on the multiplicity of the world, it is only a crowded plurality that we can find and to arrive at unity we have to reduce, to suppress what we have seen or sparingly select a few indications or to be satisfied with the unity of this or that separate idea, experience or imaginaion; but when we have realised the self, the infinite unity and look back on the multiplicity of the world, then we find that oneness able to bear all the infinity of variation and circumstance we can crowd into it and its unity remains unabridged by even the most endless self-multiplication of its informing creation. We find the same thing in looking at this architecture. The wealth of ornament, detail, circumstance in Indian temples represents the infinite variety and repetition of the worlds,—not our world only, but all the planes,—suggests the infinite multiplicity in the infinite oneness. It is a matter of our own experience and fullness of vision how much we leave out or bring in, whether we express so much or so little or attempt as in the Dravidian style to give the impression of a teeming inexhaustible

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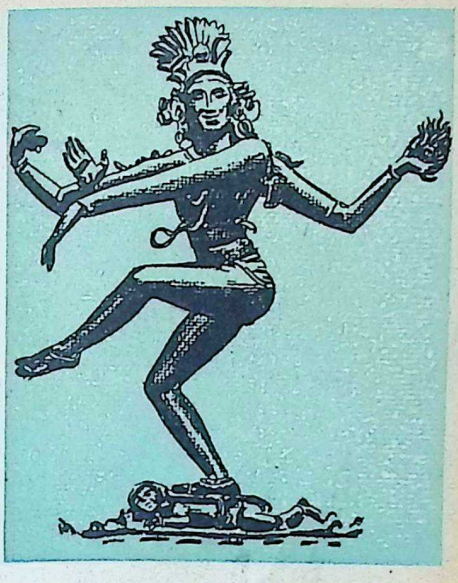
plenitude. The largeness of this unity is base and continent enough for any superstructure or content of multitude.

The objection that the crowding detail allows no calm, gives no relief or space to the eye, falls under the same heading, springs from the same root, is urged from a different experience and has no validity for the Indian experience. For this unity on which all is upborne, carries in itself the infinite space and calm of the spiritual realisation, and there is no need for other unfilled spaces of tracts of calm of a lesser more superficial kind. The eye is here only a way of access to the soul, it is to that that there is the appeal, and if the soul living in this realisation or dwelling under the influence of this aesthetic impression needs any relief, it is not from the incidence of life and form, but from the immense incidence of that vastness of infinity and tranquil silence, and that can only be given by its opposite, by an abundance of form and detail and life. As for the objection in regard to Dravidian architecture to its massiveness and its Titanic construction, the precise spiritual effect intended could not be given otherwise ; for the infinite, the cosmic seen as a whole in its vast manifestation is Titanic, is mighty in material and power. It is other and quite different things also, but none of these are absent from Indian construction. The great temples of the north have often...a singular grace in their power, a luminous lightness relieving their mass and strength, a rich delicacy of beauty in their ornate fullness. It is not indeed the Greek lightness, clarity or naked nobleness, nor is it exclusive, but comes in in a fine



blending of opposites which is in the very spirit of the Indian religious, philosophical and aesthetic mind. Nor are these things absent from many Dravidian buildings, though in certain styles they are boldly sacrificed or only put into minor incidents...but in either case suppressed so that the fullness of solemn and grandiose effect may have a complete, an undiminished expression...

The Indian thinking and religious mind looks with calm, without shrinking or repulsion, with an understanding born of its agelong effort at identity and oneness, at all that meets it in the stupendous spectacle of the cosmos. And even its asceticism, its turning from the world, which begins not in terror and gloom, but in a sense of vanity and fatigue, or something higher, truer, happier than life, soon passes beyond any element of pessimistic sadness into the rapture of the eternal peace and bliss. Indian secular

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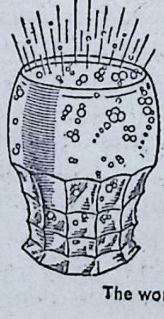

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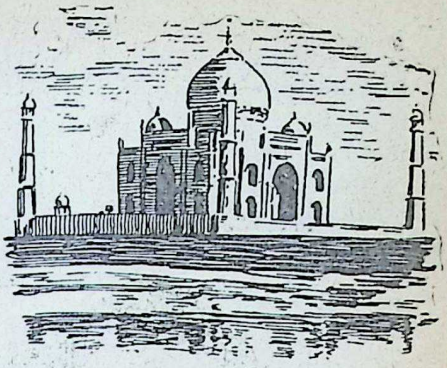
poetry and drama is throughout rich, vital and joyous....It does not seem to me that Indian art is at all different in this respect from the religion and literature....Mark the curious misreading of the dance of Shiva as a dance of Death or Destruction, whereas, as anybody ought to be able to see who looks upon the Nataraja, it expresses on the contrary the rapture of the cosmic dance with the profundities behind of the unmoved eternal and infinite bliss. So too the figure of Kali...is, as we know, the Mother of the universe accepting this fierce aspect of destruction in order to slay the Asuras, the powers of evil in man and the world....And as for the strangeness or formidable aspect of certain unhuman figures or the conception of demons or Rakshasas, it must be remembered that the Indian aesthetic mind deals not only with the earth but with psychic planes in which these things exist and ranges freely among them without being overpowered because it carries everywhere the stamp of a large confidence in the strength and the omnipresence of the Self or the Divine.

I have dwelt on Hindu and especially on Dravidian architecture....But a word too may be said about Indo-Moslem architecture....It seems to me that here the Indian mind has taken in much from the Arab and Persian imagination and in certain mosques and tombs I seem to find an impress of the robust and bold Afghan and Moghul temperament; but it remains clear enough that it is still on the whole a typically Indian creation with the peculiar Indian gift. The richness of decorative skill and imagination has been turned to the uses of another style, but it is the same skill which we find in the northern Hindu temples, and in the ground we see, however toned down, something sometimes of the old epic mass and power, but more often that lyric grace which we see developing before the Mohamedan advent in the indigenous sculpture,—as in the schools of the North-East and of Java,—and sometimes a blending of the two motives...



The Taj is not merely a sensuous reminiscence of an imperial amour or a fairy enchantment hewn from the moon's lucent quarries, but the eternal dream of a love that survives death. The great mosques embody often a religious aspiration lifted to a noble austerity which supports and is not lessened by the subordinated ornament and grace. The tombs reach beyond death to the beauty and joy of Paradise. The buildings of Fatepur-Sikri are not monuments of an effeminate luxurious decadence,—an absurd description for the mind of the time of Akbar,—but give form to a nobility, power and beauty which lay hold upon but do not wallow on the earth. There is not here indeed the

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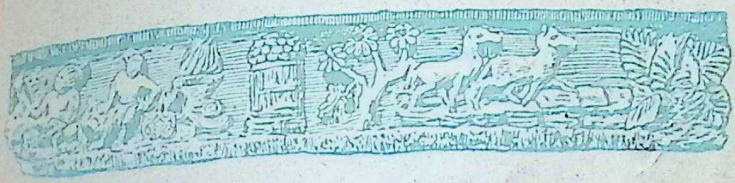
last spiritual content of the earlier Indian mind, but it is still an Indian mind which in these delicate creations absorbs the West Asian influence, and lays stress on the sensuous as before in the poetry of Kalidasa, but uplifts it to a certain immaterial charm, rises often from the earth without quite leaving it into the magical beauty of the middle world and in the religious mood touches with a devout hand the skirts of the Divine. The all-pervading spiritual obsession is not there, but other elements of life not ignored by Indian culture and gaining on it since the classical times are here brought out under a new influence and are still penetrated with some radiant glow of a superior lustre.

[Courtesy: *Aurobindo Ashram*]



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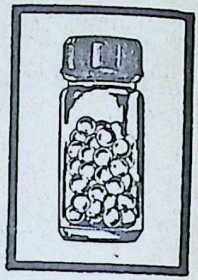

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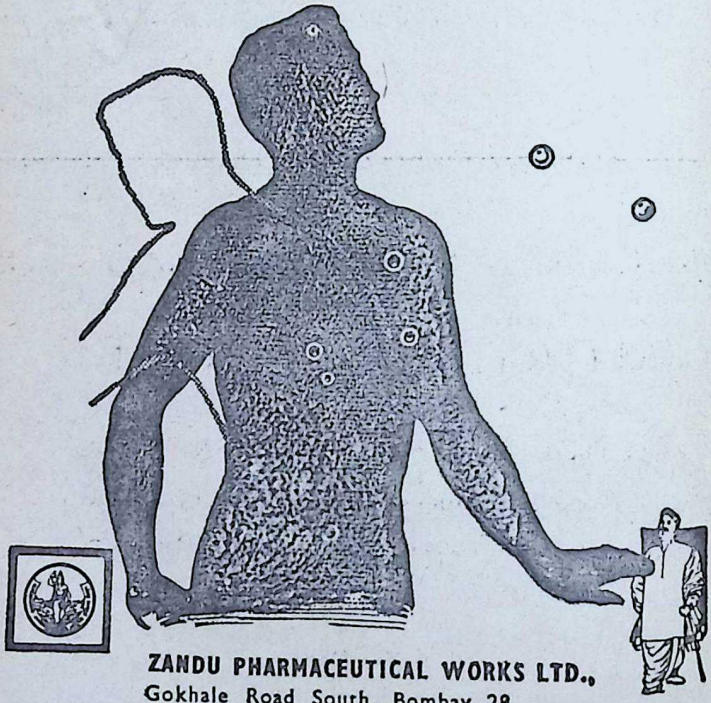

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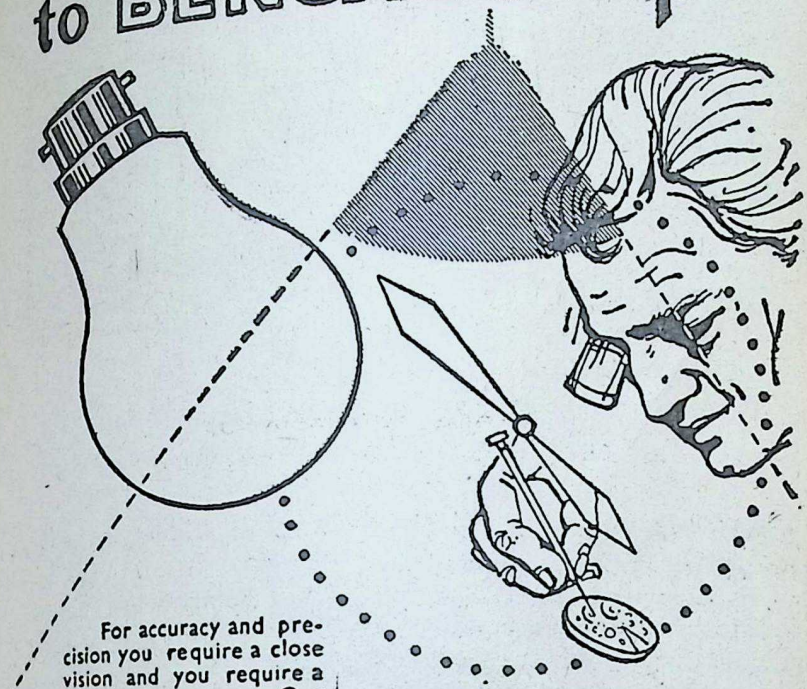

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CHALLENGE OF THE NUCLEAR AGE TO RELIGION

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The Long Leap of Man

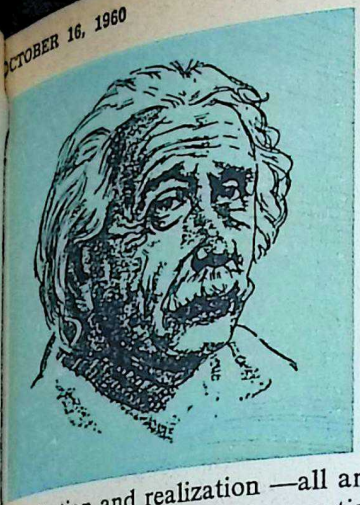
IN some inspiring passages of the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* we are instructed how everything in the cosmos including this earth of ours and its creatures are interdependent and interrelated in a sweet way and are all held together in the supernal embrace of Brahman, the Ultimate Reality. This section of the Upanishad begins with the words:

'This earth is the honey of all beings, and all beings are the honey of this earth. Likewise the bright immortal being who is in this earth and the bright, immortal, corporeal being who is in this body are both honey. These four are but this Self. The Knowledge of this Self is the means to Immortality; this underlying unity is Brahman; this knowledge of Brahman is the means of becoming all.' (II. V. 1)

Of this underlying unity, the Ultimate Reality, which is the basis of our life it is said in the *Taittiriya Upanishad*:

'In the beginning all this (i.e. th manifested universe) was non-existen From it was born what exists. Tha (Brahman) described as own-existen created itself by Itself; therefore it i called self-made (sukritam). Tha which is self-made is flavour (rasa, es sence or bliss); for truly on obtaining the flavour one becomes blissful. Wha could perform their functions if thi Bliss did not exist in the heart (withi and without)?' (II. 7)

On this spiritual foundation of life Brahman, man has functioned an evolved down millennia in the pro cess of history. What has held him to gether as an entity, what has drive him across as a force, resulting i actions called good or bad in the or dinary parlance, what has bubbled u from within him as aspiration, wha has blossomed forth from within hi



as inspiration and realization —all are the immanations from that essential core of man which is bliss, the content of ultimate reality.

From this undecaying and luminous core of being have flowed all our poetry and song, love and joy, smiles and tears, enjoyments and renunciations. The finest reaches of culture, the loftiest conceptualizations of philosophy, the profoundest intuitions of religion—have all flowed from the sky within and without, which is instinct with the bliss of Brahman.

This classical spiritual perspective of life, which is so reassuring, stands today challenged by a modern phenomenal perspective which is instinct with poison and fear in place of bliss and joy. From the seers of the Upanishads the world seems to have taken a long leap to the nuclear physicist. And man, thinking, knowing man, stands aghast at the problems that beset humanity. It has been declared in no uncertain terms by those who know facts:

(a) that as a result of nuclear explosions which have been going on, by now the sky is filled with floating poison which will continue to fall and fall and fall for years and years and will contaminate this earth, its air, water, vegetation and living beings ;

(b) that as a result of intake of this poison fall-out in various ways our bones will become cancerous, our blood-streams will become affected by leukaemia ;

(c) that the very seed and matrix of life will be contaminated making men sterile or women bear cripples, cranks, idiots or monsters ;

(d) that one does not yet fully know all the possible details of the deadly immediate and remote perils of radiation, the strange cold invisible fire which has grown up with twentieth century scientific experimentations.

Not an Unmixed Curse

One fine, foul morning humanity was shocked and horrified with the knowledge that a new power had come to man and a new poison had arisen in the world. It was the morning of August 6, 1945 when Hiroshima was atom-bombed.

Since the explosion of the first atomic bomb, nuclear science has taken incredible strides. There are today in the possession of nuclear powers hydrogen and super-bombs which are one thousand times more powerful than the ones used on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The bomb which could destroy the greatest city in the world and kill ten million people is not something imaginary. Such bombs have been made and exploded.

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The implications of a possible nuclear war have been widely discussed by scientists, politicians, publicists, and humanists. In that eventuality civilization will be nearly wiped out leaving few problems for solution. All informed people are aware of the political issues associated with the development of this new science.

Though this new power discovered by science has been put to destructive purpose and is fraught with danger, nuclear energy is not an unmixed curse. It is true:

(a) that when this energy is released on controlled basis in a reactor heat is produced which can be utilized for producing steam and run our electric generators to give us electrical energy and electricity. Our coal and wood reserve may last up to the end of this century or a little more time;

(b) that radioactive isotopes have come as a boon to medical and agricultural sciences;

(c) that radioactive isotopes are also being used in some industries.

When the true nature of the nuclear energy will be fully known and harnessed, we cannot just foresee what far-reaching changes it will bring in human civilization.

Problems the Power Poses

Anyway from what was known even in 1946, Albert Einstein could say:

'A new type of thinking is essential if mankind is to survive and move to higher levels. Today the atomic bomb has altered profoundly the nature of the world as we know it and the human race consequently finds itself in a new habitat to which it must adapt its thinking.'

This altered situation brought about by the new science has many implications, political, economic, even biological. The general human reaction to this situation was poignantly voiced by General Omar Bradley when he said:

'We have too many men of science, too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we do about peace, more about killing than we do about living.'[1]

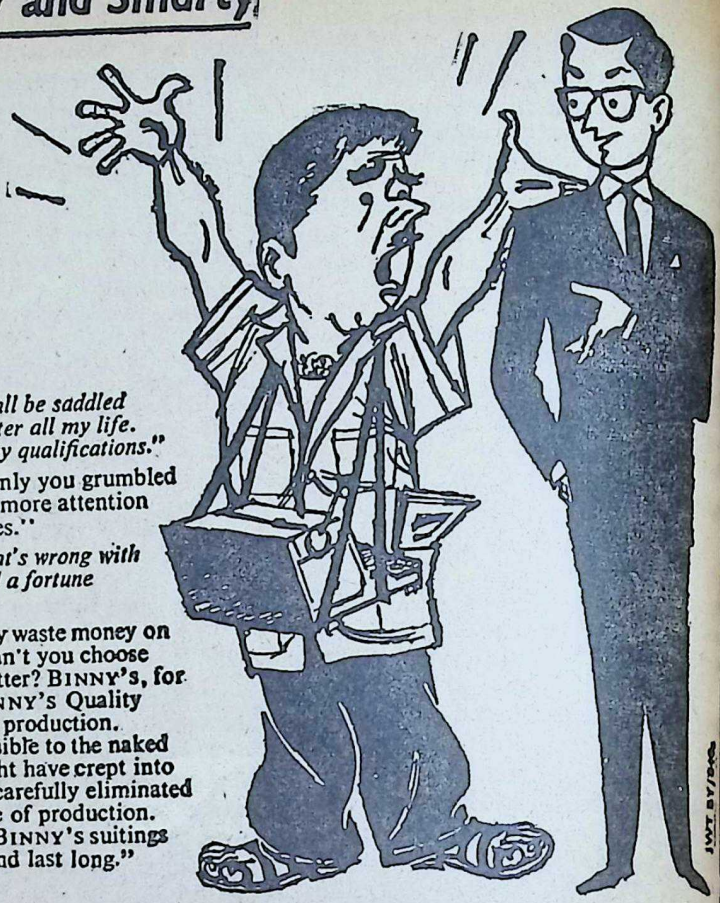
Undoubtedly it is a blinding darkness into which science has led man. But now the great question is: Can science now again lead man out of this darkness so that he may survive and move to higher levels? The question is important and the answer to this should be pondered over by all thinking people of the world. The answer, however, is: Science cannot lead man out of this darkness. And why?

The reason for this categorical answer comes by implication from the following significant words of Albert Einstein:

'...the scientific method can teach us nothing else beyond how facts are related to, and conditioned by, each other. The aspiration towards such objective knowledge belongs to the highest of which man is capable...yet it is equally clear that knowledge of what *is* does not directly open the door to what *should be*. One can have

1. Quoted in *Facing the Atomic Future* by E. W. Titterton.

Scruffy and Smarty



Scruffy. "*I shall be saddled with a typewriter all my life. And look at my qualifications.*"

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the clearest and most complete knowledge of what is, yet not be able to deduct from that what should be the goal of our human aspirations. Objective knowledge provides us with the powerful instruments for the achievement of certain ends, but the ultimate goal itself and the longing to reach it must come from another source.'[2]

And what is that source? Einstein himself indicates that source beyond all doubts:

'To make clear these fundamental ends and valuations and to set them fast in the emotional life of the individual, seems to me precisely the most important function which religion has to perform in the social life of man.'[3]

Religion Is Challenged to Do This

So we have here on the authority of a great scientist the admission of the great creative, curative and saving role religion is expected to play in the world.

The question now is how religion goes about this urgent task? There are ever so many definitions of the word 'religion'. And in fact there are so many religions too, with various contending and contradicting conceptions. We are also aware that detractors of religions are many. And interreligious difficulties are not also few.

But notwithstanding all these, religion today stands challenged upon to perform a supreme and saving duty by man. The great task before religion today is threefold:

(a) to construct a supranational cohesive humanity;

(b) to give a purposive direction to the whole process of civilization;

(c) to deepen spiritual consciousness of the individual.

If religion has to perform the above task effectively, it must have a perspective which is conducive to security, welfare and advancement of all.

Surprisingly enough such a modern necessity is fulfilled by a conception of religion given by the grandsire Bhisma, in the *Mahabharata*. The definition is as follows:

'*Dharma* (religion) was declared for advancement and growth of all creatures. Therefore what brings on advancement and growth is religion.

Dharma was declared for preventing creatures from injuring one another. Therefore *Dharma* is that which prevents injury to creatures.

Dharma is also so-called because it maintains all creatures. In fact all creatures are upheld by *Dharma*. Therefore *Dharma* is what is capable of upholding all creatures.

Some say that *Dharma* is the injunction of the scriptures. Others do not agree to this. I do not blame them that say so, for everything has not been told in the scripture.' (Santi-parvan).

It is by proceeding to act with this temper, perspective and objective that religion can render the greatest service to humanity. For in such efforts of religion, all the religions, materialist, atheist and agnostic all can unite. It is not a question of strategy, whether or not all could unite, the very duty of religion today lies precisely in this direction.

And it will be seen religion has the given genius to perform the three tasks before it. In this nuclear age the *svadharma* of *Dharma* must manifest itself in these triple streams of universal benefaction.

---

2. *Out of My Later Years.*
3. ibid.

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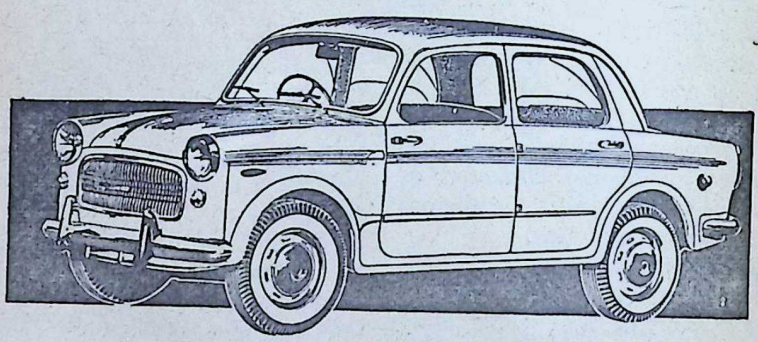

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In the past some religions of course tried to construct a sort of intranational humanity, but that attempt did not succeed because it was done in the wrong way, by imposing a religious creed by the power of sword or propaganda.

But today the religion has to go about this business in a different way, that is not by trying to impose a religious creed but by trying to emphasize a truth, that of spiritual solidarity of humanity.

The *Katha Upanishad* says:

'Whatever is here, that (is) there. Whatever is there, that too is here. Whoever perceives anything like manyness here goes from death to death.'

In inspiring words the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* emphasizes this truth:

'And verily this self is the ruler of all beings, the king of all beings. Just as all the spokes are fixed in the nave and the felloe of a chariot wheel, so are all beings, all gods, all worlds, all organs, and all these (individuals) creatures fixed in this Self.'

This is the spiritual sanction for emphasizing the solidarity of humanity. This emphasis on spiritual solidarity of man may not in near future show any spectacular results but gradually it will work on the motivation of human beings and result in the overall improvement of the human situation torn by tribal strifes of various sorts, religious, economic, political or otherwise. Lessening of these strifes will amount to what we call a gradual emergence of a cohesive humanity.

Purposive Direction

In giving a purposive direction religion must avoid dogmatizing any particularity of approach. It has to emphasize that such values and social patterns must be cultivated in society as are conducive to all-round welfare of all beings, physical, mental and spiritual, for the fulfilment of their lives.

Whatever fulfils this aspiration will be accepted and whatever prevents the realization of this aspiration will be rejected. In the process of progressive realization of this end of all-round welfare of all, there is wide scope for new experimentation as to the means but there is no mutability as to the end which is Freedom. To orient and organize all the affairs of society with a view to realization of that end is giving purposive direction to human civilization.

Gradually it will be found that a time will have come that all-round human welfare could be planned only on world basis. Unless religion worked for human solidarity it could not give a purposive direction to human civilization.

Deepening the Spiritual Consciousness

The greatest and the most fundamental work of religion in the ultimate analysis is with the individual. In a sense the solution of the entire human

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problem lies in deepening the spiritual consciousness of man. Today man faces an age which is pregnant with mighty possibilities. Science has brought him unprecedented power, the absolute space has opened its closed doors to his genius. But if all this has to be turned to good account, for the all-round advancement of all creatures, man must know how to use this power and promise wisely. In other words man is called upon in this complex and perilous age to manifest his highest intellectual and spiritual powers without which no sane living is any more possible in the world. As in the field of economics everywhere the cry is for production of more wealth, in the field of religion everywhere the cry should be for production of more spirituality. Even if we can have over-production of wealth, we can never have over-production of spirituality.

As production of wealth can be planned, so can be the production of spirituality. In fact the planning of the most thorough-going type for production of spirituality was known to man much earlier than the planning for production of wealth. What is known as the systems of yoga in the Indian spiritual tradition are nothing but the various plannings for production of spirituality. No man can really be a modern man in the nuclear age, unless he performs his duty by himself by earnestly practising the suitable disciplines of yoga in his personal life.

It is also to be remembered that as production of wealth is meant for distribution for the healthy upkeep of the economy of the body-politic, in the same manner production of spirituality should also eventually get transformed to distribution of spirituality. Love of God must flow as service to man.

If religion can be brought to fulfil the triple task postulated above, man can very well look for the greatest millennium ever known in history. Otherwise man's future is sealed. The choice however is entirely ours, individually and collectively.

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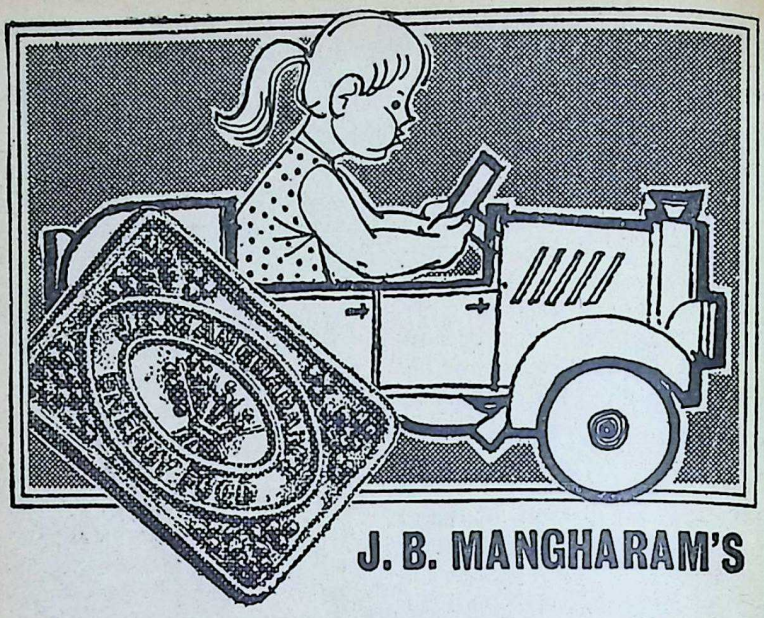

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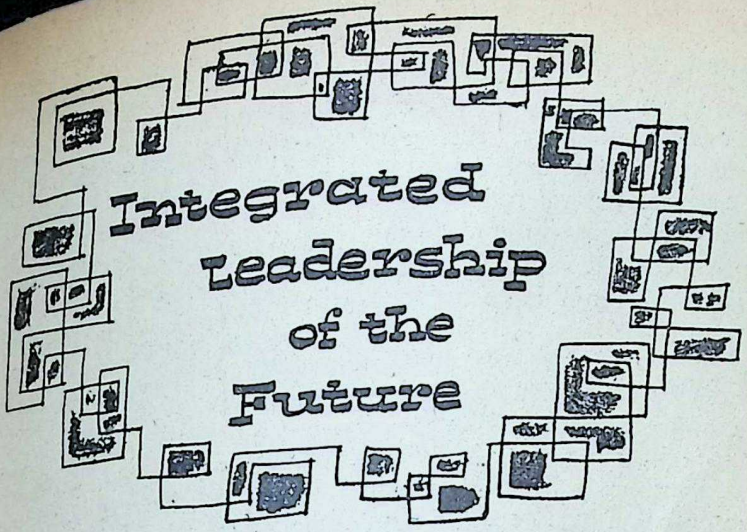


PITIRIM A. SOROKIN & WALTER A. LUNDEN

MANY of the top rulers of existing governments, corporations, and labour unions are already largely figureheads rather than self-willed, energetic rulers.

This is true even of such omnipotent ruling groups as the Soviet government and the Politbureau, the government of the United States and the Pentagon elite.

To the superficial observer they appear to be forceful rulers determining the course of history by their deliberate decisions. A deeper investigation shows a notable part of their policies and actions to be merely the execution of the silent orders of recent scientific discoveries and inventions.

These discoveries and inventions have made obsolescent most of what these top rulers learned two or three decades ago in preparing for their ruling activities, as well as their plans of even a few years ago. The top rulers are therefore executing policies which they do not themselves understand.

Their present preoccupation with nuclear weapons, missiles, sputniks, and with still more modern scientific inventions is a typical illustration of the above statements.

In their school and early professional work none of the statesmen and politicians received training for such military, diplomatic, and political activities.

Before 1940 neither the Truman nor the Stalin administration, neither Eisenhower nor Khrushchev, neither the supreme commanders, generals, and admirals, nor any of today's leading statesmen and politicians had the fuzziest vision of the atomic, hydrogenic, and outerspace policies which contemporary top rulers are now carrying on.

Each of the recent important scien-

tific advances has forced them to fundamentally revise their plans and replace them with new and quite different diplomatic, military, economic, educational, and other policies.

In this sense, today's ruling statesmen and politicians are increasingly becoming mere figurehead-executors of the silent orders of science and technology.

These "orders" are usually conveyed to them by their scientific experts, advisers, and committees.

The top-rulers of practically all existing governments have a number of scientific committees specially appointed to advise the rulers in their main policies.

Without the preliminary advice of a respectable scientific committee the rulers rarely venture to initiate any important policy.

Though the recommendations of these scientific committees are supposedly merely advisory, in reality they are much more regularly followed by the rulers than many an obligatory decision of the statesmen and politicians themselves.

Despite its free and advisory nature, any scientific truth is more compelling and authoritative than any command of the most autocratic ruler.

For this reason, the recommendations of the more exact physical and biological advisory committees are followed by the rulers more regularly than those of experts in the less precise social and humanistic sciences.

All in all, a large part of the governing activities of contemporary rulers already represents a mere implementation of the orders of science and technology, and there is reason to believe that this trend will increase rapidly until it embraces almost all policies and activities of the government.

Such a trend portends the eventual withering of the hitherto existing "governments of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians" and their replacement by "governments of scientists and experts."

The politician-ruler is increasingly becoming a sort of puppet or robot and there is no advantage in main-executing the demands of science better than the non-scientific, largely ignorant politician-rulers.

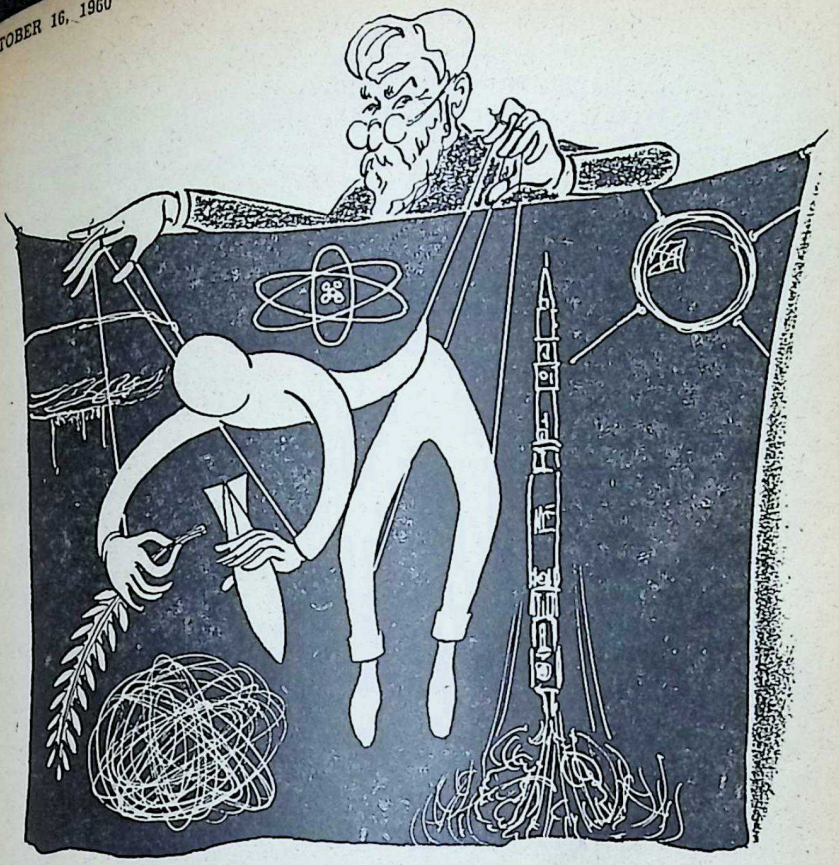
Most of the present statesmen and politicians are persons who have not had advanced scientific training in any field of science except, perhaps, a training in the applied art of law and a superficial training in the semi-scientific disciplines of economics and politics.

Many of them know little about even the applied art of law and sociological, psychological, economic, and political theories.

In the past, when science and technology were little developed, the governments of politicians were the only available governments.

At the present time, the enormous advances of the natural sciences and the more modest maturing of the social and humanistic disciplines have rendered useless the ruler-politicians who should know everything, but actually know very little.

When any government or political regime becomes so antiquated, its days of life are numbered; it is destined to fall into oblivion in a comparatively short time.



History is already writing a thrilling drama, *Death of a Politician*, similar to the well-known play *Death of a Salesman*.

This trend is pregnant with many changes in the structure, personnel, and functions of the ruling elites of the states, the corporations, the labour unions, and other powerful organizations.

For instance, the trend is likely to call forth basic changes in the constitutional laws defining hereditary rule, election, and self-appointment of the rulers.

Instead of property-race-nationality-religion-domicile and the other traditional qualifications for voting, being elected or appointed, or becoming heir to any ruling position, the new laws are likely to require from the voters and the candidates an adequate and ever-greater scientific knowledge in the field of their sought-after governing activity.

It is likely also that for election to many high offices, universal suffrage will be replaced either by appointment or voting of a limited body of scientific experts.

The increased requirements for scientific qualifications may eventually

exclude from inheritance of a throne or other top-ruling position all heirs who are scientifically incompetent, even though they may be otherwise entitled to inherit such a position.

As this trend grows, the structure, personnel, and functions of the governments will change radically.

In a government of scientists the traditional statesmen-politicians will have little chance to play the important roles they play now.

Charitably we may wish them the fullest possible enjoyment of their present governing positions as long as they may last.

A few decades from now the governments of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians are likely to be as rare as white elephants.

Their place will probably be taken by governments of and by scientists and experts. Whether such a government will also become the *oligarchy* government of scientists, by scientists and *for* scientists is the question to be discussed now.

Should such an oligarchic government "of, by, and for" scientists develop (as it did with the government of, by, and for politicians), such an oligarchy of scientists would hardly be durable, nor could it give to mankind the best possible regime.

Nor could it insure as against unlimited wars or be the most capable builder of lasting peace and harmonious order.

In their empirical forms, science and technology are morally and socially neutral.

Almost any scientific discovery or invention can be used for good or evil purposes. An airplane can be used for

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the bombing of a peaceful population or for a charity mission.

The moral neutrality of science and scientists is also shown by the lack of close causal or statistical connection between morality (or criminality) and scientific (school) education and intelligence; and by the lack of causal or probabilistic ties between the movement of scientific discoveries and inventions on the one hand, and wars, bloody revolutions, and crimes on the other.

This explains why among the monarchs and the chiefs of states the politically great and mentally bright rulers are no better morally than the politically poor and mentally dull rulers.

If anything, the brighter and greater rulers tend to be slightly more amoral and criminal than the poor chiefs of states.

The same can be observed among the highest ranks of military rulers and executives of big corporations, labour unions, and other organizations.

That scientific and technological progress does not decrease wars and bloody revolutions or their destructiveness can be seen from the confrontation of the movement of scientific discoveries and inventions, and the number of universities on the one hand and the movement of wars and revolutions on the other from the twelfth to the twentieth century.

Moreover, with the increase in education, scientific discoveries, and inventions from the twelfth to the twentieth century, crime has not decreased; if anything, in the recent decades, at least, it has tended to increase.

Furthermore, statistical data show that comparatively illiterate persons, nations, and groups are not more criminal than the literate, scientifically and technically advanced persons, nations, and groups.

The intellectual elite of the past few centuries, distinguished for their scientific genius and creativity, have hardly been morally superior to the less brilliant rank and file.

We live in the most scientific, most technological, and most intellectually educated century; and it is this same century which is the bloodiest, most turbulent, most inhuman, and possibly most criminal of all the preceding twenty-five centuries of Greco-Roman and Western history, so far as wars, revolutions, and crimes are concerned.

These considerations and their evidence show why the governments of scientists and experts are not necessarily more moral and less criminal than the governments of politicians.

Therefore, the government of scientists is hardly a better guarantee against world war and bloody civil strife than the hitherto existing governments of the politicians of wealth, military might, oligarchic big business, and elective machinations, or the hereditary governments by the grace of God, brute force, or good luck.

The governments of, by and for scientists can easily fail in the attempt to solve the gigantic tasks of our transitory period.

The knowledge of each of the scientific administrators is altogether too narrow and too specialized.

It needs to be supplemented by a much broader wisdom that can integrate a multitude of specialized skills

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into one unified system aimed at realization of the best possible form of human society on this planet.

Side by side with scientists the good government of the nearest future needs to have at least a few sages to perform successfully this task of integration of the narrow knowledge of each of the scientific administrators.

The amorality of science and scientific experts needs to be guided by universal and perennial moral principles in order to serve only the good and not the evil purposes. These universal and eternal moral imperatives are sublimely formulated in the *Sermon on the Mount*, and in the essentially similar moral commandments of all great religions and ethical systems.

This moral control of scientific governments can be achieved in several ways and through diverse moral agencies.

Some of the scientists themselves (including scholars and philosophers) have always been persons of eminent moral integrity and leadership.

At the present time, a notable portion of them is faithfully discharging both scientific and moral duties by following the universal and eternal moral precepts, and refusing to develop destructive weapons and arms, and protesting against war, internal strife, and the misuse of nuclear power for military purposes.

They are among the groups leading the fight for a better realization of the basic moral values, and against great evils still operating in the human universe, including the evils of transgressing the eternal moral precepts and the evils of false dogmas and demoralizing ideologies.

As members of governing bodies, leaders, and shapers of public opinion, morally responsible scientists, scholars, and philosophers can and do contribute to the moral guidance of governments and the public at large.

The efficacy of their moral control may be notably increased by the scientific discovery of new effective methods of moral transformation of man and the man-made universe.

The number of such scientists is now increasing, and when they compose an overwhelming majority in the scientific and scholastic professions, they are bound to become one of the greatest agencies for the moral ennoblement of mankind.

Besides, morally responsible scientists, scholars, and philosophers, the discussed guidance and control of government can most effectively be performed by religious leaders and agencies, especially by the saintly heroes of spirituality and the sublime apostles of an unselfish, creative love.

Religious leaders and agencies have always exercised spiritual guidance and moral control of governments and rulers.

In the Ideational cultures the supremacy of spiritual over secular power is explicitly recognized and the theocratic governments of such societies are made up of religious leaders and agencies.

In Sensate and Integral cultures, the influence of the official religious hierarchy is lesser than in Ideational cultures, but it is still considerable.

The influence of the apostles of love remains great in Integral and even in Sensate societies.

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moral leaders as Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, L'Abbee Pierre, Albert Schweitzer, and a legion of unsung servants of Infinite, Pure, and Creative Love have possibly been the most influential force in the moral guidance of the governments and ennoblement of humanity.

Their influence is not due to theological or ideological excellence, to a high position in religious hierarchy or in society, nor is it due to the writing of learned treatises in the field of ethics, or to scientific research in the physics of morals, statistics of mores, or psychoanalysis of a "schizophrenia of good-and-evil."

Their influence seems to be coming directly from a superabundance of the supreme energy of unselfish love with which they are graced and which they indefatigably express in their thoughts, words, and deeds.

Their influence comes from the same source which made Jesus, Buddha, and other apostles of Love possibly the most influential individuals among all the leaders in human history.

Besides the apostles of love, the moral guidance of scientific governments and ruled populations can successfully be discharged by the religious hierarchy and priesthood, if and when the official religious leaders neither distort the eternal moral precepts; nor misinterpret them; nor systematically transgress them in their thoughts, words, and actions; nor replace their cultivation by the much easier propagation of denominational rituals and ideologies.

Finally, a great moral influence has also been exerted by the large groups of ordinary people who just live a moral life in their daily living and relationships with their neighbours and the cosmos at large.

These unsung cultivators of morality and spirituality neither pretend to lead anyone, nor claim moral superiority over their fellow men. They are, in fact, humble and self-critical. Many of them practise moral self-control spontaneously and effortlessly, as their second nature. Without hesitation, they take in stride all kinds of moral difficulties, solving them without violation of their moral convictions. Other good neighbours achieve moral self-control by strenuous effort, sometimes after suffering several failures; nonetheless, they succeed in this difficult task of moral self-conversion and self-control.

These grass-root cultivators of moral harvests are the real social foundations of morality and spirituality.

They can be found among practically all communities and all denominations. Their proportion varies from community to community, from period to period. But at all times, in all morally sound societies, they are the mainstay of moral order. They uphold it by their moral integrity, by living and practising genuine moral values.

Ascending governments of scientists of all nations, the United Nations, and the future World government can be enormously improved in their moral strength and wisdom by including in all governments these sages and moral experts.

Their presence can prevent the governments from committing moral blunders, can increase their wisdom and morality and reinforce the total

moral and spiritual order in the human universe.

Besides the moral guidance of governments from within, these creators, builders, and upholders of moral values can exert a decisive influence on humanity outside of government in their roles as: (a) living examples of heroic morality; (b) creators of new moral values; (c) upholders of moral order; (d) and as the most successful moral educators of themselves and the rest of mankind, through *free imitation* of their magnificent examples.

If all these and other leaders and grass-root upholders of universal and immortal moral values are even loosely unified into a perfectly *free* World-Federation, their ethical influence can become decisive in preventing many catastrophes and uplifting mankind to a new and higher moral order in the human universe.

If unification of the truly creative, scientific, wise, and moral forces in all the governments and in mankind at large is supplemented by inclusion into the governments of the foremost creative artists of the fine arts (literature, drama, music, architecture, painting, sculpture), and by the co-operation of the creators of Beauty with those of Truth and Goodness outside the governments, such a Union of the creators of the greatest values of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty on this planet would give to mankind the best possible government and social order.

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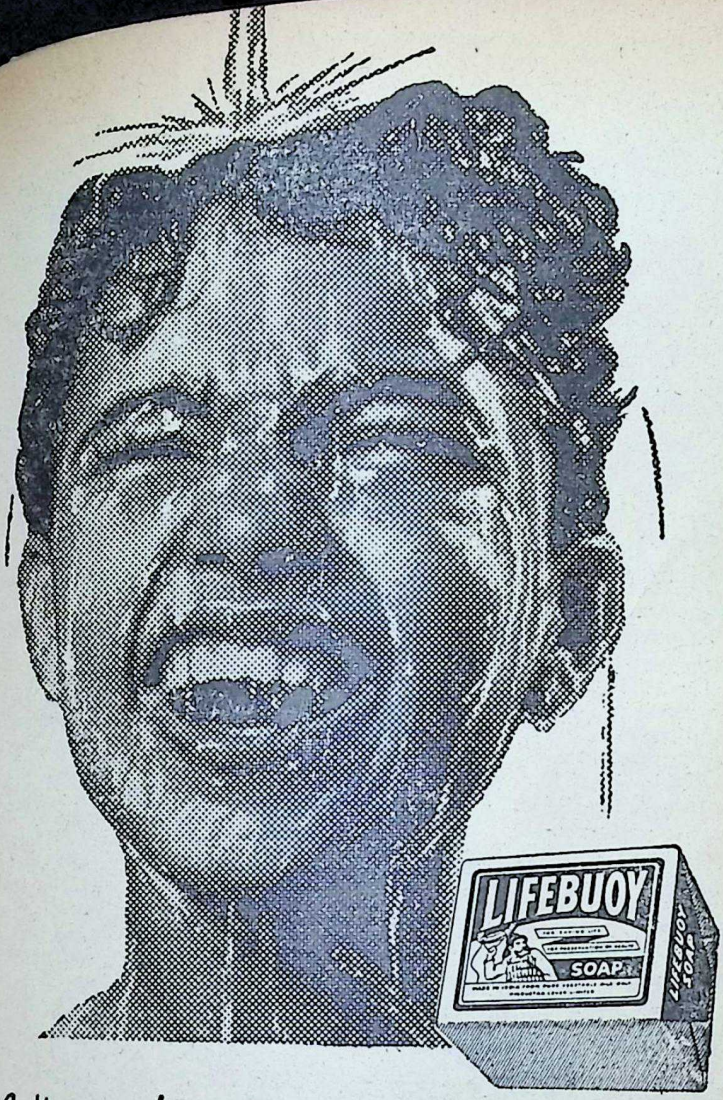

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PART II

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather, a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

SWAMIRAJ :—A famed *Sannyasi* of Dhebaria.

●

RAWA was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. A car accident brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England with his English wife Alice. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharaja Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Sheela's meeting with Gandhiji proved a turning point in her life, and disgusted with Radharaman's errant ways, she preferred to live an austere life.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, however, started showing indifference to his feelings and constantly seeking the company of one Ramchandani. She ultimately returned to England and wrote to Uday seeking divorce from him.

Ravi Chudgar's assignment to the Matunga area enhanced his position in the Communist Party's hierarchy, but the arrival of Mona on the scene and her overforwardness raised doubts in Ravi's mind. Nevertheless, he resolved to adjust himself to his new surroundings. The two went on famously.

Rajba was becoming a problem. Whenever any evil came near her, she would fall into a hysterical fit and utter things which were heretical but nevertheless prophetic. Majiba was worried. Ultimately she in the company of Rajba undertook a pilgrimage in an effort to cure her daughter. Rajba kept writing to her brother who was held back by work. Mother and daughter were on a visit to a Swamiraj in Dhebaria near Karnali. Rajba was so taken up with the peculiar *sadhana* of Swamiraj that she had to completely overhaul her concept of good and evil, virtue and vice.

32. CHURNING OF THE OCEAN

My dear brother,

I could not help thinking of Ba Saheb and Gangli the whole of last night. Today Swamiraj continued the story:

Rajubhatt remained seated on the steps of the *dharmashala* for a long time, lost in thought. In his youth he had ruined Chandan. It was true that it was the result of mutual attraction. But Chandan's devotion to him was absolute. She was an angel in human form and he worshipped her as God himself.

Though he had heard of women of loose morals, he had never dreamt that he would be confronted by one in this manner. He could not shake off from his mind the rakish manner in which Gangli had conducted herself before him; the very thought of it sent the blood rushing to his cheeks. He had no courage to re-enter the room. He would have left the place, but his clothes and whatever money he had were in that room.

After a while, Gangli knocked at the door from inside, and called out in a repentant voice, "Maharaj, Maharaj, come inside, your food is lying here."

Rajubhatt replied angrily, "Keep quiet!"

"Come in," said Gangli plaintively and moaned.

It was late in the afternoon and before long it was dark.

Jora Patel returned with eight or ten men, some of whom carried torches. All of them carried long staffs fastened with iron rings at one end. Rajubhatt stood up on seeing them.

"Gosainji, we have not been able to find Gangli anywhere. It seems to us that you have locked her in your room. We want to open the door and see for ourselves."

Rajubhatt was at his wit's end. For a moment he felt that he should hand over this wild woman Gangli to Jora Patel, but he could not get over his own horror of the blood-thirstiness of the village people. Gangli was not a witch; she was a prostitute at the worst. For four months, when all of them had had their fun with her, no one had complained of anything. Now that she had antagonised Manohar, Jora's son, they were all out to harm this poor woman. He said that Gangli was not inside. He added:

"My wife is there. Don't you know that I am a worldly Gosain? She has taken a vow not to see another's face. There you are! If you force her to break her vow, well, she will commit suicide and if she dies, I shall fast unto death and die, Jora Bhagat, at your door-steps!"

"Maharaj, you may take away your *bawi*, your wife." Jora Bhagat had great respect for Rajubhatt.

He added: "Why should we make a sadhu break his vow? If you agree, I shall have another room opened, into which your *bawi* can move while my men will search your room."

Gangli had overheard Jora Patel, grasped the situation and quickly

oh!
so beautiful

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det
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shilpi 732

changed her dress into a white-bordered *dhoti* found in Raju's bundle. So when Rajubhatt went into his room she had removed her ornaments and had put on all the outward paraphernalia of a Gosain woman in white *sari*. Pulling the end of her *sari* heavily over her face, she came out with Raju, holding the beggar's bowl in one hand and a string of beads in the other and moved into the other room that had been opened for her. The crowd then went into Raju's room to make its fruitless search for the non-existent woman.

Rajubhatt then walked down to the river to have his bath and say his prayers at the temple, after which he intended to leave the place. While at his prayers, his mind was tuned as usual to Chandan; but on that day it seemed to him that Chandan, his god, was not in her usual good mood. When he offered her food, she seemed to turn away from it. Raju was taken aback. Apparently Chandan was angry with him because she did not approve of his course of action. Wasn't he preparing to run away, leaving a helpless woman to positive death? For, Gangli while dressing herself as *bawi* had thrown away her own clothes and ornaments from out of the window of his room; someone was sure to find them in the morning; then they would kill her! Where would she go in the dark night? Poor woman!

Raju decided to stick to his original plan. He went back to the new room allotted to them. When he entered it he found Gangli pretending to sleep on his bed, having covered herself with a sheet. When, however, she saw him enter, she lifted the cover from her face and looked at him with a mischievous light in her eyes and said: "Bawaji, now you have no escape! You have to lie near me."

She removed the sheet to indicate that there was enough room for him to lie by her side on the bed. Raju was shocked. There was not even an apology for a cloth on her body!

At first Raju became furious, but he controlled himself as the thought of Chandan's unhappy mood that evening came back to his mind. Gangli was downright amoral; it was impossible for her to conceive that a man could come to the rescue of a helpless woman without expecting anything in return; in that way she was brought up. She was only trying to repay her debt. She knew of no other way of repaying it. So pity, instead of anger, for the poor ignorant woman welled up in Raju's heart.

He picked up the sheet she had thrown away and said gently, "Gangli, put on some clothes. You have thrown away your clothes and ornaments behind this *dharmashala* into the pond. Won't people find them tomorrow? Then what will happen to you? You had better go away quickly from here; otherwise, not only you, but I too will be killed."

"But how shall I go away? Whereto? When I came here I escaped with my life from Broach!"

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She was now ashamed of herself. She sat up in her bed and hastily covered herself with the sheet.

"Where are your parents?"

"My father lives in Luhara, and my mother's father lives in Chandod. But who will keep me?"

"I am now on a visit to places of pilgrimage on the river Narmada. I wish to go to Hansot after visiting Parasuram Tirth. Luhara lies on the way," Raju said.

"Then please take me with you!"

"How can I take you with me? You are a difficult person. And you are so well-known. Besides, just look at yourself!"

Gangli pulled her clothes closer to her body. "Very well, Maharaj, I am what I am. But where am I to go? If my father takes me back, well and good. But, if he does not, I shall have to kill myself at his feet! Please take me to Luhara ; otherwise blacksmith Arjun will surely kill me. He forgets that till yesterday he lay at my feet like a dog every night!"

Gangli could no longer control herself and began to sob.

"I am now going out. Put on your clothes and be ready."

Rajubhatt thereafter went to Jora Patel and said, "We are leaving right away. As you know, we are going on a round of all the places of pilgrimage on the Narmada."

Jora Patel had his suspicions of Raju's *bawi*, but as he was only interested in Gangli's leaving his village, he thought it was a good way of getting rid of the wicked woman.

It was midnight when Raju and Gangli arrived at Broach. Gangli skilfully played the part of a Gosain's wife. Jora Patel had asked his men to accompany Raju and Gangli half way up to Broach only to make sure that the Gosain's companion, in case she was the detested Gangli, did not return by any chance to Jadeshwar.

On the way they were joined by a number of other travellers but none of them saw anything in the conduct and behaviour of the *bawi* to rouse any suspicion. She let no one see her face and behaved with the politeness and humility one would expect of a genuine Gosaini. Raju's friendly conduct towards her had a wholesome effect on her and she became determined to behave well.

Travelling by stages, stopping for a few hours at midday in temples, and in *dharmashalas* at night, they reached Luhara after ten days. There they halted as usual in a temple. Gangli came to take leave of Rajubhatt. She fell at his feet and said very feelingly: "Father, as long as I live, I shall remain greatly beholden to you. There is nothing I would not do for you. You have only to say it and I would make shoes for your use out of my skin and still I would remain your debtor. Will you do me a favour? You are like a father to me. To be more correct, you are my god. Let me remain with you ; I shall become your disciple. I have no one to turn to. Won't you forget my past and accept me as your disciple?"

Rajubhatt was greatly moved by

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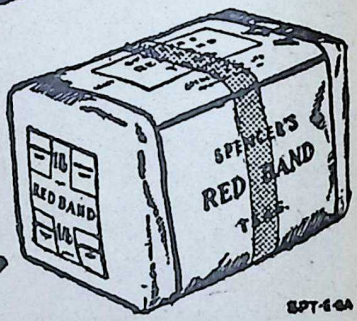

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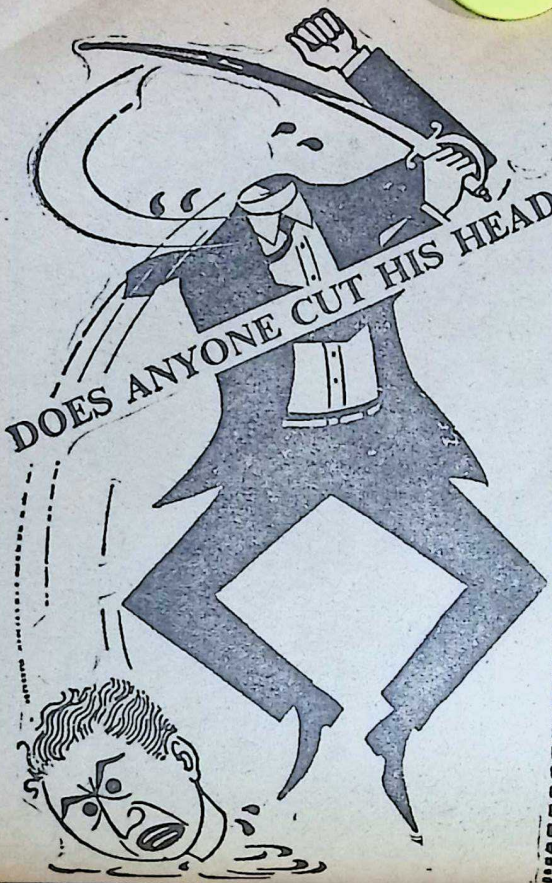
her words. He placed his hand on Gangli's head and said: "My sister, I am not competent to accept disciples at this stage, whether men or women. I am presently committed to complete my pilgrimage to the holy places on the banks of the Narmada."

Rajubhatt was pained at her distress. He did his best to console her, and persuaded her to go back to her father. At last she agreed to do so, but asked of him: "My father, you are God's good man. Will you do me a favour? My father is a great devotee of Swaminarayan. He is a godly man. I wouldn't like to pollute his life in any way by staying with him. Would you purify me, with the sacred Narmada as the witness?"

However spoilt she might have been, Gangli was now genuinely anxious to make amends for her past life, and to return to her father, at any rate pure in God's eyes. Rajubhatt saw that the flicker of goodness had not altogether been extinguished in her. For his part, he had learned and understood much that had, until then, mystified him.

On the following day Rajubhatt stood waist-deep in the river with Gangli, made her utter the appropriate *mantras* and got her to perform the proper ritual of penitence. From there, both of them went to the house of Gangli's old father. There the old man welcomed his

. . . . Gangli skilfully played the part of a Gosain's wife. . . .



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daughter cordially. Gangli had been good to him all these years. She had been sending every year a hundred rupees for his maintenance out of her earnings of sin.

The old man persuaded Rajubhatt to stay with them for two days. When Raju was ready to start on his journey, Gangli fell at his feet and piteously asked: "My father, when shall I see you again?"

"Sister, I am a wandering monk," said Raju. "You were telling me that your mother came from Chandod. Should you happen to come there, inquire for me in the temple of Chandramaulishwar in Dhebaria. We may meet there again, if we are destined to do so."

Rajubhatt then stepped into the boat to be ferried across Narmada and continued his pilgrimage to the holy places.

My dear brother, you will thus agree that Swamiraj was right: good could come out of evil. Many things in life that had puzzled me till now became clear to me. All that is required to conquer evil is to become truly good oneself. But am I capable of becoming so good?

I asked Swamiraj if ever Rajubhatt saw Gangli again. Swamiraj laughed and replied: "You know your business all right. Yes."

For the next twelve or thirteen years Rajubhatt went on visiting places of pilgrimage spotted throughout the country. All the while the memory of Chandan and Chandramaulishwar Mahadev of Dhebaria had remained fresh in his mind. When at last he returned home, he went straight to the temple of Chandramaulishwar. There he saw a middle-aged woman sweeping the floor. The moment she saw Raju, she threw away the broom, ran towards him, fell at his feet and sobbed aloud. "So, at last, my father, you have come! I have so long been awaiting your return that even my eyes have worn out," said she.

She then washed Raju's feet and partook of a little of that water. She told him that after her father's death, she had come to Chandod and started earning her livelihood by working as a midwife. She had, in addition, made it her practice to come to Chandramaulishwar and keep the temple tidy and spend the remaining hours there looking for her Bapji, as she called Raju.

My dear brother, when Swamiraj concluded this story, my heart was moved and my eyes were wet with tears. "Swamiraj, are you a man or a god!" I could hardly help exclaiming.

"There is only one Almighty God; wherever and whenever there is evil, it is He Who points the way to turn towards goodness."

I could not refrain from asking Swamiraj what happened to Gangli thereafter. He smiled, saying he had no objection to continue the story.

I then asked Swamiraj how peace of mind could be restored to you, Uday, as I instinctively thought of your condition. Majiba already thinks I am demented and perhaps now you would do the same. But what do you think was Swamiraj's reply? He said, "My daughter, unhappiness comes because you are steeped in English ways of looking at things. Their so-called ratio-

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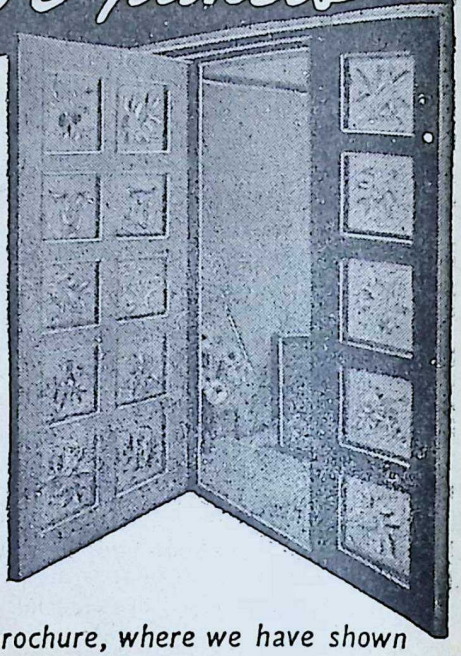

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nalism kills all faith. If a mother says to her son: 'My son, you are your father's child', the son—if he is English knowing—would be sure to ask for evidence as if it is the mother's duty to prove who the child's father is!" As he said this, he laughed hilariously.

"We are not quite as absurd as all that," said I.

"Are you sure? Go and tell your brother that there is God and that He is present everywhere, and he will immediately reply, 'Show Him to me; I cannot believe it until I see Him with my own eyes.' For the sake of a hundred rupees a month the English educated will work like a slave in the office for years together. But for finding God he would not exert himself in the least. Rather he would expect Bholanath to announce Himself and say, 'I am Bholanath, God of all gods. Please have faith in me, I beg of you!' Don't you think that is what your brother too wants?"

I took up your defence and said, "My brother is not that sort."

"I know young men: they want a wife, they want money, they want fame. They think only of themselves and when they get them they claim all credit for themselves. They have no use for others, much less for God. Naturally they have no time to think of God. Your brother will come to his senses only when he has gone through the fire of bitter experience. Do you know what Lord Bholanath has said? Without faith you can have neither happiness nor peace either in this world or the next."

"But believe me, my brother is most anxious to acquire faith."

"I am also eager to be a Sankaracharya! But what can mere wishes get? Wishes, at the wish level, do not generate the necessary strength and ability, nor bring capacity to achieve the object of the wish."

"How then are we to achieve such

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capacity?" I inquired.

"When you write a letter to your brother, you do so with the certainty that it will reach him, that is why you are happy to write it. But supposing you did not have that faith that it would reach him, what would be the state of your mind? My sister, the whole of this life really has its roots in faith. You chisel a monkey out of stone and worship it with complete faith and it will become Hanuman. Then see if that faith does not bear fruit."

"You mean to say that my brother will be happy only if I have the absolute faith in his happiness?"

"That is right. Gangli had such absolute faith in her Bapji; she kept it for thirteen years and she became happy. Should you too likewise have absolute faith that your Majiba is Goddess Amba, you will surely see her as a Goddess. Similarly if you are married and you have uncompromising faith in your husband that he is God, he really will be a God! Short of it, he will merely remain the father of your child! So also if you have unshaken faith that your brother will be happy, he will certainly be so at the end of one year or five years or ten years for that matter—that depends upon your faith. Naturally, it will not be easy to develop such a rock-like faith. Similarly if your brother can have an absolute faith in your goodness or in God or indeed, in anything good, he will become immediately happy."

"From now on I shall pray everyday to God that I may be vouchsafed such unquestioning faith."

"Well, my daughter, you cannot

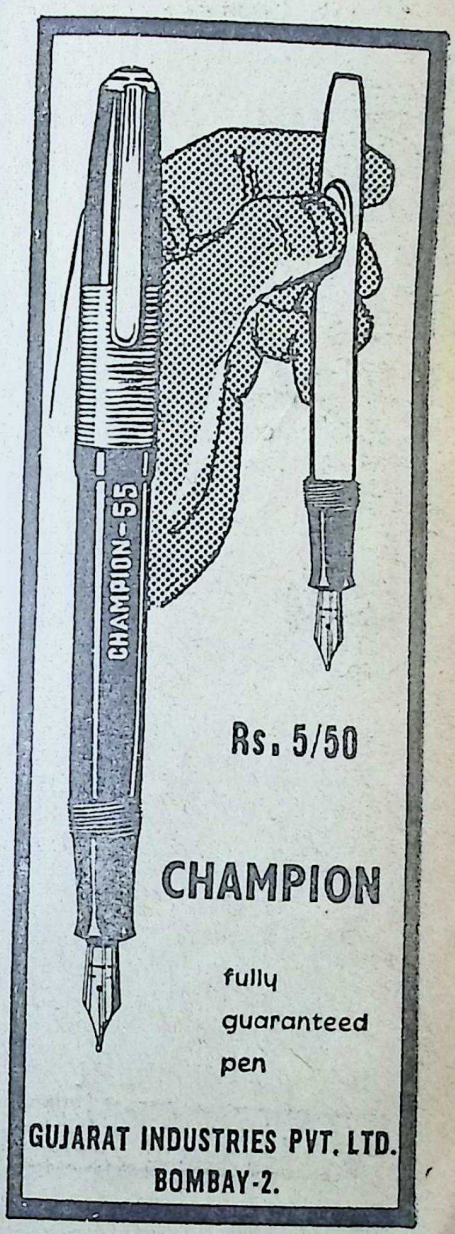
have that faith by putting a coin in the slot, if I may say so. You have to learn to develop faith. Then alone will your object be achieved. The trouble with you is that you have started at the wrong end. If instead of feeling unhappy all along that there is so much evil going about, you had begun to believe that the world is good, you would have seen good emerging out of evil."

He sat silent for a while and then added: "Living is like the churning of the Milky Ocean* referred to in our Shastras. The world contains honest and good men as well as hypocrites and scoundrels. Their combined effort constitutes the churning of the Ocean. Every day, every moment, you and I, in going round our duties, are churning up that Ocean ; at each turn of the churning wheel there emerges on the surface froth of good or of evil, of happiness or of misery ; but were there no froth, whence would rise the nectar of truth and beauty and godliness?"

I remarked then "You mean to say that evil is a pre-condition to goodness?"

"Pre-condition? When the Goddess of Wealth, Lakshmiji, emerged from the Milky Ocean, she aroused the greed

* This talk has reference to the myth that the gods and demons churned the Ocean when fourteen jewels came out. Among them was Lakshmi, Goddess of Wealth, who, to prevent the churners from fighting, was taken over by God Vishnu. Then came poison, which Shankar swallowed. Then came the conch of purity and last of all nectar, which made the gods immortal. Swamiraj's comment points to evil being a necessary factor in combating which the good appears.



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of evil people, but when God made her his own, the solution was found; through surrender of wealth to God good was attained and evil was conquered. Do you remember that she was the last of the fourteen jewels which came out by churning the Ocean? If Kalakuta-poison had not come out at the end and if God Bholanath had not swallowed it and kept it in his throat for the good of the world, how could you have got the purity of the conch, the next jewel which emerged from the sea? And if purity had not come, how could then have come the nectar of immortality? Why are you so intolerant of evil?"

"I don't know, but I shudder at the very thought of evil."

"May I tell you why you do so? It is because you have not developed sufficient faith. If you had, you would have swallowed the cup of poison and still remained to worship God with a song on your lips!"

I own I did not understand the full import of what Swamiraj told me. But I was clear on one thing: I could never achieve the degree of faith in God that Swamiraj had.

Last night Swamiraj was with us; and he, Majiba and I sat talking late into the night. In the morning when we left by boat, I felt I was drifting downstream from heaven itself. Before leaving, I prostrated myself before Swamiraj's feet and sought his blessings.

"My daughter," he said, "instead of longing for beauty in your heart, you are trying to find it with your eyes. Have implicit faith that there is beauty all around you; then indeed

you will see that beauty surrounds you everywhere."

I bowed to him again when he placed his hand on my head conveying his blessings. This was his parting advice: "My daughter, remember this: what is Beautiful is also True and is God Shiva who is Love. That is why Shivji is conceived as the very image of truth and beauty; He is everywhere, in me, in you, in every one. When your brother realises this, he too will find it easy to have faith; things will then look beautiful for him too. My blessings to you, my daughter. May you live for a hundred years."

Our boat left Dhebaria and, as it slowly moved forward the figure of Swamiraj standing on the river bank receded gradually till it disappeared. Would you believe it, my brother? I have never felt so happy as to-day. As we jogged along we could view both the banks of the river Narmada dotted with temples from which we could hear the temple bells tolling.

Just think of the wonderful faith, the faith that moves mountains, extending over centuries, of which this spot has been a witness, and which has so permeated it that it has made it inspiring. Is it any wonder that our hearts become purified here?

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[To be continued]

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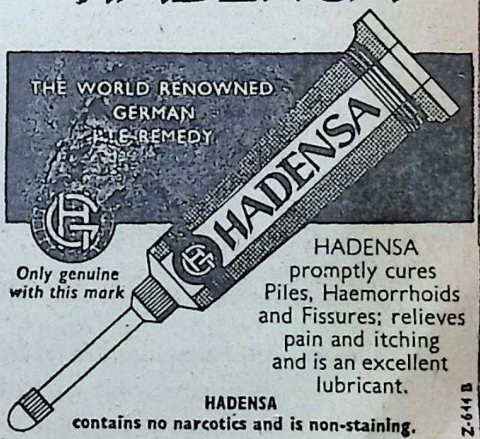

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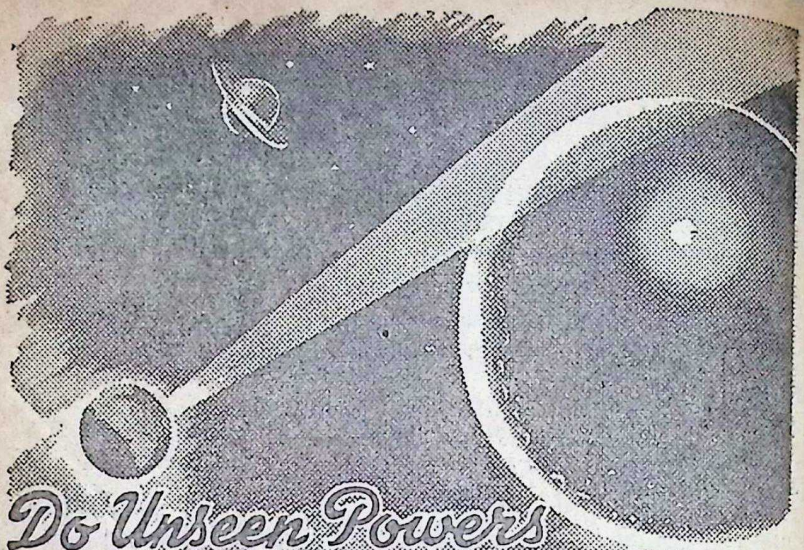

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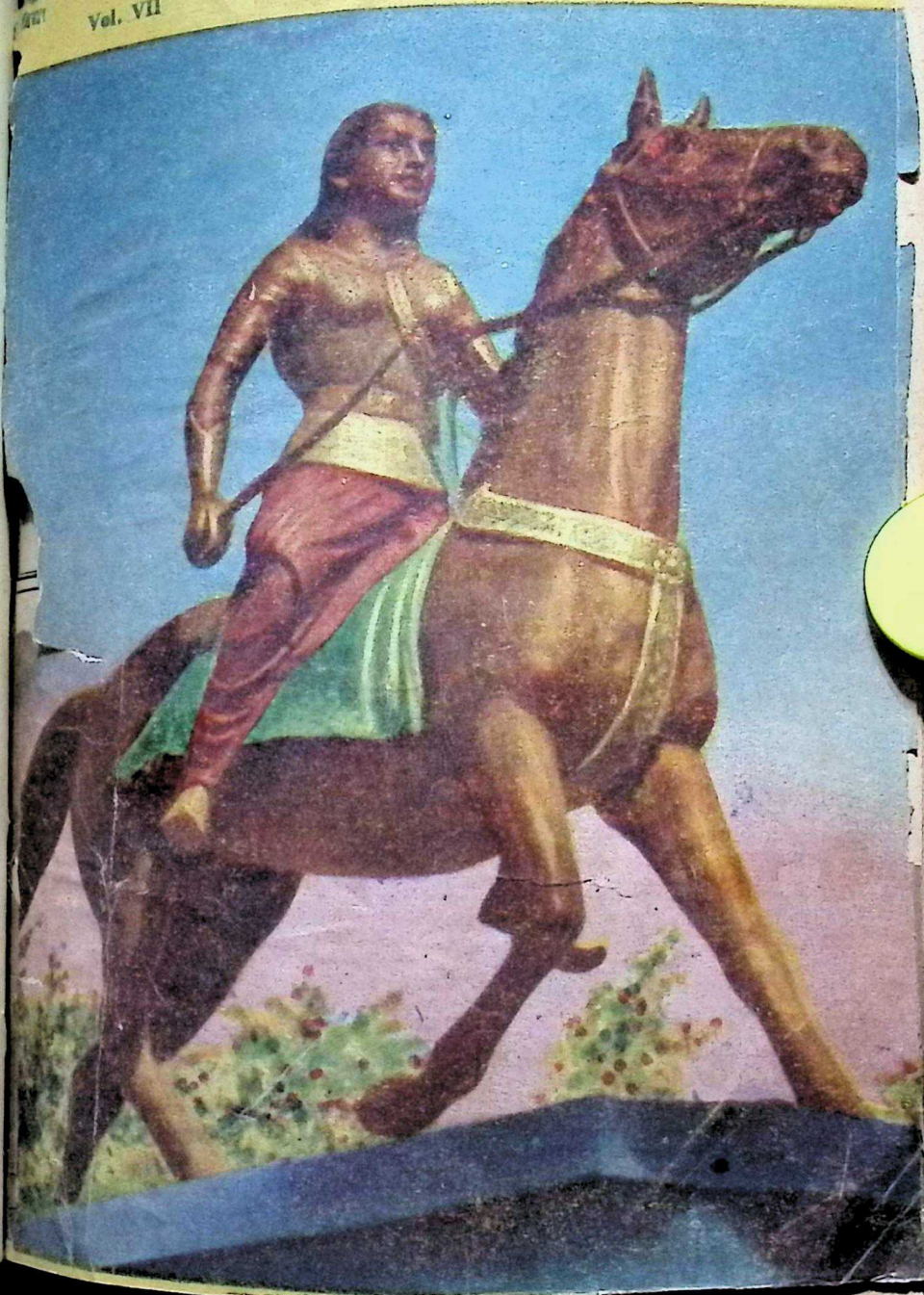

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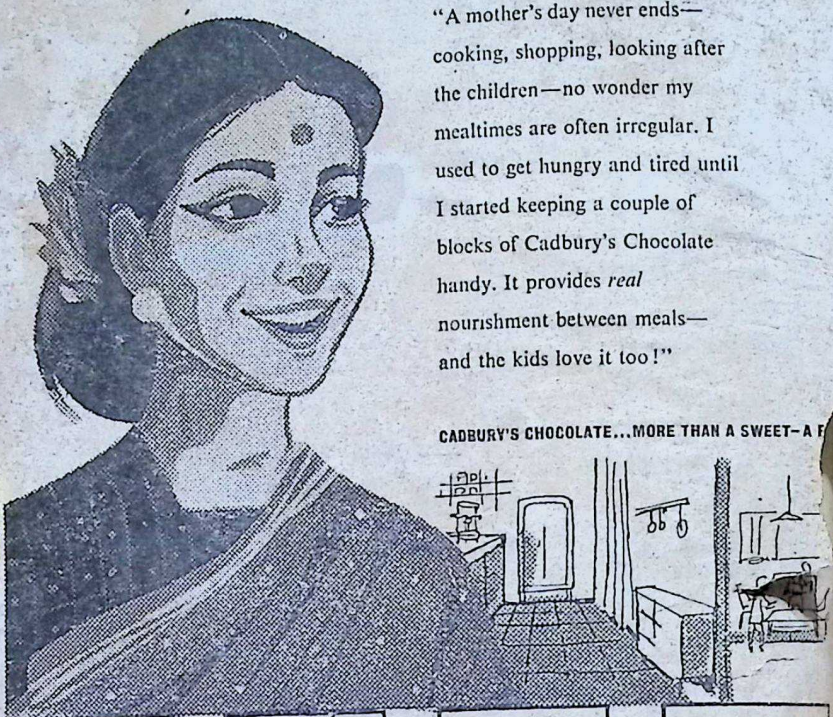

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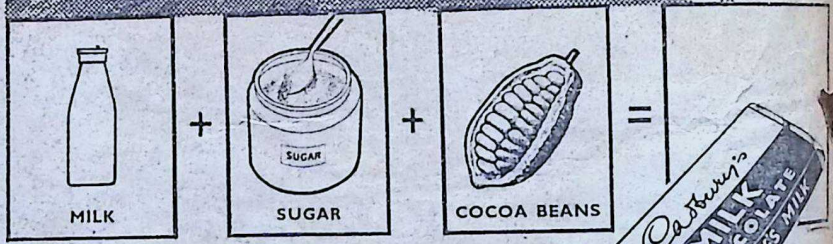

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RANI CHANNAMMA OF KITTUR

[*Please see page 79*]

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side.
—Rigveda. I-89-1

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OCTOBER 30, 1960 No. 7

Vol. VII

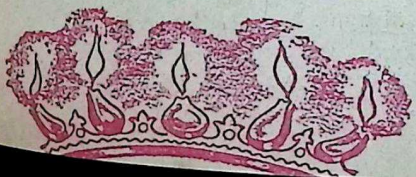
PRAYER TO NARAYANI

मेधे सरस्वति वरे भूति बाभ्रवि तामसि ।
नियते त्वं प्रसीदेशे नारायणि नमोऽस्तु ते ॥
प्रणतानां प्रसीद त्वं देवि विश्वार्तिहारिणि ।
त्रैलोक्यवासिनामीड्ये लोकानां वरदा भव ॥

O Supreme One! Thou art memory and intelligence. Thou art Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning. Thou art the most adorable Devi, the personification of all that is good. Thou art the divine Consort of Lord Vishnu. Thou art also the Dark One, the embodiment of Tamas. Thou art the compelling power that gives fixity to Nature's laws. O Mother, bestow Thy grace on us—Salutations to Thee, O Narayani!

O Goddess! Thou art the remover of the world's distress. Pray, bless us who offer obeisance to Thee. O Mother! Thou art worshipped by the dwellers of the three worlds. Pray, fulfil the aspirations of all beings!

—Devi Mahatmya.



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 217

★ *IN THE STREETS OF BOMBAY*

★ *MAHARAJA OF BARODA*

★ *PIPALWADI CHAWLS*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAV
BOMBAY.
OCTOBER 30, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN this letter I shall tell you how I came to settle in Bombay, my home-town for the last half a century.

In March 1907, I first came to Bombay with the intention of making it my home.

In December 1906 I had passed my B.A. examination from the Baroda College and spent about two months in sick-bed. After I recovered, I had a brain-wave to rush up to Bombay and get the benefit of keeping the term from January to April by getting hold of its tail.

When I came to Bombay two bits of ancient wisdom which I had made the maxims of my life were running in my head. The first one was Pindar's:

"Die since we must, wherefore should a man sit idle and nurse in the gloom of days of long life, without aim, without name!"

The second was by an English po
"A sacred burden is the life you b
Look on it, live it, bear it, solem
Walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for
But onwards, upwards—till the
you win."

In the evening of the day I ar
ed in Bombay, I went to Kumb
Tukda in search of the house of Kr
nalal Mohanlal Jhaveri. He came fr
Broach, my native place, and wa
friend of the family. My father w
great friend of his elder brother;
sister and my mother were fri
from childhood. I had seen him c
ing during High Court vacations
Broach and had admired the skill
which he swam across the wide
panse of the river Narmada. I had
read some of his works. He has had
reputation of being a Persian sch

For many years Krishnalal Kaka had practised on the Appellate Side of the Bombay High Court and for two years now he had been a Judge of the Small Causes Court. At that time he had not been honoured with the title of Dewan Bahadur.

I had come to him to secure his good offices for getting enrolled in the law class. I climbed a dark staircase, saw Kaka and ran into his affections. He gave me a letter of introduction to Sir Dinsha Mulla (Mister, as he then was), the great lawyer, who was then the Principal of the only Law College in the Presidency of Bombay, as it then was.

When I met Mr. Mulla he read Kaka's note and courteously asked me to convey his respects to the writer and to my disappointment added that he was sorry that he could not admit me to the college at that late stage.

Back I came to Broach. Not feeling happy at my first adventure having ended in failure, I went to live with some friends who were then living in the hostel of the Baroda College.

● ● ●

March 10 was a day I could never forget. On the magnificent lawn of the Baroda College stood Sayyaji Rao Gaekwad, the ruler of Baroda. Full of enthusiasm we, the students of the College, went around him in circles with blazing torches in our hands. This was the crowning function of the Maharaja's Silver Jubilee.

He had secured a place in our hearts. We were in a mood of militant nationalism. We felt for him what the Italians of the Revolution must have felt for Victor Emmanuel and had ar-

Krishnalal M. Jhaveri

ranged a torchlight procession for him as was done for the first king of free Italy when he stepped on the soil of his liberated land.

Sayyaji Rao Gaekwad had carved out a unique place for himself in India of the day. During those years, at a time when the rulers of most Indian States wasted their substance in vain pomp or idle dissipation, Sayyaji Rao had been the ablest administrator in India, not excluding those of British-governed Provinces. In fact he was the first Indian to set up an efficient administration, which worked for the welfare of the subjects. Wherever he went—in India, Europe or America—his one thought had been to bring back whatever might prove useful to his State.

He had the courage—then almost unknown—to stand up to the British power. He resisted the meddlings of the Residents in the internal affairs of his State. Though he could not push back the rising tide of Paramountcy, he tried to preserve for his State such independence as was possible.

Nationalism in the true sense of the word came to India after 1904 and it owed not a little to our Maharaja. We could never forget that Prof. Arvind Ghosh (later Sri Aurobindo) was his Private Secretary; Swami Nityanand Saraswati, the great leader of the Arya Samaj, his constant adviser. When the Congress contented itself with speeches and the masses in India were fast asleep, the Maharaja had declared:

"The best form of government is a government which is run by the people. People must be trained to safeguard their interests; they must be so educated that they should feel their responsibility."

These brave words echoed and reechoed in our young hearts. When presented with an address at Allahabad in the presence of a huge crowd, he had replied in these words:

"India needs a great national movement so that every man may work not for selfish ends, not for the community, but for the nation. We should go beyond worn-out traditions, conservatism and blind faith. We should do everything by freedom, equality, brotherhood, freedom of action, freedom in our development and with a sense of nationalism. Then and then alone shall we see India attaining true freedom—freedom glorified by national art, literature and trade. Then and then alone shall we be worthy to have a national government, not before that."

It was the period when Japan, an Asiatic power, had defeated Russia, a European power, and the slogan 'Asia for Asiatics' was in the air.

That night when we feted the Maharaja we gave expression to our feelings of regard, admiration and affection for him. When we reached the palace, we unhitched the horses and

Sayyaji Rao Gaekwad

drew the coach ourselves up to th gate. There was nothing formal. W were not indulging in flattery. The was no question of personal gain fr us. We of the younger generatio took the Maharaja as the symbol a leader of the battle for national fre dom. In reply to our enthusiastic hom age, the Maharaja said:

"This is a unique experience in m life. I am not worthy of the honou that you have done me by organisin this wonderful torchlight processio Whatever I have done for my peop has been a matter of simple duty. have made mistakes, to be sure, but assure you. my intentions were goo To err is human, and I am mortal lik you. You will please forgive me m shortcomings. I will do whatever possible for your good. Never do that."

So spoke our Maharaja—gently b with calm assurance. He was then the height of his career.

However, the British had decid to teach the Maharaja a lesson. On th

occasion of the Delhi Durbar in 1911, he was humiliated; he came under a cloud as a result of a case in a British Divorce Court. *London Times* bitterly attacked him. No one then stood by his side. His pride was shattered. He had to withdraw from Indian politics, and his State, for the time being, was placed under British officers.

When his letter of apology was published, I remember to have received a shock. I thought that the Maharaja was not destined to become the Victor Emmanuel of India.

●●●

Many years later, I came to know the Maharaja better. In 1935, welcoming the Maharaja on the occasion of his Diamond Jubilee, when the old graduates of the Baroda College invited him to dinner, I said:

"When we joined the College, the Russo-Japanese War had not broken out. Bengal had not been partitioned and nationalism had not attained such a vigorous form. At that time, we had appreciated the Maharaja, his nationalism, his wisdom, his firm character and his statesmanship, and today, after the trials and tribulations of nearly thirty years, we find in him a living embodiment of all these virtues, and we are proud to note to what heights Indian statesmanship can rise."

●●●

I came to Bombay again in June 1907 to join the Law Class. One wet morning I was received at the Charni Road Station by my old friend Dalpatram and one of my maternal uncles. Dalpatram took charge of my trunk; I carried my bundle. Rs. 20—my all—was in my pocket. We passed through the streets of Bombay, then stirring into life.

Huge buildings, like silent giants, stood on both sides of the road. I looked upon them with awe. Behind them there was mysterious life. My future and my hopes were with it. I felt that a new chapter had begun for me.

I began to live with the three step-brothers of Mother. They lived in a double-room in a huge, twin chawl situate in a lane called Pipalwadi. The wife of my eldest uncle was the only lady of the house, their son the only child in the family. They had also a couple of paying guests. My uncle welcomed me with great cordiality and I stayed with him for about two months.

The access to Pipalwadi chawls was through a muddy lane, which, in the rainy season, we had to pass through by jumping from one brick to another; sometimes, on account of accumulation of water, we had to wade through it barefooted, with shoes in hand. in its four-floor tenaments lived about two hundred families, many of which made up their monthly deficit by feeding some relatives as paying guests, and letting them sleep in the gallery.

In the double-room where we lived, we were six men, one woman and a child. Senior uncle and his wife slept in the kitchen. My other two uncles, the boy and myself accommodated ourselves in the small front room. The paying guests, with possibly some guests on temporary visit, slept in the gallery. Most of us had a mat, a mattress and a blanket. For some of us what was a spare *dhoti* by day became a bed-sheet at night. Those who slept in the gallery had great time, for they sat up in groups, smoking and gossiping till the very stars went to sleep.

Though they kept their kitchen clean, the women of the chawls threw every morning and night the residue of food and garbage from the windows into the compound below. Dirt was everywhere. At all hours of the day the chawls stank of garlic mixed with the odour of unwashed bodies and the nauseating smell which exuded from the kitchen and the latrine. My olfactory nerves had not been trained to the general level of insensitiveness.

The noise around was terrific. Everybody in India believed in talking loudly in those days. Women who gathered at the common tap on each floor shouted at each other. Children, playing with one another in the gallery and often flying at each other, screamed to their hearts' content. Sometimes an irate husband, having thrashed his wife, came out in the gallery, proclaiming her special virtues. Those on the upper floor continually shouted at those on the lower floor to close the water-tap: *'Nal bandh karo'*. In the compound below, the hawkers continually yelled the virtues of their wares. Of them, the men who hawked mangoes were the only ones who shouted *'Payari Afoose'* in a musical voice. Attracted by their voice more than by the fruits, we bought them and ate them with relish.

I had just recovered from an illness and was still feeling groggy. I could not bear the place I was living in: I had been used to my house at Broach which was both roomy and airy. However, my uncles and aunt did th best for me, for I was the darling their sister Tapibehn. In fact, th provided me with better comfort t they themselves enjoyed. Often I clined to accept them, because I not like invidious distinction, sometimes their affectionate insiste was irresistible.

More of Bombay life in future.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Virtue lies in struggle, not in the prize.

—Anon

PATHWAY TO GOD IN KANNADA LITERATURE

By

R. D. Ranade

Bhavan's B. U. No. 72

pp. 16 + 344

Popular Edition: Rs. 2.00

Special Library Edition: Rs. 6.00

The late Prof. R. D. Ranade was one of India's outstanding scholars and savants. The above mature study on *Kannada mysticism* has been rightly regarded as one of his most cherished works.

The pages of this book breathe, as it were, the intense spiritual fervour, devotion and mystic insight of the great Kannada saints and seers and convey the lofty spirit and significance of their teachings. They dwell on the ennobling thoughts and beliefs, experiences and characteristics, along with adequate biographical details, of the various saints and sages of Karnataka who have exercised a profound and enduring influence on the minds of our people for long centuries.

Dr. Ranade's exposition is deeply perceptive and absorbing and, hence, should interest every earnest reader. To highlight his themes, he gives choice selections from the inspiring devotional masterpieces composed by the renowned saints and *acharyas* dealt by him in this book.

Ask any leading bookseller or directly contact:

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

CHOWPATTY, BOMBAY-7

MY CONCEPTION OF

Nam

Prostrate thyself, O heart of mine, at the lo
sorrow-dispelling feet
than whom none higher
Him who is bliss su
Bestower of knowledge free from
and Lord of the Devas of unclouded

He is not what the senses p
nor what the purified, uplifte
sees in yogic
Disparate from these
consciousness and bliss
In the past, present and
equal hath He none and none

"That *He is not and this*
In such limiting terms He is not to be con
Below and
whatsoever hath form, tha
and whatsoever is formless that, too,

Moving in the world of
He bears not the
He pervades the limitle
and there is no place where He
Supreme bliss
and Him we ap

He is ether, air, fire, water and
and all that in them
and He dwells in them
the Jiva dwells in th
Of the effulgent Vedas He is the
and all is merged in Him in inv

In every drop of the limit
as in the vast
in every minute point
and in every conscious being
hidden He dwells, He i
all is merged in the final diss

OD-INTOXICATION

Chandidas

ho is it that sang to me the Lord's sweet name
Shyama?
lling on my ears, it was as balm,
nd yet it has made me restless to meet Him.
annot measure the nectar that makes up
is name—
is continually on my lips.
he more I repeat the name the more I lose
consciousness;
transports me to the Realm of Eternal Joy:
hat other name is possessed of such power?
there any ecstasy which His touch will not give?
hat care I? I bid farewell to all decorum,
urn my back on society and rush to meet Him.

am helpless, no matter how much I try,
am powerless to control this mind run riot
ter Him.

e demolishes the citadel of society that encages
s and demands the sacrifice of all beauty in us.
o says Chandidas.

PATHWAY TO GOD

DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

Recently an impressive function with Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, as Chief Guest, was held at Nimbal, the birth-place of Prof. R. D. Ranade, to mark the release of Dr. Ranade's epoch-making book 'Pathway to God in Kannada Literature', published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in collaboration with the Karnatak University.

Below is given Dr. Radhakrishnan's speech at the function.

Incidentally it may be mentioned here that Dr. Ranade's two other books on the same subject viz. 'Pathway to God in Hindi Literature' and 'Pathway to God in Marathi Literature' have also been published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.—Ed.

FOR many years Prof. R. D. Ranade taught philosophy at Poona, at Amalner, and at Allahabad. Philosophy, for him, was not a profession but a consuming passion. He thought, not merely with his intellect but with his whole life.

I enjoyed his friendship and affection from the time I met him in 1925 at the first Indian Philosophical Congress in Calcutta. His simplicity, his integrity, his sweet and affectionate nature impressed all who came into contact with him.

He had remarkable linguistic equipment. Apart from his mastery of English, he knew Greek and German and had a command of Hindi, Marathi and Kannada. He made very valuable contributions to our knowledge of mysticism in Marathi, Hindi and Kannada literatures. He expressed his deepest convictions in words and ways intelligible to the ordinary man.

Professor Ranade tells us on the very first page of this book that "mysticism is a way of spiritual life, which binds all humanity together". Religion, at its highest, is a matter of direct experience of ultimate reality, an experience which is intuitive, super-sensuo and different from normal modes thought. On the strength of that e perience we cannot make ontologic affirmations. The intellectual appr hension and formulation of transcen dent truth belong to a different ord from the experience which they a tempt to explain. The immediacy not there; the conviction of final is not present. The need for utteri the unutterable leads to ambiguity utterance. Professor Ranade tells that "no real mystic usually gives e pression to his own experience". A American poet, Emily Dickinso says: "Tell the truth but tell it slant".

Those who have realised go beyo the sectarian descriptions which gi faltering expression to the realise truth. The mystics of Karnatak a either Saivite or Vaisnavite but the both belong to the same family.

saivavayam na khalu tatra
vicaraniya
pancaksari japapara nitaram tatha
ceto madiyam atasi
kusumavabhasa
smerananam smarati
gopavadhukisora

"I am a follower of Siva ; there need not be any doubt about it nor of my true meditation of the five-lettered text sacred to Siva (*namah sivaya*) Nevertheless, my mind constantly recalls the image of the beautiful Krishna, the beloved of the *gopi* maidens." On this a comment is made that there is not any ultimate difference between Siva (*Mahesvara*), the Lord of the world, and Vishnu (*Janardana*), the spirit of the universe. So I give my devotion to Siva.

mahesvare va jagatam adhisvare
janardane va jagad antaratmani
na vastu bheda pratipattir asti me
tathapi bhaktis tarunendusekhare

If religious unity is to be established in the world, the relativity of descriptions and approaches to God requires to be recognised.

The way to attain the experience is by meditation and prayer. All the religious thinkers ask us to know the deepest in us.

ninna nijava ni nodo

Know the truth of your self. God dwells in the silence, the cave, the *guha* of the heart. He is *Guhesvara*. Without a retreat into the self, true human life is not possible. The Buddha withdraws into the forest. Jesus goes apart into the desert for forty days. Muhammad gets into his tent.

Prayer to a personal expression of the Supreme is also enjoined.

Professor Ranade gives a detailed account of the different modes of approach adopted by the saint-singers of Karnataka. There are a few references to his own experiences.

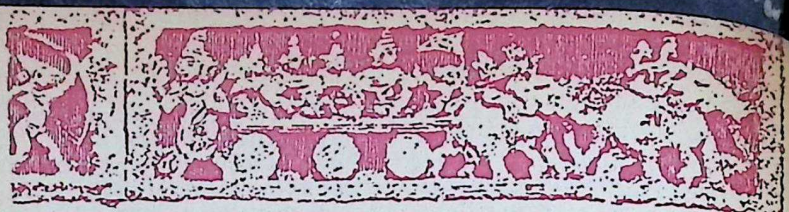
The God-realised souls form a blessed community *anubhava-mantapa* working with love for afflicted mankind. History is the progressive embodiment of the vision of human brotherhood culminating in a society of free spirits, a body of men dedicated to seeking truth. Ranade spent his life in the pursuit of this ideal. He reminds us of the verse in Sankaracharya's *Moha-mudgara*:

guru-caranambuja nirbhara bhaktah
samsarad acirad bhava muktah
sendriya-manasa-niyamad eva drak-
syasi nijahridayastham devam

Cultivate a strong devotion to the lotus feet of your preceptor ; thereby get freed soon from *samsara* ; only by a control of the senses and the mind does one attain a vision of the Divine seated in one's heart.

God is the secret and central light that kindles up the sun, his dazzling representative; and he lives, enlightens, and comforts in the diffusion of his beams. His spirit inspires and actuates the air, and in it a breath of ife to all his creatures. He is fragrance in flowers, and flavour in fruits. He holds the infinitude in the hollow of his hand, and opens his world of wonders in the minims of nature. He is the virtue of every heart that is softened by a sense of pity or torch of benevolence. He coos in the turtle and bleat in the lamb; and through the paps of the stern bear and implacable tigress, he yields forth the milk of loving-kindness to their little ones.

—Henry Brooke



ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

MANTHARA'S INTRIGUE

Kausalya, hearing the news of Rama's Coronation, gladly presented a garland to the Brahmin who brought the news to her.

लक्ष्मीं पर्यचरद्देवीं राघवस्यार्थसिद्धये ।

She worshipped Goddess Lakshmi for the fulfilment of Rama's desires.

सत्यवादी दशरथः करोत्येव प्रतिश्रुतम् ।
कैकेयीवशगः किन्तु कामुकः किं करिष्यति ।
इति व्याकुल चित्ता सा दुर्गां देवीमपूजयत् ॥

"It is well known that Dasaratha is honest and will keep his word. But as he is infatuated with Kaikeyi I do not know how he will act. Anyhow, Goddess Durga will remove all difficulties. Let me pray to her." Thus thinking, she worshipped Durga.

एतस्मिन्नन्तरे देवा देवीं वाणीमचोद्यन् ।
गच्छ देवि भुवो लोकं अयोध्यायां प्रयत्नतः ॥
रामाभिषेकविघ्नार्थं यतस्व ब्रह्मवाक्यतः ।
मन्थरां प्रविशस्वादौ कैकेयीं च ततः परम् ॥
ततो विघ्ने समुत्पन्ने पुनरेहि दिवं शुभे ।
तथेत्युक्त्वा तथा चक्रे प्रविवेशाथ मन्थराम् ॥

Meanwhile all the gods requested Goddess Saraswati: "O Devi! It is the command of Lord Brahma that should go to Ayodhya on the earth prevent the coronation of Rama taking place. First of all, catch hold Manthara and then Kaikeyi. You return to Swarga Loka after cre the obstacle". Saying 'so it be' S wati entered the body of Mantha

सा तु कुब्जा त्रिवक्रा तु प्रासादाग्रमया
नगरं परितो दृष्ट्वा सर्वतः समलंकृत
नानातोरणसंबाधं पताकाभिरलंकृत
सर्वोत्सवसमायुक्तं विस्मिता पुनराग

The hunchbacked Manthara cended on to the terrace and saw entire city decorated with flags festoons.

धात्रीं पप्रच्छ मातः किं नगरं समलंकृत
नानोत्सवसमायुक्ता कौसल्या चातिह
ददाति विप्रमुख्येभ्यः वस्त्राणि विविध

Wondering, Manthara asked nurse, "O, mother! Why is the city

rated beautifully? Why is Kausalya a jovial mood? She gives away thes of different varieties to Brahmins. What is afoot?"

तामुवाच तदा धात्री रामचन्द्राभिषेचनम्।।
श्वो भविष्यति तेनाद्य सर्वतोऽलंकृतं पुरम् ।।

The Dhatri replied "Tomorrow the Coronation of Ramachandra is to take place. The entire town is decorated to celebrate the occasion."

तच्छ्रुत्वा त्वरितं गत्वा कैकेयीं वाक्यमब्रवीत् ।
पर्यंकस्थां विशालाक्षीं एकान्ते पर्यवस्थिताम् ।।
किं शेषे दुर्भगे मूढ महदभयमुपस्थितम् ।।
न जानीषेऽतिसौन्दर्यमानिनी मत्तगामिनी ।

The moment she heard this, Manthara hurried to Kaikeyi who was reclining on a sofa, and told her: "O foolish! Why are you sleeping? A great danger threatens you. Being proud of your own beauty you do not see the danger that has risen."

रामस्यानुग्रहाद्राज्ञः श्वोऽभिषेको भविष्यति।
तच्छ्रुत्वा सहसोत्थाय कैकेयी प्रियवादिनी ।।
तस्यै दिव्यं ददौ स्वर्णनूपुरं रत्नभूषितम् ।
हर्षस्थाने किमिति मे कथ्यते भयमागतम्।।

On hearing the news that Rama is going to be anointed by the grace of the King, Kaikeyi got up swiftly and presented a gold *Nupura* to Manthara, saying, "O Manthara! How is it that you say a great danger has come, when it is an occasion for us to rejoice?

भरतादधिको रामः प्रियकृन्मे प्रियंवदः।
कौसल्यां मां समं पश्यन् सदा शुश्रूषते हि माम्॥
रामाद्भयं किमापन्नं तव मढ़े वदस्व मे॥

"Rama who talks sweetly is dearer to me than Bharata and he does everything that pleases me. He shows no difference between me and his own mother, Kausalya, and is anxious to do service to me. When such is the fact, what dread Rama holds out to me? O fool! tell me."

तच्छ्रुत्वा विषसादाथ कुब्जाऽकारणवैरिणी।
श्रृणु मद्वचनं देवि यथार्थं ते महद्भयम्॥
त्वां तोषयन्सदा राजा प्रियवाक्यानिभाषते।
कामुकोऽतथ्यवादी च त्वां वाचा परितोषयन्॥
कार्यं करोति तस्या वै राममातुः सुपुष्कलम्।
मनस्येतन्निधायैव प्रेषयामास ते सुतम्॥
भरतं मातुलकुले प्रेषयामास सानुजम्।
सुमित्रायाः समीचीनं भविष्यति न संशयः।
लक्ष्मणो राममन्वेति राज्यं सोऽनुभविष्यति॥
भरतो राघवस्याग्रे किंकरो वा भविष्यति।
विवास्यते वा नगरात् प्राणैर्वा हाप्यतेऽचिरात्॥
त्वं तु दासीव कौसल्यां नित्यं परिचरिष्यसि।
ततोऽपि मरणं श्रेयः यत्सपत्न्याः पराभवः॥
अतः शीघ्रं यतस्वाद्य भरतस्याभिषेचने।
रामस्य वनवासार्थे वर्षाणि नव पंच च॥
ततोरूढोऽभये पुत्रस्तव राज्ञि भविष्यति।
उपायं ते प्रवक्ष्यामि पूर्वमेव मनिश्चितम्॥

On hearing this, Manthara who wanted no other cause for sowing the seeds of enmity, pretending to be sad heart, told Kaikeyi, "O Devi! Listen me. Really you are in great dange The king is a passionate man, he not true to you. He speaks sweetly please you, while he confers bene on Kausalya only. Keeping Kausalya interest in mind, he has sent your s to his maternal uncle's house alo with Satrughna. Sumitra does not lo anything. She will become satisfie since, in fact, Lakshmana is going rule the country, keeping Rama as th ruler in name. Both of them are in separable.

"In the presence of Rama your so Bharata will be treated as a slave o will be sent out of the kingdom or h may be killed. As for you, you shoul become a slave of Kausalya. It woul be better to die than to be a slave o Kausalya. So, try all means to get you son coronated and to send Rama i exile for a period of fourteen years By that time your son will become es tablished as the King and can live hap pily. I shall tell you a plan, which I have conceived, to achieve this."

A Correction

In the article *Moksha:—the Advaitic Concept* by H.H. Sankaracharya of Shringeri on page 28, line 31 of the second column in the last issue should read as 'in the dream state' and not 'in the waking state'.—Ed.

K. M. Munshi

Krishnavatara

PART II

PANCHAJANA AND PUNYAJANA RAKSHASAS

The first outstanding exploit of Sri Krishna, after he killed Kamsa, was bringing back the son of his Guru Sandipani from Vaivasvatpur. It appears to be based on an authentic tradition. Sandipani's son was taken away from somewhere near Prabhas and carried to Vaivasvatpur across the sea. Going in search of the boy, Sri Krishna vanquished Panchajana, a seagoing rakshasa (rakshasa *being a term applied to uncouth aliens speaking a foreign language). Another tradition has it that Punyajana* rakshasas *had established a settlement at Kushastali on the seacoast of Saurashtra.*

Panis in the Rigveda *were a people who did not give offerings to the Aryan gods and are spoken of as 'wolves' or 'demons' and usurers. They were also called Dasyus and of hostile speech. Some scholars consider them to be aboriginal traders who went in caravans (even to Arabia), prepared to fight, if need be, to protect their goods against attacks. (Macdonell & Keith,* Vedic Index, *Vol. I, page 471 and 472).*

I am inclined, therefore, to speculate that Punyajana, Panchajanas, and Panis were different names for the same class of aliens who can be identified with the Phoenicians. The Phoenicians were a seagoing people, known to the ancients of Europe for their adventurous spirit and dishonest ways. Before they settled in Phoenicia between 1600 and 1350 B.C., (Rawlinson's History of Phoenicia, *p. 406) they lived in settlements on the shores of the Eurythrean Sea to the south of Phoenicia. That points to the Arabian Sea being the sphere of Phoenicians' activities.*

7. THE PUNYAJANA SHIP

GURU SANDIPANI and his pupils went to Prabhas Tirth (modern Prabhas) travelling in boats from Bhrigu Tirth (modern Broach).

Krishna, who had never seen the sea before, fell in love with its constant motion associated with unimperturbable immensity. He also occupied himself with learning how to row and navigate a boat in the sea.

They had six boats in all, which skirted the coast leisurely. Sandipani, because of his annual visits, was known and respected throughout the coastal area, and wherever the boats touched, they were received cordially. When the school reached Prabhas, it was cordially received by the King, who always looked forward to the annual visit of Guru Sandipani. The coast of Saurashtra was studded with Aryan settlements, and the arrival of any Aryan sage was to them a great event, celebrated with eclat. During his stay, the Guru set up a temporary school, headed by his leading disciple Shvetaketu which men of all ages attended to learn the shastras as well as to acquire skill in arms. To experts, he also taught how to fabricate and use arms of greater potency. His disciples also had the opportunity of spreading Aryan influence by going out to neighbouring settlements.

Prabhas was a large settlement. Besides colonies of Aryans, the bulk of its population consisted of a people who were dark and short sized, but very adventurous, genial and hospitable. They lived in houses made of baked clay neatly arranged in streets. They had public baths attached to shrines where they worshipped Shiva not in the form of *linga* as in Mathura but in the clay image of a naked human being seated in a firm yogic pose. The people of Prabhas had ships of their own and traded with Bhrigu Tirth and other coastal ports.[1] They spoke a language difficult to understand. But there were quite a few among them who had travelled widely in the country and being initiated in Aryan ways, spoke the cultured Aryan tongue[2] which was usually referred to as the language of the gods on account of the Vedas having been disclosed by the Gods in that language. There were colonies of Aryans too around Prabhas, who naturally welcomed Guru Sandipani with great enthusiasm.

Sandipani's school settled down near the temple of God Surya on the sea shore. Every day the master and his disciples took their ritual bath in the sea twice a day. The routine life of the school, however, was altered often to meet the needs of the local population. Then, trained disciples taught the Vedas and the sacrificial rituals to the local students in the morning, and in the evening those who cared to be trained in the use of arms received their lessons.

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1. The guess that I had made years ago that there might have been settlements of Harappan culture near the seacoasts of Saurashtra and Gujarat has been borne out by the discovery of the remains of a Harappan town at Lothal in Gujarat.

2. Vedic Sanskrit of its variety, the primary Saurashtra Prakrit.

No sooner did Guru Sandipani look the sea, than he lost his usual equanimity. It reminded him of the greatest tragedy of his life. The year before, he had been on a pilgrimage to Prabhas Tirth, his only son, Punardatta, had been kidnapped by the Punyajana demons, who often came to the port of Prabhas for trading.

One day, at midnight, when the sea was flooded by moonlight, Krishna saw the Guru walking down the shore, his eyes gazing fixedly in the distant horizon. He could guess the reason for this unhappiness: the Guru was, of course, thinking of his kidnapped son.

He got up from his deer-skin bed, wrapped it round himself and went to the spot where the Guru, lost in sad memories, was pacing the seashore.

As Sandipani saw Krishna coming, he turned to him and wiped a tear.

'My son, why have you come here at this time?' he asked in a shaky voice.

'Master mine, I know what is making you unhappy,' said Krishna. 'Can I not do anything to relieve you of your distress? You have called me your favourite pupil. You have been to me more than a father. Let me do something to make you happy,' Krishna added with folded hands.

'What can you do, Krishna? No one can make me happy. You will realise this only when you have a son of your own whom you love more than your life and who has been snatched away from you by cruel demons.' Krishna listened to the master quietly.

'The son is one's own self, projected in the future,' continued Sandipani. 'In life, he is your staff; in death, he saves you from hell. He can never

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be replaced and never can he be forgotten.'

'I have heard from Acharya Shvetaketu as to how Punyajanas kidnapped him last year. Was no attempt made to rescue him?' asked Krishna.

Sandipani shook his head sadly and pointed to the distant horizon where a ship, no bigger than a thumb as it looked, was coming into view.

'You see that dark spot. It is Panchajana coming again. He belongs to a tribe known as Punyajana who some years ago captured Kushasthali (modern Dwarka) from King Kukudmin, who is now a wanderer on the face of the earth. In the same way, he cam last year. He comes here every yea to trade, stays on his ship near th harbour for some days and then goe away. Gods alone know where, thoug he is said to live in Patala[1],' sai Sandipani with a sigh.

'On the last day of their visit la year, Punardatta went to the sea t bathe. He was a year older than you Vaasudeva. He was a fine, clever boy who, I had hoped, would carry for ward the work and tradition of Sand pani.' The Guru sighed again as h

1. The region round Hyderab (Sind).

...d at the sea reminiscently. 'The Punyajana demons kidnapped ...n to their ship and sailed away. My ...or boy! Gentle natured as he was, ...must have broken his heart to be ...parated from me. And, God of all ...ds, when I think what fate he must ...ve met, what cruel strangers he must ...ve had to live with, my heart ...eaks....' A sob shook the voice ...the Master. 'They are coming back ...v. I can destroy them or sink their ...s. But that will not bring back my ...y. Even if I try, they may take re-...nge by putting an end to his life.'

Krishna thought for a while. 'Guru-...va, suppose I try to find him?'

'You can't find,' said Sandipani. ...nyajana ships go to all the seven ...ds. They go to lands of which we ...know nothing. Some say they go to ...ala and even to the worlds where ...e demons, fierce and dark. Punar-...tta might have been sold in some ...ch land, who knows? He might have ...en killed as an offering to some ...cked god of the demons.'

'Well, I may try to find that out,' ...d Krishna.

'You will only invite a fate similar ...o Punardatta, Krishna,' said the ...Guru, putting his hand affectionately ...n the shoulders of his beloved pupil.

'Gurudeva, let me try to find out all ...bout the Punyajana ship which is now ...coming to Prabhas. It may or may ...not be the same as came last year. But ...permit me to do what I can. This will ...be my *gurudakshina*'[2] said Krishna.

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2. Education in ancient India being free, the pupil, on completing his education and whenever able, was to make a suitable present to the teacher, which was called *gurudakshina*, teacher's fee.

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"And tomorrow, release me from the vows of a brahmachari if you wish."

'But I would ask you to abandon your idea. But if you pursue it, you will have my blessings. But if something happens to you, how shall I face Prince Vasudeva and Princess Devaki?' asked Sandipani.

'Please tell them that I have gone to vindicate *Dharma*—to punish the wicked kidnappers,' replied Krishna.

Uddhava was Krishna's earliest playmate. He had completely dedicated himself to his friend, carrying out his slightest unspoken wishes, helping him in all ways and rejoicing in his glory. He joined Krishna in making inquiries about Punyajana ship and would not listen to be left behind when his friend made the final decision.

On the fourth night, the master of the Punyajana ship, Panchajana, had his last deal in Prabhas and left in a small boat for his ship which was anchored a little away in the sea.

About midnight, Krishna and Uddhava swam across the sea to where the ship lay anchored and clambered up its side. The night pilot, an old, withered, dark-skinned man, with a white beard, caught them. He knew the Aryan tongue a little and demanded of them what they wanted.

'We want to go with you, Uncle,' said Krishna with a smile. 'You took away our brother Punardatta last year. We can't live without him. So we want you to take us with you.'

Old Bhikru was surprised at the temerity of the two young men. People were mortally afraid of the Punyajana chief, who came to Prabhas every year in his ship and no one so far from Prabhas had had the courage to come to their ship.

Bhikru, the old pilot, was at first suspicious. He thought Krishna and Uddhava to be thieves and expected them to swim back immediately the ship lifted anchor. But his suspicions were allayed, as the ship, having lifted anchor, began to gather speed as the sea was ebbing fast. He sent for ropes, tied the hands and feet of Krishna and Uddhava, a process to which they cheerfully submitted, took them near the rudder and sat down in front of them. For a time no one spoke, only the heaving of the sea and the creaking of the ship disturbing the silence.

'You have a wonderful ship, Uncle. How many years have you been a pilot?' ultimately Krishna broke the silence.

'I? Oh,' laughed the old pilot. 'I have been a pilot since I was a little boy. My father was a pilot; so was my uncle.'

'It must be great fun travelling over the sea day and night,' said Krishna. 'I would love to be a pilot, Uncle. You go to so many lands, see so many people, and feel fresh and young every day. Won't you teach me how to sail the ship?'

'If you want to learn and live with me, I will teach you,' said Bhikru with a loud sailor's laugh. 'There is nothing so glorious as to cut your way through the waves.'

"Oh, your ship is a very fine one."

"It was tarred and caulked at Kushasthali only last month' said the pilot. 'What sort of Rakshasas stay there?' asked Krishna. 'They belong to the master's tribe, oosh!' said

Bhikru as if he did not like the Punyajanas but would not say so.

The ship sailed on, Krishna talked on, and the old pilot told strange tales of the sea till the morning broke.

Then Bhikru unbound the young men and took them to the front of the ship where Panchajana, the Punyajana chief, stood, a fat, stout man, who wore an unkempt beard which added a ferocious appearance to his scarred face. His body was bare except for a loin cloth and some rich gaudy ornaments on his neck and wrists. He also wore a short sword on his hips, suspended by a silver band encircling his waist and had a rope-end in his hand, the emblem of his authority, with which he often swished at the back of his subordinates.

He was attended by two swarthy giants, who had long whips in their hands. They had curly hair, thick lips and powerful muscles. They were the personal attendants of Panchajana and kept order on the ship.

After Bhikru told his chief as to how the two young men had arrived on the ship, Krishna saluted Panchajana and spoke to him with respect.

'Noble Chief, we have come to you because we want to join Punardatta, who went away with you last year. We loved him as our brother. We can't bear parting with him. We want you to take us to him,' said Krishna.

Panchajana appraised the beauty and grace of the boys, smiled in his beard and promised to take them to Punardatta. They were sure to fetch a big price, he thought.

Krishna, however, begged to be excused when Panchajana invited them to live with him and his nephews in the two cabins which their sh boasted and which they occupied.

'We have promised Bhikru to li with him and learn sailing,' sa Krishna.

The Punyajana chief laughe 'How can you work with your slend bodies? Look at your hands. Eve my daughters have tougher hands.'

'We can't be a burden to you, Chie We must earn our living by helpin Bhikru and other sailors,' said Krishn

This did not suit Panchajana. H wanted the young men to remain fre and graceful as they were. That wa they would be precious merchandi in the land to which he was sailing But he did not know how to force a idle life on Krishna and Uddhava i they wanted to be up and doing.

'All right,' said the chief waving th rope-end. 'Bhikru, you look after the boys properly. But see that they don' overwork or have their skin tanned i the sun. Otherwise, I will have yo thrashed.'

Panchajana significantly glanced a the giants who stood behind the chie with whips in their hands.

'As the master pleases,' said Bhikru

Bhikru liked the two young me who were so anxious to learn navigat tion from him and introduced them to his grandson who happened to bea the name of Kukkur.

Soon Kukkur also took a liking t the boys, though he could not talk an language which Krishna understood Soon they tried to make one anothe understood by gestures.

Between the two of them, Krishn and Uddhava elicited informatio about Punardatta. He had been take by Panchajana to Patala and then t

Vaivasvatpur, the City of the Sun, and was bought by its King. In fact, the ship was now sailing for that very port. It was a strange land where the queen was the Divine Mother and the king was the God of Death, they learnt.

The Panchajana chief became very gracious to Krishna, called him often to his cabin and made him sit by his side, and assured him that he would take him to Punardatta. Krishna did not like his leer, saw through the intentions of the demon and tried to keep him at a distance.

Every afternoon, Panchajana came to the deck and blew the beautiful pink-coloured conch which he wore by a strap on his shoulders. All the members of the crew, except the rowers at the lower deck, answered the summons by coming and prostrating themselves before him. But the rowers at the upper and lower deck exchanged places every day, and the master of the ship had everyone before him every two days.

He would then stand, a nephew on each side, and the two giants, Hukku and Hullu, a little away in front. After every one had saluted him and got a tap with the rope-end, he would issue orders to the crew for the night. This was also the time when Panchajana would punish disobedient hands on the ship.

Two days after Krishna came on the ship when Panchajana held court, he saw the ship's young carpenter Raddu being put up by Hukku for disobedience of some order. At the time Panchajana looked terrible. He rolled his eyes. He foamed at the mouth. He kicked the carpenter when he fell at his feet to ask for mercy.

Then he ordered Hukku to whip him. The giant stepped forward, wielded his long whip and lashed the shrieking carpenter six times. When lashing was finished, Raddu sank to the ground, his back lacerated by bleeding injuries, whining in a piteous way.

That night, when all had retired, Krishna, who slept on the deck, went up to Bhikru where he sat near the rudder by his side.

'Bhikru, why was the carpenter thrashed so mercilessly?' he asked. Bhikru sighed.

'He did not repair the master's cabin properly. The master was very angry,' he said.

'It is wicked, the way the young man was thrashed,' commented Krishna. 'He could not repair the cabin properly because he had fever on.'

'Oh, this happens to someone or the other every third day. Don't you worry. When the master gets angry, no one knows what he will do. I have known him throwing a man in the sea,' said Bhikru.

'Where does the carpenter sleep?' asked Krishna. I want to go to tim.'

Bhikru shook his head. 'The master does not permit any one to go near the man who is punished. He has to be left alone for a whole night. Whoever disobeys the orders will also be punished.'

'Send Kukkur to show us where the carpenter is sleeping,' said Krishna. 'I will brave the punishment if it comes to that.'

Kukkur was afraid of even leading Krishna and Uddhava to the hold where the injured carpenter lay. He anxiously peered on all sides to find out whether one or the other of the

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swarthy giants was following them for they prowled about the deck and in the hold every night to find any thing unusual happening on the ship. Kukkur pointed out the spot where the injured man lay, and slipped away.

Krishna sat near Raddu who lay moaning in pain, and softly patted him on the back. The man sat up in fright. He thought that one of the black giants was at him again. Then in the light of the rising moon which penetrated through the porthole he recognised the two fair young men who had clambered up the side of the ship two days ago, and was surprised. How could any one dare to approach a culprit the same day that he was punished?

Krishna, without a word, first soothingly patted the man and then, without saying a word, enveloped him in his arms with great affection. The man had never seen such kindness before and leaned his head on Krishna's chest and sobbed. Uddhava carefully brushed away the dirt which had gathered round the lacerations on the man's back. They could not exchange any words lest the attention of the prowlers may be attracted. But Krishna held the man in his arms till he stopped crying and went to sleep, enveloped in affectionate warmth.

Krishna and Uddhava left the man only after he was asleep, when they went to sleep in the places allotted to them on the deck.

'Krishna, we are in for punishment ourselves,' said Uddhava.

'We must share the plight of those in distress,' said Krishna.

[To be continued]

WHO CAN GIVE SOLACE?

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

WHEN the battle was over, Hastinapura was a city of mourning; all the women and children were weeping and lamenting their slain nearest and dearest. With many thousands of bereaved women accompanying, Dhritarashtra went to the field of battle. At Kurukshetra, the scene of terrible destruction, the blind King thought of all that had passed and went aloud. But of what avail was weeping?

'O King, words of consolation addressed to a bereaved person do not remove his grief. Thousands of rulers have given up their lives in battle for your sons. It is now time that you should arrange for proper funeral ceremonies for the dead,' said Sanjaya to Dhritarashtra.

"It is not right to grieve for those who die in battle. When souls have left their bodies, there is nothing like relationship, nothing like brother or son or relative. Your sons have really no connection with you. Relationship ends with death, being only a bodily connection, and a mere minor incident in the soul's eternal life. From nowhere do lives come, and, with death, they again disappear into nowhere. Why should we weep for them? Those who die in battle after a heroic fight go as guests to receive Indra's hospitality. Grieving for what is past, you cannot gain anything in the nature of dharma, pleasure or wealth." Thus, and in many more ways, did the wise and good Vidura try to assuage the King's grief.

Vyasa also approached Dhritarashtra tenderly and said, "Dear son, there is nothing that you do not know and which you have to learn from me. You know very well that all living beings must die. This great battle came to reduce earth's burden as I have heard from Lord Vishnu Himself. That is why this calamity could not be prevented. Henceforth, Yudhishthira is your son. You should try to love him and in that way bear the burden of life, giving up grief."

Making his way through the crowd of weeping women, Yudhishthira approached Dhritarashtra and bowed before him. Dhritarashtra embraced Yudhishthira, but there was not love in that embrace.

Then Bhimasena was announced to the blind King.

"Come", said Dhritarashtra.

But Vasudeva was wise. He gently pushed Bhima aside and placed an iron figure before the blind Dhritarashtra, knowing the old King's exceeding anger. Dhritarashtra hugged the metal statue to his bosom in a firm embrace and then the thought came to him of how this man had killed every one of his sons, and his wrath increased to such a pitch that the image was crushed to pieces in his embrace.

"Ha! My anger has deceived me," cried Dhritarashtra. "I have killed dear Bhima."

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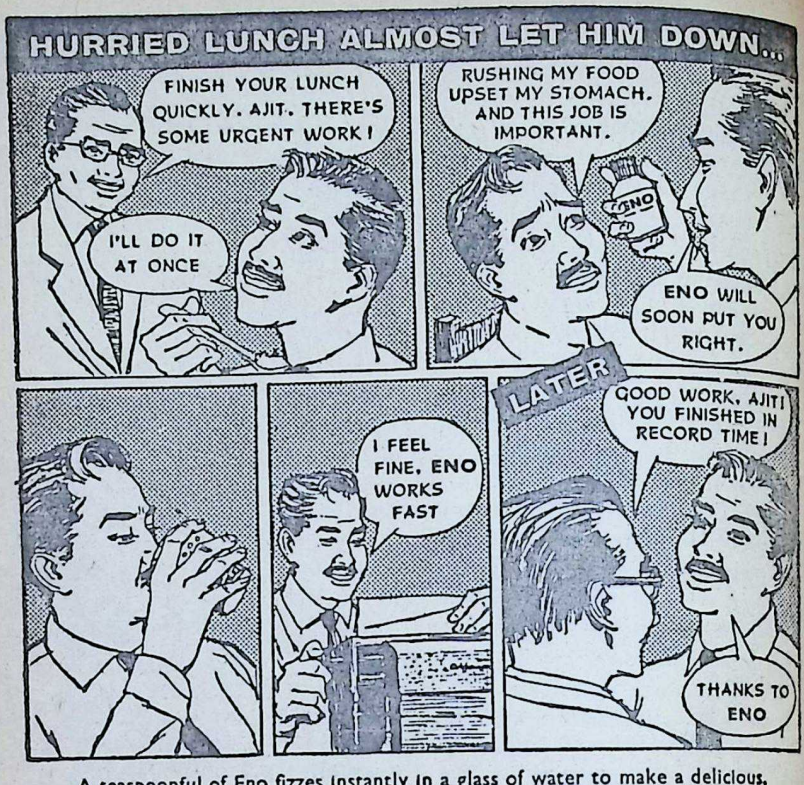

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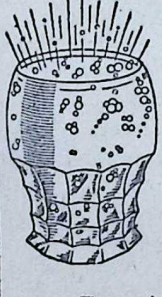

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Then Krishna said to the blind King:

"Lord, I knew that it would be thus and I prevented the disaster. You have not killed Bhimasena. You have crushed only an iron image which I placed instead before you. May your anger be appeased with what you have done to this image. Bhima is still alive."

The King was composed somewhat and he blessed Bhima and the other Pandavas who then took leave of him and went to Gandhari.

Vyasa was with Gandhari. "Oh Queen," said the Rishi, "be not angry with the Pandavas. Did you not tell them even when the battle began: 'Where there is dharma, there surely will be victory'? And so it has happened. It is not right to let the mind dwell on what is past and nurse one's anger. You must now call into aid your great fortitude."

"Bhagavan, I do not envy the victory of the Pandavas. It is true that grief for the death of my sons has robbed me of my understanding. These Pandavas also are my sons. I know that Duhsasana and Sakuni brought about this destruction of our people. Arjuna and Bhima are blameless. Pride brought this battle about and my sons deserve the fate they have met. I do not complain about it. But then, in Vasudeva's presence, Bhima called Duryodhana to battle and they fought and knowing that Duryodhana was stronger and could not be defeated in single combat, Bhima struck him below the navel and killed him. Vasudeva was looking on. This was wrong and it is this that I find it impossible to forgive."

Bhima, who heard this, came near and said:

"Mother, I did this to save myself in battle. Whether it was right or wrong, you should bear with me. Your son was invincible in combat and so I did in self-protection what was undoubtedly wrong. He called Yudhisthira to play and deceived him. We had been wronged by your son in so many ways. He would not give back the kingdom, of which he took unlawful possession. And you know what your son did to blameless Draupadi.

"If we had killed your son on the spot, when he misbehaved in the Hall of Assembly, surely you would not have blamed us. Bound by Dharmaraja's vow, we restrained ourselves with difficulty then. We have since discharged honour's debt and found satisfaction in battle. Mother, you should forgive me."

"Dear son, if you had left but one out of my hundred sons and killed all the rest and satisfied your anger, I and my old husband would have found solace in that surviving son for the rest of our lives. Where is Dharmaputra? Call him," she said.

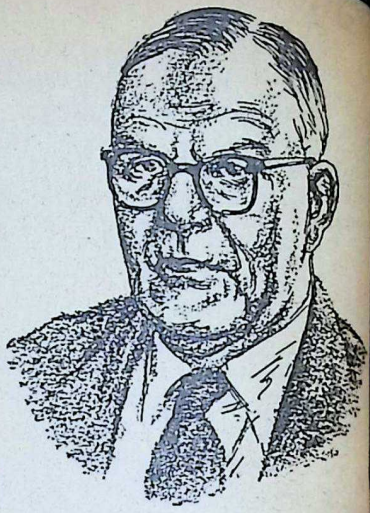
Hearing this, Yudhishthira trembled as he, with clasped hands, approached Gandhari, whose eyes were bound in napkin in loyal lifelong penance for her husband's blindness. He bowed low before her and said softly.

"Queen, the cruel Yudhishthira, who killed your sons, stands before you, fit to be cursed. Do curse me who have committed great sin. I care not for life or for kingdom." Saying this, he fell on the ground and touched her feet.

(*Continued on page 32*)

OUR FORTNIGHTLY PROFILE—144

FREDERICK BOLAND



THE Fifteenth Session of the U.N. Assembly which commenced last month will long be remembered for more reasons than one. For one thing it was the biggest yet and the most starry-eyed session; for, most of the Chiefs of States of member-nations attended it with intent to break the stalemate on the disarmament issue; and secondly because, it grievously missed the bus, leaving the fate of the millions who people this earth on the balance. The tragic part of the whole proceedings was that while there was complete unanimity of opinion among all parties on the end to be achieved, there was an unbridgeable difference on the means to be employed. As some one succinctly commented, the irony was that many world-leaders campaigned for peace in warlike manner!

Look for instance the great hope, shared by many others, with which Mr. Boland greeted Nehru's attendance at this Session. When, however, the Five-Power resolution was actually moved and it was faced with an amendment seeking to practically replace it with another, Nehru's reaction was so sharp that quite unexpectedly, he denounced the amendment and defended the resolution in a language which should have proved a great embarassment to his friends and admirers the world over.

As it happened, although the Assembly is the master of its own procedure, it could have fallen, more than others, to the unique credit of the man who presided over the Session to have saved the situation; but that was not to be.

Even with the best of intentions we are unable to do what we desire in given circumstances and Mr. Frederick Henry Boland, this year's President of the U.N. Assembly, too, was obviously faced with one such circumstance; for in trying to appear to be fair to all, he let slip a noble cause practically through his fingers, no doubt due to the slimy procedural dichotomy.

That Mr. Boland's efforts to break the West-East stalemate was sincere, there is no doubt; for, almost his first words on being elected were these: "Millions of men and women in the world will anxiously seek in our proceedings an answer to the awe-inspiring question whether at long last, through the collective efforts of the U.N., mankind is gaining control of its own destiny or whether once again blind force is to decide the fate of the world."

He further drew pointed attention to the fact that the agenda for the present session contained items that would tax to the full, all the resources of past experience. It was prophetic of him to have said so, for success in his first attempt has eluded him.

But Mr. Boland is not a man who easily despairs; for he comes from rugged Ireland which knows how to wage a relentless war against an unwilling partisan and win in the end. A seasoned diplomat and representing his country in the U.N. since 1956, (Ireland is a relatively new member, having joined the U.N. in 1955 only) he has built for his delegation an influence out of all proportion to its size.

His election to U.N. Presidency however, was not uncontested although he wished it were, for in electing him, they would be honouring his country. The election was a triangular fight. His candidacy had the backing of the U.S., U.K. and Canada, etc. He got 46 votes (5 more than the necessary minimum) while Mr. Thor Thors of Iceland received 9 and Mr. Jiri Nosek of Czechoslovakia received 25 votes.

Boland is a career diplomat, having put in over a quarter century of work in his country's diplomatic service. A Dubliner, he took his law degree from King's Inn in 1925. He had been a Rockfeller Research Fellow doing research in Social Science at Harvard and in 1929 joined the Irish Political Department as third secretary. His rise since then has been meteoric, becoming first secretary in 1932, and ending up as the permanent Secretary of the External Affairs Ministry in 1947. For five years till 1956 he was Irish Ambassador to U.K.

Since his assignment to U.N. as Ireland's permanent representative, he has been taking a notable part in U.N's deliberations. Ireland was co-sponsor of the resolution setting up a Five-Nation Committee of enquiry on Hungary. On Suez, he voted against Britain and France but chastised Nas-

ser for his haste. He has expressed himself openly in favour of Algerian self-determination. As Chairman of the U.N. Trusteeship Committee he gained valuable experience for his present role.

Mr. Boland is as much at home in Latin and Greek classics as in Irish gin and whisky. His motto is "You can accomplish a lot over a steak and a dry martini."

Just on the wrong side of fifty, his bonhomie is unmistakable. With his greying hair plastered to his head and heavy rimmed spectacles he is hard to resist, irradiating as he does, his Irish humour.

Happily married, he has one son and four daughters. Besides reading and conducting back-stair diplomacy he interests himself in piano playing and fishing—two strange assortments.

WHO CAN GIVE SOLACE? (*Contd.*)

Gandhari heaved a deep sigh and stood mute. She turned her head aside knowing that if, through the cloth with which her eyes were bound, her vision fell on the prostrate Yudhishthira, he would be reduced to ashes on the spot. But through a little space in the napkin even as she turned her face away, her eyes fell on the toe of the prostrate Yudhishthira. At once, says the poet, the toe was charred black.

Arjuna knew the power of bereaved Gandhari's wrath, and hid himself behind Vasudeva.

Gandhari turned to Draupadi, who was in lamentation, having lost all her sons. "Dear girl," said Gandhari, "do not grieve. Who can give solace to you and me? It was through my fault that this great tribe has been destroyed altogether."

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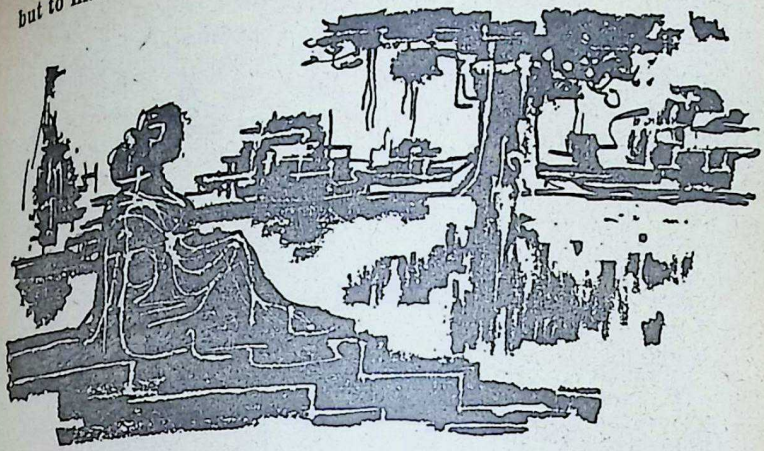
....The specific aim of women's education is to relate their unique endowments and aptitudes to what the nation needs. To work for a living is necessary and even noble, but to make living worthwhile is nobler....



EDUCATION OF WOMEN

THE status of women in society is one of the significant indicators of that society's progress. In this respect, the silent revolution of tremendous significance has been under way in this country.

India, which is considered backward, has accepted unreservedly the concept of social equality while some of the advanced countries of the West have yet to realise it.

In one of the most advanced countries in the West, the idea of equal pay for men and women for the same type of work has yet to be accepted. In some other countries women do not enjoy the same privilege of franchise as men.

This silent revolution that has been going on in this country has not been accompanied by any clamorous movement. There has been no protesting suffragettes.

It is sometimes asked what should be the aim of women's education. There is no room for controversy in this regard.

Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant

The aim of women's education cannot be different from or less than the aims and functions of education as such.

The nation's progress depends on trained intelligence and well-integrat-

From a recent Convocation Address.

ed personalities of its men and women.

Nothing would avail a country if it does not cultivate and value trained intelligence.

It is the function of education, and particularly of higher education, to provide the influences which will develop the whole personality, the spiritual and moral powers no less than the intellectual.

If the educational system is such that it fails to give to girls the opportunities for the development of their special talents, it would be depriving the society of their services and reducing the quantum of trained intelligence at its disposal.

Education does not deal with only a few of the human personalities in isolation nor does it work on a blank slate. It is a social process. Its aim and objectives are intimately bound up with the needs and ideals of the so ciety it has to serve.

The needs of the society are n limited to skills and even intellectu knowledge. The basic need is to in part to the art of social living a high quality and tone.

Skill and knowledge are needed f a nation for its economic progre moral and cultural values to give s ritual and social cohesion.

Therefore, education is fund mentally the cultivation of excellenc the process to draw out inherent p wers and insights. Skill would ha been purchased at too high a cost it curbs the growth of human exc lence.

There is another aspect of educa tion that needs to be reaffirmed in t context: education as the medium f the transmission of cultural heritag

It is one of the functions of high education to distil from the past th which is permanent and abiding f the enrichment of the present and t future.

The part that women have play in sustaining cultural traditions in In dia has been of utmost significance Even though, when not educated i the formal sense of the term, the have, since ancient times, brought in the home life the finest themes of In dia's cultural heritage. In spite of t ups and downs of history, the stre has flowed on from generation generation.

The specific aim of women's ed cation is to relate their unique e dowments and aptitudes to what t nation needs, the finest gifts of kin ness, broad sympathies, dignity, po compassion, sensitiveness to the suffe

ing of others—they are indissolubly connected with the ideal of womanhood and they are needed more than ever before in the strife-torn world of today. The hub and centre of the uplifting influences which refine sensibility and enrich the quality of living lies in the home and the family.

The home and the family are not merely economic units as has been proved by the experience even of those countries which follow a particular political ideology. The ties that bind the members of the family together are more than economic; they arise from the fundamental structure of human nature as a complex of spiritual, moral and social factors.

To work for a living is necessary and even noble, but to make living worthwhile is nobler. Just as skill in the factory or in the field, in the office or in commerce is essential for the efficiency of the nation, so is its cohesion and stability.

We in this country are today engaged in the mighty task of national reconstruction. We are trying to repair within a period of few years the neglect of centuries. More than the resources of money and skill, this task requires a spirit of pioneership, self-reliance, faith and the zest for intellectual adventure.

In the changes and chances to which a society in a stage of transition is subjected, it is imperative that the sense of moral value should be steadfastly adhered to and not allowed to be weakened by vagaries of the practices which the stress of changing times generates. The eternal values proved by the history of mankind and sanctified by India's ancient culture provide the only safe footholds in the shifting sands of prevailing ideologies.

> **Woman has circumvented man in a variety of ways in her unconsciously subtle ways, as man has vainly and equally unconsciously struggled to thwart woman in gaining ascendancy over him. The result is a stalemate. Thus viewed, it is a serious problem the enlightened daughters of Bharat Mata are called upon to solve. They may not ape the manner of the West, which may be suited to its environment. They must apply methods suited to the Indian genius and Indian environment. Theirs must be the strong, controlling, purifying, steadying hand, conserving what is best in our culture and unhesitatingly rejecting what is base and degrading. This is the work of Sitas, Draupadis, Savitris and Damayantis, not of amazons and prudes.**
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi

Every society must necessarily change if it is to survive, but change is not a break from the past but a new synthesis of past wisdom and present needs.

This country is passing through the vortex of change. The forces that were held in stagnation for centuries are suddenly finding their release in a world dominated by power or pursuit of pleasure. The impact of this milieu on the younger generation is not always wholesome. This is the time when the supremacy of moral values has to be reaffirmed, and for this there are no better pioneers than women because they are more vitally in tune with the creative springs of human action.

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The Tragedy of Shah Jahan

J. M. SHELAT

DARA, THE ELDEST SON

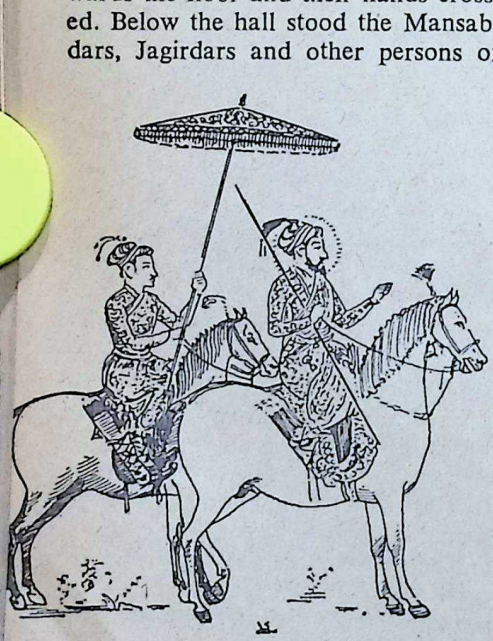
FEBRUARY 3, 1655, the 66th Lunar birthday of Shah Jahan may well be said to be the beginning of the end, though from all outward appearances, it was a day of rejoicing and gaiety. Delhi wore a festive appearance. All those who counted had, since the morning, been turning their steps in resplendent attire towards the royal palace.

The Hall of Public Audience was a large magnificent hall, decorated with several rows of pillars, and the ceiling was painted and overlaid with gold. The pillars were hung with brocades of gold background and flowered satin canopies were raised over the entire expanse of the hall, fastened with red silken cords from which were suspended large tassels of silk and gold. The floor was covered with carpets of the richest silk of immense length and breadth. In the centre of the wall that separated the hall from the seraglio was the celebrated *Jarokha* where the famous peacock throne was placed. As described by Tavernier, the throne was 6′ × 4′. It rested on four massive feet; 20 to 25 inches high, of solid gold, and on which were fixed four bars which supported its base. Twelve columns rose from these four bars, which supported the canopy on three sides, there not being any on the side which faced the Court. The feet and the bars were covered and enriched with numerous rubies, diamonds and emeralds. The underside of the canopy was covered with diamonds and pearls with fringes of pearls all around. Above the canopy, a quadrangular-shaped dome, a peacock was set with its spread-out tail made of sapphires and other coloured stones, its body made of gold inlaid with precious stones with a large ruby in front of its

breast from where hung a pear-shaped pearl of yellow water. On both the sides of the peacock, there was a large bouquet, of the same size as the peacock, with numerous flowers made of gold inlaid with jewels. The twelve columns supporting the canopy were entwined around with rows of beautiful pearls, round and of fine water, each weighing 6 to 10 carats.

Just below the *Jarokha,* in a square bounded by rails of gold, stood the Vazir, Sadullah Khan, a soldier and statesman of renown, respected by all and enjoying great confidence of the Emperor, the Abul Fazal of his age. The rest of the hall bounded by silver rails was occupied by the nobles of the realm, the Hindu Rajas and Ambassadors, all standing with their eyes towards the floor and their hands crossed. Below the hall stood the Mansabdars, Jagirdars and other persons of rank under a canopy of gold cloth supported by bars of silver and bounded on all sides with plates of silver.

Shah Jahan was seated on the throne in the most magnificent attire with a vest of white and delicately flowered satin with silk and gold embroidery of the finest texture. His turban of gold cloth had an aigrette, whose base was composed of diamonds of extraordinary size and value, besides an oriental topaz of very high colour cut in eight panels exhibiting lustre like the sun. A necklace of immense pearls suspended from his neck reaching up to his waist. On his right and left stood Dara, his beloved eldest son, and some of his grandsons. Trusted eunuchs stood behind him flapping flies and fanning the royal person with large fans of peacock feathers.



Shah Jahan and Dara

UNPRECEDENTED HONOUR

The Emperor seemed to have resolved to show his indication to the country that his eldest son was the heir-apparent and successor to the throne. In the presence of the large concourse that had assembled on this day, he bestowed on Dara almost regal honours including a dress worth rupees two lakhs and a half, a Sarband costing rupees four lakhs and a half and rupees thirty lakhs in cash, and addressed him with the new title of Shah-i-buland Iqbal and asked him to sit on a throne of gold by the side of the imperial throne, an honour unprecedented, for the custom among the Mughals was that none, howsoever high, could sit in the royal presence. Shah Jahan then ordered the nobles and courtiers to go to the palace of the Crown Prince and

congratulate him. Henceforth, Dara had an increasing share in the administration and except in matters of foreign affairs, his voice was all but final in his father's cabinet. Dara in a letter to his spiritual guide, Mulla Shah Badakshi, records the Emperor's pronouncement:

"After the distribution of Khilats and promotions, His Majesty said, 'My child, I have made up my mind not to do any important business or decide on any great undertaking henceforth without your knowledge and without consulting you first.'"

Though Shah Jahan's partiality and love towards his eldest son were known in the Court circles, this announcement caused considerable stir. His three other sons, Shuja, Aurangzib and Murad Baksh, living in their viceroyalties in Bengal, Deccan and Gujarat, had their accredited agents and spies at the Court who took care to report to them all the details of the doings at the Capital. Roshanara Begum, the second daughter of the Emperor, in particular, was as intensely attached to the interest of Aurangzib as she was hostile to Dara; and the eldest daughter, Jahanara, who ever since the death of Mumtaz Mahal enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the bereaved Emperor, ruled over the seraglio with unquestioned ascendancy. The doting father had all along these years been heaping honours after honours on his eldest son, whom he had regarded as a gift of God in answer to his thousand prayers and presentations. Dara himself has recorded in his Safinat-ul-awliya the circumstances attending his birth, while noticing the life of Muinuddin Chisti, the patron saint of the House of Akbar:

"And this Fakir was born in the suburbs of Ajmir by the Sagar Tal on the last day of Safar, Monday midnight, 1024 A.H. (March 20, 1615). As in the house of my respected father three daughters had been born and there were no male issues, and as the age of His Majesty had reached twenty four, he, on account of the faith and devotion that he had for the Khwaja (Muinuddin Chisti) prayed with thousand presentations and supplications for the birth of a son. And with His Grace, God, the most High, brought this meanest slave of his into existence..."

The fortunate newcomer was born about a month after Shah Jahan, then Prince Khurram, had returned after a successful close of the Mewar campaign, having brought in his train the grandson of Rana Pratap. The newly born son, born after such a triumph, was held as Gul-i-awwalin-i-gulistan-i-shahi, the prime rose of the Empire.

On 5th October, 1633, when Dara was yet 18, he received his first Mansab of 12000 Zat and 6000 Sawar. The Sarkar of Hissar in the Punjab, the Dauphiny of the House of Babar, was assigned as his fief. Even at that time, the choice was not accidental but made deliberately to proclaim Dara as the heir-apparent to the throne. Promotions had followed thenceforth in unprecedented rapidity. In five years, his rank had risen to 20,000 Zat and 10,000 Sawar. By January 16, 1656, his command was bigger than those of Shuja and Aurangzib combined. Just before his fateful illness, Shah Jahan raised Dara's rank to 50,000 Zat.

(Continued on page 43)

Many Happy Returns

Dr. Chetpat Pattabhirama Ramaswami Aiyar was born eightyone years ago on the auspicious day of Dipavali, and he has shed light and lustre on his motherland. He has touched life at many points and has left the impress of his unique personality in varied fields of activity.

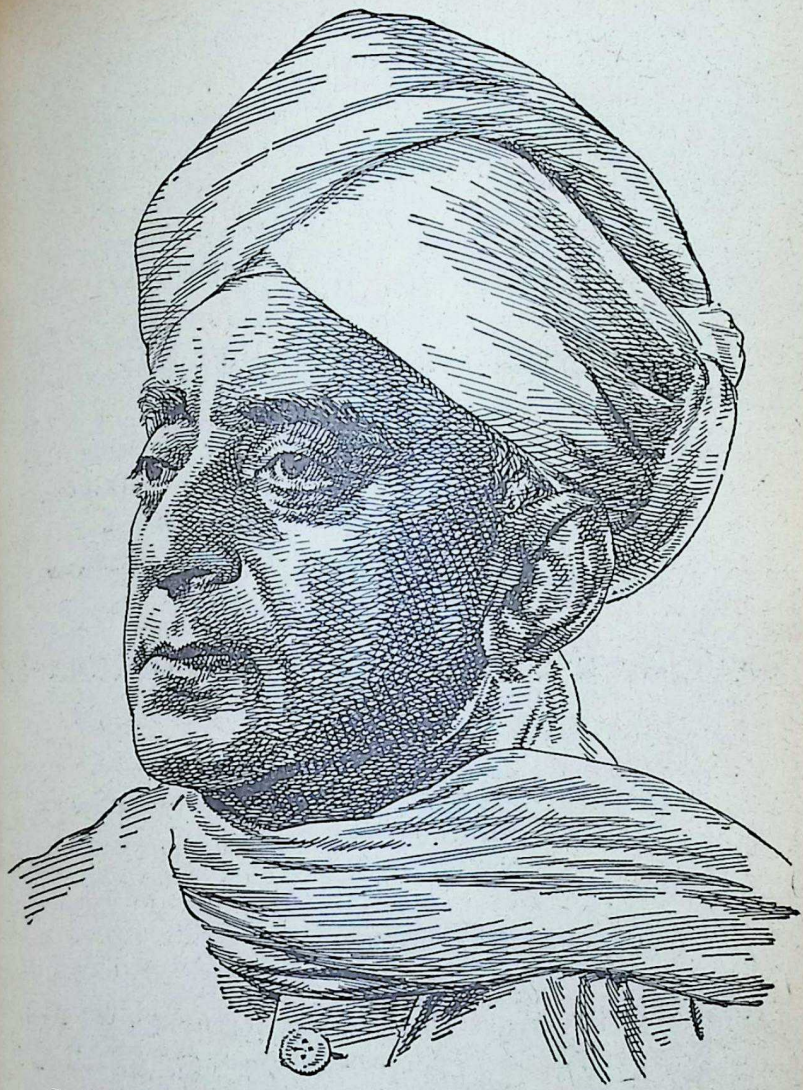
Eminent lawyer, intrepid politician, successful administrator and distinguished educationist, Dr. Ramaswami Aiyar has been one of the nation-builders. He has represented India at many international conferences and won general acclaim.

The great Temple Entry Proclamation of Travancore, which won the praise of great men like Gandhiji, the Pykara Project and the starting of many industrial undertakings like the Fertilizers and Chemicals of Travancore many decades ago,—to mention a few—were remarkable instances of his far-sightedness.

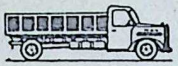
In that striking personality—vivid, masterful, resolute, tenacious—there are no blurred or nebulous outlines, there are no relaxed fibres. A trenchant speaker and a forceful writer, Dr. Ramaswami Aiyar has been one of the strident exponents of the glorious heritage of India. Widely and wisely read in the ancients and the moderns, his speeches and writings breathe the life-giving air of culture and lightly shimmer with a ready glow. His words have the forthrightness of Truth that is unafraid to be itself.

May God grant that he live many years more as the interpreter and exponent of Indian culture and as its living embodiment.

—Editor



Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. Born on Dipavali day, 1879



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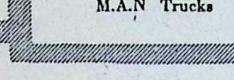

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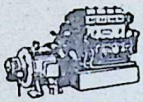

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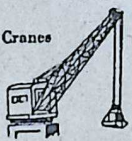

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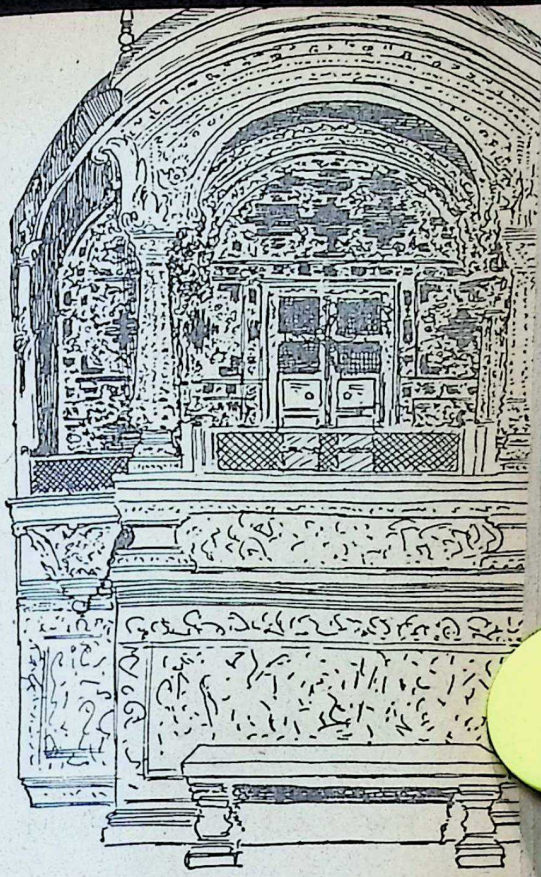
THE ABSENTEE VICEROY

On June 15, 1645, Dara was appointed the Viceroy of Allahabad vice Shaista Khan, but the doting father would not let him go to his viceroyalty, believing that he would train him in the art of administration at the Court. The viceroyalty was managed by Dara's Deputy, Baqi Beg, for 12 years. Dara visited it only once on July 1, 1657 when he finished his monumental work Sirr-i-asrar, the translation of 50 Upanishads at Banaras. In March 1647, Punjab was added to his viceroyalty. Though this Province was also left to his Deputies, Dara resided for a year at Lahore, for, that city had a special sanctity for him as the famous Saint Miran Mir lived and died there. Dara built a beautiful Mousoleum over the tomb of the Saint where subsequently he sent the last remains of his wife, Nadira Banu, to be sheltered by the side of the Saint's tomb.

In 1649, his viceroyalty was still further augmented by the addition of Gujarat which also was administered in his absence by Baqi Beg, now Bahadur Khan, who was transferred to Ahmedabad from Allahabad. In July 1652, when Dara took over the campaign against Kandahar after Aurangzib had failed there twice, a redistribution of viceroyalties had to be made. Multan and Kabul were placed in his charge in place of Gujarat where Murad was sent. Aurangzib who had to give up Multan was sent to the Deccan. Bihar too was given over to Dara in December 1657, though Shuja in charge of Bengal and Orissa coveted it to be added to the territories under his charge.

As compared to his brothers, Dara's emoluments were unduly rich. His military rank alone entitled him to a salary of more than rupees two crores a year. Besides his own fiefs in Kashmir, Kangra and the Punjab, he was granted all the Jagirs of Sadullah when that great Premier died in April 1656. Notwithstanding all these conferments, Dara's career as Viceroy and soldier was uneventful. The very love and affection of the monarch proved to be his greatest enemies. The absentee viceroy of all these vast lands remained unknown to his subjects. The rapid emoluments showered upon him by the doting father made the jealousy of Aurangzib far in the South and of Roshanara at home turn to white heat.



The Peacock Throne

The tragedy was that though Shah Jahan placed at the disposal of his favourite son such splendid resources, he gave his son no opportunities for developing practical ability to utilise them. The Crown Prince was reared up like a sappling in a green hot-house carefully shielded from dangers and disappointments by the perennial warmth of parental affection.

PHILOSOPHER PRINCE

Even without this partiality, the clash between Dara and Aurangzib was inevitable from the very start. The two brothers presented a perfect contrast, having been cast by nature in different moulds though born of the same mother and father. They represented the two sides of their father's character as well as the two phases of his long and resplendent reign. Dara was the central figure of a great religious and literary movement for the adaptation of Islam to the spiritual traditions of India. His spiritual search took him to the field of theosophical research and made him endeavour to bridge the gulf between Hinduism and Islam not for the commonalty of the two faiths but for the elect of the two communities. He started with the proposition that there must be a common source of all revealed scriptures as the Koran speaks of a Ummul-Kitab and he lighted upon the Upanishads as that very Book secreted from ordinary eyes.

In his youth, Dara read Persian poetry, but Firdausi and Sadi had far less interest for him than the Sufists, Rumi and Jami. Unlike his father, and his great-grandfather Akbar, history had neither lesson nor inspiration for him. Shah Jahan admired Alexander the Great but Da turned to Aristotle and Plato. T miracles of saints attracted him mo than the exploits of war-heroes. H wrote two volumes in 1639 and 16 on the lives of Muslim Saints und the title of Safinat-ul-awliya, follow by Risala-i-Haqnuma (the compass Truth) where elements of Sufism a discussed, a translation of 50 Upan shads and Majma-ul-Baharain (th mingling of two oceans). It was th last work, a tract on a study of Hin duism and Islam, which brought abou his tragic death. Aurangzib, wishing to bring the end of his brother afte he was seized, laid this very tract be fore the ecclesiastics who declared its author a heretic and pronounced the sentence of death on him. Until his death, Dara remained a lifelong student with an unbalanced passion for study and speculation. He studied Koran and the Hadis far more seriously than his rival, but with the assiduity and prepossession of a theorist who is keen to prove his thesis.

Born in the following of Muinuddin Chisti, Dara after considerable wavering, left that fold preferring that of Abdur Kadir Gilani due largely to the magnetic personality and piety of his disciple, Miran Mir and the great reputation of Maulana Shah, the leader of the Kadriya fraternity. The lofty spirit of charity and philanthropy of Abdur Kadir, who preached the closure of the gates of Hell and the opening of those of Paradise for the Kafirs no less than for the faithful, could not fail to impress the imagination of the philosopher great-grandson of Akbar.

Though Dara advocated in his works doctrines such as Pantheism and the

ascent of the absolute, doctrines unacceptable to the orthodox, he was and remained to the last a Musalman, full of reverence for the prophet and his teachings. In his Risala, he declared that Allah was the highest and the best of all the names, common to both those who believed in Islam and those who did not:

"*Shamil-i-Kuffar-o-Islam*".

Sufism which had been attracting in the middle ages the educated amongst both Hindus and Muslims has unitarianism as its principal doctrine. To the Sufists, 'tawhid' or unification is the goal. Unification consists in affirming the unity of God after having gained a perfect knowledge of His unity. The Sufists seek Him each in his own way, and hence there are as many roads to God as there are seekers of Him. "Numerable are the ways to God," said the famous Saint Abu Said Fazullah of Khurasan, "yet the way is but a single step: take one step out of thyself that thou mayest arrive at God."

This doctrine of Tawhid was the subject of Dara's lifelong study. In his letters to Shah Dil-ruba, an eminent contemporary theologian, Dara unfolds his belief in Tawhid and the three stages in the realisation of oneness, the annihilation of self, union and the intoxication of union and the sobriety of uion. Oblivious of the yawning abyss of ignorance and fanaticism prevailing around him, he writes to Dil-ruba from the height of his spiritual ascent:

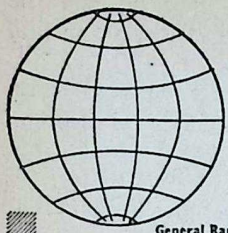
"The externals of Islam have fallen off from the heart of this fakir and the real infidelity has been revealed to me. I have become the wearer of the sacred thread, an idol worshipper."

To the Sufi, there are many religions, but the God is one. Diverse may be the ways but only one goal. But the common followers of the two creeds looked upon with deep suspicion the mystic who advises peace and offers to guide them aright on realising the Truth. Dara despaired of weaning them from self-interest and turned away from them in disgust, proclaiming, "I have no business with the common folk of these two communities." He turned to the elect from the two faiths and hoped to bring about a general concord through their efforts.

Dara was the first serious student not only of comparative religion but also of comparative mythology. An indefatigable propagandist, impelled by a missionary zeal, he turned out a number of works and tracts on the various aspects of Sufism and had a number of translations made from Sanskrit classics such as *Bhagavad Gita, Yoga Vasishtha* and a philosophical drama, *Prabodhachandrodaya.*

Through the study of Sanskrit works, Dara reached the last stage in his spiritual progress, of Khud-parasti, the worship of self, which was the result of the realization of the absolute identity of the human spirit with God. His spiritual life was something like the dispassionate asceticism which discards dogmas and the rituals of religion as totally unnecessary.

Unequipped to understand the kernel of his doctrines and taking only a superficial view of his teachings, the Muslim theologians condemned the



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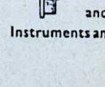

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Crown Prince of apostasy. Even Mabocci, his enthusiastic partisan, thought him to be one without religion.

Though Dara is condemned as a failure, his life gave the not insignificant lustre to the reign of Shah Jahan. He and Jahanara formed a party which counterpoised against the reaction headed by Aurangzib, Sadullah, Shaista Khan and Roshanara. From the 10th year onwards of Shah Jahan's reign, the policy towards the Hindus shows a change for the better due to the growing influence of Dara and Jahanara. Dara's pronounced sympathies towards the Hindus, his generous patronage of the Hindus concealed from the non-Muslim population the darker side of Shah Jahan's rule. Dara was also the author of the cultural history of Shah Jahan's reign and without this redeeming feature, his father's reign has little to shed brilliance except his monumental buildings and the precious stones hoarded from the days of Babar.

Dara's failure against so astute a soldier as his real brother is no surprise. The Mughal princes, who came in the wake of Akbar, belonged to a type; valiant in field but debauched, lovers of luxuries and hard drunkards. They divided their lives between the camp and the harem. They cared little for any intellectual pursuits, their aim in life being the seizure of the Imperial throne. Into this world was born Dara, a mystic philosopher, a devotee of knowledge and a searcher of speculative truths. He had no qualifications to the Peacock-throne. He had only the ladder for heaven which was useless in climbing that throne. Had he been born in an ordinary family, he might have lived and died as a pious saint. His uncommon gifts, a noble heart, a liberal mind, and insatiable thirst for knowledge would perhaps have elevated him to almost any height. His father wished to train him in the duties of government and kept him therefore at Court, but the philosopher in him gave him no discernment in men and matters. His very weaknesses tempted his rivals to attempt to seize from him the Crown which came so near his brow and at last eluded him.

Ever since the death of Akbar, the forces of reaction in the Empire had been gathering strength beneath the calm surface of the ebbing liberalism established by the efforts of Akbar and Abul Fazal. Dara believed that if anyone should truly inherit the empire of Akbar, it must be done with Akbar's policy and idealism. But though Akbar's mantle fell on him, it proved too much for his less sturdy shoulders. Dara failed to appreciate the strength of reaction lying below the surface; his father, though shrewder than him, failed to warn him. Viewing all problems from the height of his scholastic spiritualism, Dara developed a temperament which had nothing but contempt for those who lacked the spiritual, but whose support, like that of Sadullah and Jaisingh, was essential if he were to inherit the throne. During the Kandahar campaign, Dara's overweening opinion for himself had alienated these two powerful leaders.

[*To be continued*]

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- Write your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS at the end of each article. All entries must be post marked by midnight 31st October 1960, addressed to "LITERARY PUBLICATIONS", "Corinthian", 17 A, Arthur Bunder Road, Colaba, Bombay - 5.
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The judges for the competition will be the editors of Literary Publications, and Mr. J. P. Vazifdar, author of "LIBERATION OF THE LITERATES". The decision of the judges will be final.

The results of the competition will be announced in the press after the final selection by the judges.

The books are proposed to be published in several languages, viz; English, Hindi, Russian, French, German, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, etc., and would have world-wide circulation.

Note:- **Final Date For Submission Extended To 15th November 1960.**

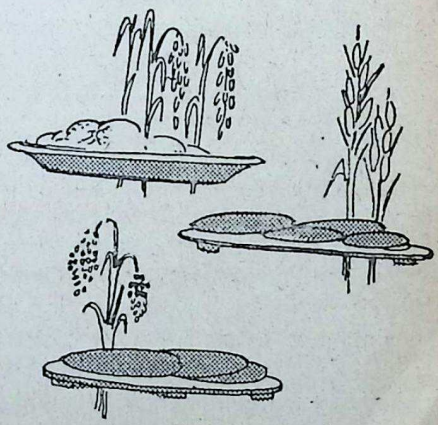
OUR DIET

Dr. F. P. Antia, M.D.

WE seldom wonder what determines the difference between men and women and among the same sex the different look, body build, colour, complexion and mental make up. There is no complete answer to the question. No doubt that the most important factors are heredity and the function of the endocrine glands (small glands in the body like pituitary, suprarenal, thyroid, ovary, testis, parathyroid etc.). Environment and diet also have a profound influence in making a man or a woman what he or she is. We have no choice in selecting our ancestors, a doctor has a limited knowledge of the endocrine glands, it is very difficult to change the environment but certainly we can control our diet to a great extent. After all it is the food we eat that is ultimately converted into muscles, bone, blood, skin, organs and hormones. It is also the food we eat which is transformed into physical work and supplies energy for the continuous work done by the heart which pumps blood over hundred thousand times daily, the lungs which take in and take out air about twenty-five thousand times a day, the big chemical factory of the body called the liver which has to metabolise food, the intestines which digest food, the muscles which bend and the brain which works —consciously or unconsciously. Every machine requires some kind of fuel for energy, like petrol for a motor car or coal for a steam engine. We are seldom aware that the most efficient, silent and highly automatic machine, which is the human body, also requires proper type of fuel in the shape of food. The energy supplied by the food is expressed in terms of calories.

CALORIES

A normal person resting in bed doing absolutely no physical work will require about 1000 calories for the work of his heart, respiration, liver, kidney, muscle, brain etc; when doing moderate routine work, moving about as clerk or school teacher, will require 2000 calories. Heavy manual



worker like a miner or a wood-cutter will require 3000 calories. The calorie requirement becomes less for women, in the hot climate and for old age. A child on the other hand requires proportionately more calories. A child weighing 20 lbs. at one year requires about 800 calories.

What is the source of these calories? There are three principal sources of energy. They are known as proteins, fats and carbohydrates.

PROTEINS

Protein is the main item of our food because our tissues and blood contain protein. Most of our body tissues are continuously broken down and replaced. The protein in our diet replaces the broken down tissues. The value of protein depends upon its component parts known as *amino-acids*. There are eight amino-acids which are indispensable and have to be supplied in food. They are called "Essential Amino Acids", but the other amino acids need not be supplied as the body can make their own from protein foods.

The best protein containing foods are those which have a higher proportion of Essential Amino Acids—they are also known as "First Class Proteins". Those food items are milk for the vegetarians and meat, fish, chicken or eggs for the non-vegetarians.

The proteins derived from cereals like rice and wheat or pulses like "Masur Dal", "Gram Dal" are not rich in all Essential Amino Acids, therefore they are known as "Second Class, Proteins". However, this distinction is unwarranted as it has been found that when two second class food items like rice and dal are eaten or rice and dal together made into "khichdi" or when wheat is eaten with milk, the amino acids of one item supplement that of the other and make a highly nutritive food combination at a lower cost than meat or egg eaten alone.

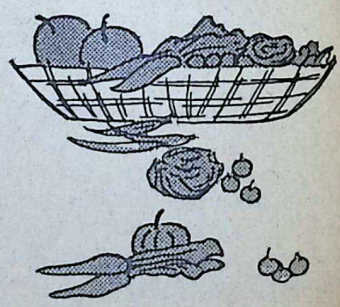
PROTEIN SPARING ACTION

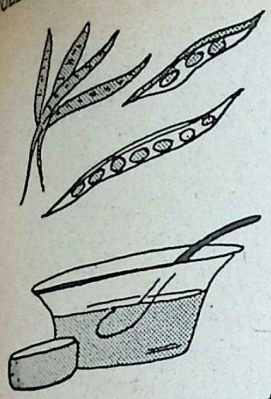
Supplying tissue building material is the main function of protein but when enough calories are not supplied from other foods like carbohydrate and fat, then protein has to be broken down for energy. This is uneconomical as protein food items are expensive. Calories should be supplied as less expensive carbohydrate and fat so that proteins can be spared for tissue building. The action of carbohydrate and fat to spare protein from breakdown for energy, thus allowing them to be utilised only for tissue repair, is known as "Protein Sparing Effect".

SOURCES

Chief sources of good protein food are cereals like rice and wheat, groundnuts, pulses (Dal), skim-milk powder and toned milk supplied by the Government Dairy.

Protein deficiency is not uncommon even in the well-to-do class of people who subsist only on a vegetarian diet.





They are advised to take more of milk and milk products, nuts, pulses and cereals.

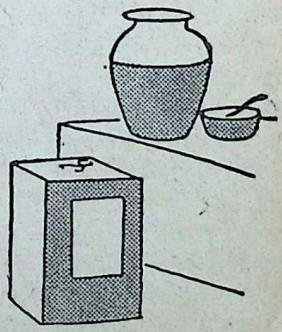
CARBOHYDRATE

Carbohydrate is the ready source of energy. It is like petrol in the carburettor of a motor car which is ready for immediate ignition. The total carbohydrate store in the body is not enough to last even for 16 hours, hence it is not a good source for reserve. Carbohydrate is the sole source of energy which the brain tissue utilises. The commonest example of carbohydrate is household sugar. A teaspoon of sugar will yield 20 calories. However, though sugar is the immediate combustible material, the total available sugar in the circulating blood is not more than a mere teaspoon (100 mg. per 100 ml.), enough to supply energy for only a dozen minutes. The liver stores the extra sugar eaten as glycogen and continuously releases it to the blood as needed. If sugar is not regularly supplied every minute from this reserve, the total amount of sugar circulating in blood may fall to only half a teaspoon. When the blood sugar is very low, then severe reactions known as hypoglycemia occurs. This causes profuse perspiration, faintness, giddiness and sense of hunger. This is the same feeling which we get when fasting or when the food is unduly delayed. The reason is the same, fall of blood sugar. Merely drinking a sweet lemonade or fruit juice immediately corrects these symptoms. If the interval between your meals is long and if you feel a bit low in between meals, then a snack of biscuit or fruit juice will restore your energy and increase the efficiency for work.

Carbohydrate is relatively a cheap item of food and is abundantly present in rice, wheat, potato, sugar and fruits.

Fat

Just as carbohydrate is the petrol in the carburettor, fat is the petrol in the motor car tank (storage). An average well-built person has enough fat to last for a month but some people are even not satisfied with this reserve. They insist on carrying even a three months supply around themselves! Fat can be very easily stored inside the body and under the skin. That gives the tell-tale shape of bulging in front in the middle-aged over-fed man and bulges behind in the female. When too



much carbohydrate is eaten it is converted to fat and is stored. This is seen best in the case of a buffalo which eats grass, but stores fat.

Fat supplies double the energy for the equal weight of either protein or carbohydrate. Oils, butter, ghee, cream are mainly fat. Walnut, groundnut are rich in fat.

The total calorie intake of a person does not therefore depend on the bulk, but the type of food that is eaten. One plateful of vegetables which may fill up the stomach will supply as many calories as a mere tablespoon of ghee or oil. When fat people say that they eat very little it is usually true but their selection is faulty. They put on fat because they like to eat only food items with high calorie like butter, ghee, oils, sweets, chappatis and bread while a thin person has as his choice usually fruits and vegetables which he eats in a bulk without getting excess calories.

Vitamins

Besides the calories supplied by protein, carbohydrate and fat, we require vitamins for the utilisation of food. Usually they are required in a minute amount for proper burning of the food. A motor car, in addition to petrol, requires different types of oils for the smooth running, otherwise carbon accumulates and car fails to function. The same way, vitamins if not supplied, the waste products in the body accumulate and impair health.

The tendency is to give some vitamins in excess, thereby actually causing harm, like most recently acquired knowledge we try to overdo and go to the other extreme. Nature is very generous with vitamins and usually the necessary vitamins exist in abundance with the food stuff. The most glaring example is vitamin 'B' which is well provided in rice. It is only when we interfere too much with nature that deficiency can occur.

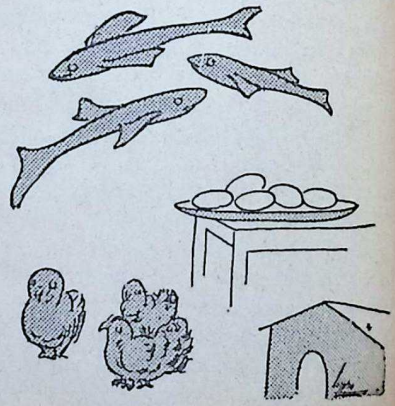
Deficiency of vitamins can produce disease states which sometimes can be cured dramatically by appropriate replacement.

It is also to be noted that isolated vitamin deficiency as can be produced in the experimental animal in the laboratory is not produced in man. Usually there are multiple deficiencies produced in man when the diet is deficient. Giving an isolated vitamin like one member of the 'B' group as the thiamine alone is not as useful as administering the whole 'B' group of vitamins.

Vitamins for convenience are divided into two groups:

1. Fat soluble—they usually are found in fatty food substance. They are vitamins A, D, E & K.
2. The rest are water soluble—they are vitamin B group and vitamin C.

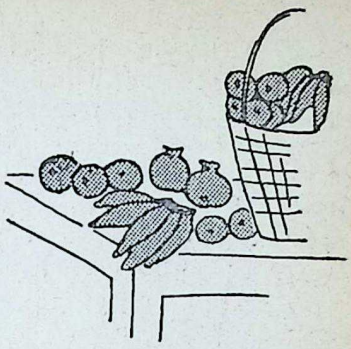
Many of the vitamins are now synthesised by pharmaceutical firms and pure vitamins are available.



Vitamin 'A': Vitamin A is very close relation of carotene (a substance found in carrots) and is present in green leaves. The richest natural source of this vitamin is from oil of fish, mainly halibut, cod or shark liver oil. Eggs, liver of animals are other non-vegetarian sources. The vegetarian sources are yellow vegetables like carrots, yellow pumpkin (Kohru), milk and milk products. Deficiency of this vitamin occurs when there is deficient intake of green vegetables or fatty food. Lack of vitamin A causes deficient vision at night which is cured dramatically with the administration of vitamin A. Deficiency of vitamin A also causes changes on the skin and inner lining of all body cavities. Thus when lining of urinary tract is affected, kidney stones may occur.

Vitamin 'B' complex: There are many vitamins in this group which exist together. They are so many that only a few will be considered though it does not mean that others are not of importance. Fortunately many of the vitamins are also produced by the intestinal bacteria from the food we eat. Therefore it should be known that all bacteria are not harmful but many are also of great help in maintaining normal health.

The vitamins of B group are abundant in cereals and pulses. The commonest example is rice. Those whose diet is principally rice derive their vitamin B requirement from it. However, the vitamin is more abundant on the surface of the grain. We "polish" rice in order to make it more attractive and also wash it too well before cooking. During cooking some people put too much water. After cooking the rice the



excess is drained off. All these make the serving of rice attractive while it entails a colossal loss, as much as over 80 per cent, in the vitamin B. When we try to improve too much on nature then only do we find the hidden significance of natural process. Deficiency of vitamin B leads to disease known as beriberi and pellagra.

Vitamin B-12 requires a brief mention because it is one of the purest substances we know with a highly specific effect. Even a millionth part of a gram (one microgram) per day can be highly effective in diseases like pernicious anaemia. Its main constituent is cobalt.

Vitamin 'C': It is plentiful in nature in fresh fruit and fresh vegetables. If you are staying in desert zones where they are not easily available, all that is required is to take some pulses (dal) and cover it up with moist cloth for 48 hours, when these germinate the vitamin C content. There is therefore no reason for anyone to suffer from its deficiency. This vitamin preserves the inner lining of the blood vessels. When vitamin C is deprived for many months as it used to occur with sailors not having fresh fruit and vegetables, a disease called scurvy ap-

pears. In this disease, the blood vessel-lining is not intact and profuse bleeding from the gums and various parts of the body occurs. Only a few glasses of fruit juice can control the disease, but with injection of pure vitamin C the result is dramatic.

Vitamin 'D': It is found in milk. Fish liver oils are rich sources, hence the usual administration of shark or cod liver oil. Synthetic vitamin D in massive dosage is also available in the market. We need not spend any money for getting vitamin D, as mere exposure to sunlight changes the fatty substances under the skin (ergosterol) into vitamin D. This vitamin regulates the absorption, excretion and blood level of calcium and phosphorous. Deficiency of vitamin D leads to less absorption of calcium from food and calcium deficiency occurs. For the healthy bone formation, vitamin D is necessary, so it should be adequately supplied to children of bone forming age. Deficiency of vitamin D leads to rickets in infants. The pregnant woman has to supply calcium for the foetus; so when calcium and vitamin D are not available, the mother loses calcium from her bones, which results in a condition called 'osteomalacia'. This is more likely to occur in purdah women who are not exposed to sunlight.

A word of warning is most appropriate. Commercially very high dosage in the injectable form of vitamin D is available. This is a great temptation to give it for even a trifle reason as the delay in eruption of tooth of an infant. Massive injection of vitamin D leads to incalculable harm to the child as with its high dosage, calcium is deposited in various places like kidney causing serious damage.

Vitamin 'E': Vitamin E deficiency in animals cause infertility. In human being infertility is never proved to be due to vitamin E, but is usually due to other causes.

Vitamin 'K': It is derived from green leaves and vegetables of our food and also produced by the intestinal bacteria. Vitamin K deficiency can occur

by giving oral antibiotics which kills bacteria of the intestine. Vitamin K is converted to prothrombin by the liver, so deficiency of prothrombin can occur with marked liver damage in a disease like jaundice. When deficiency of prothrombin occurs the blood does not clot readily, so a wound continues to bleed. However, all cases of bleeding are not merely due to vitamin K deficiency.

MINERALS

Though abundant in nature as simple substances whose chemistry we know so well, yet their role in the body, particularly of sodium and potassium, was not well appreciated till recently. Even 20 per cent deficiency of these minerals can occur rapidly and can cause the most alarming symptoms. They are essential for circulation of blood and functions of each cell in the body.

Sodium and potassium: It is only recently that we understand how necessary they are to life. During an acute illness with vomiting and diarrhoea, when food is not taken by mouth, the loss of sodium or potassium alone can be a cause of death in three to five days. Sodium also is lost in our country with profuse perspiration, hence during hot weather extra sodium as table-salt is helpful. Sodium and potassium are abundant in nature in food items like vegetable and fruits. During nursing an ill patient who eats less, a liberal supply of fruit juice and vegetable soup with added salt is necessary.

Calcium: Calcium is abundant in milk. In our country, *chuna* (Calcium carbonate) which is eaten with pan (betel leaves) also forms a source of calcium. Lack of calcium leads to rickets in children. Pregnant and nursing mothers require extra calcium which is best supplied as one to two pints of milk a day.

Iron: Iron is necessary for the formation of the essential constituent of blood called "Haemoglobin". When haemoglobin is less anaemia results. Iron deficiency is an extremely common condition in Indian women because they lose blood every month with their menstrual cycle, also have repeated pregnancies and with every pregnancy there is considerable iron supplied to foetus. During delivery a great deal of iron is lost through blood loss and also when child is breast-fed, iron is lost in milk. This iron loss leads to anaemia and is the most important factor in general weakness and tiredness of an Indian housewife. This is unfortunate as abundant supply of iron could be had as commercial tablet which may not cost even a couple of naye paise per day. All institutions who employ women like nurses and factory workers, would improve the efficiency of the woman employee by giving one tablet of iron a day.

WATER

Water is a nature's gift to us except when taxed by the municipality which is merely a charge for supplying clean water in our home. The value of water is not appreciated because it can be had without cost. Whenever a patient is asked how much water he drinks, the answer is always "I take plenty of water". On close questioning the word "plenty" may be used by one person to denote that he takes

merely one glass of water a day while another by the same term may denote 10 to 15 glasses of daily water intake.

Our body is 60 per cent water. A cell which is deficient in water does not function properly, hence does incalculable harm to the body. The deprivation of water is more likely to occur during acute illness like fevers. Frequently in acute fevers more harm and even death occurs by deficient intake of water and salts than by the dreaded bacteria of typhoid, pneumonia or cholera. We can live without food for a few days, but living without water and salt intake may be fatal. In an acute illness the basic nursing should be to give fluids as water, vegetable or fruit juice with some common salt (sodium chloride) added. This can take care of the water, sodium and potassium intake.

We derive water from fluid drinks and even the so-called "solid food" like cucumber has 97 per cent water.

We lose water due to perspiration, respiration and urine. The minimum daily loss of water, not even counting that lost from urine, is therefore 1000 ml. (30 ounces). Add to this that lost in urine and excessive perspiration during the hot weather. The commonest cause of constipation in an otherwise healthy person is deficient intake of water.

How much water (fluids) should a person drink? The best advice for this is that enough water should be taken so as the urine shows only a very light yellow colour. If without any other disease (like jaundice) the urine shows dark yellow colour, it is a definite indication that the water intake is deficient. Usually about 8 to 10 glasses of water a day is adequate.

Some overweight persons do not drink enough water. Their fear is that it is the water intake which makes them fat. Nothing is farther from truth. Fat people like to eat well but do not want to admit it, therefore the blame is shifted to water. Water is never converted to fat and does not supply calories.

DAILY FOOD

Poorer the economic status, the higher proportion of the income is spent on food and may form over 75 per cent of the budget. It is therefore necessary to utilise the money to get the best nutrition. The economic condition of the majority of the people is so poor that it is not possible to buy the recommended food. For a lower middle class, the following daily intake is advised. It is necessary only to aim at approximation, as these recommendations have to be varied according to the age, sex, body-build and occupation. The lower figures given below can be suitable for females and higher for the males:

Daily Recommendation

	Ozs.
Cereals : (preferably of varying type at the same meal as rice, as well as wheat chappati) ...	10 to 14
Pulses : which include dal, even groudnuts when desired.	2 to 3
Vegetables : of assorted type ...	4 to 6
Milk : ...	8 to 10
Sugar or jaggery : ...	1 to 2
Fat : like oils, ghee or Vanaspati. ...	1½ to 2
Fruits : Orange, or sweet-lime or banana or apple or mango. ...	one
Tea. Coffee, Water ...	8 glasses.

Fish, meat, chicken and eggs if taken will enhance particularly the protein value of the food.

K. M. MUNSHI'S

Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather, a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

SWAMIRAJ :—A famed *Sannyasi* of Dhebaria.

●

RAWA was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. A car accident brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England with his English wife Alice. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Sheela's meeting with Gandhiji proved a turning point in her life, and disgusted with Radharaman's errant ways, she preferred to live an austere life.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, however, started showing indifference to his feelings and constantly seeking the company of one Ramchandani. She ultimately returned to England and wrote to Uday seeking divorce from him.

Ravi Chudgar's assignment to the Matunga area enhanced his position in the Communist Party's hierarchy, but the arrival of Mona on the scene and her overforwardness raised doubts in Ravi's mind. Nevertheless, he resolved to adjust himself to his new surroundings. The two went on famously.

Rajba was becoming a problem. Whenever any evil came near her, she would fall into a hysterical fit and utter things which were heretical but nevertheless prophetic. Majiba was worried. Ultimately she in the company of Rajba undertook a pilgrimage in an effort to cure her daughter. Rajba kept writing to her brother who was held back by work. Mother and daughter were on a visit to a Swamiraj in Dhebaria near Karnali. Rajba was so taken up with the peculiar *sadhana* of Swamiraj that she had to completely overhaul her concept of good and evil, virtue and vice.

33. THE POET MATTAMAYUR

UDAY went to Matheran and was received at the railway station by Durlabhji, the proprietor of 'Parvatashram', the hotel where he usually stayed. Uday had come to look upon Durlabhji as a family friend, almost as a member of his own household. While his luggage was being taken out from the train by the porter, Uday asked him if his usual room had been reserved for him.

"No, not quite," replied Durlabhji. "The poet Mattamayur has occupied it. I said it was reserved for you, but he would not listen. He said he would personally arrange things with you and that I need not worry. I hope you will appreciate my difficulty."

Mattamayur! Uday had read many of the great man's poems and had thought highly of them. Suryashankar had told him how Mattamayur carried on his wordy duels with leading poets of Gujarat. He, therefore, looked forward to an enjoyable time in the poet's company. Turning to Durlabhji, he said, "Don't worry. Only your other rooms are not as cosy as this one, and in any case, it will be a pleasure to share the room with the poet."

On arriving at the hotel, Uday saw a well-built man looking out at the mountain scenery from the lobby leading to his room. Indeed he looked like doing a deep breathing exercise. Pointing to him, Durlabhji whispered in Uday's ear that that was the great poet. On hearing it Uday walked quickly towards the poet and folding his hands, said in an excited voice "Greetings, O, great poet! I am Uday Solanki."

"Uday Solanki! Oh!" exclaimed the poet, and rushed towards Uday greeting him very warmly. "Suryashankar is your friend. Is that not so? He has spoken to me about you. That is why I had arranged with Durlabhji that you should stay with me."

"Thank you very much," replied Uday. "Well, I hope your Muse is quite active these days."

"Of course," replied the poet. Continuing he said, "Breathes there a man who can stop the flow of my poetry!"

The poet was charmed by Uday's humility and graceful compliments. Warm friendly feelings for Uday welled up in the poet's heart and his large pockmarked face beamed with a smile. His booming voice was charged with emotion.

From Mattamayur's pen had flowed numberless lines of beautiful poetry but his gait had not that beauty. He moved about like a wrestler and behaved like an overgrown schoolboy. He liked to be praised and expected people to shower praises on him for his poems all the time. He could never suffer persons who did not offer him incense. The least sign of hostility provoked the devil in him.

No wonder, the poet was delighted with Uday when, at the very first opportunity, he complimented him by quoting a line from him. He was so completely won over that he began treating Uday as though he were an old friend.

Every day after lunch they sat gossiping together. During their evening walks, the poet attacked every Gujarati poet including poet Nanalal, acknowledged to be the greatest living poet

At the end of their walks they talked about Mattamayur's own poems. He made Uday recite some of them aloud. Whenever their talk turned to Gujarati literature, the poet pulled well-known authors to pieces. All through the session, Uday listened to him with rapt attention and respect. The poet was so delighted with Uday that when they parted for the day, he was always in great good humour.

Uday was greatly struck with the way the poet worked. Excepting for the hours when he listened to his own praise or indulged in the abuse of others, he devoted his time to the search of beautiful words. He would note down promptly any strikingly sweet or melodious expression he came across. If an idea occurred to him while he was out taking a walk, he would log it to heart and spend the rest of his walk weaving it into colourful expressions, and on return to the hotel, note down immediately both the idea and the expression. Then he would set them down into verse and keep on pruning them until he was satisfied that they had acquired the necessary rhythm. He would finally sit down at night with all his collected notes and write out the poem.

The poet thus lived in a world of beautiful words. Uday was correct in his judgment that his poems did not emanate from a spontaneous outflow of emotion: his creativity was strictly restricted, and his characters were unreal beings conjured up by a jugglery of beautiful words.

If anything, the company of the poet had the effect of awakening Uday's own creative ability. His was essentially a mind dominated by feeling and sentiment. If a feeling took possession of him, his imagination overflowed in words of creative value. Mattamayur's skill was unparalleled in creating beauty by continuously chiselling words; but his actual sense of beauty was limited. Uday began to appreciate this difference which lay between the passionate sparks lighted by actual experience which went to make his novel "Broken Heart" and the poems of Mattamayur which glittered with verbal charm and gorgeous imagery.

The poet regarded himself as the hot-gospeller of Aryan orthodoxy. It was his conviction that old customs and beliefs acquired fresh life when cast in a frame-work of new words and expressions. He felt that in that way he was the architect of a new renaissance.

By temperament the poet was so obstinate and so self-opinionated that Uday did not wish to risk his new friendship by pointing out to the poet even by a distant suggestion that his art lacked creativeness. The poet thrived on compliments and so Uday developed the technique of satisfying his hunger for praise without indulging in flattery.

For three days Uday and the poet had a wonderful time discussing poetry. On the fourth day, two days before Diwali, a servant of Radharaman brought a message for Uday at the 'Parvatashram'. Radharaman and his wife had arrived at Matheran and were putting up at a friend's house and would come and look him up at 5-30 that evening. Uday conveyed the welcome news to the poet.

"What, my Radho?" asked the poet in his loud voice, smiling broadly.

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"Yes, I read in Radharaman's chamber. He is my *guru* at Law."

"He may be your chief and your teacher but I am his teacher, don't you know?" asked the poet. "This makes me your *guru's guru*, doesn't it? I put him through a very rigorous discipline when we were in college. I even taught him cricket. I am told that he has a big practice!"

"Yes, for some years now his monthly income has run into five figures."

"People say that his new wife is very beautiful and cultured."

"I have not come across a woman as cultured as Sheelaben in our society."

"But Radho is not the man to remain tied to any single person for long, though of course no one can ever tell," remarked Kaviraj with a loud guffaw. Uday did not reply. He had heard much about Radharaman in the Bar library and was often disposed to doubt whether there existed that unity of outlook between Sheela and Radharaman so necessary in a married couple. But now he refrained from making any comment.

At 5-30 in the evening Radharaman and Sheela came to 'Parvatashram'. The barrister was in a pleasant mood, while Sheela's responding smile was sweet. Uday warmly welcomed them both and invited them to sit in the verandah while waiting for tea. Soon afterwards, the poet literally swayed into the verandah like an elephant from its stable.

"Hallo! Radho. How are you?" boomed Mattamayur, addressing the barrister in his rugged language. "And so this is your Sheelaben?" he turned to Uday and enquired. "I have heard so much praise of you!"

Radharaman was annoyed at being addressed by a stranger as 'Radho' and stared at the poet. Then he recognised the poet, and being a man of the world, overlooked his unmannerly conduct and shook hands with him though without being cordial. "What, Damodar-lal?" he remarked. "What are you doing here? We meet after a very long time, though I had heard that you had become a great poet."

"Come, come," said the poet. 'You have surely not forgotten that, even when we were at college, I wrote things of beauty. Do you still remember or not that it was I who taught you cricket?'

"I remember everything," replied Radharaman coolly. Though he did not like the poet's ways he decided to put up with them smilingly; and he did it so well that the poet did not have the least suspicion of Radharaman's real feelings. Uday could see that Radharaman would find no difficulty in dealing with the poet's sense of self-importance.

In order, however, to save the situation, Sheela referred to a poem of the poet. Uday supported this piece of praise. The poet was delighted, while Radharaman smiled at his vanity but made no comments.

In the meantime it began raining, and Radharaman and Sheela dropped the idea of going out for a walk. All four of them retired to Uday's room to wait there until the rains stopped.

The poet suggested that Uday should sing his poems asserting that he could do it superbly. Uday agreed to do so. Just then, the lights failed and candles had to be lit. This put everyone in a mood to do something interesting

. . . The poet was left behind . . .

till it stopped raining. The poet brought his newly composed poems for Uday to sing. Radharaman kept time, though by no means perfectly. Sheela was fascinated by Uday's way of singing with feeling. The poet was in a happy mood.

Gradually Radharaman's personality began to assert itself. He showed great enthusiasm for the songs and soon dominated the situation. He began to lay down the law like a master: how a poem had to be sung, which lines were to be sung softly and which loudly, and where Uday should lay special emphasis in order to bring out the real import of the poem. As soon as the recital was over, Radharaman asked Uday to sing poet Nanalal's famous poem entitled 'Gently falls the rain and my *sari* is wet'.

Uday looked at Mattamayur doubtfully but on Radharaman's insistence he had to recite it.

"Why do you sing so softly? Sheela you must clap more loudly, as loudly as I am doing," remarked Radharaman.

By the time it had stopped raining it looked as though the principal performers were not the poet and Uday who sang the songs, but the master Radharaman and his pupil Uday. The poet had faded from the picture.

"Uday, we are proposing to stay at Matheran until the second day after Diwali. Why don't you come and stay with us? You can take a few clothes for the night. In the morning, we can send for your luggage," said Radharaman.

"Yes, Solanki, do come along, it will be great fun if you come," said Sheela, seconding the invitation.

In inviting him thus quite informally Radharaman, for the first time, had accorded him the position of a close friend instead of a junior professional colleague. Uday was delighted, and took Sheela's invitation to mean that he had been admitted to her circle of friends as well. He readily accepted the invitation.

"Well, now Sheela, do sing something. What will you sing? Now sing the original song, not Nanalal's version."

The Barrister could not keep sarcasm out of his voice. Sheela was very reluctant to comply with the request as the old song was a little amorous but after some hesitation she began to sing it to please her husband.

She was a practised singer and had a melodious voice. Her singing brought liveliness to the atmosphere. The old song evoked some fascinating echoes in Uday's heart.

"A gentle rain is falling, and slowly does it wet my *sari*. . . ."

Radharaman and Uday kept time with their hands and as soon as the song was over, the three, Radharaman, Sheela and Uday, got up to go. Radharaman took leave of the poet in a happy frame of mind and wished him good-bye.

The poet who was left behind felt extremely angry at the way Radharaman had taken charge of the entire situation, unceremoniously brushing him aside, though he was an old chum and a great poet. When he had been told of Radharaman's coming, he had before his mind's eye a picture of the old times, when he was in the B.A. class, the captain of the College cricket team and leader of a mischievous group of students, while Radharaman was an uncouth, shy youngster, who had just joined college as a first year student. He had vivid memory of the days when he patronised the young fresher, taught him to play cricket, sent him on errands, and generally pushed him about as he liked.

Now the whole picture had changed. Radho was a well-known lawyer; led a swell life; dressed in Western style. He had become arrogant, selfish and worldly. He had had the good fortune to have married a beautiful and good wife. As though these things were not enough by themselves, he had in Uday an obedient disciple who was anxious to fulfil his slightest wish. As for himself, he was not better than a performing clown or a versifier who wrote poems to direction!

The poet had no doubt whatever that his place in modern Gujarat was akin to that of the great poet Goethe in Germany. Nevertheless, in the arrogance of his wealth, this prosaic barrister had not only chosen to ignore him but to treat him as if he were dirt. Indeed he had not had even the courtesy to invite him to go to his bungalow and, on top of it all, he had the cheek to carry away his erstwhile devotee, Uday! Think of it, he even had the guts to make them all listen to a commonplace old song!

After a while, the poet's anger shifted its edge from Radharaman to Uday. Uday had proved himself disloyal. He had forsaken a poet for a lawyer. Why, in heaven's name, should he curry favour with the lawyer? Was't it all

like the peacock being forsaken by its pea-hen for the turkey?

After their departure the poet felt lonely. The other guests in the hotel were all uncouth businessmen. They were all busy eating, guffawing and playing cards. How they seemed to find pleasure in gobbling up the tasty saltish food! For them there he, the poet of poets, the great Mattamayur, simply did not exist.

While the poet was thus absorbed in self-commiseration, a bearer brought a parcel of books which had arrived by the evening train. The book-seller had sent him a bunch of newly published books. He opened the parcel and his eyes fell upon a novel entitled *Tapasvini* written by a young and promising writer who wrote under the pseudonym, 'Peeyush'. The poet had read the works of 'Peeyush' with great pleasure and it was his considered view that 'Peeyush' was a writer of promise. But as yet, he had not taken the trouble to find out who the real author was.

The parcel also contained the latest issue of the monthly *Navaprakash*. The poet scanned through its pages to see if it contained any reference to his latest poem entitled *Nishanath*. Yes, there was a criticism of his poem. He drew up his chair, put on his spectacles, and started reading it.

"There is nothing new in this new work of the great poet Mattamayur. It is well known that he has the great gift of clothing pedestrian thoughts and ideas in beautiful words. In this poem *Nishanath* too he has spun his verbal net with the skill of a magician. But there is nothing of substance in it. There is genuine emotion, no sensiti nothing remotely indicative of cre tive writing. Indeed it is nothing an edifice of verbal gems, mecha cally displayed. The words certai bewitch the ear but as they lack p sion and sentiment, they fail to str a responsible chord in our hea The language is undoubtedly b liant but it is not evocative of man thought. The whole work is void of inspiration."

As he went on reading, Mattam yur's anger mounted; his blood l rally boiled. Had the critic been p sent before him, he would have bu him to ashes even without the aid the third eye of Lord Siva. He sig deeply. Despite the great services had rendered to Gujarati literature, critic seemed to have little appreciat of his great literary abilities achievements. Small wonder Gujarati literature was on the do grade!

Whatever the critic might say, had little doubt that he was the hope of the future of literary Gujar "Never mind, never mind," he m mured to himself. "I am still alive kicking. I have immense confidence my creative ability. I shall re-cre genuine artistic taste in Gujarat sing handed and shall guide the true ers of literature to it."

After thinking furiously for a wh he murmured again, "When my poem *Gargi* comes out, all Guj will sit up and learn what real liter ture is."

[*To be contin*

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DESTINY IS IRREVOCABLE

AS promised to his wife, King Ajavaksha related the following story.

A king by name Dhata ruled over the kingdom of Chavi and he had a daughter by name Sushila. She was not only lovely to look at, but was also blessed with piety and intelligence. When Sushila came of age, both the King and his wife started looking for a suitable bridegroom for her.

One night the King called his wife and said: "My dear, after serious consideration I have come to the conclusion that our Sushila should be given in marriage to my sister's son, who, in my opinion, will be the most suitable husband for her."

The Queen on hearing that news was taken aback, for, in her own way, she had been thinking on parallel lines and had decided to give her daughter to her brother's son! When she therefore revealed her mind, the King would not agree to the proposal. Thus a dispute arose between them which dragged on late into the night, at the end of which the King and Queen departed to their rooms greatly perturbed; but nevertheless they were adamant that their own choice was the fittest for their daughter.

Pursuing his decision, the King secretly sent for his nephew and as soon as he arrived, he made him stay at a place quite near the palace, but unknown to others, so that he could give his daughter in marriage to him by stealth if necessary. The Queen's mind also worked on similar lines and she too had her nephew brought and deposited him in another place with the same intention.

When things were moving fast towards the marriage, it so happened that the Trinity of Gods, Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma, were passing across the city in the sky.

Lord Shiva getting scent of the marriage in the royal household, asked Brahma: "Deva! How is it that there are two rival bridegrooms for the King's daughter in this city? Who do you think will ultimately marry the girl? Can you tell me?"

Brahma replied: "My Lord! None of the two rival choices is going to marry that girl. She is destined to marry a third person, a lame cowherd who will be presently coming this way."

On hearing this reply, Lord Parameshwara mischievously smiled at Vishnu. Out of an impish curiosity Shiva wanted to test Brahma's statement.

At a signal from Shiva, Vishnu ordered his aerial vehicle Garuda to carry away the lame cowherd who came there and deposit him somewhere afar across the seas.

No sooner was it said than Garuda accomplished the behest. The poor cowherd who was at first bewildered while being carried, later on found himself in the midst of a forest bush with his life intact.

Bewailed he: "Alas, why should God deprive me of my livelihood by carrying me to this lonely place? I was able to eke out a living by grazing the cows and buffaloes of five or six homes of my village. Well, come to think of it, there should be some reason behind all that takes place in one's life. In so far as I could not account for my previous mode of living, I should yet believe that Lord Achyuta will continue to feed me with food even in my present environment. Let me therefore wait for further developments prayerfully."

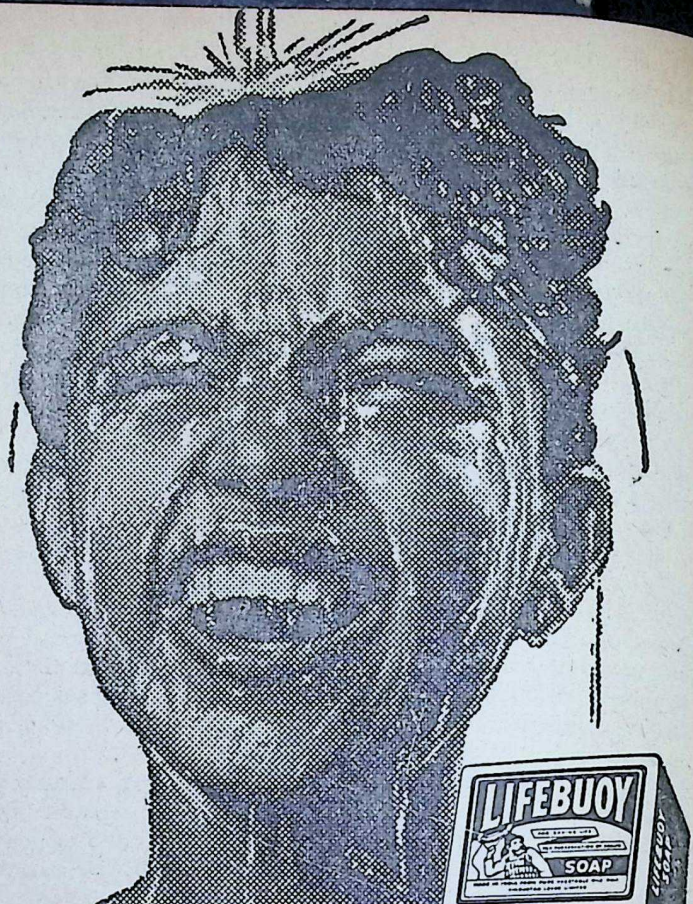
So saying, he sang the praise of Lord Vishnu.

This prayer reached the ears of Vishnu who ordered his messenger Garuda: "Garuda! Go now once again and make arrangements for feeding the cowherd you have deposited in the woods".

Accordingly Garuda looked about the city for food and smelt the flavour of rich food and delicious dishes emanating from the palace. That smell drew him there. Beside the palace was a huge box apparently full of those dishes and Garuda picked it up with his huge claws and flew to the lame cowherd before whom he deposited it.

The cowherd who had been without food for a long time opened the box avidly but to his great surprise saw a beautiful woman wriggling out of it. As soon as she got up she quickly threw the pearl necklace she held in her hand round his neck and poured the cup of milk on his head! After doing so, she placed before him the delicious dishes with which she was surrounded.

The lame cowherd had never eaten



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such good food; so he ate it with great relish. When his belly became full he watched and asked the girl, "Who are you, and how did you come to be locked in this box?"

The young woman replied: "I am the daughter of the King of Chavi. My name is Sushila. My father wanted me to be married to his nephew, while my mother wanted to marry me to her nephew. When my father had decided to get me married this morning to his nephew, my mother dressed me up and handing over the pearl-necklace in my hand, put me into this box with instructions that I should garland with this necklace that man who picked it, as he would be my rightful husband. That box was to be sent to her nephew's place. I do not know what happened after."

The lame cowherd was astonished at the narration and he wondered at the ways of destiny. He was the husband of a real princess!

In the meantime, King Dhata frantically searched for his daughter for the marriage with his nephew as the *muhurta* drew near. Hurrying to his wife he roared: "Tell me, you devil, where have you secreted my daughter away? Bring her quickly or I will wring your neck!"

For her part, her Queen knew that she had deposited her daughter in the box which she had kept outside the palace for being carried to her nephew's place by her messengers. But before they arrived she was shocked to see that same box being carried away by a huge vulture! Confident, therefore, that her part in the disappearance of her daughter could never be traced, she replied, "My lord! The other day you chastised me that I should never interfere with your decision in the matter of marrying Sushila. From that day I have completely washed my hands off her. I never think of her marriage. Actually from that day I have lost all interest in you too, because there is no point in a wife continuing to take any in her husband who does not listen to her. You will therefore see I have little chance of knowing what happened to her".

Unable to meet her argument, the King went away from her, bidding people to search for his daughter all over the city. Well has it been said that it is impossible to beat a woman at her game!

In the meantime news got around that the King's daughter had deserted. Consequently the two rival bridegrooms too made good their escape from the city full of shame.

Lord Vishnu who saw the two bridegrooms escaping from the city, drew the attention of Brahma to them and said: "I believe these are the two rival bridegrooms selected by the King and his Queen for their daughter? I am sorry for them".

Brahma on hearing this remark laughed indulgently and replied: "My Lord, by this time the King's daughter has already become the legal wife of the imbecile cowherd!"

"Is that so?" exclaimed Vishnu and calling the attention of Shiva said: "Look, Chandrasekhara! What Brahma said about the King's daughter has after all come true! Don't you agree Brahma deserves our congratulations?"

Shiva replied: "True, he fully deserves them. Let us go and have a look at the lucky cowherd who after all

is the real beneficiary in this case!"

Then the three of them dressed themselves as Brahmins and appeared before the newly wed cowherd and his wife.

On seeing them, however, the cowherd who was of a devout temperament, offered them all customary respects and along with his wife, sought their blessings.

Greatly pleased that his new status had not tilted his sense of values, the Trinity showed their real form before him and blessed the couple.

Lord Vishnu rectified the cowherd's deformity. Brahma gave the girl a long married life and Shiva gave the husband divine knowledge. Vishnu further ordered Garuda to carry the couple back to the city of Chavi, and return. After doing so the Trinity of Gods went their way.

On reaching Chavi, Sushila escorted her husband to the palace and falling at the feet of her father and mother explained the circumstances of her marriage, whereon the royal couple embraced her and forgot their differences. The King conferred on the bridegroom the post of Commander-in-chief of his armed forces.

At the end King Ajavaksha remarked, "Don't you see that the finger of fate moves mysteriously but surely, and no one is free from the pattern drawn by it?"

Pondering over it Ajavaksha's Queen replied: "My lord, having heard your story I wonder, even as the nity of Gods blessed the cow couple by removing his deformity, there anyone who could cure our in-law too of his deformity?"

It had so happened that Pavaka who came that way chanced to to the anxious conversation bet the royal couple.

After hearing the whole of it he not want to test their patience fur He straightaway presented himself fore them, and prostrating before said, "I have been putting on cripple form only for the purpose testing how men react in times of p perity and adversity. Henceforth will have a perfect son-in-law. need not worry on your daugh account any longer".

Saying this Pavaka assumed his form which he could by virtue of boon he got from Parvati.

On seeing their son-in-law assu marvellously perfect form, the couple were greatly delighted blessed him.

In the end Ajavaksha asked Pav "My son, we are immersed in won at your great capacities so much we are inclined to doubt if you a Deva or a Gandharva or a Kinn Would you tell us who you re are?"

It may be recalled that Pavaka so far not disclosed his identity to father- and mother-in-law.

[*To be contin*

Human dignity is best preserved not by developing the capacity to deal destruction but by refusing to retaliate.

—Mahatma Gandhi

THE REUNION

EVERY action has a reaction. This law holds good in the moral sphere also. The Indian law of Karma revolves round it and there is no escape from its conclusions and one does not wish to end up in a lunatic asylum.

If the young prince had been systematically cheated by the danseuse and her daughter, the law had naturally been paving their way for their own destruction and if they ate the divine mango fruits of their own volition it was nemesis working in its infallible way.

Taking hold of the baboon and the eagle, the young prince put on his magic *kurta* and turban, took hold of his magic wand and water-pot and gave away the rest of his belongings to learned and indigent people. He went on from place to place, like a beggar, along with the baboon and the eagle which helped him to earn his livelihood. In this manner he reached the city where his elder brother ruled.

Seeing the prosperity of that city, he asked a vegetable seller who passed by, who the king of that city was. That woman replied: "My son, sometime back the old King died without leaving any heir. According to his instructions the State elephant garlanded somebody from the forest and brought him to the city as the King. I do not know what his name is." The young prince had little difficulty in realising that it was his own brother who ruled over that kingdom and whom he thought, the elephant had killed the other day. However, he wanted to make sure that it was the case. He thought of a plan and according to which he went to the public square of the city and started displaying the antics of his monkey and the eagle. Standing before a particular shop, he demanded that he should be given a full sovereign as reward for the entertainment he had given. Such a demand made the shopkeeper wild. All persuasions having failed, the owner of the shop informed the police. When the police came and tried to reason with him, the prince became stubborn and refused to move away stating that he would not budge an inch if the King came. His impertinence was promptly reported to the King, who, on hearing of the strange behaviour of the beggar, smiled and wanted to have a look at the man before meting out punishment. He, therefore, came out into the streets and even from a distance he could see that the beggar was none other than his own lost brother. Not wishing, however, to openly recognise him, he asked his officials to command the shopkeeper to pay the entertainer what he wanted.

On returning to the palace, the King called his confidential minister and related to him his story from the beginning. He ended, "You will thus see that this monkey man is no other than my brother. I would naturally like to take

him back into my household. Kindly advise me what I should do under the circumstances." In the meantime, the younger brother, taking the sovereign he was given, returned to the choultry by the side of which he made a temporary hut, where he stayed. With the aid of his magic implements he ordered delicious food and after giving a part of it to the monkey and the eagle, he ate the rest. When he was half way through it, the ministers of the King, who had been combing for him throughout the city, came to that place and extended the King's invitation for returning to the palace. The young prince was delighted that his brother had not forgotten him in his present exhalted position. Accompanying the officials, he came to the palace and on seeing his elder brother, fell at his feet and made kind enquiries about him. The two brothers who had been long separated shed tears of joy on being united.

After having washed and rested for a while, the younger brother related all that had happened to him since their separation. He showed him the magic implements which had been his main succour. After staying thus for a few days, the two brothers wanted to see their parents. Accordingly, the elder brother handed over the kingdom to his minister temporarily, and in the company of his younger brother flew to where his parents were with the aid of the magic sandals his younger brother had. When they entered the house of their parents, the latter were sitting by the fireside. A handful of grains were boiling in a pot on the fire. Tears were streaming from their eyes as they visibly wept on the loss of their two brilliant sons. At that moment both the sons presented themselves before them and fell at their feet. The parents were extremely delighted that after all God had not deserted them. They embraced their children, making them sit at a small fireside pit. Now the brothers related the part each had played or rather the part that destiny had played and their present whereabouts. The old king was extremely delighted when he was reunited with his darling children.

At the invitation of the elder son the old king accepted the kingship of the kingdom which was voluntarily given to his elder son. At the suggestion of his aged father, the two sons married duly in royal households.

When they were thus spending the time merrily, one day the younger prince brought before the Raja Sahib the baboon and the eagle, and said "Venerable friends! I have a great story to tell. Here, this eagle is an old danseuse. This baboon is her daughter. Both of them did me incalculable harm in the guise of supporting me." He explained in detail the circumstances under which they almost killed him by giving him a strange purgative and how they conspired to rob him of the magic turban and other implements and how ultimately he made them take these two shapes by means of the divine mango. In substantiating these charges he administered the other mango to both of them, by which the two women took their former shape.

When the assembled people saw this transformation, they were surprised beyond description. The King meted

them due punishment, and drove them out of the city in dishonour.

The old King finding that his advanced age would not permit him to devote much time to the affairs of the State, handed over charge to his eldest son. With the help of his two children he marched against his old city which had been wrongfully taken from him by conspirators. On hearing that the old King and the princes were marching towards the city, the usurpers took to their heels. The old King handed over his kingdom to his younger son. In course of time, the second son made such a name and fame for himself that the entire world praised him for his ingenuity and other qualities.

As Chaturya completed the story, the rays of the morning sun were showing through the chicks in the door. Perceiving the bright rays, he said to the princess who was seated by his side: "My dear, don't you think that you deserve a husband as clever and valorous as the young prince of whom you had been hearing. Now it is day. Go back to your work. We shall meet later."

[*To be continued*]

Days and nights, morn and eve, spring and autumn are all passing away one after another. Seasons rotate. Time plays (flies). Life decays. But, alas! greed never leaves the man.

—Adi Sankaracharya in *Bhaja Govindam.*

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News & Notes

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PROF. HUMAYUN KABIR, Minister for Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, Government of India, released eleven new and important publications of the Bhavan on October 14th before a large and distinguished gathering. Those assembled to witness the colourful function included Minister of the Government of Maharashtra, High Court Judges, foreign dignitaries and prominent citizens of Bombay. The Governor of Maharashtra, Sri Sri Prakasa, presided.

The publications released included the 900-page Sixth Volume entitled "Delhi Sultanate" in the ten-volume monumental project, "History and Culture of the Indian People"; "The Essential Unity of All Religions" by Dr. Bhagavan Das, revered father of the Governor of Maharashtra, Sri Sri Prakasa, containing about the same number of pages; "A Handbook of Staff Notation for Indian Music" by P. Howard Boatwright, Associate Prof sor of the Theory of Music and Cond tor of the Orchestra at Yale Univer and Concert-Master of the New Ha Symphony in the U.S., perhaps the f of its kind to be ever written; "T Culture of India as Envisaged by Aurobindo" by Sri C. C. Dutt; "Hi America?" by Sri Chaman Lal; "Po and Morality" by Dr. Pitirim A. So kin and Prof. Walter A. Lunden; Anthology of Modern Indian quence" by R. K. Prabhu; "Upanish in Story and Dialogue" by R. R. Di kar; "Yogic Powers and God Reali tion" by Dr. V. M. Bhat; "Immo India", Vol. III, by Prof. J. H. Da "The World We Saw' by Dr. K. Munshi; and "Simhasan Batrishi Shamal Bhat" in Gujarati edited Dr. H. C. Bhayani.

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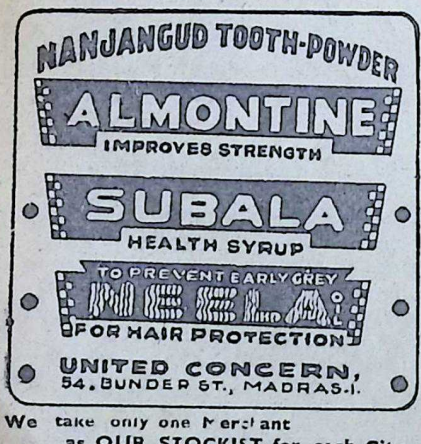

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said that a history of the Indian ple in the sense of a cultural history s a comparatively recent develop- nt in India and described the pro- ss so far made as very rapid, consi- ring the magnitude of the work in- lved in the task. He also compli- ented the Bhavan on the success of Book University Series.

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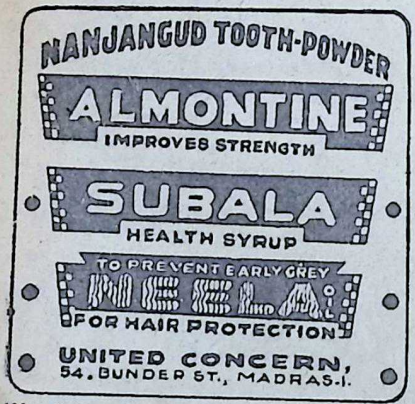

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...bhala verses from the *Quran* and ...*Dhammapada*. Smt. Piloo Wadia ...ered the poem "Lead Kindly ...ht" and Sri Adi Marzban read ... some passages from Gandhiji's ...ings.

Smt. Sudha Motwane and Kumari ...nti Kodikal gave programmes of ...ians while Sri Ajit Sheth, Smt. ...ama Sheth and Sri Purushottam ...hryya and the students of the ...Sangit School conducted the ...Sangit.

...lapati Munshi in a brief speech ...sed the value Gandhiji attached to ...h and exhorted the audience to ...the teachings of Gandhiji in... of preaching them.

The large gathering on the occasion ...ded Smt. Lilavati Munshi, the ...ble Justice K. K. Desai and ... staff and students of the Bhavan ... its allied institutions.

...LIDASA JAYANTI

...LIDASA JAYANTI was celebrated ... the 1st of this month at the Gita ...by the Bharatiya Vidya Bha... under the presidentship of Prof. ... D. Velankar, Joint Director of the ...van. Eminent scholars spoke on ... occasion on various aspects of ...lidasa. According to Acharya ... T. A. V. Dikshitar, Kalidasa had ...ically woven the Vedic truths ... phraseology in his works. Prof. ... R. Potdar said that the female cha...ters of Kalidasa were more impres...e than the male ones. Prof. P. R. ...hagande dealt with the moral mes...e beautifully presented by the ...t poet. Prof R. P. Kangale ex...ed with examples the height of ... dramatic art in Kalidasa. The ...sident explained how the artist in ...lidasa raised the character of ...hyanta from an ordinary mortal ...d in the *Mahabharata* to a noble ...who stood for Dharma.

Sri Bhaishankar Purohit proposed ... vote of thanks.

The Mahakavi Kalidasa Jayanti was ...ebrated on the 1st of this month by ... Valdika Samvardhana Sabha at

Dr. Asoke Majumdar

Madurai under the presidentship of Sri K. V. Padmanabha Iyer, founder member of Sanskrit Vishva Parishad and editor of *Saurashtra Mithram*, Madurai. Panditaratna P. S. Govindaiyengar and T. V. Harigovindachari also spoke on the occasion. Sri P. K. N. Ramamoorthy Sarma, Secretary of the Sabha, proposed a vote of thanks.

The president urged that the Jayantis of the three greatest poets of India—Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidasa—should be celebrated according to the resolutions passed under the presidentship of Rajendra Prasad.

DR. A. K. MAJUMDAR

DR. A. K. MAJUMDAR, Asst. Editor of the History and Culture of the Indian People and the Director of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Delhi Centre, returned from England on 30th September, 1960, after a stay of four months. Dr. Majumdar went to England at the invitation of the British Council in order to work on some manuscripts which have great importance for the study of Modern Indian History. He also had the opportunity to meet Lord Attlee, Lord Pethick-Lawrence and Mr. R. Sorensen and discussed with them certain aspects of the transfer of power to India. The

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...Young & Old
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Sri Chandrakant Trivedi

information he thus gathered and the papers which he has been able to study will be of use for the tenth Volume of the History and Culture of the Indian People which is now under preparation. The British Council also made arrangements for Dr. Majumdar to visit some important places in England including Oxford and Cambridge.

SRI CHANDRAKANT R. TRIVEDI

SRI CHANDRAKANT R. TRIVEDI, the Manager of the Madras Branch of Devkaran Nanjee Banking Co., Ltd., and also the Hon. Treasurer of the Madras Centre of the Bhavan, is deputed by his Bank to proceed to West Germany for 3 months' training with Deutscha Bank of West Germany. Sri Trivedi was a partner in Messrs. Devkaran Nanjee Banking Corp., and also a Director in Denasons Ltd. for some time. He is the President and Vice-President of Sri Gujarat Samaj (Mambalam) and Gujarat Young Men's Association, Madras, respectively. A commerce graduate of the Bombay University, he is a Life Member of the Commerce Graduates' Association, Bombay, and Shrimali Brahmin Samskriti Kendra. Recently the Madras Government conferred on him the Hon. Presidency Magistrateship and Justice of Peace.

Our Bookshelf

KITTUR CHANNAMMA RANI. By Shridhar Telkar. Published by Bayangouda Patil, Chairman, Kittur Channamma Rani Itihas Mandal, Bailhongal. (Belgaum). Price: Re. 1.

This booklet before us contains the story of Rani Channamma which forms the introductory chapter in the history of the Freedom Movement in India. It was in 1824, long before the patriots of Meerut had raised the banner of revolt against the British in 1857.

The author's is a laudable attempt inasmuch as by publishing this book he has resurrected an almost forgotten chapter in the history of our freedom struggle. It has supplied an important link in the history of our Freedom fight.

The story of Kittur starts when the East India Company was developing into a first rate power in the South. Shivalinga-Rudra-Sarja of Kittur (now a part of the new Mysore State) was dying without an heir and a boy was to be adopted. The news reached the ears of Thackeray, the political agent of the East India Company in Dharwar, who, on the pretext of an agreement with Kittur, wanted to interfere in the internal affairs of that State. It should be remembered that it was Thakeray who gave the idea of the Doctrine of Lapse to Dalhousie who successfully applied it later in the case of Rani of Jhansi and others. Thackeray himself, eager to try this doctrine, was waiting for an opportunity. He sensed foul play in the adoption on the part of Kittur. And when refused an interview with Rani Channamma, the widow of the late Shivalinga-Rudra-Sarja, Thackeray who had an eye on the treasury straightaway sent an army to capture the fort of Kittur.

Although Channamma was defeated in the ensuing battle and later taken prisoner she had fought a heroic fight.

This book vividly narrates the heroic fight.

—*Sri A. P. C. Nayar.*

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STRAY GLIMPSES OF BAPU. By Kakasaheb Kalelkar. (2nd edition) Published by Navjivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad pp. 166. Price: Rs. 2.

DURING his life-long association with Gandhiji, Kakasaheb Kalelkar had observed many apparently trivial, but significant actions of Gandhiji which threw light on the humorous, social and humane aspects of Gandhiji. The book contains 103 anecdotes which enable one to understand Gandhiji at close quarters.

For instance, "The Tea Episode" (page 138) reveals Gandhiji's consideration for those who worked for him and with him. Mahadevbhai, his secretary, was a little late in getting up one morning. Gandhiji without making any effort to awaken him, ordered for him all the paraphernalia of the morning tea—tea, milk, sugar, bread and butter, and waited patiently for the secretary to wake up.

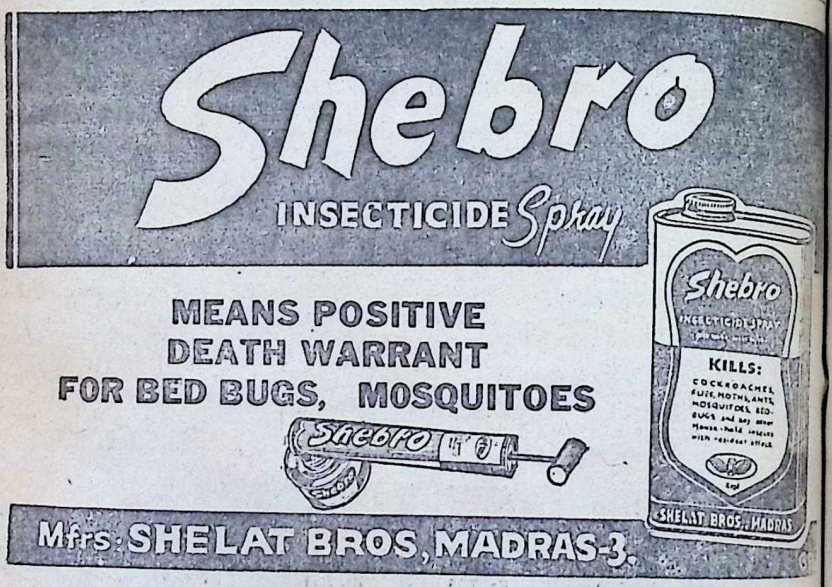
The other anecdotes relate Gandhiji's contacts with Mr. Kallenbach, Mr. Andrews, Lokamanya Tilak, Annie Besant, Acharya Kripalani, Rajaji and others.

The present book is the 2nd edition and it is an improvement on the 1st edition published in 1950. The language is revised and the anecdotes are arranged chronologically.

The incidents were originally written in Hindustani. They were rendered into English by Raihana Tyabji.

The book is well printed and attractively bound.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyar*



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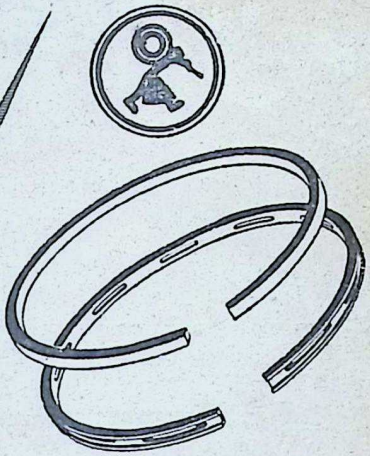

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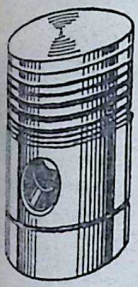

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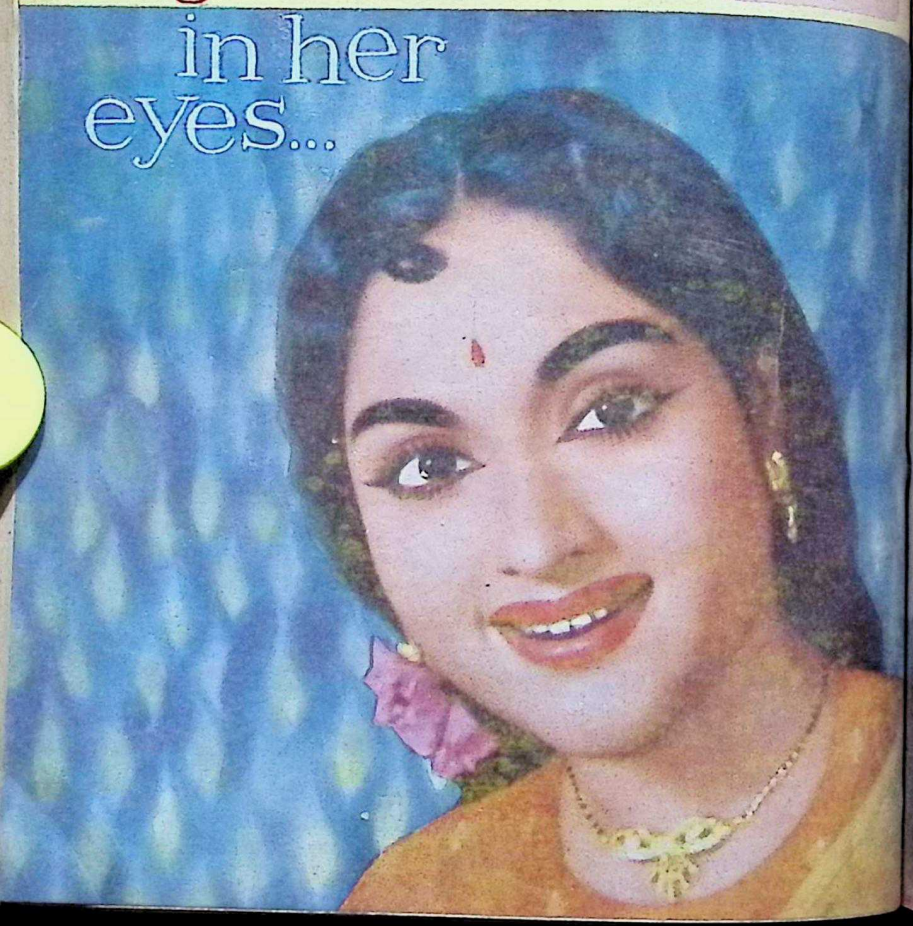

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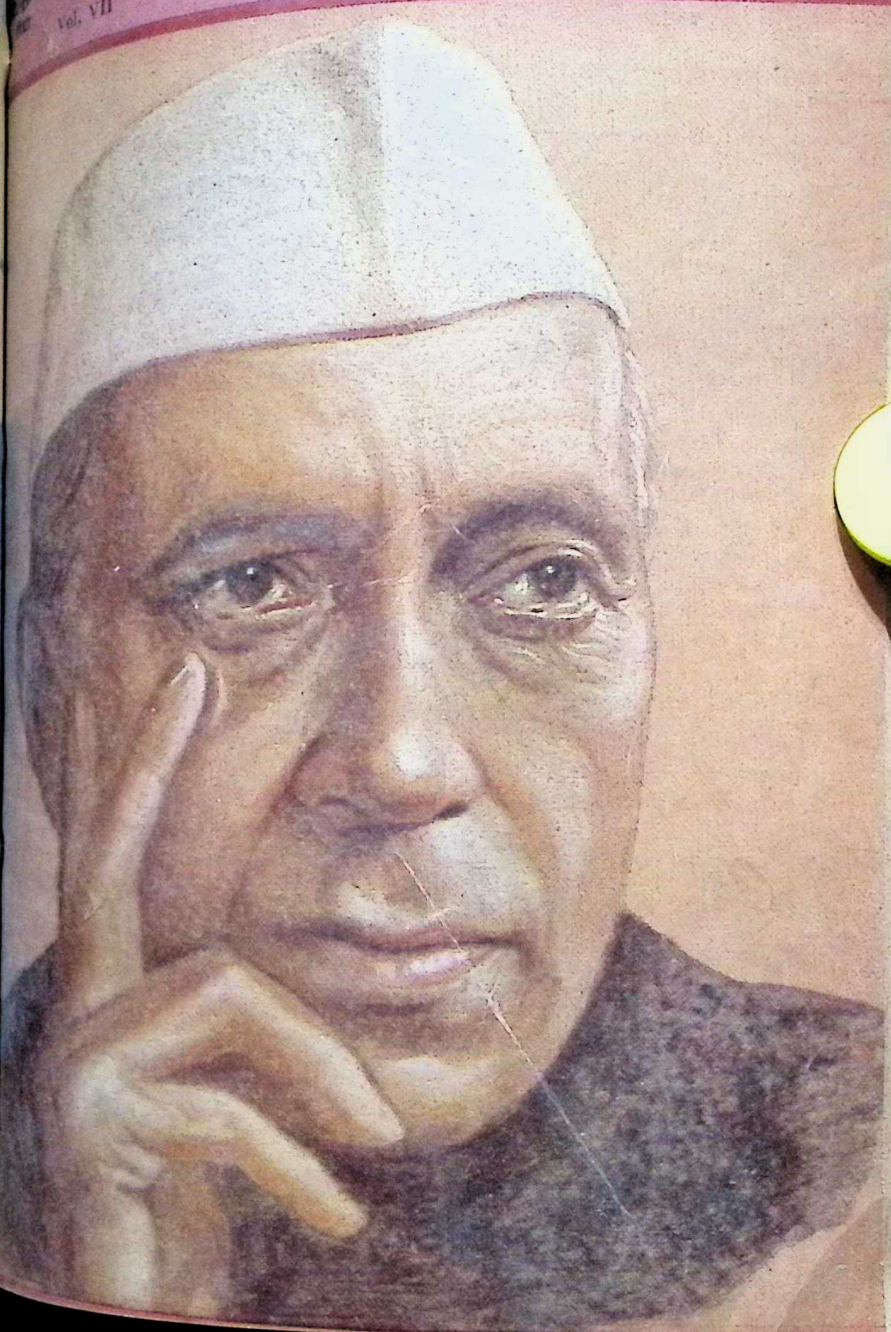

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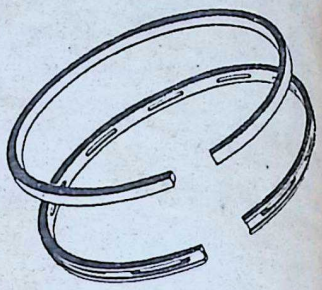

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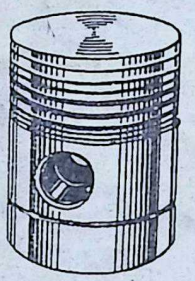

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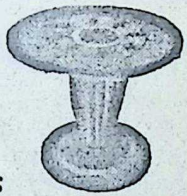

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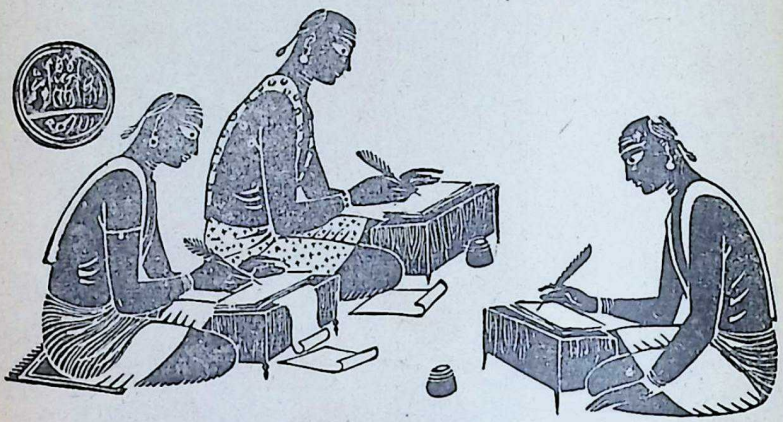
Long, long ago, mathematicians in India hit upon the idea of using the zero. This led to the use of numerals—a revolution in the art of calculation. To live, man must count, weigh and measure. Governments must draw up their budgets, business concerns must assess their performance and even individuals must keep a close watch on their earnings and expenditure. All this is done with the language of numbers based on the zero. For, without it, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to transact business on a national or a global scale, or work out the ambitious plans for economic regeneration.



Thanks to the use of numerals, it is possible to calculate that the consolidated after-tax profit from Standard-Vacuum's Marketing and Refining Operations during 1959 amounted to Rs. 120 lakhs, representing a 3.0 per cent return on the capital employed; or that Stanvac paid Rs. 2,687 lakhs as taxes and duties—an amount which was almost 22 times Stanvac's net income; or that Stanvac worked on a margin of profit of roughly 1.4 naye paise for every gallon of product sold.

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

NOVEMBER 13, 1960 — No. 8

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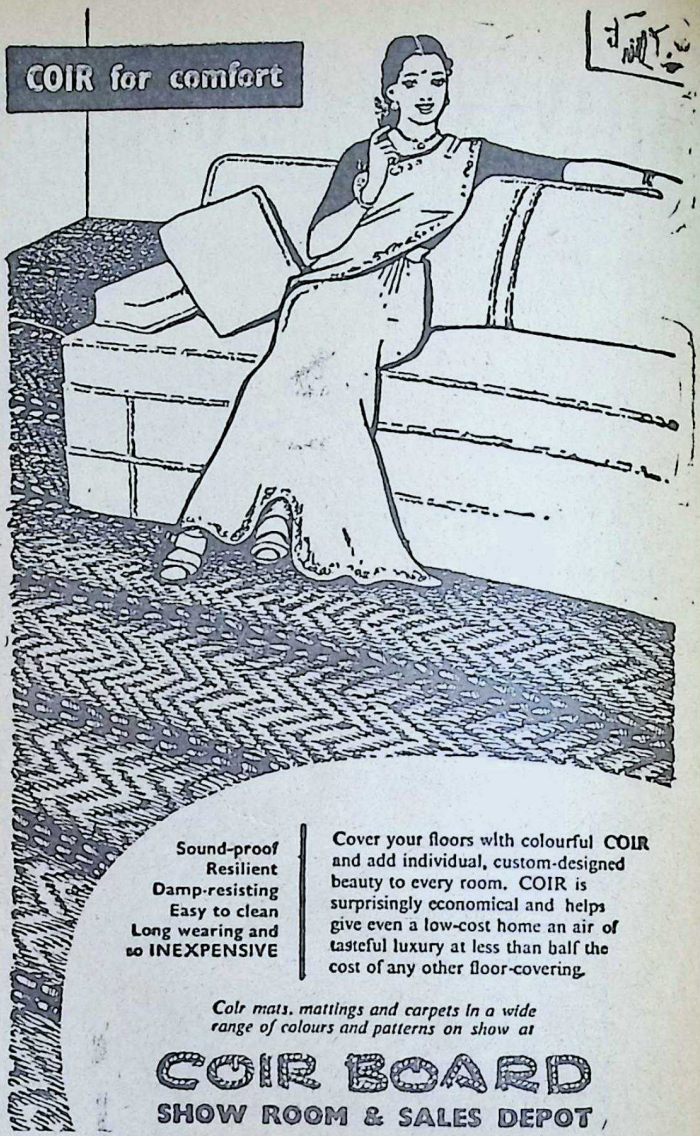

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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NOVEMBER 13, 1960 No. 8

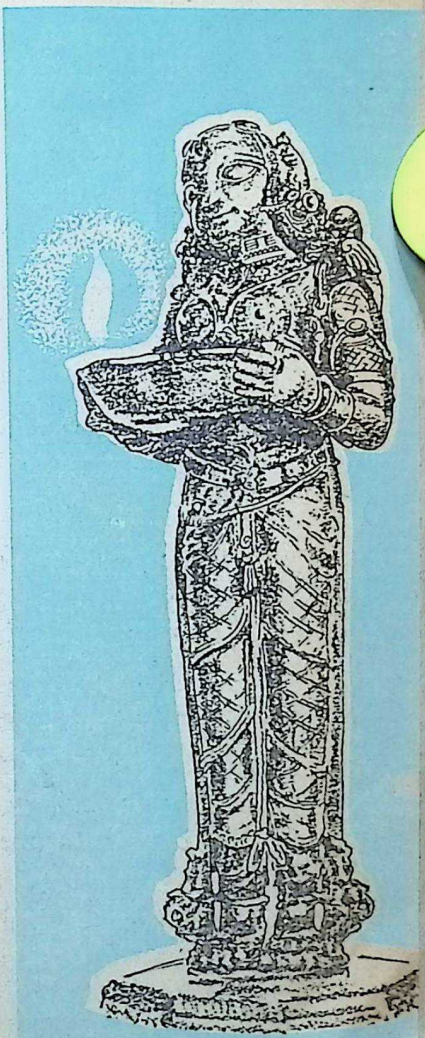
Vol. VII

TORIOUS WISDOM

यस्या मनोर्यज्ञियास्ते शृणोतन
यद्वो देवा ईमहे तद्ददातन ।
क्रतुं रयिमद्वीरवद्यशः
तद्देवानां अवो अद्या वणीमहे ॥

Ye who are adorable to man! Listen;
Give us, Gods, what we pray for:
Victorious wisdom, fame with wealth and with heroes.
We crave today this grace of the Gods.

—Rigveda



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 218

★ *EARLY STRUGGLES (1907-8)* ★ *ANANTWADI*

★ *SEARCH FOR AN UNFORGOTTEN FACE*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY,
NOVEMBER 13, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WOULD like to continue the story of my life during 1907-8 when I first came to live in Bombay, which I had started narrating in my Letter No. 217 dated 30-10-1960.

During the days when I came to Bombay in 1907, Dalpatram Shukla, my boyhood friend—and one destined to remain a close friend as long as his life endured—was my guardian angel. I had referred to our life-long relations in Kulapati's Letter No. 73 dated 24-4-1955; yet I prefer to refer to some of them again in the context of my life in Bombay between 1907 and 1910.

On my arrival in Bombay in June 1907, D. S. took complete charge of me. He was maintaining himself by giving private tuitions, at the same time he was studying in the Wilson College. He introduced me to his friends in the Wilson College, who ultimately became my friends too.

D. S. was a walking gazetteer. In the course of our wanderings in the streets of Bombay, I found out that he knew quite a lot of people. The secrets his wide contacts were his good nat and his ungrudging helpfulness everyone without even expecti thanks. If anybody wanted anythi to be done, say, wanted a cook or b an umbrella, he had only to menti it and D. S. would do it. By becomi indispensable to all whom he conti ued to help, he had acquired infl ence over quite a large circle o elderly people.

When I arrived in Bombay, as stated in my last Letter, I ha brought only twenty rupees with me My first problem, therefore, was t get enough money to enable me to g along in Bombay. Between D. S. an myself we evolved a plan. I had s cured the Elliot Memorial Prize o Rs. 105, for standing first in Engli from the Baroda College, which was t be given in books. D. S. took me to a well-known firm of booksellers whom he knew, and after a little talk, we en tered into a bargain with them. As a result, they submitted a bill fo Rs. 105/- to my College for the book

sent to me. When the money was ed, the booksellers were good gh to give me five rupees worth ks and the remaining Rs. 100/- h. This was the capital with which ted.

• • •

D. S. then lived with three friends small room, eight feet by six, in a called Anantwadi, for which they Rs. 5/- by way of monthly rent. a short stay with my uncles, I Pipalwadi and joined D. S. and his contributing one-fifth as my

S. also introduced me to a cheap House", as it was then called, adevi, where he took his meals Rs. 5/- or 6/- a month. However, lth was too delicate to stomach meal it gave. I could not do ghee and milk. D. S. had a ions on hand and was also in to indulge in a little luxury for So we bought a small quan- ghee, put it in bottles, one for us, which we carried in our at meal time, and poured out drops of it on to our bread.

was, however, a serious pro- I simply could not live, as D. S. on one pice worth of tea in all the tea shops of Bom- referred to as 'single'. So, on way to the "Eating House" mor- and evening, I fortified myself ya's shop with one anna worth So life went on.

Little treasure, Rs. 100/-, was depleted fast, and we began elaborate plans for my be- rich. One evening D.S. took a wealthy gentleman whom he knew and whose son badly needed illumination at the hands of some competent tutor.

When we met this gentleman at his flat on the fourth or fifth floor at Sheikh Memon Street, D.S. in an unusual fit of exuberance introduced me as the son of Rao Bahadur Maneklal Munshi, the deceased Deputy Collector of Broach. To my horror, I found that the rich man came from my own district and had known Father well! Many years ago, he said sweetly, Rao Bahadur had conferred some favour on him. Then he went off into ecstatic praise of Father's excellent qualities and with a mournful face regretted his premature death.

At the recital of my distinguished parentage, I looked helplessly embarrassed. How was I to ask for employment from a person who looked upon me as a visiting prince? Neither of us had any courage left to explain the mission on which we had come. We returned, empty-handed and heartbroken. That was my first and last attempt to earn money by licking cubs into shape.

But the resources of D.S. were inexhaustible. Some days later, he took me to the composing room of the *Indu Prakash*, an English Daily, then being published from Girgaum Backroad. There he introduced me to someone who straightway appointed me a proofreader-extraordinary to that paper. Every evening as I walked back my weary way—it was over two miles from the Elphinstone College where the law classes were held to our room in Anantwadi—I dropped in at the *Indu Prakash* office and collected the galley proofs. After our visit to the "Eating

House", I corrected the proofs with the assistance of D.S. who had already added proof-reading to his miscellaneous accomplishments. At 10 p.m. we would go to the newspaper office, return the proofs duly corrected and receive my daily wages, which, if I remember right, came to about a few annas per day.

Life in Anantwadi was quite interesting too. We lived in the garret of a very small house ; the few rooms on the first and ground floors were occupied by several families. The house boasted of a small yard in which a single water tap which served the house had been installed. Every day at about five or six in the morning the women of the families living in the rooms on the first and second floors of the house gathered at the tap to bathe, to wash, to cleanse utensils and to collect the water for their use during the day. How to escape them was a problem. This we solved by getting up before five in the morning and having our ablutions, washing our clothes and collecting water for the day before the fairer sex invaded the tap. Then we rushed back to our room and went to bed again to get up late in the day.

I wanted to read and write on an ambitious scale. Our next problem, therefore, was how to fulfil this ambition. Again D.S. found a way out. He took me to an old Parsi gentleman on the staff of the Petit Library whom he knew well. This kind-hearted old gentleman walked into the conspiracy. I was given a small table to sit at. A file of issue slips, he arranged, was always to lie in front of me. If anybody ever asked me why I was there, I was to refer to that old gentleman. He would always be there to certify th I was doing some honorary work f him.

Whenever I was in a mood to stu quietly, I spent five or six hours the Petit Library. D.S. would co to me some time during the day fr some office in the Fort where he w employed and we would go out replenish ourselves with two 'sing

It was in the Petit Library tha first wrote an elaborate article on T *Conquest of Somnath* which was p lished in 1909 or 1910 in the *East West*, a leading magazine in those da

A few years ago a very interes incident took place. I had to prove fore an arbitrator that what litt had made was the result of what, cording to Hindu Law, were the 'g of science', and not accretions to ancestral property. I asked D.S. w ther he had some evidence of the lo which he gave me from time to ti and, lo and behold, when he looked his old diaries, there was a ledger count carried forward from year to y under the heading 'Kanubhai'. At t foot of the account there were e or nine rupees still due from me D.S! Like a wise debtor I had f gotten to pay the debt ; like an un creditor, D.S. had forgotten to mand it of me.

Nothing disturbed D.S.'s cheerf ness. He took everything he had face as if it was the most ordi thing in life: poverty, struggles, di pointments, and the incorrigible who were entrusted to his care. I the other hand, was restless, ambit happy or unhappy, highly emotio

the pair of us walked up and down streets of Bombay. That is how I to know most of its localities. when D.S. first took me to the Ne- Sea Road, I was blue with envy a rage at the sight of the palaces I decided not to visit the place What did I want with them their splendour?

those days our greatest moments after our evening meal. On al days in the week we would go the Wilson College Hostel, where ld join my friends in songs of ks. Of course, D.S. never sang, would join in by clapping his Then we would go to the Chow- sands and sit till past midnight, g an anna worth of sugarcane

ter some time I decided to up with two of my friends, e found it difficult to hire rooms. ever we went, we were confront- th the big question: 'Are you g your wife with you?' On our g in the negative, we were re- accommodation. Our respecta- was in doubt. Our assurance that ere respectable persons had no ity. The maxim of one of my old ers that a man who had no wife t worth relying upon, seemed to rrect.

mately, evading the attention of chaukidar, we went to see a trus- of the Kanji Khetsey chawl, who, , happened to be on the pre- s at the time. When I mentioned name, he asked me: 'Are you in way related to Adhubhai Saheb , the Receiver of the Dakore

'Yes, I am his nephew', I said.

I immediately became respectable and the Trustee called the chaukidar and ordered him to allot us a good room.

At that time, it was beyond my wildest dreams that one day I would become the Chairman of the Trust to which the chawl belonged. Life is filled with strange surprises.

We occupied the end room on one of the floors. Our neighbours occupying adjacent rooms in the same wing were the pettiest of petty jobbers. From morning till night they were busy in the markets. In their absence from home, their womenfolk gathered in the gallery, gossiping, laughing, quarrelling, oiling and brushing each other's hair, the children playing around them lustily. Unfortunately we had to be in our room till 4 p.m., for the law classes were then held at 5.30 p.m. in the Elphinstone College. Till that time, we just sat, slept or read behind the closed doors of our room. And even at 4 p.m. wading through the feminine world gathered in the gallery was a feat at which our hearts quaked.

We were faced with our greatest trial when these ladies started their ablutions in the morning. All the rooms in the wing had common water taps and lavatories, which were located in front of our room. From the early morning, the ladies of the wing, one after the other, took their turn under the taps, keeping a companion to stand guard over their modesty and clothes. So, the virtuous young men that we were had to close ourselves in.

Though three of us had agreed to live together, we could scarcely agree upon anything from the very start. In

view of the strained relations between all the three of us, we rarely dined together, each one choosing his own time for going out or coming in. With some difficulty we had succeeded in engaging a boy cook for us. He prepared our food, ate his share and kept our portions covered up and ready for us whenever we chose to eat them. Rarely did I have a warm meal. I felt miserable and out of sorts.

One of us had got a cot to lie on and another only a mattress. I was then passing through an emotional crisis and was in one of my ascetic moods. I, therefore, slept on a grass mat with my books by my side.

● ● ●

For some time I had played with the idea of doing my M.A. in the hope of being a professor some day. Thanks to the Petit Library, I read some historical works, but the strain was too heavy and I gave up the idea of being an academician, finding consolation in the fact that even so eminent a lawyer as Chimanlal Setalvad (later Sir) was only a second-class B.A.

My father intended to send me up for the Indian Civil Service Examination. After his death, and in spite of all difficulties with which I was faced, I had a faint hope that some day I would be able to go to England and appear for the I.C.S. Examination. I, therefore, studied history and literature and other allied subjects which were likely to be useful for that examination.

During those difficult days I would have collapsed but for the strength which a few verses of *Bhagavad Gita* inspired me with. I went on repeating '*Kshudram hridaya daurbalyam tyaktvotishtha paramtapa*': 'Give up contemptible faint-heartedness arise, Oh Arjuna.'

Another favourite line which he me was '*Nirashir nirmamo bh yudhasva vigatajvarah*': '*Rid th of hope; Rid thyself of self*: G of the fever of cowardice and fig

I went on repeating these whenever I got into a mood of de It was then that I first began to away from the icy coldness of S cerian agnosticism.

Bad food and strenuous life bro about a serious setback in my he I developed pain in the abdomen that time, in good old India, little known about appendicitis. So, w ever I had pain, I attributed it to digestion, and stuffed myself with purgative or applied a mustard pl on the painful spot.

One afternoon I had been to Gaiety Theatre to listen to an ad by a Miss Lilian Edgar, a leading T sophist. While she was speaking, appendix—I never knew then that I one!—began to give trouble. Some I bore my suffering stoically. Kee my handkerchief between my teeth stop myself from moaning, I wa back to my room. From time to t I rested a little on some veranda Sometimes I vomited. When I reac home I was very sick and in int pain. My companions had gone sleep. Even if they had been aw they would have been of little h I lay down on my mat, repeating w clenched teeth Sri Krishna's mand '*Agamapayino nityam tan titiksh Bharata*': 'These (pain and pleas are transient: Endure them, Arjuna.'

At that meeting, there was an a

incident which I distinctly remem-
The president of the meeting was
Kahandas Parekh, a leading
er and politician, universally
as Gokulkaka. As was his habit,
dressed the meeting with his eyes
To the delight of the audience,
kaka went on referring to Miss
Edgar as "he". Ultimately, when
audience burst out in uproarious
he opened his eyes, looked at
Edgar and corrected himself: 'I
she'.

● ● ●

those days, my romantic tempe-
had conjured up the possibility
finding my 'Wonder Girl'
streets of Bombay.

I was about nine years old, I
playmate, a neighbour's daugh-
whom I fell madly in love.
I was about 14 or 15, we met
and renewed our old friendship
a few days. These things are
with children of friends meet-
ther and admiring each other,
was a victim of incurable roman-
and built a world of imagina-
ound the 'Wonder Girl'.

only, I think in 1904, I had
across her in an exhibition in
. We recognised each other ;
poor, obscure student ; she was
panied by a well-to-do person,
her husband. Thereafter I
came across her ; never heard of

ever, she became a sort of Bea-
a stupid, callow Dante ; her im-
ated before my mind again and
almost every day. In 1907 when-
the mood seized me, and I felt
, I walked up and down the streets in the hope of spotting the 'Wonder Girl'. But she did not materialise, and I gave up the hunt in despair.

After 53 years I can afford to laugh at the stupid romance-hungry boy. Suppose he had spotted her, what then?

But the longing for the 'Wonder Girl' had a lasting effect on my mind and life. I built up a world of romance around her. Sex relations unaccompanied by intense and permanent love remained unsatisfying to me ; this led to a serious development in my personal life later. And, it was the 'Wonder Girl' of my romantic imagination who gave birth to the heroines of several of my novels.

The life that I was living at that time was not altogether meaningless. In my diary, under the date, September 27, 1907, I had noted:

> 'For the past few months clear and liberal ideas have been crowding my mind, but my future seems quite uncertain. For lack of means, I could not go up for the Civil Service Examination ; for want of self-confidence, I postponed becoming a solicitor ; the only course now open to me is to get through the LL.B. and become an advocate. Shall I achieve fame in the legal profession? I cannot say anything now. The profession I am preparing for is difficult, and there is little scope in it for a new-comer. Do I possess the necessary capacity? In any case, I shall apply myself to my new task with all my energy'.

Yours' sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Love The Lord

GURU NANAK

O my mind, love the Lord
As the lotus loves the water.
The waves dash against it
But its love is ever increasing.
O my mind, how can thou find release
Without love to open the inner door
To receive the treasures of devotion?

O my mind, love the Lord,
As the fish loves water,
The deeper it dives the happier it is.
Its body and mind are at peace.
It cannot live a moment without water.
So must thou live in the Lord—
He is aware of thy travail.

O my mind, love the Lord
As the chatak *longs for the rain.*
Though lakes may be overflowing
And the land green with verdure
Its thirst is not quenched
Without a rain-drop from the sky.
True love only grows on the soil of good act

O my mind, love the Lord
As water loves milk.
Place it on the fire, it burns itself
But protects the milk.
He unites the separated selves,
He exalts the true one by His own grace.

O my mind, love the Lord
As the chakvi *loves the sun*
And the whole night
Calls for her mate from afar,
Who is near. Minds possessed by self are
conscious of Him.
They whom the Lord enlightens are always i
presence.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE

Robert E. Ingersoll

To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy,

To pity the suffering, to assist the weak,

To forget wrongs and remember benefits,

To love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words,

To love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms,

To love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home,

To love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind,

To be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world,

To cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy,

To fill life with the splendour of generous acts, the warmth of loving words,

To discard error, to destroy prejudice,

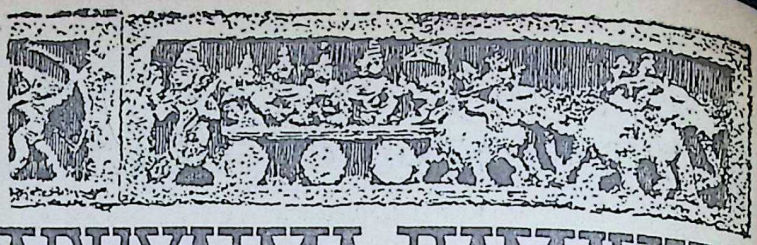
To receive new truths with gladness,

To cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night,

To do the best that can be done and then to be resigned—

This is the religion, the creed of Science.

This satisfies the heart and brain.



ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

Influence of BAD COMPANY

इन्द्रेण याचितो धन्वी सहायार्थं महारथः ॥
जगाम सेनया सार्धं त्वया सह शुभानने ॥

Manthara said:

"O beautiful! The King, making you his charioteer, started with his army to help Indra in the battle of *devas* with the *asuras*.

युद्धं प्रकुर्वतस्तस्य राक्षसैः सह धन्विनः ॥
तदाक्षकीलो न्यपतच्छिन्नस्तस्य न वेद सः ।
त्वं तु हस्तं समावेश्य कीलरन्ध्रे ऽति धैर्यतः॥
स्थितवत्यसितापाङ्गि पतिप्राणपरीप्सया ।

"When the King was fighting with the *rakshasas*, the axil of his chariot broke. The King did not notice it. O! Blue-eyed lady! in order to save the King's life, you, with presence of mind and bravery, supported the axil with your hand and saved the situation.

ततो हत्वाऽसुरान्सर्वान् ददर्श त्वामरिन्दमः ।
आश्चर्यं परमं लेभे त्वामालिंग्य मुदान्वितः ॥
वृणीष्व यत्ते मनसि वाञ्छितं वरदोऽस्म्यहम्।
वरद्वयं वृणीष्व त्वं एवं राजावदत्स्वयम् ॥

"The killer of the foes having killed all the *asuras* looked at you with great wonder and embraced you a then asked you to request for t boons: 'I am prepared to grant y two boons; you may select any t you want.'

त्वयोक्तो वरदो राजन् यदि दत्तं वरद्वयम्
त्वय्येव तिष्ठतु चिरं न्यासभूतं ममानघ।
यदा मेऽवसरो भूयात्तदा देहि वरद्वयम्
तथेत्युक्त्वा स्वयं राजा मन्दिरं व्रज सुन्द
त्वत्तः श्रुतं मया पूर्वं इदानीं स्मृतिमागतम्

"'O King! If you grant me tw boons, let them be with you for th present to be given whenever desire by me', you had replied the King thu The King had agreed to this. This yo yourself had told me. That instanta came to my memory now. I remind you of it.

अतः शीघ्रं प्रविश्याद्य क्रोधागारं रुषान्वित
विमुच्य सर्वाभरणं सर्वतो विनिकीर्य च
भूमावेव शयाना त्वं तूष्णीमातिष्ठ भामिनी
यावत्सत्यं प्रतिज्ञाय राजाभीष्टं करोति ते

"Immediately you must enter th room of anger, remove all the orna

s from your body and scatter on the floor and then you must down on the floor. O! beautiful man, you must keep silent, pretend to be angry, till the King fulfils desire by granting you the pro- boons."

श्रुत्वा त्रिवक्रयोक्तं तत्तदा केकयनन्दिनी ।
सत्यमेवाखिलं मेने दुःसंगाहितविभ्रमा ॥
तमाह कैकयी दुष्टा कुतस्ते बुद्धिरीदृशी ।
धन्यं त्वां बुद्धिसंपन्नां न जाने वक्रसुन्दरि ॥
यदि राजा मे भविष्यति सुतः प्रियः ।
ददामि शतं प्रदास्यामि मम त्वं प्राणवल्लभा।

Hearing the words of Manthara, Kaikeyi thought it to be true since her mind had become wicked by bad association. She also praised Manthara calling her, "Oh Vakra Sundari, I never thought that you would be so intelligent. How did such a nice thought come to your head. As soon as my beloved son Bharata becomes King, I shall give you one hundred kings. You are my dearest friend."

उक्त्वा कोपभवनं प्रविश्य सहसा रुषा ॥
निक्षिप्य सर्वाभरणं परिकीर्य समन्ततः ॥
मलिनां शयाना मलिना मलिनाम्बरधारिणी ।
तावत् श्रणु मे कुब्जे यावद्रामो वनं व्रजेत् ॥
तावत्स्यस्यथवा वक्रे शयिष्ये तावदेव हि ॥

Entering the 'anger-room', Kaikeyi put on a dirty sari, took away all her ornaments and scattered them on the floor; and then lying down on the soiled floor she told Manthara, listen to me, O hunchback, I shall lie down here till Rama goes to the forest."

निश्चयं कुरु कल्याणि कल्याणं ते भविष्यति
इत्युक्त्वा प्रययौ कुब्जा गृहं सापि तथा करोत् ॥

"O Kalyani! Be firm. You will be blessed," saying this, Manthara returned to her abode and Kaikeyi remained firm in securing Rama's exile.

धीरोऽत्यन्तदयान्वितोऽपि सगुणाचारान्वितोवाथवा
नीतिज्ञो विधिवाददेशिकपरो विद्या विवेकोऽथवा ।
दुष्टानामतिपापभावितधियां संगं सदा चेद्व्रजेत्
तद्बुद्ध्या परिभावितो व्रजति तत्साम्यं क्रमेण-स्फुटम् ॥

A man however courageous, merciful, doing the rightful deeds, learned in all the codes of conduct, obedient to his master, or great by wisdom and learning, if he keeps company with the wicked people who are capable of doing so many sinful deeds, he too becomes wicked in course of time and turns to be one of them. This is true.

अतः संगः परित्याज्यो दुष्टानां सर्वदैव हि ।
दुःसंगी च्यवते स्वार्थात् यथेयं राजकन्यका ॥

So, we must keep ourselves away from the company of bad people. A man slips down from his position on account of bad company. Kaikeyi is the example. Even a great queen like her had to lose her power and prestige, being influenced by bad company.

Avoid the man of temper, the selfish, the boastful, the conceited, the scornful, the liar, lest you acquire his ways of thinking.

—Seneca

....In God's creation, there is a purpose in everything.... We have been made not merely to grow and die like other creation. We should not lose sight of the purpose of life while engaged in our day-to-day activities.

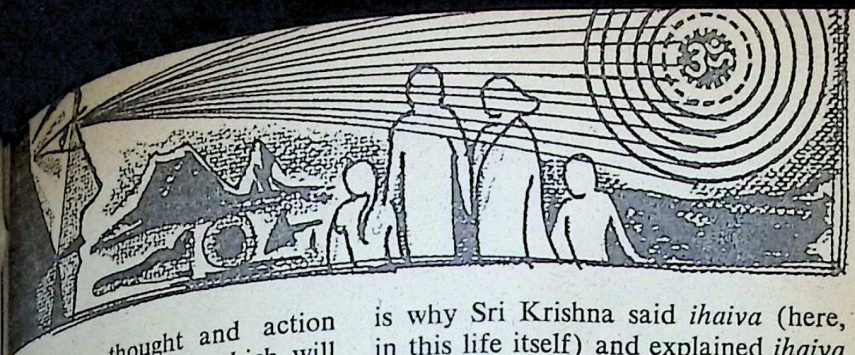
Purpose of Life

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

GOD has endowed us with some special powers which insects, birds and animals do not have. We are able to think, to speak, to meditate and to probe into the secrets of nature. We are capable of great achievements with the aid of the machines we invent. Generally speaking, the lower order of creation, insects, birds and animals, live happily in furrows, nests or caves. They eat, grow and then die. They do not live in constant fear. They are affected by lust (*kama*) and anger (*krodha*) only occasionally. On the other hand, human beings are subjected to constant fears, some real and some imaginary. We are afflicted by lust, anger and hatred. We also suffer from pain and grief.

In God's creation, there is a purpose in everything. Flowers that blossom at dusk are white, which is the only colour distinguishable in darkness, and bees are attracted to them. The immense powers with which we are endowed are similarly intended to serve some purpose, because they are unnecessary if we have been made merely to eat, grow and die like the other forms of creation. It is our duty to use our intelligence and discover the purpose of God in blessing us with these special powers. This inquiry is Vedanta Vichara. Such an intellectual enquiry will lead us to think of purpose of life. Great saints and th ers who have conducted such an quiry have all come to the idea conclusion that the purpose of the sent life should be to strive for a nating future births.

A ball rebounds from a wall the force with which it is thr



Similarly every thought and action will have its own reaction which will again lead to further thought and action. This process will go on endlessly unless checked in time. Therefore, our concern should be to end this cycle of action and reaction. Mind is the cause of both bondage and liberation: *Mana eva manushyanam karanam bandha mokshayah.*

We must learn to control our mind and its triple activities of thought, speech and action, conquer *kama* and *krodha*. We must learn not to succumb to fear or sorrow. This can be done by listening to the advice of good men and acting by it we must eschew evil thoughts and meditate on goodness and the Source of all goodness. He who is able to achieve this, gets liberated even when he is alive from further births and attains bliss. Sri Krishna says in the *Gita*:

Saknoteehaiva yassodhum praak-sareeravimokshanaat
Kaama krodhobhavam vegam sa yuktah sa sukhee narah.

He who, before the release from the body, here in this life is able to control the impetuous urge of lust and anger, such one attains oneness with the Supreme and eternal bliss."

After death a man is what he has been just before death. If he has not controlled lust and anger in this life and acquired peace of mind and joy, he cannot have them after death. That is why Sri Krishna said *ihaiva* (here, in this life itself) and explained *ihaiva* by saying *praak sareera vimokshanaat* (before the body is cast off).

It may be asked whether it is not necessary for the average man to go through the avocations of his life in order to fulfil his worldly obligations and whether he could afford to spend his time and energy in meditation. One is not asked to give up one's legitimate pursuits necessary for one's livelihood. But while being so engaged, one should not lose sight of the essential purpose of life. One should constantly endeavour to purify one's thoughts and speech and seek the grace of the Divine Mother, by which alone one could get the strength to control *kama* and *krodha*.

A dancer balancing a pot on her head, while going through the various movements of the hands and feet to the accompaniment of music, never for once forgets the pot on the head. Similarly we should not lose sight of the purpose of life while engaged in our day-to-day activities. This idea is brought out in the following verse:

Punkhaanupunkha vishayekshana tatparopi
Brahmaavalokana dhiyam na jahaati yogi;
Sangeeta taala laya nritta vasamgatopi,
Maulistha kumbha pariraksha dheeh nateeva

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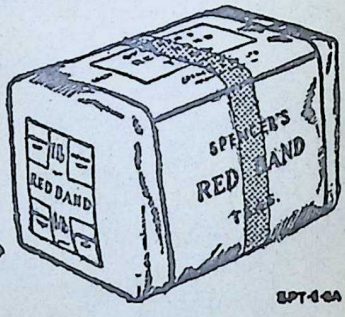

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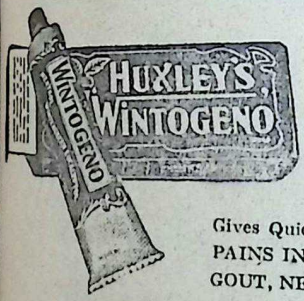

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K. M. Munsh

Krishnavatara

PART I

8. SECURING THE 'PANCHAJANYA' CONCH

THE next morning, Raddu, the carpenter, in spite of the injuries he had received, went to work, after the old pilot had applied balm to his injuries. But his eyes sought the strangers all the time, for his heart was full at the way Krishna had sat for so long, holding him in his arms, disregarding the penalty which he was sure to attract.

Soon the way Krishna and Uddhava had helped the carpenter at the risk of inviting punishment, furtively whispered in low tones, went the round of the whole crew. And the hearts of these men, whose lives hung on the slender thread of Panchajana's goodwill, warmed towards their new-found friends.

The ship sailed on. Panchajana and his two nephews continued to treat Krishna and Uddhava with apparent kindness. The giants went about their duty with lash in hand. The cr laboured hard at the sails and oars.

On the third day, the ship anchor at a coastal port which they said w Kushasthali, which the Punyaja demons had taken possession of fr its king Kukudmin. Panchajana a his nephews went on shore with t hands and returned in the evening w an ample supply of water and oth necessities.

The next day, another young m barely seventeen, was put up bef the chief for some misconduct. H was also awarded six lashes wi Hullu, the other giant, administer The boy writhed, shrieked, sobbed pain, as he lashed on, and Panchaj looked on with a happy smile.

When the night came, and Panc jana and his nephews retired to r Krishna and Uddhava went to the

boy as he lay in a distant corner
e lower deck and was crying his
cut in solitary distress.
rishna patted him on the head and
held the boy in his arms. Ud-
sponged his injuries with a rag
d in the little drinking water
h he had saved from his allotted
.

mbers of the crew, one by one,
ly passed on the other side of
eck to see for themselves what
wo young strangers were doing.
e boy had been stolen from some
a few months ago and had none
r to show him any affection. But,
he saw the affection which
hna was lavishing on himself, he
to Krishna and cried like a little
Krishna responded by a loving embrace till his sobs subsided.

As the boy fell asleep in his arms, Krishna could sense that an ominous presence was behind him. He placed the head of the boy on the ground softly and turned round.

Hukku, one of the giants, with a lash in hand, was towering over him.

'Uddhava, don't move. Stand where you are and face the demon,' Krishna said.

In th dim light of the late moon, which was just rising, the giant recognised the two strangers. He knew that they were the master's favourites and could not be treated as members of the crew. But he had his orders. He laid his hands, one on the shoulder of each of them and growled some order in a strange tongue, and march-

ed them off, pushing them forward towards the steps which led to the hold.

The injured boy awoke from the slumber when Krishna spoke to Uddhava, and saw that they were being taken away by the swarthy giant. He shook off his sleep, forgot the pain and stealthily crawled towards the stern where the old pilot sat, his eyes fixed on the stars to see that the ship sailed on the right path.

Hukku, the swarthy giant, with bulging eyes and curly hair, pushed Krishna and Uddhava down to the hold, where, in the midst of merchandise, there was a big wooden cage. He opened its padlock, pushed Krishna and Uddhava in it, bolted and padlocked it and went away. This part of the hold where the cage had been kept was a filthy place with only two small holes to let in air from the deck. The different varieties of merchandise added their odour to the foul smell of the cage itself. Uddhava felt sick.

Some time passed during which both of them tried to sleep. But Krishna heard someone breathing and became alert.

'Krishna,' came the soft whisper of Bhikru. 'Are you there?'

'Yes. What is it?' asked Krishna.

'The master has ordered me to change the course of the ship. We are not going to Vaivasvatpur,' said Bhikru.

'Where are we going then?' asked Krishna.

'Far away towards Shonitpur,' said Bhikru.

Krishna now understood why the day before such a large quantity of necessities were brought on the ship.

'What do you think is his ob asked Krishna.

'Perhaps he wants to go to other land and sell you to some for a high price,' said Bhikru.

'Bhikru, we have to go to Vaiva pur. We have to bring back P datta,' said Krishna.

'You cannot go there. The ma won't permit it,' said Bhikru.

'Then we will do it without master's permission,' said Krishna. you open the padlock?'

'The key is with Hukku,' Bhikru.

'Can I break through the ca asked Krishna.

'If you do, the master will kill He has done it before,' said Bhikr

'If I break through the wooden can the carpenter Raddu put t right before the morning?' a Krishna.

'Let me go and ask him,' said kru, as he stealthily crawled bac the deck.

'Even if he does not, we are co out', said Krishna.

Krishna and Uddhava held co tations and examined the sides of cage. On one side, they found one of the wooden bars was sh With a pressure exerted by them jointly, the bar broke and they c out of the cage. On the way to the d they met Raddu, the carpenter, s ing his way into the hold.

When the dawn broke, Hukku swarthy giant, who had locked Krishna and Uddhava in the c came on the prow and saw t standing, offering their prayers t rising sun. He rubbed his eyes

himself. Yes, there they were the deck in spite of the fact that had been locked in the cage. He not still believe his eyes. He down to the hold to see if they still in the cage. They were not. examined its sides with his hands; not been broken open.

the obscure mind of Hukku, up in some desert loneliness across the sea, there lurked the of wicked spirits who could fly air or dive in the sea; who when angry, burn homes or away villages or destroy cattle; offended, can strike men down fire disease. These two young had come to the ship from now- behaved unafraid in their as they had seen no one; emerged from the cage without it. A curious light of mixed and respect came into the eyes giant. Were they such spirits? shuddered; went up to the deck to his guardian fetish for pro- reported the matter to his and went to take Hullu into

When they both came up to the with the whips in hand, Pancha- was there, standing in front of his eyes aflame with wrath. Where were you last night?' he demanded.

'Who, we?' asked Krishna in un- smiling indulgently at the look of Panchajana. 'Hukku have told you where we were. were trying to send the boy, whom get whipped yesterday, to sleep.' How dare you?' roared Panchajana. no business of yours.'

It was not our business; it was our

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dharma. You inflicted pain; we tried to relieve it,' said Krishna, as if explaining the difficulty to a little boy.

'Don't you know my orders? You cannot do it here,' said Panchajana, trying to give the benefit of doubt.

'We know your orders. But our *dharma* was to go to the help of the poor injured boy,' Krishna said teasingly.

'How dare you? I am the master here, you insolent beasts. And—yes, I forgot—Hukku reported this morning that you were locked up in the cage,' shouted the chief.

'Yes, we were,' said Krishna.

'You broke through it, you—you—'

In reply, Krishna laughed so mockingly that Panchajana was choked with rage.

'How did you come out of the cage?' asked Panchajana when he had found his voice.

The chief's angry question, shouted in a loud voice, had by now attracted his nephews, as well as Hukku, Hullu and a few others of the crew. Not to let it appear that his authority was flouted, he, therefore, decided to teach these youngsters a lesson then and there. He shouted: 'Hukku, come here.'

Hukku looked at his master, Krishna and Uddhava by turn, and walked up to the chief with a halting step. There was a sudden wind; the ship lurched; every one had to keep his balance with some difficulty. Hukku, from the corner of his eye, could see that soon there would be a squall. His heart gave a throb. He was familiar with such premonitory signs of coming disaster, when wicked spirits were angry.

Krishna smiled at the giant as came near them.

'Hukku, did you lock these fell up last night properly?' asked Pan jana.

'Yes, master,' said the giant, rai a hand to his forehead and bow his head.

'Were you awake or dreami demanded the master.

'Awake, master. I locked them with my own hands,' the giant said doubtful of what he was saying.

'Then they broke the cage and c out?' asked the chief.

Hukku looked down, his lips twi ing.

'Speak out. They broke the c is'nt it?'

Hukku mumbled a prayer to protecting fetish, hesitated for a w and then said in a trembling vo 'Master, the cage is intact; it is broken.'

'What!' exclaimed Panchajana amazement and turned to his e nephew. 'Nephew, go and see whe Hukku tells the truth.'

Every one stood silent, Panchaj frowning heavily.

The nephew of the chief return 'Uncle, the cage is intact and p locked,' he said.

Panchajana eyed Krishna a Uddhava suspiciously. 'How did y come out?' he asked them, baffled.

'Find out for yourselves,' s Krishna with a smile so indulgent t it again exasperated the chief.

'All right, I let you go this ti But if you dare go near any pers who is punished, I will have your bo broken,' said the chief.

'We are going to look after ev

whom you get whipped,' replied
shna.

'You shall not,' Panchajana roared.

'We shall.' Krishna was firm.

The persons gathered there could
ss the tenor of the conversation
could not repress smiles. Pancha-
glared at them and decided to
an example by punishing this
ance.

'You shall not,' he shouted. 'Hukku,
this boy four lashes.'

Hukku stood hesitant, fear writ on
face, eyeing Krishna with a timi-
which he was never known to have
hted. The members of the crew
d amazed.

'Come on, lash these fellows.'

Hukku was suddenly moved to
vene. He fell at Panchajana's feet
begged, with hands uplifted, for
y for Krishna.

'Stop mumbling, you fool,' Pancha-
shouted, raising a hand to strike
old pilot. Then he changed his
and turned to Hukku asking him
gesture to carry out his order.

Krishna stood unaffected, looking
what was happening with mild
usement.

Hukku's hands trembled as he took
p towards Krishna, but so halt-
that Panchajana lost his patience.
snatched the whip from Hukku's
d.

'Take this, you insolent brats,' he
uted.

The sailors who had collected there
most stopped breathing. Their
ts went out to Krishna, whom
had already begun to regard with
ation.

Panchajana was not a practised hand
ing the whip with so long a whip-

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cord, which was generally used for driving cattle. The whip came down on Krishna's back with a whishing sound, leaving a red mark.

With a sudden movement Krishna caught hold of the whipcord and jerked the whip out of Panchajana's hand. With the sure eyes of one familiar with cattle-driving all his life, he laid it on Panchajana himself.

A cry of horror escaped every lip: the irresistible chief was being whipped!

Hullu stepped forward to help his master, but by now Hukku was so fascinated that he drew his brother back. Krishna lashed out with an expert hand. The long lash encircled the fat body of Panchajana; bit into his flesh venomously; unwound itself with swift precision; came down again and again, lacerating the flesh. Panchajana was in terrific pain, shrieked aloud and asked for help.

Hukku and Hullu would not move. They now enjoyed the fate of the cruel master who had threatened to kill them so often. His nephews just fled to the cabins.

Krishna triumphantly lashed out for all he was worth till Panchajana fell down on the deck bleeding. Then he handed back the whip to Hukku with a smile, appreciating what he had done.

Both the giants were lost in admiration at this boy's performance. They had been handling lashes all their life, but never, never could they dream of the lash being used with such swift dexterity and unerring thoroughness. They looked upon Krishna with a new respect, which added to Hukku's feeling that he was some spirit armed with miraculous power.

Panchajana lay on the deck in faint. Krishna turned to Uddha 'Uddhava, take Panchajana to cabin. I am coming.'

He made a sign to Hukku to h Uddhava to remove the chief.

'Bhikru, turn the course of the s We are going to Vaivasvatpur,' he co manded.

Bhikru prostrated himself befo Krishna and left to carry out his order

Panchajana's conch, which sum moned the crew, lay on the ground small in size, pink in colour and fau less in shape. He applied it to mouth, played upon it to announce event, and was fascinated with the ri musical notes which issued from it. will take this conch. I have never se such a thing of beauty, nor heard su wonderful tones. I shall call it Panch janya, the gift of Panchajana,' he to Uddhava.

The members of the crew who h suffered long and heavily under th ruthless master gratefully salut Krishna and left to attend their wor

Krishna went to Panchajana's cab and, with Uddhava's help, washed h wounds and bandaged them. The pil brought a balm, which they applied his injuries.

While he was being bandaged, th chief opened his eyes, recogni Krishna and began to abuse h filthily. Krishna tried to soothe h but Panchajana continued to thr himself on his bunker, hurling abu at Krishna in every language he co command.

Uddhava pulled out the nephews Panchajana from their hiding pl and left them in charge of their u

The ship continued to sail merrily. The crew was in a happy mood. Krishna and Uddhava went about serving them as before. The evening meal, no longer meagre, was a feast, at which every one felt he was celebrating his own liberation.

Night came. Every one retired to rest except the pilot, the night watchman and the giants. Under the pilot's instructions, his grandson slept with Krishna and Uddhava.

It was after midnight that with his alert senses, Krishna felt some presence drawing near. He sat up trying to peer into the darkness.

He could see a dark crouching form coming near him with what looked like a short sword upraised. He jumped up and caught hold of Panchajana's hand which had been raised to kill him.

Suddenly another dark and towering form sprang upon Panchajana from behind, lifted him up in powerful arms and flung him over the deck.

The ship passed by as the sea swept away the struggling form of its master, and the star-studded sky looked down in all its splendour.

[*To be continued*]

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—Florence Nightingale.

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HVB

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from issue dated October 16, 1960*]

The Yaksha asked:

किंस्वित् प्रवसतो मित्रं किंस्वित् मित्रं गृहे सतः।
आतुरस्य च किं मित्रं किंस्वित् मित्रंभरिष्यतः ॥

Who is the friend of one who goes on a journey?
Who is the friend of one who remains at home?
Who is the friend of one who is afflicted by sickness?
Who is the friend of one who is about to die?

Dharmaputra answered:

सार्थः प्रवसतो मित्रं भार्या मित्रं गृहे सतः।
आतुरस्य भिषङ् मित्रं दानं मित्रं मरिष्यतः॥

The caravan is the friend of a person going on a journey.
The wife is the friend of the person who remains at home.
The physician is the friend of the sick man.
Gifts constitute the friend of the person who is about to die.

The word *pravasa* is generally used to denote a person who goes abroad for the purpose of trade. In ancient days the journey was performed mostly by road and the safest and most convenient way was to go in groups along with other persons who travelled with a similar purpose. *Sartha* means a 'caravan,' 'a group of travellers performing a long journey.'

The second question in this *sloka* and the answer to it refer to the Hindu ideal of marriage according to our *sastra*. It is that the husband and wife are one and that they perform together in life-long partnership the several duties, religious and secular, pertaining to the life of a householder. An important ritual of the marriage ceremony is known as the *saptapadi* in which the bridegroom makes the bride take seven steps while he utters the following Vedic *mantra*:

सखा सप्तपदा भव। सखायौ सप्तपदा बभूव।
सख्यं ते गमेयम् । सख्याते मायोषम्।
सख्यान् मे मायोष्ठाः। समयाव, सङ्कल्पावहै।
संप्रियौ, रोचिष्णू, सुमनस्यमानौ।
इषमूर्जमभिसंवसानौ । सन्नौ मनाँसि।
संन्नता समुचितान्याकरम्।

'By these seven steps you have be-

...me my life-long friend. We have become friends. I shall not deviate from your friendship. May you not deviate from my friendship. We have been united. May we live together. We shall have the same thoughts. We shall love each other. Let us live in joy with bright faces. We shall live together enjoying food and growing stronger by its essence. With our minds in unison, we shall perform the same duties together.'

In another *mantra* addressing the bride, the bridegroom says:

सम्राज्ञी श्वशुरे भव। सम्राज्ञी श्वश्रुवां भव।
ननांदरि सम्राज्ञी भव। सम्राज्ञी अधिदेवृषु।

'Be highly honoured by your husband. Beget ten children. You shall be the queen of your husband's home, of your father-in-law, your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law and your brothers-in-law. You shall shine in my house in the midst of them all.'

This great ideal has been beautifully expressed also by our classical poets. In the *Raghuvamsa*, canto 8, Kalidasa speaks to the same effect through King Aja lamenting the death of his wife Indumati:

गृहिणी सचिवः सखीमिथः प्रियशिष्या
ललिते कलाविधौ।
करुणाविमुखेन मृत्युना हरता त्वां बत किं
न मे हृतम् ॥

'You were the mistress of my house; you were my wise counsellor and my intimate friend. You were my dear pupil in the fine arts. Alas! by snatching you, what has not Death, so indifferent to pity, taken away!'

Upon separation from Sita, Sri Rama is said to bewail in the same manner in King Bhoja's *Champu-ramayana*:

आधौ सिद्धौषधिरिव हिता केलिकाले वयस्या
पत्नीत्रेतायजनसमये क्षत्रियाण्येव युद्धे।
शिष्या देवद्विजपितृसमाराधने बन्धुरातौं
सीता सा मे शिशिरितमहाकानने का न जाता ॥

'Sita was the medicine to my mind in its afflictions. She was my playmate in my sporting hours. She stood by me as my *patni* when I was engaged in a sacrifice. She showed me rare courage of a Kshatriya lady when I went to battle. She assisted me with the meticulous care of a pupil to his *guru* in my rites to propitiate the gods, the *dwijas* and my ancestors. When I was sick in body, she nursed me with loving kinship. What has she not done to me in the biting cold of this dense forest!'

Bhavabhuti speaks similarly of Sita in his *Uttararamacharita*:

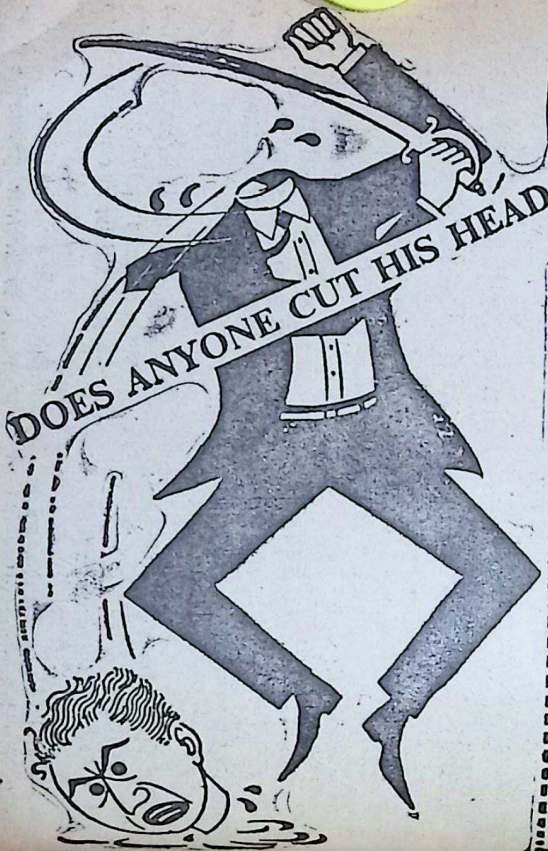
इयं गेहे लक्ष्मीः इयममृतवर्तिर्नयनयोः

'In the home, she is the Goddess Lakshmi Herself, and she is the brush of nectar to the eyes'.

These passages emphasise the equal status of the wife with the husband as his friend, counsellor and partner—in weal and woe. In tune with this ancient dharma, Yudhishthira declares that the truest friend of a householder is his wife.

According to our Dharma it is the gifts that we make in life at the time of death that aid us in our passage to the other world and constitute the *punya* that will save us there.

Hence, the *sastras* prescribe that,



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before a person departs from this world, gifts (*dana*) of land, cow, money and other valuable things should be made. The Puranas, especially the *Garudapurana*, give an account of how these gifts help the departed soul in crossing the *Vaitarani* and other obstacles in its journey to celestial regions. Charity has been extolled as a virtue in all the religions of the world. They declare that it brings fame in this life, and perpetuate the name of the giver in the remembrance of future generations.

[*To be continued*]

"When shall I be free?"
"When I shall cease to be."
—Ramakrishna
Paramahamsa

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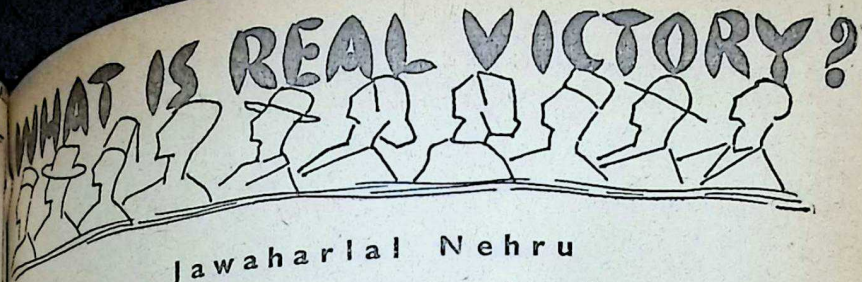


Jawaharlal Nehru

On November 14, 1960 falls the 71st Birthday of our Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru. May God Almighty grant Jawaharlalji many more years of happy and vigorous life to carry to the four corners of our war-weary and peacehungry world, many of whose leaders are, it is sad to reflect, in the name of peace, unashamedly engaged in unabated hate-propaganda and feverish armament race, India's ageless message of Peace, Unity and Happiness to all mankind—Ed.]

THE United Nations took birth on a note of high idealism embodied in the noble wording of the Charter.

It has amply justified its existence and repeatedly prevented our recurrent crises from developing into war. It has played a great role and it is a little difficult now to think of this troubled world without the U.N. If it had defects they lay in the world situation itself which inevitably it mirrors. If there had been no United Nations today, our first task would be to create something of that kind.

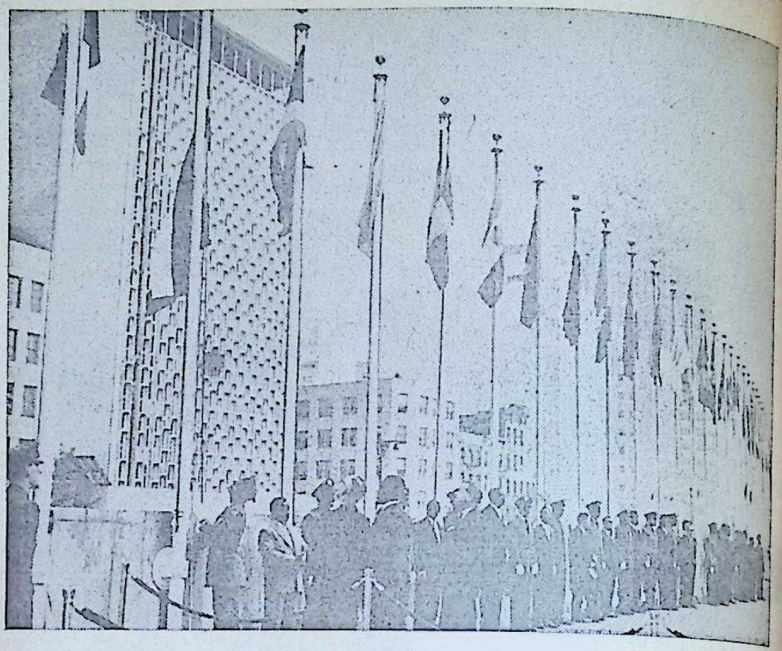
Unfortunately, we live in a split world which is constantly coming up against the basic assumptions of the United Nations. We have to bear with this and try to move even more forward to that conception of full co-operation between nations. That co-operation does not and must not mean any domination of one country by another, any coercion or compulsion forcing any country to line up with another country. Each country has something to give and something to take from others. The moment coercion is exercised, that country's freedom is not only impaired but also its growth suffers.

We have to acknowledge that there is great diversity in the world and that this variety is good and is to be encouraged, so that each country may grow and its creative impulse might have full play in accordance with its own genius. Hundreds and thousands of years of past history have conditioned us in our respective countries, and our roots go deep down into the soil. If these roots are pulled out, we wither. But if those roots remain strong and we allow the winds from four quarters to blow in upon us, then they will yield branch and flower and fruit.

I do believe that the vast majority

From recent U.N. address

United Nations Hq.



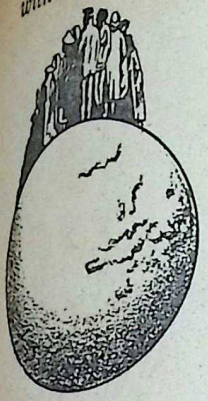
"लोकाः समस्ताः सुखिनो भवन्तु।" *Let all the world be happy.*

—Vedic Prayer

of the people in every country want us to labour for peace and to succeed. Whether we are big or small, we have to face big issues, issues vital to the future of humanity. Everything else is of lesser importance than this major question. I am absolutely convinced that we shall never solve this question by war or by a mental approach which envisages war and prepares for it.

I am equally convinced that if we aim at right ends, right means must be employed. *Good will not emerge out of evil methods.* That was the lesson which our great leader Gandhi taught us, and though we in India have failed in many ways in following his advice, something of his message still clings to our minds and hearts. In ages long past a great son of India, the Buddha, said that *the only Real Victory is one in which all are equally victorious and there is defeat for no one.* In the world today that is the only practical victory. Any other way will lead to disaster.

. . . The means are at hand. We have but to use them with a wisdom and energy worthy of our cause . . .



BUILDING BONDS OF WORLD COMMUNITY

Dwight Eisenhower

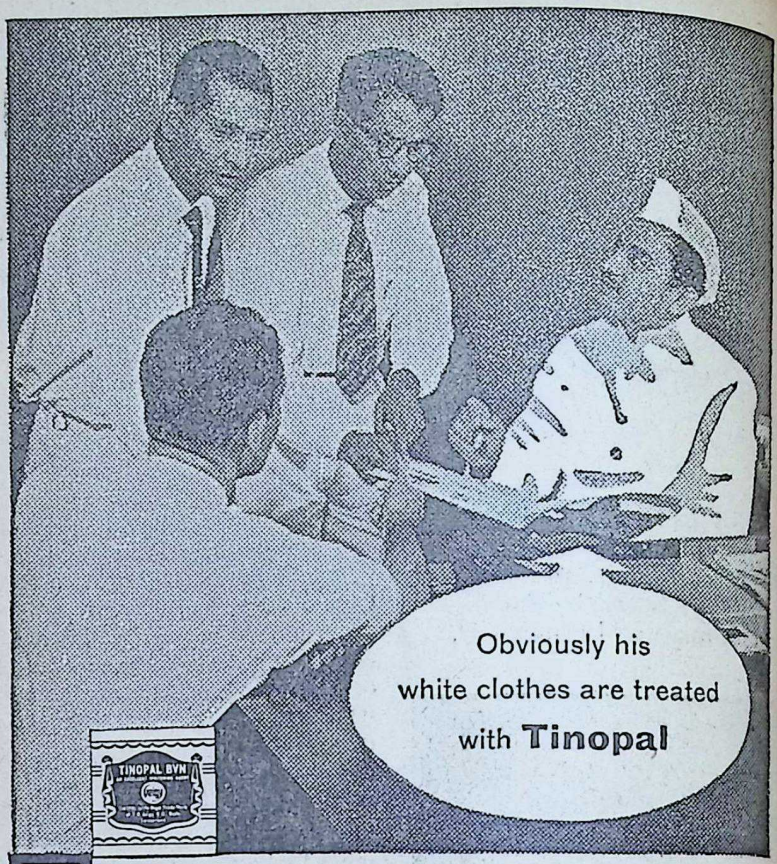
THE basic fact today of all change in the domain of international affairs is the need to forge the bonds and build the structure of a true world community.

The United Nations is available to mankind to help it create just such a community. It has accomplished what no nation singly, or any limited group of nations, could have accomplished. It has become the forum of all peoples, and the structure about which they can centre their joint endeavours to create a better future for our world.

We must guard jealously against those who in alternating moods look upon the United Nations as an instrument for use or abuse. The United Nations was not conceived as an Olympian organ to amplify the propaganda tunes of individual nations.

The generating force behind a successful United Nations must be the noble idea that a true international community can build a peace with justice if only people will work together patiently in an atmosphere of open trust.

From recent U.N. address



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Men everywhere want to disarm. They want their wealth and labour to be spent not for war, but for food, for clothing, for shelter, for medicines, for schools.

A disarmament programme which is not inspected and guaranteed would increase, not reduce the risk of war.

The international control of atomic energy and general and complete disarmament can no more be accomplished by rhetoric than can the economic development of newly-independent countries. Both of these immense tasks facing mankind call for serious, painstaking, costly, laborious and non-propaganda approaches.

Technology is in revolution. It has brought forth terrifying weapons of destruction, which for the future of civilization must be brought under control through a workable system of disarmament. And it has also opened up a new world of outer space—a celestial world filled with both bewildering problems and dazzling promise.

This is, indeed, a moment for honest appraisal and historic decision.

We can strive to master these problems for narrow national advantage or we can begin at once to undertake a period of constructive action which will subordinate selfish interest to the general well-being of the international community.

Our human commonwealth is once again in a state of anxiety and turmoil. Urgent issues confront us.

—Dwight Eisenhower

In urging progress toward a world community, I cite the American concept of the destiny of a progressive society. Here in what was once a wilderness we have generated a society and a civilization drawn from many sources. Yet, out of this mixture of many peoples and faiths we have developed unity in freedom—a unity designed to protect the rights of each individual while enhancing the freedom and well-being of all.

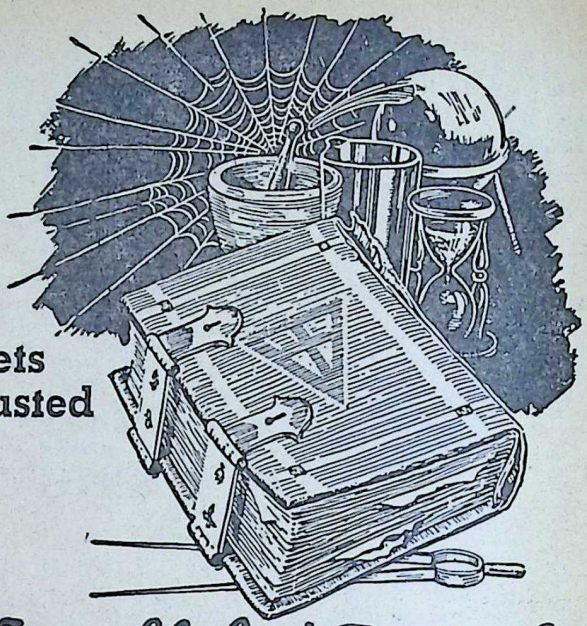
This concept of unity in freedom, drawn from the diversity of many racial strains and cultures, we would see made a reality for all mankind.

This concept should apply within every nation as it does among nations. We believe that the right of every man to participate through his or her vote in self-government is as precious as the right of each nation here represented to vote its own convictions in this Assembly. I should like to see a universal plebiscite in which every individual in the world would be given the opportunity freely and secretly to answer this question:

"Do you want this right?"

We of the United States will join with you in making a mounting effort to build the structure of true peace—a peace in which all peoples may progress constantly to higher levels of human achievement. The means are at hand. We have but to use them with a wisdom and energy worthy of our cause.

I commend this great task to your hearts, and minds, and willing hands. Let us go forward together, leaving none behind.



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The TRAGEDY of Shah Jahan

J. M. SHELAT

CLOUDS GATHERING

BETWEEN 1654-1657, clouds of the impending conflict gathered in the distant political horizon, which set every one thinking of the future of the Empire. Though alive to the danger, Dara never lost his optimism and put off the thoughts of the unpleasant days to come. Gentle hints from his well-wishers did not rouse him from his political stupor.

Already two parties had come into existence at the Court, one headed by Dara and the other by the honest and extremely competent Vazir Sadullah. Dara was jealous of the ability of the Vazir, his Sunni bigotry, the hold he had on the Emperor and the ready wit he used in snubbing openly the Crown Prince. This bitterness between the two made the monarch unhappy as the bitterness between Salim and Abu Fazal had made Akbar unhappy. But Dara's tactlessness towards Sadullah made the latter incline towards Aurangzib. Even Shah Jahan who generally saw no fault in Dara once remarked:

> "No doubt the Crown Prince possesses the resources, majesty and pomp of a king, (but) he appears to be inimical to honest people, being good to the bad and bad to the good."

The clash between Dara and the Vazir was not due to mere disparity of temper. The clash was inevitable as both were trying to acquire influence over the Emperor's mind. The Vazir also resented the superior airs of Dara, and his attempt to treat him as his servant as much as the servant of the State. Lacking discretion in the choice of his followers, Dara used his influence in saving unworthy people like Champat Rai Bundela, dismissed nobles like Fakir Khan and Shaikh

Farid and even scoundrels like Malik Jivan who all gathered around him for their selfish ends.

Both the parties had begun gathering support. Known for his liberal views towards the Hindus, Dara turned to acquire the support of the Rajputs. On October 10, 1652, Maharana Raj Singh ascended the Gadi of Mewar. Before him, his father Jagat Singh had commenced the restoration of Chitor fortress and Raj Singh soon accelerated the pace of work contrary though it was to the terms of the treaty between Jahangir and Amarsingh. On September 4, 1654, Sadullah was ordered to march against the Sisodia chief with an army of 30,000 to destroy the new fortifications. Dara, anxious to win over the powerful Sisodia clan, tried his utmost to make Shah Jahan relent and prevent Sadullah from invading Mewar. Shah Jahan had decided to go and wait at Ajmer to watch the progress of the invasion. On the day that he with Dara was to start the journey, Dara wrote to Jaisingh:

> "To-day the Emperor starts for Ajmir, and I shall pass by your home and be a guest of yours. As a separate army has been sent against the territory of the Rana, and I have out of kindness and favour always been attentive to the interests of the Rana, I wish to represent to His Majesty the truth about the loyalty and devotion, so that he and his territory may be immune from the shock of the victorious army."

Raj Singh had collected a large army near Chitor but better sense prevailed and on receiving Jaisingh's message he sent a deputation to wait on Dara. Dara worked hard on Shah Jahan and even succeeded in preventing Sadullah from destroying Mewar. But Shah Jahan was resentful against the Maharana's breach of the treaty and was not willing to forgive him until he made the Sisodia ruler cede Pur, Mandal and certain other Parganas. Raj Singh resented having to cede these territories and though he was saved from a catastrophic war due to Dara's efforts, he sent a deputation to Aurangzib secretly and that Prince was not slow in exchanging with the Rajput leader gifts and presents. The whole effort of Dara in gaining an alliance thus failed.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS

Aurangzib had already been making efforts to win to his side as many allies as possible. He had already betrothed his eldest son, Mahomed Sultan, with Gulrukh Banu, the daughter of Shuja. As a counter-move, Dara proposed marriage of his eldest son Sulaiman with the daughter of Rao Amar Singh Rathor by a sister of Jai Singh. Dara had already disclosed his mind to Jai Singh:

> "As this daughter is born of a sister of yours, it is better if she is not betrothed to any one there; had this girl been any other (than your sister's daughter) you might have given her in marriage wherever you liked. I wish that you and your relations were united by alliance with my son Sulaimah Shukoh."

The good effects of this union were unwittingly foiled by Shah Jahan by having Sulaiman marry in October 1656 with the daughter of Jafar Khan's younger brother. The marriage was not only a tribute to the family of

far Khan, who had married the younger sister of Mumtaz, but a concession to the feelings of the Muslim nobility in general.

During these three years, Aurangzib's intrigues and aggressive designs against Golconda and Bijapur engrossed the attention of the Imperial Court. The Deccan question divided the military party of Aurangzib and Sadullah from the peace party of Dara and Jahanara. This faction fight at Court was one of the predisposing causes of the war of succession.

Aurangzib had gone to the South in 1652 aggrieved by the treatment of Shah Jahan in not giving him an opportunity to retrieve his martial prestige at Kandahar. His activities in the Deccan had like every other activity of his life one motive and steadfast object, to equip himself for the inevitable day of contest with Dara and to gather resources for that contest. With this object in view, he forced war on the Southern kingdoms. Such a war would place him at the head of large armies, keep his arms bright, train his officers and provide him with the arrows for the coming struggle. His ally, Sadullah, brought Shah Jahan round to sanction the iniquitous policy by appealing to his greed and his Sunni prejudice against Shi-ism in Golconda and Bijapur. The reason given for the war was the release of Mir Jumla, the Prime Minister of Golconda who had been imprisoned for misappropriating a large part of the wealth of the State. The excuse for interference in the matter between the minister and the master was preposterous, for Aurangzib claimed the right of a paramount power to appoint or dismiss the servants of Golconda.

Shah Jahan, however, gave a qualified sanction only to demonstrate force against Abdulla, Kutb Shah of Golconda, to gratify Aurangzib so that the Prince can secure the release of Mir Jumla. But the ambitious Prince had a different design and wanted nothing less than to take the life of the ruler of Golconda and annex his entire kingdom. He instructed his son Mahomed Sultan to entrap and murder the Golconda ruler at a friendly interview by displaying "cleverness, promptitude and lightness of hand". The invading army captured Hyderabad and besieged the Golconda Fort where Abdulla had taken shelter. At this stage, Dara and Jahanara stepped in to save their protege, the Kutb Shah.

In a letter of March 15, 1656, Dara informed Abdulla:

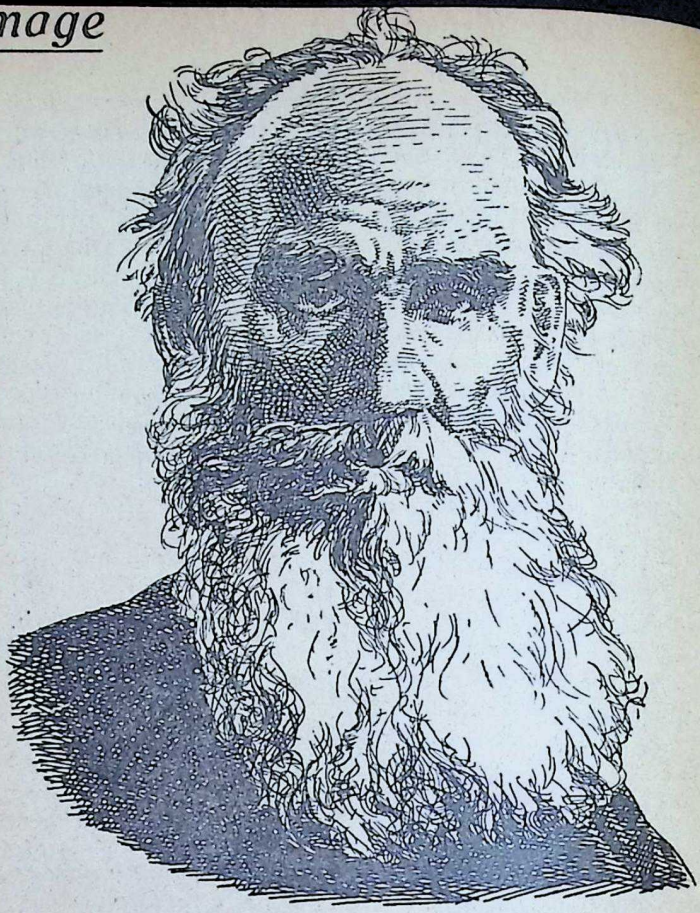
> "I placed all the three letters before His Majesty and despatched the same to Shaista Khan (for delivery) ; so that it may be made clear to you that the Emperor did not in fact sanction a siege of Golconda and the occupation of Your Highness's territory."

Earlier Shah Jahan had sent a letter to Aurangzib with a robe of honour for Abdulla. But Aurangzib withheld it on the plausible excuse that it would render a settlement difficult. His intentions are clearly seen from his letter to Mir Jumla:

> "Qutb-ul-mulk is now craving pardon....proposing that his mother would wait on me and that his daughter would be married to my son. But I wish to send him to the wilderness of destruction."

(*Continued on page 52*)

Homage



Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy (b. 28-8-1828; d. 20-11-1910) whose 50th death anniversary falls this year.

Of the late Count Leo Tolstoy, we can only write with reverence. He was to us more than one of the greatest men of his age. We have endeavoured, so far as possible, and so far as we understand it, to follow his teaching.

He gave a realistic presentation on the substance underlying the great world religions, and he has shown as no other teacher has shown how present-day civilisation, based as it is on brute force, is a negation of the divinity in man, and how, before man can realise his manhood, he must substitute brute force by love in all his actions.

—MAHATMA GANDHI
26-11-1910

Two Views of Life

There are only two strictly logical views of life: one, a false one, which understands life to mean those visible phenomena that occur in our bodies from the time of birth to the time of death; the other, a true one, which understands life to be the invisible consciousness which dwells within us. One view is false, the other true.

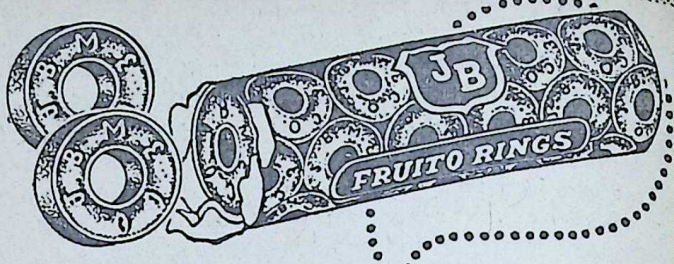
The first of these views, the false one, is as old as the world. It is not, as many people suppose, a view of life produced by the materialistic science and philosophy of our day; our science and philosophy have only carried that conception to its furthest limits, making it more obvious than ever the incompatibility of that view of life with the fundamental demands of human nature, but it is a very old and primitive view, held by men on the lowest level of development. It was expressed by Chinese, by Buddhists, and by Jews, and in the Book of Job.

This view is now expressed as follows: Life is an accidental play of the forces in matter, showing itself in time and space. What we call our consciousness is not life, but is a delusion of the senses, which makes it seem as if life lay in that consciousness. Consciousness is a spark which, under certain conditions, is ignited in matter, burns up like a flame, dies down, and at last goes out altogether. And though consciousness perceives itself and the whole universe, and sits in judgment on itself and on the universe, and sees the play of chance in this universe, and, above all, calls it a play of chance, this consciousness itself is only an outcome of lifeless matter. Everything is the outcome of ever-changing matter; and what we call life is but a condition of dead matter. This is a perfectly logical view.

The other view of life is this. Life is only what I am conscious of in myself. And I am always conscious of my life, not as something that has been or will be (that is how I reflect on my life), but when I am conscious of it, I feel that—I am—never beginning anywhere, never ending anywhere. With the consciousness of my life, conceptions of time and space do not blend. Life itself, as I am conscious of it, is something I perceive apart from time and space. So that, in this view of life, we get just the contrary result: not that consciousness of life is a phantom, but that everything relating to time and space is of the nature of a phantom.

Therefore, in this view, the cessasion of my physical existence in time and space has no reality, and cannot end, or even hinder, my true life. And, according to this view, death does not exist.

—LEO TOLSTOY



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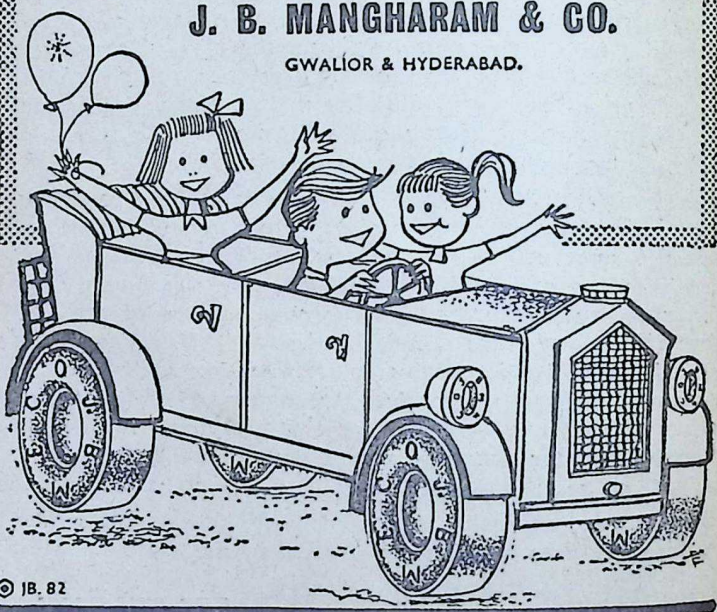

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THE 'GANDHI' CAP

KAKA KALELKAR

ONE day, I asked Bapu: "What made you prefer the cap we now called the 'Gandhi Cap' to all other forms of head-gear?"

"Well," replied Bapu, "I considered carefully all the caps and head-coverings which obtain in the various provinces of Bharat. I bore in mind the fact this is a hot country, and therefore, our heads need to be kept covered. The Bengalis and some South Bharati Brahmins go bare-headed, of course, but, as a rule, Bharatis always wear something or other on their heads. The Punjabi *phenta* (turban) looks fine, but it takes up too much cloth. The *pugree* is a dirty thing. It goes on absorbing perspiration, but does not allow it, and so seldom gets washed. Our Gujarati conical Bangalore caps look hideous to me. The Maharashtrian Hungarian caps are a little better, but then they are made of felt. As for the U.P. and Bihari caps, they are so thin and useless that they can hardly be considered caps at all! So, thinking over all these various types of head-gear, I came to the conclusion that the Kashmiri cap was the best. It is light as well as elegant; it is easy to make; it can be folded, which makes it easily portable. The Kashmiri cap is made of wool. I thought it should be made of cotton cloth.

"Having thus chosen the form, I then began to consider the colour. White shows up dirt and grease, so white caps would have to be frequently washed and white cloth is easily washable. The cap being of the folding sort, it would be quite easy to press after washing, and iron out into a fresh, clean, smooth, white cap! What could be better or more becoming? So, having thought all this out, I made this cap.

"As a matter of fact, the climatic conditions of our country render the 'sola' *topee* the most suitable head-gear for Bharatis. It affords perfect protection to the head, eyes, and back of the neck from the burning sun, and, being made of pith, is delightfully light and cool. It lets in a little air, too. The only reason why I do not advocate the 'sola' *topee* is that it does not harmonize at all with our Bharati dress. If our craftsmen would evolve a head-gear which combined all the qualities of the sola hat with a Bharati shape, they would be doing a great service to the whole country. It only needs a little bit of thought. I am sure they would not find it difficult."

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust.*]

QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

840

Sri V. A. Rajput, Ahmedabad.

Q: *According to* Manu Smriti, *meat-eating and carnal pleasures prevailed in olden days. It was not a sin. Even the Brahmins and Rishis indulged in it. Why, therefore, is it considered a sin in the present times?*

A: (1) Meat-eating has never been considered sinful either in ancient or modern India. It is forbidden on grounds of hygiene and of cruelty involved in killing animals. Particularly those who are keen on spiritual evolution have to eschew it, as it is *tamasic* food, that is, food which induces grossness.

(2) Pleasures are never considered sinful. The Lord in *Gita* wants the Yogi to indulge in food and pleasures, but in a self-restrained way.

(3) Meat-eating and carnal pleasures are discouraged because of the tendency among those who take to them to lose their sense of proportion and become gluttons or addicts.

841

Sri P. Chennakeswara, Cuddapah.

Q: *What is the essential difference between heavenly love and earthly love?*

A: (a) True love, for that is the appropriate word, is self-giving and is unselfish. It is purged of egotism. Giving love, therefore, becomes an act of complete surrender in which the object of love —whether God or a human being —becomes the sole master. It is also earthly in the sense that it is found on earth.

(b) Ordinary love is the selfish sentiment inspired by a desire of good for oneself. It may be love of God for getting some benefit. It may be love of a human being to secure joy and happiness.

(c) The degraded form of desire often referred to as love which wants a member of the other sex for selfish ends can scarcely be called love.

842

Sri D. Ramaswami Reddi, Proddatur.

Q: *What is meant by 'inward bent of mind'?*

A: It means the capacity (a) to look into the process of your mind, (b) to scrutinise and control the working of your intellect, emotions and aspirations, and (c) to search for internal strength without external aid.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth

IN the first week of next month Sir Paul Gore-Booth will succeed the seasoned, genial Malcolm Macdonald as the new U.K. High Commissioner in India. He brings with him the rich and vast experience of many years' post-war reconstruction activities. His knowledge of problems associated with the pattern of post-war reconstructions will greatly help India and the United Kingdom to comprehend and co-operate more closely in accelerating India's industrial progress during the Third Plan period.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth has seen considerable service in Asia. He was British Ambassador in Burma during the years 1953-56, a period when Burma, along with India, was experiencing the shocks of new-won freedom and wrestling with the numerous problems flowing from it and at the same time laying the foundations for economic development.

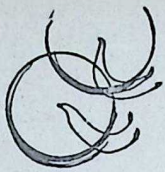
Sir Paul Gore-Booth was born in February 3, 1909 and was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. He joined the Foreign Service in 1933 and after three years of training went to Vienna. In December 1937, he went to Tokyo, and during his stay there learnt Japanese. During the crucial year of the Second World War (1941) he was seconded to Shanghai.

In December 1942 he went to Washington and remained there until after the end of World War II, and took part in the important conferences there which helped to shape the pattern of post-war world.

He was a member of the United Kingdom delegations to the International Food Conference at Hot Springs and the UNRRA Conference at Atlantic City in 1943. He took part in the Dumbarton Oaks conversations and attended the Civil Aviation Conference in Chicago in 1944.

In 1945 he was a member of the British delegation to the San Francisco Conference.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth returned to London in October 1945. He was the Secretary of the U.K. delegation to the first sessions of the United Nations General Assembly, in London in January and October 1946 and again in 1947. Towards the end of 1947, he be-



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Head of the United Nations (Economic & Social) and Refugees Department of the Foreign Office. In February 1948, he was transferred to be Head of the European Recovery Department. He returned to the United States at the end of 1948, as Director of British Information Services, a post he held for four years. Then followed his appointment as Ambassador in Burma, after which he returned to the Foreign Office and was promoted Deputy Under-Secretary of State in charge of economic affairs. Later he became one of the Deputy Under-Secretaries of the American Department of the Foreign Office, particularly concerned with North America.

Thus his continued association with major and minor problems of patterns that went to remodel the countries that were devastated by war as well as countries that emerged as independent nations in the wake of the Second World War, has made him one of the really knowledgeable peoples on the subject. This, together with the maturity, pragmatism and discretion for which the British Foreign Service is justly famous, makes his assignment to India at this juncture very welcome and opportune and should help this country and the United Kingdom to forge fuller understanding and better co-ordination and extend greater assistance to tide over India's difficulties in successfully seeing through the Third Plan.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth was created C.M.G. in 1949 and K.C.M.G. in 1957. He married Patricia Mary Ellerton in Tokyo in 1940. They have two sons, twins, aged 16, and two younger daughters.

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THE TRAGEDY OF SHAH JAHAN (*Contd.*)

Aurangzib thus stands convicted, from his own words, of having practised low cunning and cruel injustice for destroying Golconda. Not content with getting a tremendous booty, he entered into a secret agreement with Abdulla extracting from him a promise that after his death the issue of his daughter married to Mahomed Sultan should inherit the throne of Golconda.

Dara's influence having deprived him of his prey, Aurangzib turned towards Bijapur, whose able king Mahomed Adil Shah had just died in 1656. He started the perjurous theory of the illegitimacy of Ali Adil Shah II and appealed to the Emperor not to permit such a rich kingdom to be ruled by a bastard. In anticipation of the father's sanction, he mobilised his army, bribed Bijapur's captains and intrigued to win over the Vazir. The vacillating Emperor wavered a while but gave way to the military party at Court now under the new Vazir, Mir Jumla. On November 26, 1656, Shah Jahan conferred his sanction giving Aurangzib a free hand "to settle the affairs of Bijapur as he thought fit." On March 3, 1657, Aurangzib seized the strong fort of Bidar. On August 1, 1657, Kaliani fell to his arms and the fall of Bijapur was imminent. But just when Aurangzib was in the full tide of success, Shah Jahan cried a sudden halt and sent peremptory *Farmans* to Mahabat Khan and the other generals to return without even taking leave from Aurangzib. Aurangzib's historians attribute this change of policy to Dara's intervention, but that does not appear to be correct. The reason was that Shah Jahan was swayed more by the dread of Aurangzib than his love for Dara. The Emperor was ill at ease with Aurangzib; he saw the image of his own guilty self, the youthful Khurram, bold, astute, unscrupulous, a rebel against his own father, and the murderer of his eldest brother.

[*To be continued*]

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K. M. MUNSHI'S

Tapasvini

OR THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

14. WHEN THE INTELLECTUALS ARE ANGRY

THE poet browsed through *Navaprakash* when a review of *Tapasvini* caught his attention. When he read it, he became so excited that he had no patience to read it through; he just skipped over it picking up phrases here and there that only intensified his anger.

"The very lively and inspiring style of 'Piyush'....expression of deeply felt emotions....a new sun has risen on the horizon of literature....an uninterrupted flow of delightful dialogue....amazing portrayal of human feelings." "Is this criticism or just flattery?" he cried and threw the magazine to the corner of the room.

It was bitterly cold, yet Mattamayur got up and washed his face in cold water, as if to calm his feelings. "The editor of the monthly, Gatu, is a fool. He has no conception of what literature is, what gold is and what dross is. Stupid ass," muttered the poet.

He lay down on his bed and tried to sleep, but in vain; sleep would not come. He could not suppress his curiosity: he wanted to know what was there in *Tapasvini* that caused it to be acclaimed. He took up the book and began to read. He went on reading page after page until he reached the last page and when he finally laid it down, it was two o'clock in the morning. "Is this literature?" asked Mattamayur angrily to himself. He characterised the book as a pornographic caricature of Aryan purity drawn by perverted imagination.

The Head of the temple of Saraswati, Goddess of Learning, was a saintly virgin, a tapasvini—ascetic—whom the Maharaja of Kashmir had accepted as his guru. To that temple came a poet of Ujjain. With his *veena*, he moved the hearts of his listeners and as he offered his prayers to the Goddess Saraswati, Tapasvini's eyes acquired new brilliance. She became a devotee of the poet.

Tapasvini was no longer her own mistress. She abandoned her penance and her pledges. She felt that her devotion to her Goddess Saraswati was

best reflected in the devotional songs of the poet. She gave herself entirely to him, willingly without any restraint. It came naturally to her to make this sacrifice and the poet accepted the sacrifice smilingly, as if in that acceptance there lay the greatest achievement of their lives. Without any self-consciousness, with the naturalness of a child, he sat by the side of Tapasvini, thoroughly pleased with himself.

The Maharaja came to hear of this development. As a disciple of Tapasvini, he had to conceal his deep love for her, and had so far treated her as an unapproachable goddess. Now jealousy clouded his reason. He deceived himself into thinking that all values and proprieties had been lost. As the defender of his State's religion he went to the temple at midnight with a drawn sword, and in the name of vindicating Tapasvini's purity cut off the heads of the young couple, as they lay side by side enveloped in the joy they had found in each other's company.

Mattamayur had been thoroughly absorbed in *Tapasvini* on account of the charm of expression and gripping interest of the story; the moment, however, he finished reading it, he felt he must flee from it. He was reminded of his own poem, which he had called *Brahmacharini*. As depicted by him she was a highly civilised and cultured young woman. Her one joy in life was her garden and the flowers which grew there. As she strolled in the garden she quoted copiously from sayings of the wise. She enjoyed listening to the gentle whispers of the sylvan deities presiding over her garden. She was the finest specimen of Aryan culture. Her pure heart harboured neither suspicion nor passion. She sang songs of love, but of the universal variety. His work Piyush had mocked at the Brahmacharini of his. By comparison Mattamayur's Brahmacharini appeared insipid and devoid of life. Tapasvini, on the other hand, who had broken her vows was alive like a flaming volcano.

The poet clapped his two hands on his head in the darkness. Into his impenetrable fortress of egoism, there sneaked a 'doubt' like a thief. For thirty-five years he had composed poems and had been depicting ideals in bewitching words. He had brought to life in his writings morality, purity and idealism. But what he had written was never of such absorbing interest. His imagination had never transported him to the heavens. How was it that his poetic skill never could depict the tempestuousness of life nor its uniqueness? For the first time he had a glimpse of the hollowness of his skill. With a tremor and almost unconsciously he muttered: "Have I built this fabric of hope only to see it collapse suddenly, leaving but debris behind! I never could recognise the genuine impulses of my heart; instead I closed my eyes to them and never could express what I wanted."

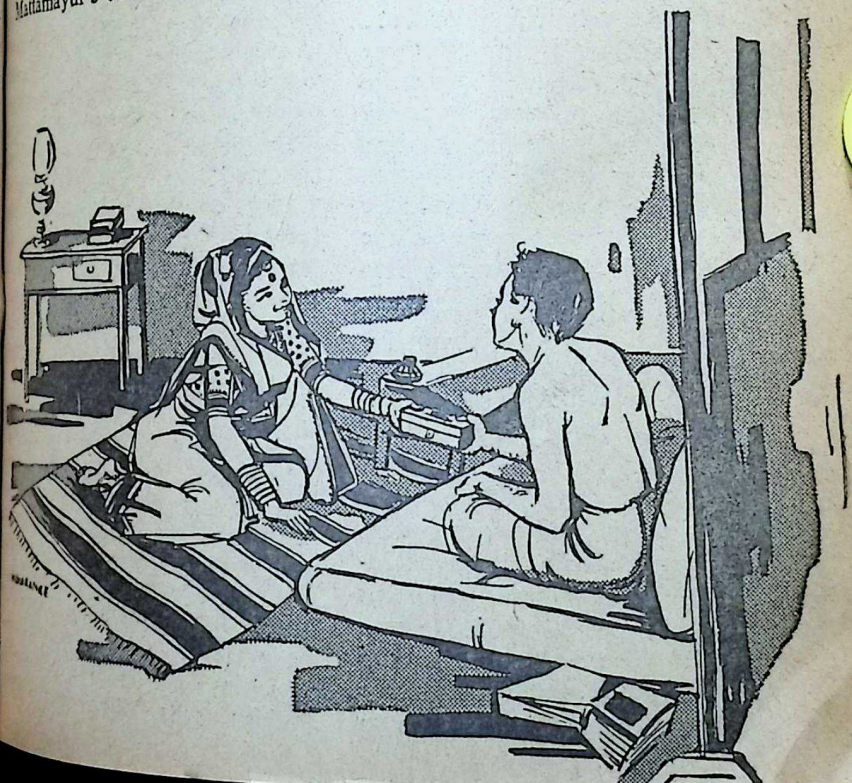
"Terrible! Terrible! Terrible! Really I have gone mad," he muttered. "Wherefrom these doubts? Why this lack of confidence? My outlook has been based on the age-old foundations of Dharma. I cannot be wrong: they are true, irresistible and eternal. I alone have seen genuine beauty and sung of it, created it. Whence then has come into me this un-Aryan weakness of mind? No, no. What I have immorta-

"...d in my poems, that indeed is true," ...e muttered to himself. Piyush had ...ken into bits this immortal image ...truth, he thought. He had tarnish... ...the purity of the Aryan way of life ...had thrown open the ways to ...ence. In the flood of Tapasvini's sen... ...l lust has been swept away the ...ine love which should have re... ...ed above and beyond the joys of ...flesh.

The writer of this book was guilty ...a serious crime. It was his, Mat... ...ayur's, first duty to stamp it out ...existence. If men like him could not ...ish it from literature, who else ...d? If a poet was not able to save ...who else was likely to undertake ...task?

Mattamayur's confidence in himself was revived. It was his duty to destroy those who did evil deeds and re-establish religion and purity. His heart swelled with passion, moved as he was by genuine anger. He had no option but to do his duty. It was a good thing that men of his calibre were still alive ; otherwise what would have happened to Gujarat, to Bharat and to the world?

The poet passed all night in such reflections. When daylight appeared, he called for his tea. He then took his bath and waited impatiently till he could call the editor of *Sanatan Yug* (The Eternal Epoch). He was certain that by eleven o'clock, his friend Kalidas would be at his office. So at eleven, the poet dialled *Sanatan Yug's* number.



As soon as the poet got through to Kalidas, he said in one breath: "Kalidas, Vidwan Kalidas, this is Mattamayur. Listen. Do not speak. Just listen to me quietly. This is very important. Have you read Piyush's book *Bhagna Hriday* (The Broken Heart)? Yes, very good. His latest book *Tapasvini* has just come out. Oh! you have got it on your table. Excellent. You have not read it. Well, listen. Read it, rightaway, today. This book is the gospel of all that is impure. It will destroy morals of all Gujarat. It will indeed break the very foundation of Aryan Dharma. Women will lose all sense of loyalty in marriage. There will, indeed, prevail complete moral licence. We must crush this writer. What? What do you say? Yes, take him severely to task....Nonsense.... Operator, what? It is already three minutes! All right, give me three more minutes. Kalidas, do you hear me? Yes, listen. Sit and write out at once. Use strong language. What did you say? Yes, in the issue of Wednesday next. Yes, by all means come on the New Year Day. Do you want me to write? Certainly. But you come here. I shall write an article for you. We have to wage this crusade. Oh! one minute. Oh! one minute. These telephone operators havn't any sense," he muttered.

The word 'Vidwan' or 'learned' used after the name of Kalidas was not indicative of any learning but was inherited by him as a surname which his father had given to himself. He was the editor of *Sanatan Yug*. Not only did he regard the poet Mattamayur as his teacher but considered him to be a person with superhuman attributes. He was, therefore, delighted that the poet, the model of good behaviour and the embodiment of the Arya purity, should have thought of him at such a critical moment and had indeed even invited him over to Matheran. He pulled out *Tapasvini* from the heap of books lying on the table in front of him, put on his spectacles and began to read that book which was said to be capable of destroying Hindu culture.

Kalidas was born in a religious minded orthodox family. His father was a Sanskrit scholar. He had inherited from his childhood fanatic orthodoxy and a liking for the Sanskrit language. With the help of his father's friends he had been able to take his degree. After his graduation, he became a teacher; but, whether in the college or afterwards, he had never deviated one inch from the strict requirements of religion. Many of his fellow-students did not spare him from ridicule when he persisted in wearing a short *dhoti* and in putting upon his forehead a large auspicious caste mark. After he became a teacher, his students also teased him. He ignored all this and suffered every form of ridicule quietly regarding it as a form of discipline necessary for good behaviour.

Eventually some well-meaning persons came to appreciate his learning and religious zeal. It seemed to those gentlemen that bad habits and impure thoughts were on the increase and they felt that some concrete steps had to be taken for the protection of orthodoxy. They purchased a weekly called *Sanatan Yug* and appointed Kalidas as its Editor. Because of this

...ity and skill with which he con-
...ted the weekly, it began steadily
...gain popularity.

Kalidas who was a devout wor-
...per of Goddess Amba attributed
...s success to the goddess Herself.
...was his confirmed belief that the
...y way of defending religion was
...condemn evil deeds.

In living up to this principle, the
...ne of his daily life helped him a
...eat deal. He would get up with
...dawn and after bathing, offer his
...yers and read from the *Chandi*
...h. Thereafter, his devoted wife
...ld offer worship at his feet. After
...shing his morning duties, he would
...down with his long hair spread out
...his shoulder to read newspapers or
...azines; sometimes he would de-
...a little time for translating one
...the other of the *shastras*.

In his circle of friends, he occupied
...very special position. No matter how
...sing a situation, he would never
...sh. No matter how cheerful a
...up of people, their cheerfulness
...ld vanish the moment they heard
...footsteps. If there was any discus-
...n about an educated woman, he
...ld immediately suspect that her
...acter was bad. If anyone talked
...social reform, he would pour ridi-
...le on him until the poor devil was
...his wits' end. He would eat the food
...ked by his wife only. He drank no
...a, and so considered the modern
...ng men to have become useless,
...ly because they had acquired the
...habit. He had acquired the habit
...using snuff but for that his ex-
...se was that it was a form of Ayur-
...ic treatment. His mind was always
...y judging his friends, neighbours and well-known men and women. As a self-appointed guardian of their morals, he thought it his duty to keep a complete record of them. He occasionally wrote highly critical articles about them in the columns of his *Sanatan Yug*.

Apart from the usual topics, his weekly carried inspiring articles by him. Every Wednesday, through this medium, he shot verbal shafts at reformists, neo-literary men and Gandhi-ites. His sarcastic pen was a source of terror to many a man of position.

It was his practice to collect information about the private life of anyone against whom he wished to conduct a campaign. He had studied carefully the law of libel and he took care to see that nothing that he wrote brought him within the clutches of law. In his articles he used the material collected by him in such a way that it made the readers anxious to know more and to suspect that some deep mystery lay unearthed in regard to the lives of these men. The normal tendency of the average reader to know more about the weakness of great men was fed in this way, and their interest in the weekly was stimulated. The subscribers to the *Sanatan Yug* grew in number and Kalidas himself acquired a special status amongst the orthodox as a terror to modernism.

Kalidas began to read *Tapasvini* but he could not concentrate in the midst of the noise made by the press. He asked his assistant to look after the office and went home. His wife having gone away for a few days to her parent's, there was no one else at home: he did'nt engage a cook, but preferred to do his own cooking. He

let himself into the house and then locking himself in, lay down for a good long reading.

It was late in the evening by the time he finished *Tapasvini*. He put aside the book and as he looked at the sky outside, a gentle smile relieved his otherwise taciturn face. Before his mind's eye there passed one after the other long forgotten scenes.... There was once a young man....He had just passed his B.A. and had accepted service as an English teacher in a school. A few months after joining service he had lost his wife and he had been betrothed to an eight-year old girl....

The young man had rented a loft at a rent of Rs. 4|- and that was where he lived, said his prayers and did his cooking. He kept no servants except for a man to clean the utensils; a woman belonging to the Bhoi community was engaged on a salary of Rs. 3|- a month to wash his clothes. This woman had a sixteen-year old daughter called Pali. She was a cheerful minx. Sometimes she would come, instead of her mother, to wash the clothes. She addressed the young man as 'Master Mama,' (Uncle Master). Whenever Pali came, she would call out in a pleasant voice, and 'Master Mama' too would respond cheerfully. Gradually Master Mama began saving up tasty morsels of food for Pali.

He recalled how on one Diwali day, on returning from the temple of Lakshminarayan, he had sat down to have his meal all by himself. He did not like the idea of eating without any company on an auspicious day and he was feeling lonely and rather sorry for himself. Just then Pali came up the stairs. "Who is it?" he inquired.

"It is I, Pali, Master Mama," r plied the young Bhoi girl smiling Pali had put on the *sari* in the typi Gujarati manner that day and not usual tucked it up for work. She h put on silver ornaments on her har and feet and her forehead bore a lar *tilak*-mark. She sat down smilingly front of the young man.

"My mother has gone to her br ther's house. I had gone to the temp by myself and then thought that my way back I might call on you that if there was any work I could tend to it. Tomorrow also is an auspicious day and it may not be possib for me to come."

Master Mama could not take eyes off the strong, well-formed bod of the young girl. After all, on th auspicious day, there was someon who was concerned about his wel being. He asked Pali to sit down an inquired if she had taken her food.

"No, I am going to my uncle's hous for a late dinner. You better take you meal so that I could wash up before I go."

"But surely I cannot let you go hun gry on an auspicious day such as this" remarked Master Mama. "Sit down Take that *thali* and let us share this big bit of sweet."

Pali hesitated for a moment before accepting the invitation. She sat down a little distance away from Master Mama. After finishing the meal, Mas ter Mama sat down on his cushioned seat to eat his *pan*. Pali also moved closer and sat down in front of him "Come, Master Mama. Give me the *pan* box. Today is after all an auspicious day. Let me also eat a *pan*."

"Certainly. Take the box," said Mas

Mama. "Master Mama, please let make a *pan* for you today at least. eat a *pan* made by me." As she this, Pali snatched the *pan*-box Master Mama and prepared two

Never before had Master Mama the kind of excitement he now If God Himself was prepared to fruit offered by a forest girl, why d he not accept a *pan* prepared by girl?

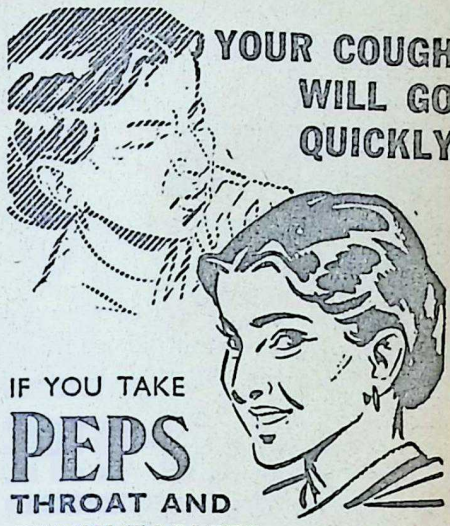
Pali was in great form. She ered away while she prepared pans. "Come on," said she offering put the *pan* in his mouth. "Master ma is shy," she cried.

He shook his head. But Pali would accept a refusal. She caught hold his chin and thrust the *pan* into his

The eyes of the two met. Neither them knew when Master Mama hed out his hand when Pali fell embraced him wildly....Mo- later when Pali was adjusting sari, Master Mama thought of n verses of *Geeta Govind*. That indeed been a wonderful experi-

After this, the Master felt as if he living not on the earth, but in air. He found it difficult to con- ate on his work in school, and when he sat offering his prayers the morning, his mind kept stray- to those verses in *Geeta Govind* he had recalled after their first ace. Always before his mind's there floated Pali's cheerful figure.

Pali's mother lived a short dis- from the young man's house every day after he left the for the school she or Pali would



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come and attend to all the work. The Master was always inquisitive to find out who had done the cleaning up. If Pali had come for work, there would be some eatables prepared by her which he would consume with great gusto.

In the evening at about 7 o'clock on her way back from the temple, Pali would almost invariably look in to see if there was any work for her to attend to. Master Mama therefore always waited for her and he would be most unhappy the day she could not come for any reason and could hardly get a wink of sleep that night. Now Pali would call out as she entered and would bolt the door behind her. Then, she would fall upon him with one jump and smother him in her embrace. What wonderful days! What a lively person she was! How pleasant it was to reflect on those days!

When Pali became pregnant her parents were greatly concerned. It was quite impossible for them to find who was responsible for their daughter's pregnancy for she worked in many homes. And in any case, to make detailed enquiries would be unwise, for it would lead to gossip in their community. They, therefore, arranged to send her immediately to her husband's house.

One day Pali told all these developments to Master Mama. The Master's first reactions were sincere and befitting an honourable man. So that was that. Pali would not now come to see him and his son would be brought up in someone else's home. He put his arm round Pali and sought consolation as it were from her physical contact. Pali began stroking his head and said: "Master Mama, I will come back at mother's within six months for my delivery. I shall then come and see you. Look after yourself."

Master Mama handed over to Pali all his savings, Rs. 125/- which he had saved up with great effort.

Pali went away laughing all the while, but Master Mama could not do so. He burst out weeping as she left and kept repeating to himself verses from the great poetic work of Bhartrihari's *Vairagya Shatak* (Hundred Verses on Asceticism).

As Kalidas read *Tapasvini*, there passed before his mind the vivid pictures of himself and Pali sitting down to eat together and he appreciating the true meaning of *Geeta Govind*. He visualised how he had waited evening after evening for Pali's cheerful face

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her lively springly walk and how
made her good-bye.
All this had taken place 30 years
It was like an episode that he had
in some poem. It was, however,
so vivid that, whenever he thought
his heart beat faster. Where would
be now? What would their child
doing? He had acquired money and
and also became deeply reli-
But if only he had not let Pali
to her husband's house and made
take a divorce from her husband
was common in their caste, what a
they could have lived!
For quite a while, Kalidas remained
thoughtless, almost as if he had lost
consciousness. But then he got up and
laughed scornfully at himself. What a downfall! A religious leader such as himself had still not succeeded in getting over a sin committed years ago. This world was verily an illusion. All these memories had become fresh entirely because of this wretched book *Tapasvini*. If such was the effect of the book on an old cultured Brahman like himself, whose thoughts and conduct had been pure and unsoiled for years, what would be the effect on an average person who would read it? He reflected. Yes, the poet was right. *Tapasvini* must be banished from the literary world.

Inspired by this idea, the editor of *Sanatan Yug* took up his pen and wrote vitriolically about the novel.

[*To be continued*]

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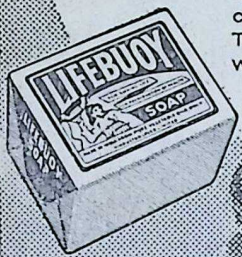

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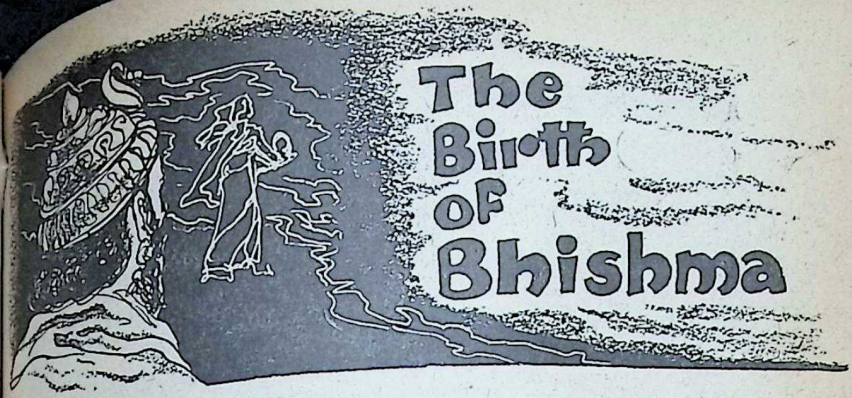


The Birth of Bhishma

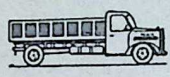
KAMALA SUBRAMANIAM

THE king had always been fond of hunting. It was a passion with him. He had reached the banks of the river Ganga. It was there, he saw her. She was like a vision. There she stood, her skin glowing like gold. Her eyes were large and lustrous: and her hair which she was combing with her fingers was long, looking like the proverbial Rahu trying to envelop the moon. He stood-rooted to the spot looking her with his eyes. It seemed to him that a nymph from the high heavens had descended on the earth to feast his eyes and his eyes alone. He approached her. She turned on hearing the noise and looked at him. A blush suffused her face which became downcast. A smile hovered on her lips. Her toe was tracing patterns on the ground below and her fingers which were like ivory sticks, twined and untwined the strands of her dark hair. A moment later she lifted her eyes and looked at him. He knew then that she cared for him.

He went near her. He took her resistant hand in his and said: "You are so very beautiful. I want you to be mine. I am Santanu, the king of Hastinapura. I love you. I cannot live without you." She smiled and said: "The moment I looked at you I knew that I had to be yours. I will be your queen. But there is a condition. You must not cross me at any time. The moment you displease me I will go away from you never to return." "So be it," said the love-lorn monarch and led her to his city.

She was, to him, the ideal wife: a companion in every sense of the word. She pleased him immensely with her charm, her beauty, her sweet words and her many good qualities. He lost count of time when he was with her. She was called Ganga.

Days passed by ; months too. Ganga bore the king a son. His joy was immense. At last, a son and heir had been born to adorn the time-honoured throne of the great Pauravas. He hastened to the queen's chambers. He was told that she was not there. He heard that she had hurried to the banks of the river Ganga with the new born child clasped in her arms. He could not understand. He hurried to



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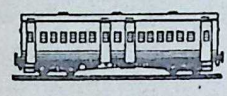

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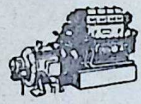

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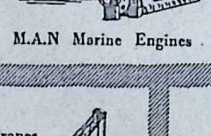

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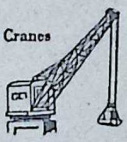

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the river bank. There his horrified eyes saw a scene which he could never blot out from the tablets of his memory. Ganga, his dear, beloved Ganga, had just flung the new born child into the river. There was a look on her face which teased him for days together. She looked as though a great load was off her mind. He wanted to ask her. But he could not. He remembered the promise he had given her: that he would never, never cross her and displease her.

It happened again a year later. And again! Seven of the king's sons were thrown into the river by Ganga. The king was silent. Love, they say, is blind. But no. It is an extra eye which sees only the good in the beloved, blind to all the other faults. Ganga meant his very life to the king. But then, the desire for an heir was just as powerful. He knew no peace. A year passed by. The eighth child was born. Ganga rushed to the river with the child clasped in her arms. The king was speechless with grief and anger. He rushed behind her. He held her back. He spoke harshly to her for the first time. He said: "What inhuman act is this? I cannot bear it any longer. I cannot see all my sons destroyed like this. Why do you do it? How can a mother, or anyone for that matter, break the stem of a flower ere yet it blooms? Please give me this one son. I cannot keep silent any longer."

There was a strange smile on the lips of Ganga. It was sad and it was happy too. She spoke very gently to the king. She said: "My lord, the time has come when I must leave you. You have broken your promise. I must hurry away from here. This child of ours will live. I will take him with me and give him back to you when the time comes. I will call him Devavrata. His other name will be Gangeya."* The king was numb with woe. He could not follow all that she was saying. He knew only this: the woman who meant everything to him was about to leave him for ever. And all because he had asked her not to kill his eighth son. He looked at her with mute appeal in his eyes. Words came to his lips. "Why do you do this to me? Can you not see that my life is bound up in you and that I cannot live without you? You cannot abandon me and go away! Ganga, you loved me once. In the name of that love I implore you, do not leave me and go away."

A look of pain crossed the beautiful face of Ganga. She said: "Oh my lord, can you not realize that I am going because I must? I am Ganga. I belong to the heavens. Because of a curse I had to live the life of a mortal on this earth. You were the great king Mahabhishak in your previous birth. You were once with Indra in his court. I came there. You looked at me with eyes full of desire and I wanted to be yours. The celestials did not like it. They sent me to the earth to be the wife of this Mahabhishak who would be born as Santanu, the son of Prateepa. Hence our life of love was possible. We have been happy. My lord, do not try to stem the tide of time. Things that have been ordained to happen will happen. Not you, nor

---

*He later became famous as Bhishma (one who undertakes a terrible vow and fulfils it)—Ed.

I nor all the gods in the heavens can alter the order of things to come."

The king looked puzzled. He said: "Still I do not understand. Why, then, the killing of these seven children who were born to you and me? Was that also part of the curse?" "Yes" said Ganga. " These eight children are the eight Vasus who were cursed to be born in this world. I had promised them that I would bear them and grant them release from this life the moment they were born. But this eighth has been cursed to live a long life on this earth. Hence he has been allowed to live. Do not grieve, my lord. I will give you your heir and I will take care that he prepared in a manner suited to the role he has to play: the heir to the throne of the illustrious Pauravas."

When the veil of illusion is torn and the eyes are allowed to look on Truth, the eyes, we find, are not strong enough to do so. It was so with the king. Ganga, the goddess from the heavens, thought fit to play wife to him. But Santanu, a mere mortal, was not great enough to bear that honour. His mind refused to face the truth. He was dumbfounded when he heard all that Ganga had to say. It was too much for him. He could see just two things: his Ganga would leave him for ever, never to come back. The other realization was that he had a son now, a son to uphold the name of the Pauravas. It was easy for Ganga to follow the emotions that passed through the mind of Santanu. With a look of pity mingled with love she looked at the king and said in a gentle voice: "My beloved, please do not be unhappy. I will take excellent care of our son. He will become a great man. He will be greater than all the Pauravas who had graced the throne of the Race of the Moon."

Ganga faded away from his sight. He spent hours re-living the moments filled with pain: the last few moments with Ganga. With a sigh of resignation he turned away slowly and wended his way homewards, a home where loneliness, utter loneliness awaited him.

True courage is but the firm resolve of virtue and reason.

—Anon.

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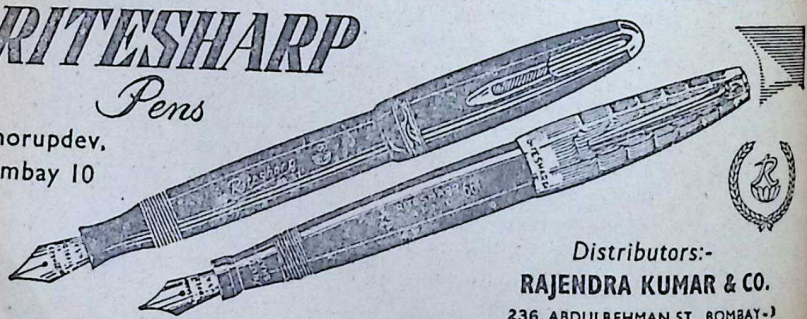

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Massage Treatment

Dr. Raghubhai P. Shastri

MASSAGE is one of the oldest forms of remedy to relieve pain and promote health. It was known and practised since the creation of life. In our classical and mythological stories it is referred to; in books dealing with life in the Roman Empire and tales of warriors of the kingdom of Greece, mention is made of the massage treatment. In bygone days, Egypt, China and India had used 'massage' extensively both for treatment in many ailments and also to keep up and improve the general health of the people. For instance, wrestlers, warriors and athletes, massaged their bodies almost every day. Thus massage needs no introduction but as all are not acquainted with its varied methods of application, a discussion of its modern uses will be profitable to all.

Today, massage is a highly developed science and not the haphazard, unscientific rubbing of the human body as it used to be centuries ago. During the last century the science of massage has developed considerably, because enthusiasts in Denmark, Sweden, France, England and U.S.A., by their extensive research have given it a scientific method of application.

The modern scientific massage which is used for both medical as well as surgical cases, requires efficient and well trained persons to carry it out. To employ massage for healing purposes, a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology as well as a clear understanding of diseases and their symptoms are most essential.

The art of massage has different manipulative movements such as stroking, effleurage, kneading, friction and tapotements to bring about the desired effect. These movements are divided into two distinct groups, one is called the stimulating massage where all movements are quick, rhythmic and light. This is used for Flaccid paralysis and other maladies. The second type of massage is called soothing massage which is deeper. Here all the movements are slow, deep and rhythmic. It is used for spastic paralysis and many other ailments.

Effect of massage: There are various effects of the modern scientific massage. Only the most important effects are mentioned here. They are as follows:

1. Massage improves and increases circulation.

2. Massage removes waste products and fatigue.
3. Massage brings nutrition to the part under treatment.
4. Massage softens scar tissue which forms as a result of burns or operation.
5. Massage removes pain, gives relief and comfort.
6. Massage improves the tone and brings strength in the wasted muscles in cases of disease and injury.
7. Massage removes the nodules of Fibrositis of muscles.
8. Massage improves mobility of the joint.
9. Massage can prevent deformity.
10. The reflex action of massage is very vast. In short we can say that this action can improve digesti can increase secretion, can reli one of mental worries and indu sleep.

From the above stated effects massage one may come to the co clusion that massage is applicable many ailments but there are som contra-indications. The following a a few of them where massage is co tra-indicated.

1. Obstruction in the vein as thrombosis or blood clot.
2. Any septic condition.
3. In acute pain and inflammation
4. In all cases where there is a chance of haemorrhage.
5. In most of the mental cases in agitated melancholia etc.

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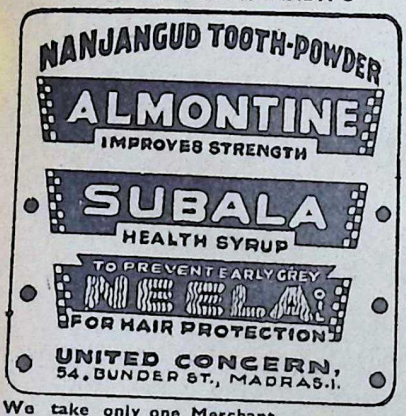

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by
K. M. MUNSHI

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BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
Chowpatty, BOMBAY 7.

riddles

[Beginning with this issue, the Bhavan's Journal is starting a short new feature—'Riddles'—which, we hope, our readers will find stimulating. The answers to the riddles will be published in the subsequent issue of the Journal. Contributions of this nature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES 1

1. *It always resides at the top of the tree, but is not a bird. It has got three eyes, but is not Rudra or Sulapani. It is clad in bark, but is not a saint. It carries water, but is not a pot or cloud. What is it?*

2. *She has a black face, but is not a cat. Her tongue is slit in two; but she is not a serpent. She has five husbands to support her; but she is not Draupadi. Who is she?*

3. *I often murmur, but never weep. I always lie in bed, but never sleep. My mouth is wider than my head. I am fed in dribbles but I excrete much. I have no feet, but I run swiftly. The more falls I have, the swifter I run. Now tell me who am I?*

4. *He takes away the wealth of a man, but he is not a thief;*
   He sucks human blood, but is not a Rakshasa;
   He dwells in holes, but is not a serpent;
   He rambles in the night, but is no demon;
   He moves swiftly, but is not the wind.
   His bite is piercing, but is not an arrow. Who is he?

5. *When we take it, it is black; when we use it, it is red.*
   When we throw it, it is grey.
   What is it?

●●●

THE COW and THE CALF

THE moment of reconciliation is the priceless gift of God; for, without it, life will be a forest of acrid smoke where people will suffocate with foul breath.

Asked by King Ajavaksha whether he was really a mortal at all, Pavaka replied he was just one and related the story from the beginning: how, out of curiosity, he attended his (King Ajavaksha's) daughter's *swayamvara*; how, after the event he was consistently double-crossed by his fake friend Kumbhi; how he was cursed by the *rakshasa's* wife that he should become maimed and how by her own mercy he knew of his release; of Parvati Devi's boon; and explained why he purposely put on the cripple form. It is difficult to say who was gratified most by the narration. There were no two opinions about the truth of Pavaka's statements and all praised him open-heartedly. From that day onward Hanumati led a life of unmixed pleasure in the company of her lord Pavaka.

After some months Pavakaroma returned to his native country along with Hanumati and reaching the palace, prostrated before his father and mother. The aged parents, who had been immersed in sorrow at the sudden and unexplained disappearance of their beloved son, were delighted at the relation Pavaka related to them all that had happened to him from the time of his disappearance up to date. The King was greatly agitated by the misdeeds of Kumbhi. He therefore issued immediate orders for the dismissal of his minister who was Kumbhi's father and dispossessed him completely. Thus the entire family of the minister was left in the lurch due to the misbehaviour of one of its members. They had to live like beggars.

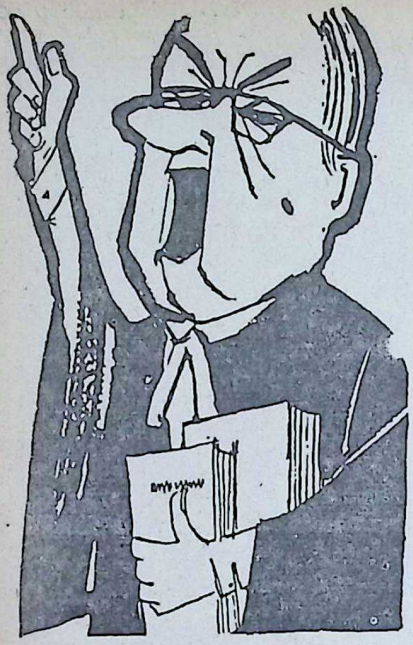
The aged King, in course of time, gave up his throne in favour of his son Pavaka and retired to the forest for performance of *tapas*. Pavaka ruled his country in a manner greatly applauded by men and sages. He reigned for a very long period at the end of which he reached *Siva-sayujya*.

It may be recalled that sage Dattatreya was answering King Maha in the course of which he related how Sarpati replied King Bhoja quoting this boxed episode.

Greatly fascinated by the story, King Maha asked sage Dattatreya: "Venerable Sage! May I request you to continue the story of the cow and the tiger within which the Pavaka episode appears?"

The Sage beamed with pleasure and replied: "At the conclusion of the Pavaka story, the cow asked the tiger: 'You have been listening to the instances of how truth has been adhered to by great men. I am sure you will now be convinced that I too can be relied upon to keep my promise. Won't you permit me to go to my child and return?'

Tiger: It appears to me that by hook or by crook you want me to leave you. Do not for a moment be under the illusion that because I am

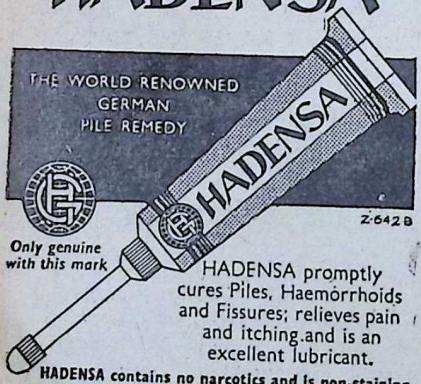


THE LAWYER LAMENTED OVER HIS TROUBLESOME

PILES

UNTIL HE STARTED USING

HADENSA



HADENSA contains no narcotics and is non-staining

a forest-dweller I am devoid of co-
monsense.

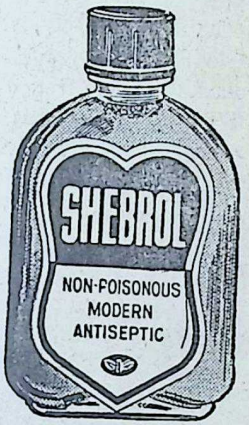
Cow: For my part, I am not o
who wastes words on nothing. One w
goes back on his plighted word is t
most accursed of creation. Howe
low in the hierarchy of creation, o
who adheres to truth is worship-worth
Believe me, I shall presently go a
after suckling my baby shall surely r
turn to you. Do you think I shall arg
on this point had I known that y
had an one-track mind? What grea
virtue is there in this world than t
worship of a guest? Is it not a mo
heinous crime to make you wait here
and not turn up? My only weakne
stems out of the fact that I am a
mother and my child is just a stripling
Hence my pleading. Should howev
you feel for certain that my behavio
is unwarranted, you are at liberty t
kill me straight now and appease you
hunger.

Tiger: Well, I am convinced th
your plea is genuine. What guarante
is there that you will return quick
after suckling your baby? Not till yo
swear on God of your quick retur
will I let you go, nor will I believ
you.

Cow: That is very reasonable. Lis
ten: if I fail to return quickly, ma
I reap the fate of a Sannyasin who
unable to shake off his association wi
dacoits. In the event of my failur
may I deserve the fate of those pr
ferring to adjudicate on dispute, fai
ing to be impartial in their verdicts
if I fail, may I reap the fruit as reape
by those who misappropriate propert
ties pledged to them. If I fail, ma
I reach the fate of those who upset
an agreement over a price on a sa

...ction or over a marriage. If I ... may I reach the lot of those who ...ing like friends and eating their ... turn out as their enemies. On my ...e, may I work out the fate of ... person who feeds his own stomach ... the cost of his cow or while his cow ...ves. May I be accursed like the ...son who beats and abuses a cow ... no fault of hers. May I be put on ... par with one who steals another's ...an. May I be put on a par with ... who, sumptuously eating in the ...e of another, yet runs away when ... help is needed most in that house. May I be considered on a par with ...e who by speaking ill of elders ... their displeasure by causing them ... May I be equated with those who ...s the path of their parents. May ...e classed along with those who be-...r the hungry ox who comes run-...g to graze on a green pasture. May ...ap the reward of those who gift ...y useless lands to others. May ...ecome as accursed as those who ...ve the means of livelihood of the ...ed and the good. May I be put on ... same boat as one who, when a ...st announces himself at meal-time, ...s him away with a rod. May I be ...ed with those parents who out of ...e of pelf and pomp marry their ...g daughters to aged grooms. ...y I suffer the same fate as those ... cast away their faultless wives ...r out of suspicion or wilfulness, ...y I reach the same fate as those ..., when their dependants suffer ... hunger, dissipate their earnings ...lessly.

Tiger: I am greatly impressed by ... learning and wisdom. Your ...mic sense makes me place impli-



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cit faith in your reliability. You may go to suckle your baby and return quickly.

Expressing its deep sense of gratitude to the tiger for its generosity, the cow walked briskly home, her udder heavy with undrunk milk. Hearing the moo of its mother, her young one frolicked towards her and immediately started suckling.

In the meantime, the woman of the home came running and pulling the calf aside started milking the cow as was the wont and when the pitcher was full, she left the calf back at the udder. The calf had its fill and at its newly acquired vigour gambolled in the street zigzaging the byways. The mother cow then beckoned to it by mooing when the calf returned to her. As she did so, the calf smelt the ground at some places, threatened young children who came in the way—all of which aggravated the sense of separation which was imminent. Reflected the cow: "How possibly can I part myself away from this child? When other calves of its age look eagerly forward to the return of their mothers in the evenings and are immediately transported with delight on their arrival, how possibly can it alone bear the non-return of its mother? At my permanent disappearance, how keenly would it feel my separation? I should depart now, for my child is in a happy frame of mind. If I delay in my return, I should be deemed to have gone back on my plighted word and be prepared to reap the consequences. Let me be gone!"

So thinking, the cow called her child and said: "My child! I had been supporting you so far, but shall be more here. You must overgrow your childhood. The sense of 'I' ness and 'My' ness are the seeds of world's sorrow. Never speak untruth. Avoid company of the wicked. Don't re if anyone abuses you; just walk as though you did not hear it. not roam in the fields alone. Ret home before the sun sets. Do not rogantly fight wild bulls. Neit should you seek the company of cows. Avoid quarrelsome comp even as the company of tale-bear Do not go frisking in the path tre by elephants, horses and donkeys. T look of fine grass is deceptive, for may as well conceal a deep river well. Be careful therefore in negot ing them. Do not drink water fr places which you know to be infe ed by snakes, crocodiles and o cruel beings. I was here all along therefore people fondled you. Whe shall no more be here, you will thoroughly neglected by all. The b en reed of the lotus, stray cotton, and a motherless child are all obj of scorn to others. All that I can vise you is that you should be int gent; should seek the company of great and shine."

The young calf which had b patiently hearing these words, repli "Mother, why should you speak strangely today? Has this Brahm sold you? Has he gifted you to daughter or to some other Brahm on a holy occasion? Do not w Wherever you may go I shall acc pany you," and started weeping.

[*To be contin*

---

32 IN QUEST OF PARIJATA

It was the turn of the elder Princess to meet Chaturya on the seventh night. When she came as usual dressed for the occasion and waited for his company, he told her the following story:

In the city of Amaravati lived King Vanaresa who ruled his country justly and famously. However, he had no issues for a long time. His Minister also had no issues for long. In the course of a conversation however they had agreed that in the event of their having a son and a daughter respectively, they would get them married.

After due propitiation of gods and other *dharmic* deeds, the King and the Minister were blessed with children. While the Minister got a beautiful daughter, the King got a tortoise for his son. However much dispirited the King was at the calamity, he could not get out of his mind that after all he was his son. He therefore bestowed all the care and affection he was capable of on the tortoise. The Minister, however, was feeling extremely happy. He got two more daughters.

As soon as the Minister's eldest daughter came of age, he thought in terms of marriage for that girl, but it never occurred to him that he had given his word to marry her to the King's son. How could he, when the son was a tortoise? Yet the King could not help reminding his Minister of his promise when the latter laughed uproariously and said: "Your Majesty! You don't expect me to give my daughter to a tortoise?"

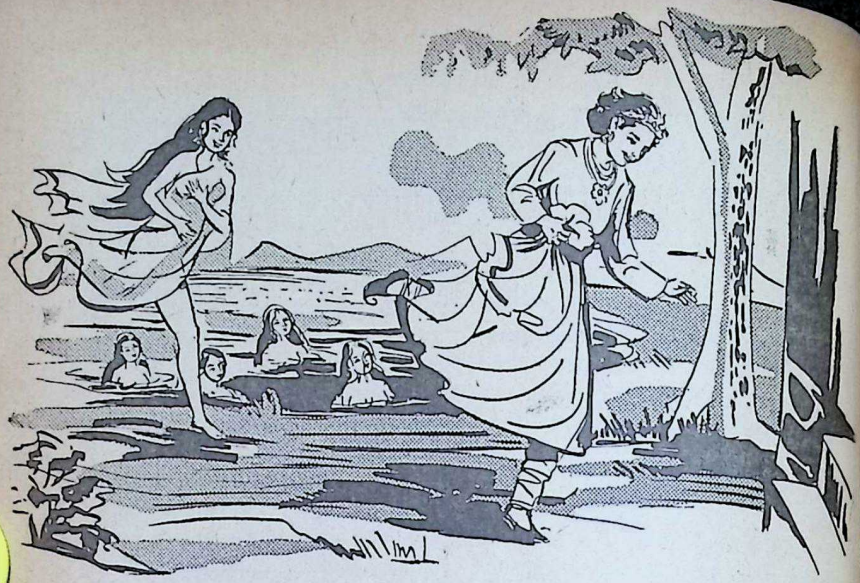
The King returned home crestfallen, and as he related the conversation to his wife, the tortoise was overhearing it and quite unexpectedly spoke: "Father! Do not feel disheartened; go once again and ask the girl!"

The King reluctantly sent word to the Minister's daughter pointing out her father's reply. That girl, however, on hearing it, went to her father, and said: "Father! I understand that you have given word to the King that you would marry me to the King's son if he had one. Now that he has had a tortoise for a son, I may give out my mind. I have no objection to marry the tortoise if he can bring me the Parijata flower. In fact I shall marry any one who brings that flower!"

The Minister had no objection to that proposal, for he was sure that the tortoise could never be a candidate to that competition.

When the tortoise-Prince heard the challenge, he decided to accept it, and so said, "Father, please drop me into the ocean. I shall go and fetch the Parijata flower."

The King readily appreciated the idea and accordingly let the tortoise into the ocean. The tortoise swam all the seven seas and reached the Mount



of Udayagiri and spread itself out on the path of the Sun.

When the Sun rose, Aruna saw the tortoise and therefore informed his master of the presence of the tortoise on the way. Asking him to halt the chariot aside, the Sun descended down and asked the tortoise "Why do you lie down on my path?"

The tortoise replied: "Lord! I am born as a son to a king. It ill befits him and myself. Why should we be put to this shame?"

SUN: You were a prince in your last birth. When a sage was practising penance, you placed a tortoise on his hand out of fun. The sage cursed you to be born as a tortoise. Now that you have propitiated me, I am pleased to liberate you from this curse. Henceforward you shall have human form and your glory and brilliance shall exceed mine.

No sooner was this said than the tortoise metamorphosed into a human as lovely as the Love-god. He prostrated before him. At the request of the Prince, the Sun further endowed him with the faculty of putting on the form of a tortoise at will. The Sun further said: "A few *yojanas* from here is a forest where a sage sits in penance. If you please him he will give you the Parijata flower." Saying this, the Sun went on his diurnal motion.

The Prince hid the tortoise-shell that had covered him somewhere in the forest and searched for the sage whom he located soon. The sage was immersed in concentration. He waited for him to open his eyes. As soon as he did so, he fell at his feet and prayed for a Parijata flower. The sage too learnt all about the Prince and his quest, and so directed him to another sage ahead in the forest. This sage directed him to a third sage who, after

(Continued on page 83)

PATHWAY TO GOD IN KANNADA LITERATURE

By

R. D. Ranade

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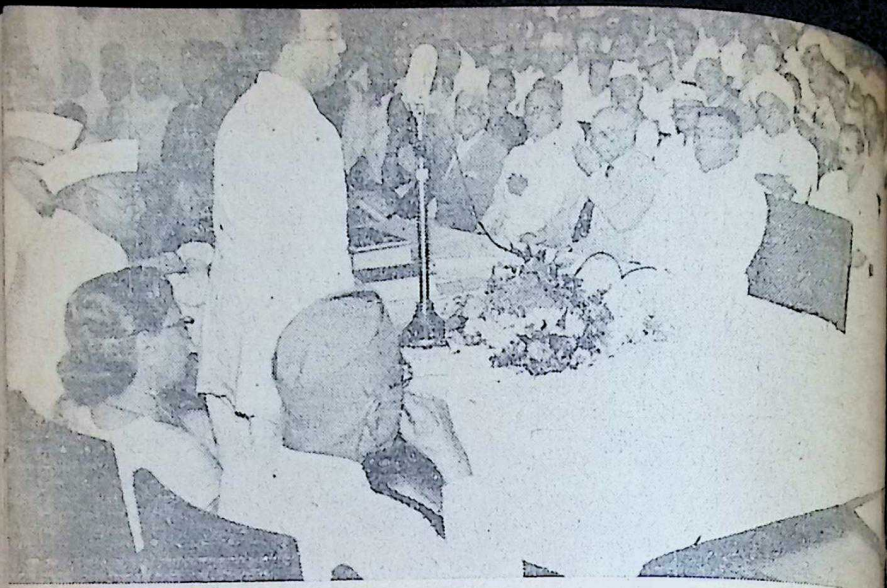


Prof. Humayun Kabir addressing the gathering. (L to R): Kulapati Munshi, Rajyapal Sri Prakasa, Prof. Kabir, Smt. Munshi and Mm. Dr. P. V. Kane.

BHAVAN'S NEWS

BHAVAN'S 10 VOLUME HISTORY

"A MONUMENTAL ENDEAVOUR"

[Readers will remember the report appearing in the News & Notes column of Bhavan's Journal dated 30th October on the release on 14th October of Bhavan's new books by Prof. Humayun Kabir, Minister for Scientific Research & Cultural Affairs, Government of India. The following is the full text of Prof. Kabir's speech.—*Ed.*]

I CONSIDER it a great privilege to be associated with this function when you are releasing *The Delhi Sultanate*, the sixth volume of the ten-volume series of the *History and Culture of the Indian People*. The Bhavan's scheme of the *History and Culture of the Indian People* is a truly

ti Munshi,
V. Kane.

CULTURE OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE

"A TRULY NATIONAL VENTURE"

—Prof. HUMAYUN KABIR

...ental endeavour and, as Sri ...shi has told us, this is the ... time in modern India that a ...matic attempt has been made to ...ent the history of the Indian peo... The development of systematic ...ry in India is a comparatively re... phenomenon. We had a num... of Histories in the middle ages ... during the end of the 18th and ... beginning of the 19th century a ... number of them were translat... ...to English and published under ... title 'Indian History told by In... Historians'. Very often these ear... histories were chronicles and the ... emphasis was on the kings and ...s, on political changes and mili... conflicts, and the dynastic ups ... downs of different families who ... this country. A history of the ...an people in the sense of a cul... history, a history of the growth ...stitutions, a history of the growth ... development of language and lite...ure, of changes in the different forms ...life, in a word, a history of Indian ...ization is a comparatively recent ...elopment.

Many attempts have been made in ...ent times to present a history of this ...ge, but till now most of these at...pts have had rather limited success. The Indian History Congress undertook this work some years ago, and I believe, the Second Volume was published a fairly long time ago. The First Volume has not yet appeared. Of course this kind of thing often happens as there is nothing surprising in it. In the Great History of Britain which Oxford was presenting, I understand the Twelfth Volume appeared first—it was a twelve-volume series —but they have been able to complete the series. In the case of the present History, very great credit is due to Sri Munshi and his colleagues, the distinguished scholars, who have co-operated in this task that six volumes have been published in the course of the last 17 years. The project was undertaken in 1943, and the First Volume published in 1949, but since then, in the last 12 years, five more volumes have been published. This is very rapid progress indeed considering the nature of the work and the amount of work and consultations involved.

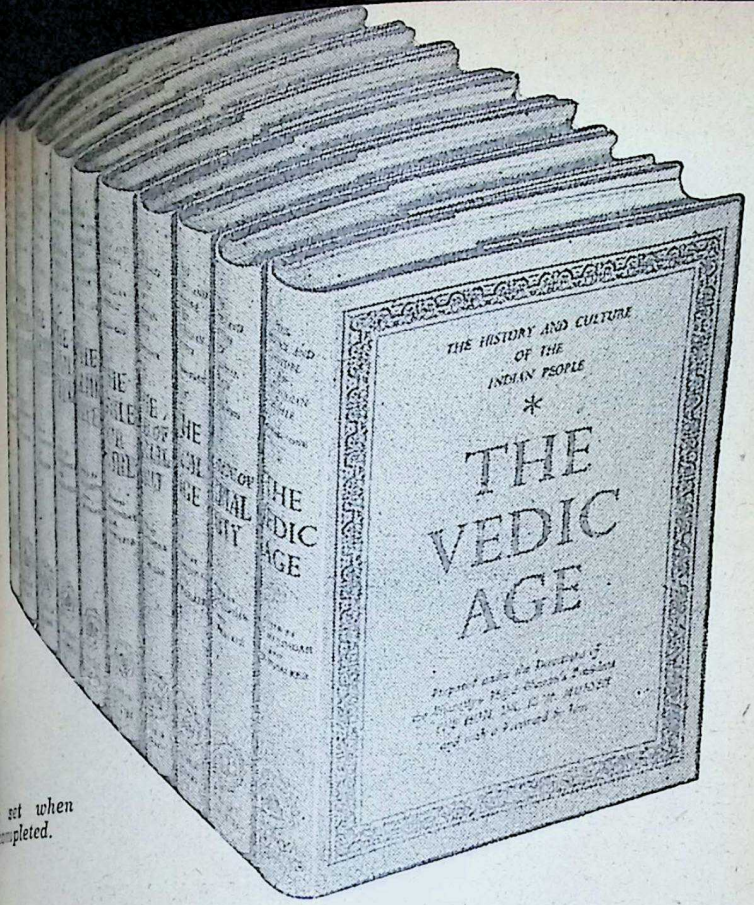
I congratulate the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, I congratulate Sri Munshi, I congratulate Dr. Majumdar, and all those who are co-operating in this truly national venture. For, a history of a people is not only a reflection of the past but also a projection into the

future. What we are today is conditioned by what we have been in the past. If we do not know what we have been in the past, our present orientation may go wrong, and the future then becomes uncertain and dangerous. In history, lack of knowledge can be a real source of danger. Some of our political leaders used to say before India became politically free that Indians 'do not remember their past'. They are a people without history, for, if that remembrance had been there, many of the ills from which we have suffered in the past and the dangers that threaten us today can be avoided.

Indian history is both a challenge and a warning to us. It is a challenge because it is a record of great achievements which we must try to emulate. It is a warning for it can help us to avoid mistakes of the past. There have been two great dangers which in the past have often undermined the prosperity of our people and endangered our future. Whenever we have sought to restrict knowledge, whenever we have tried to deny the inflow of new ideas, new concepts, new techniques and new technologies from the outside world, India has suffered grievously. Throughout her long political history, whenever we have technologically fallen behind, India has suffered. That happened when the Aryans first came here; that happened when the Iranians came to India in the 8th century B.C.; that happened when the Greeks came here in the 3rd century B.C.; that happened when the Sakas and Hunas came here; that happened when the Pathans came here; that happened when the Turks came here; that happened when the Moghuls came here; and that happened when the Europeans came here.

Whenever we have fallen technologically behind and have not cared to keep contact with the great movements of the world, and the great advances in technology elsewhere, India has had to pay grievously. Whenever we have allowed smaller interests, smaller considerations, to overcome the larger interests of the country, the whole nation has suffered and that has happened both in individual lives as well as in national life. Some of you will remember that in the *Mahabharata* towards the end when the power of the Kauravas was completely broken when even Krishna lost his power

Prime Minister Nehru releasing the "Struggle for Empire", Vol. V of the Series at a function in New Delhi



e set when completed.

e asked Krishna, 'Why has all happened?' One of his immediate replied, 'Krishna, you are res- le for it, because some time ago of your followers, Satyaki and , quarrelled and you did not a fair judgment nor did you set- immediately. You sided with the for whom you had a greater per- king and the seeds of destruc- were sown.'

those in power allow personal erations, group considerations, erations of locality, language, , caste or community to inter- with the performance of their duties, then the seeds of disaster in national life are sown. These are the two great lessons in Indian history. Whenever we have fallen behind in technology, we have suffered; whenever we have shut our doors to knowledge from outside, we have suffered; whenever we have allowed sectional interests, or self-consideration to override the demands of justice and fairplay, we have suffered.

Indian history presented in this series seeks to bring the panorama of life, not merely political developments, but the fullness of life which grew in India, not through

centuries but through millennia before us. As such it is again an inspiration, a challenge and warning, a reminder. I congratulate Dr. Munshi and his colleagues for this work of great national importance.

The second book which is being released today brings us back to the basic concern of the modern world—the Essential Unity of all Religions. By religions, we understand different creeds, but religion is that which holds men together. Religion is the submergence of individual interests for the sake of a greater ideal and a greater cause; that is why we may have manifestations of religion in many forms. In India, in the past, there have been religions in which there have been no reference to God at all. There have been religions in which God has been the centre of the religious consciousness and religious experence, but whether there has been a reference to God or not, there has been a binding principle. There has been something which enabled the individual to submerge selfish interests out of loyalty to a greater cause. Dr. Bhagavandas, whom we may call a modern saint, was one of the most learned, one of the most benevolent, one of the most beloved sons of India. Wherever he went, he brought sweetness and light all around him. His company was itself a benediction, and everyone who had the privilege and the good fortune of meeting him could feel an atmosphere of kindness and good influence which permeated the immediate surroundings. He has sought to find what is the essential principle underlying all religions and he has found the unifying principles of love, com-

passion, and understanding of religions.

I think the Bhavan has rendered a great service in bringing before us the classic of modern India and making it available to the public.

The third book which I would also like to make mention is by an American who came and lived in India for a short time. He felt the fundamental identity of human beings, felt that in music there is a language which transcends the differences of words, where feelings find expression in sound, transcending linguistic, national and regional barriers. He has prepared for us a staff notation on Indian music which, I hope, will enable many persons outside India to know something more about Indian music, to play it, to enjoy it and to enter into its spirit —that spirit of liberation or release from the bond of the immediate demands of the individual. The whole world is today becoming a neighbourhood. I would therefore like to avoid the word 'foreign'; nobody is a foreigner in the modern world, it is becoming a neighbourhood although we do not always recognise it, and it is necessary that in this one world we know more about one another as peoples and as individuals.

I believe that an organization like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, in bringing the thought of the world to India and in broadcasting the thought of India to the world, in introducing and re-introducing India to the world and the world to India, is helping the cause of understanding, interpretation and co-operation among peoples. It is thus helping in the creation of the basis on which alone human beings can survive in the modern troubled world.

IN QUEST OF PARIJATA (Contd.)

all about his quest, said: "If half a *yojana* in this direction, notice a temple dedicated to Ganesa. Near it is a divine tank. damsels come there for sport. there unseen. When they dip selves in water, steal the cloth of them and without looking back, into the temple and bolt the Not before extracting a promise the damsel who will be after give you the Parijata flower you return the vest."

Prince accordingly lay in wait divine damsels to appear. When so, they laid aside their clothes tered the pellucid waters for Noiselessly the Prince stole the the leader of the party and walked briskly toward the Vinayaka Temple. But the girl who had noticed him ran after him and uttered the most enticing words to make him look back so that she could curse him to become a stone. But the Prince was too clever for her and so he quietly locked himself inside the temple without looking back at his attractive pursuer.

Finally after extracting a promise from her that she would fetch him the Parijata flower, he returned the vest through a chink in the door. But when he did so, the girl was so fascinated by the Prince's look that she decided to have him all for herself.

[*To be continued*]

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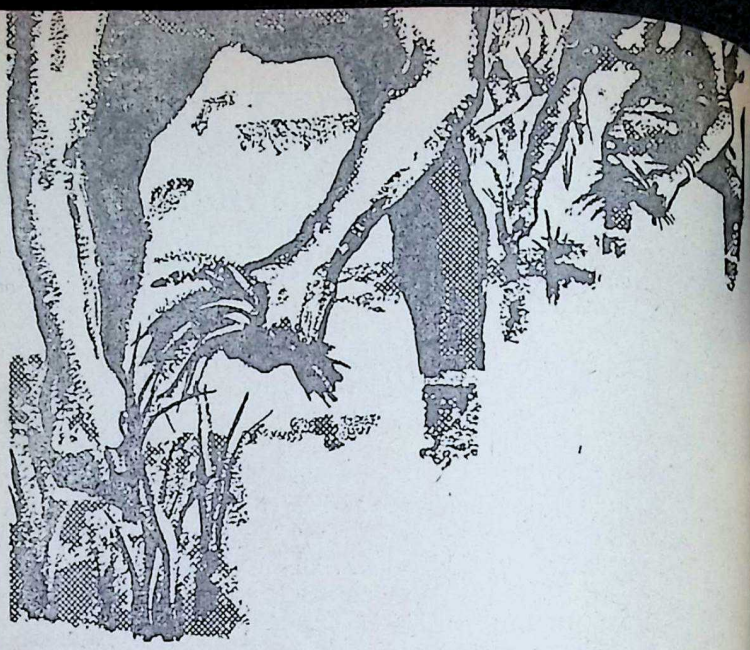

from the seed...

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men of the earth 'drag the sun upon their backs',

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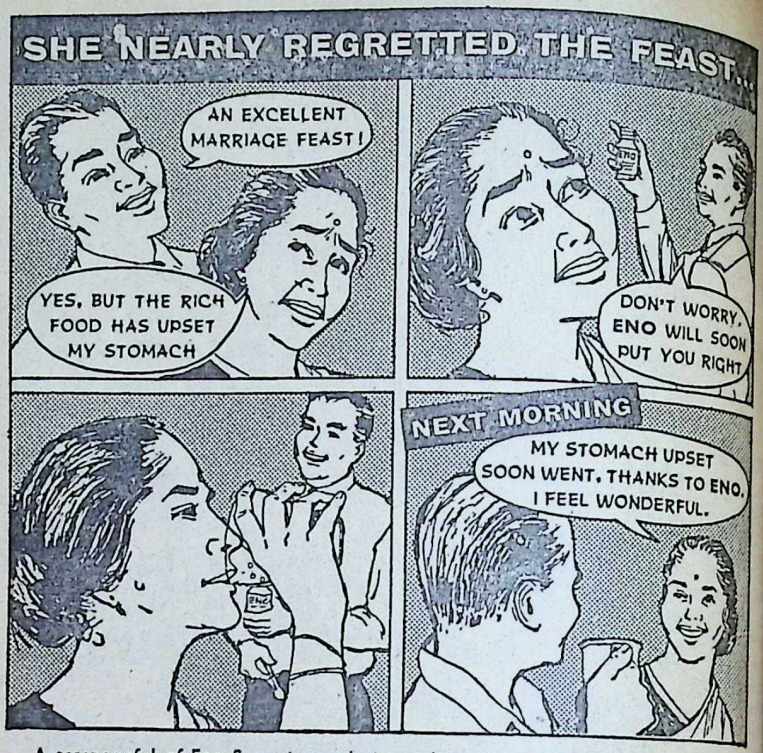
This is a publication of Annamalai University containing the four lectures on Śaiva Siddhānta given at the universities of Allahabad and Banaras by Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam in the Chair under the Tiruppanandal Endowment. It is a happy thought that there should be periodical lectures on Southern Saivism at academic level at two Northern Universities and that these should be arranged by the Annamalai University. The Head of the Tiruppanandal Mutt deserves all praise for this

The form Śaivism known as Śaiva Siddhānta has been for the most part limited to the Tamil speaking world. It is time that it should now be fast gaining recognition as a distinct school of Indian thought through expositions in English and translations of classical works as well. The contention of some scholars is that the Siddhānta is to be traced purely to Tamil sources, and that it has nothing to do with the Vedic books in Sanskrit. Sri K. M. Balasubramaniam rejects this view and maintains that "Saiva Siddhanta is as much a Vedic creed as Advaita or Viśiṣṭādvaita'. After discussing the texts of Śaiva Siddhānta, which are both Vedic and Āgamic, the lecturer deals with the three principles God *(pati)*, soul *(paśu)*, and the bonds *(pāśa)*. Although the lecture is on God, and the other two on soul, the bonds are explained in the second lecture. The treatment of the nature and destiny of the soul is fairly complete.

Sri Balasubramaniam quotes freely from the Siddhānta works, and has succeeded in presenting the system in clear and forceful language. The translation of many of the Sanskrit words is faulty e.g. *sookshma* for *sūkṣma, Gowlar* for *Kaula, Bhattachari* for *Bhātta; saktinipāda* for *śaktinipāta; Panchatshara for Pañcākṣara.*

—*Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan.*

READINGS FROM SANKARA, Part 1. By T. M. P. Mahadevan. Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. Price: Rs. 1.50 nP.



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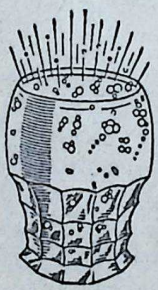

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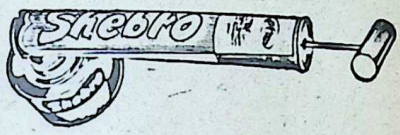

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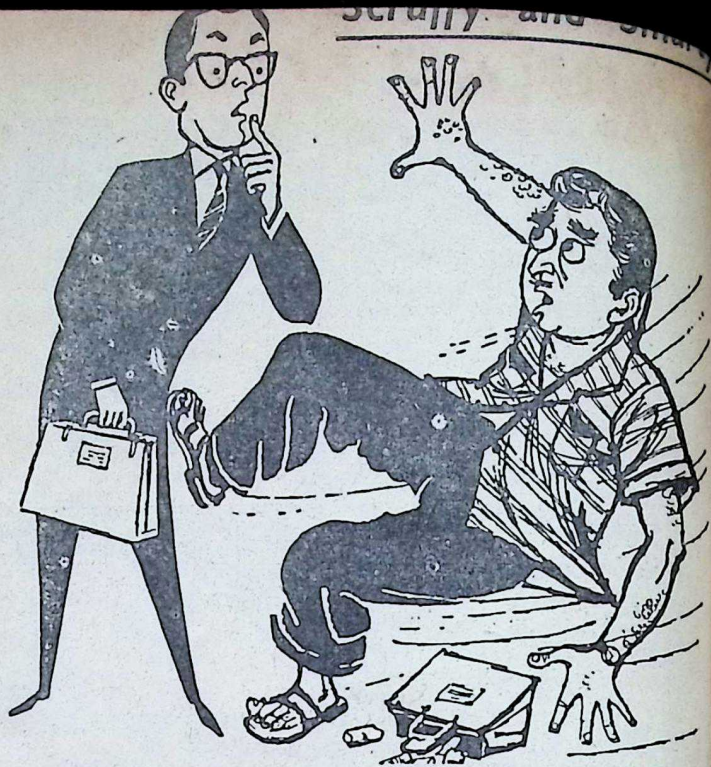

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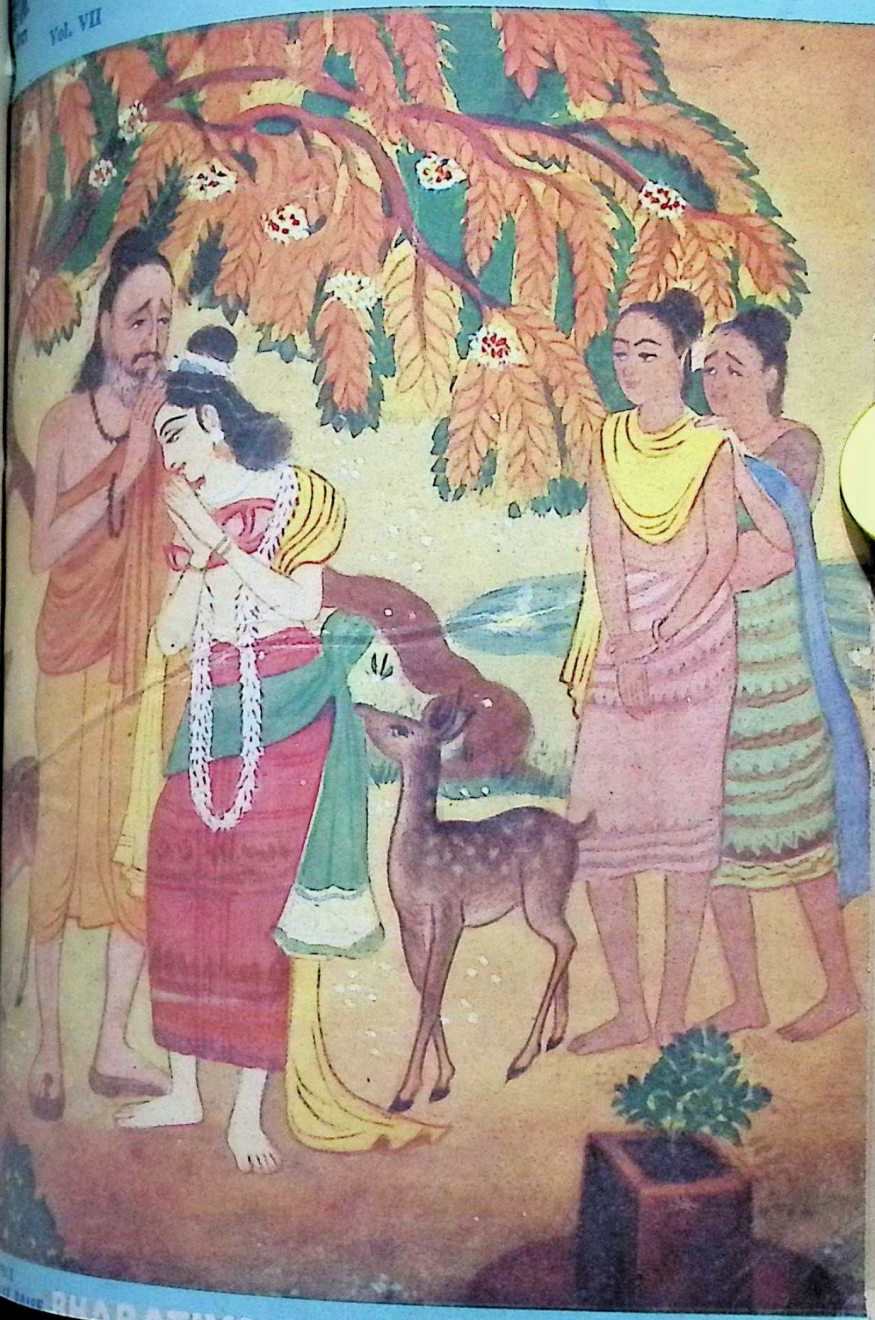

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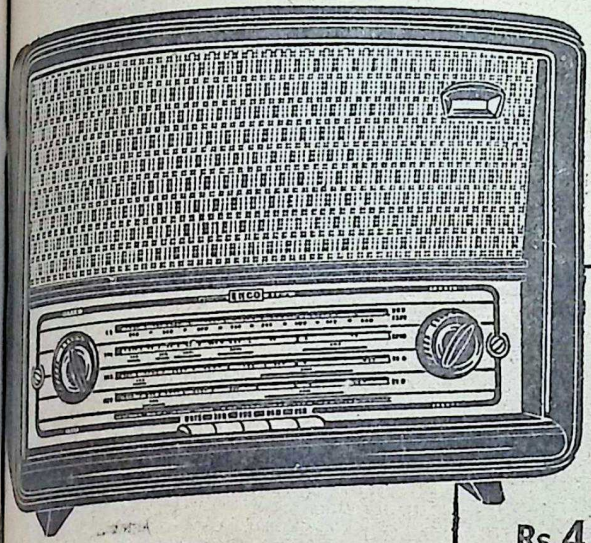

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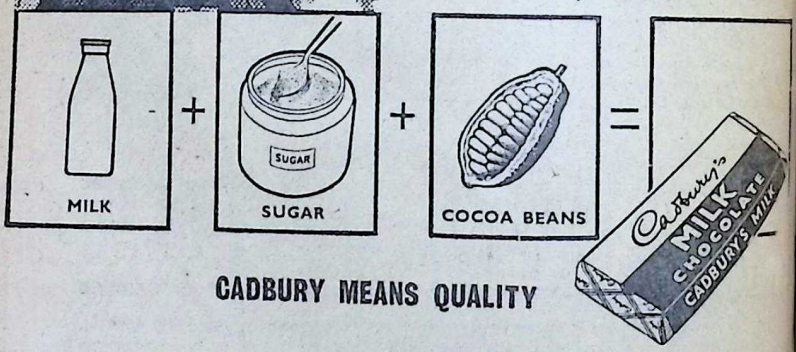

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

NOVEMBER 27, 1960 — No. 9

Vol. VII

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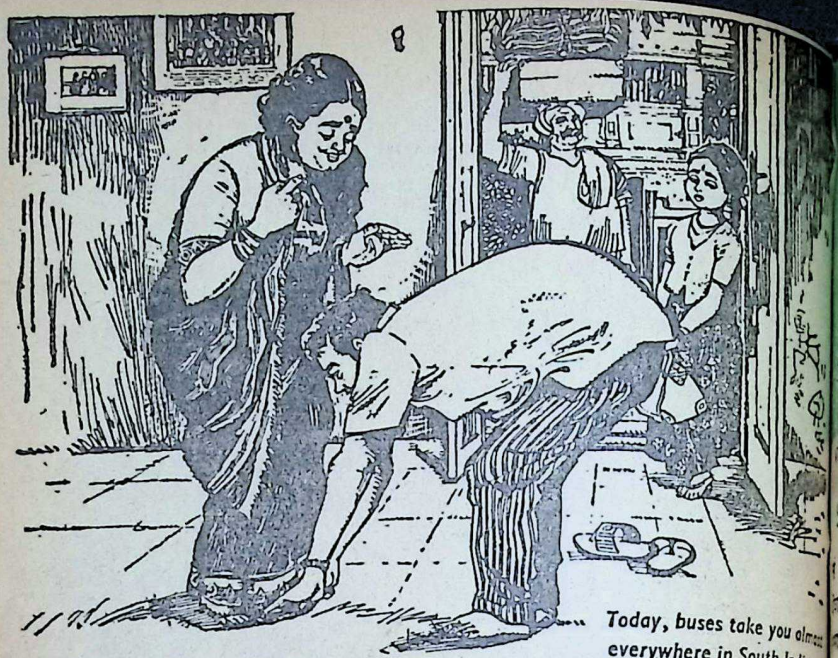

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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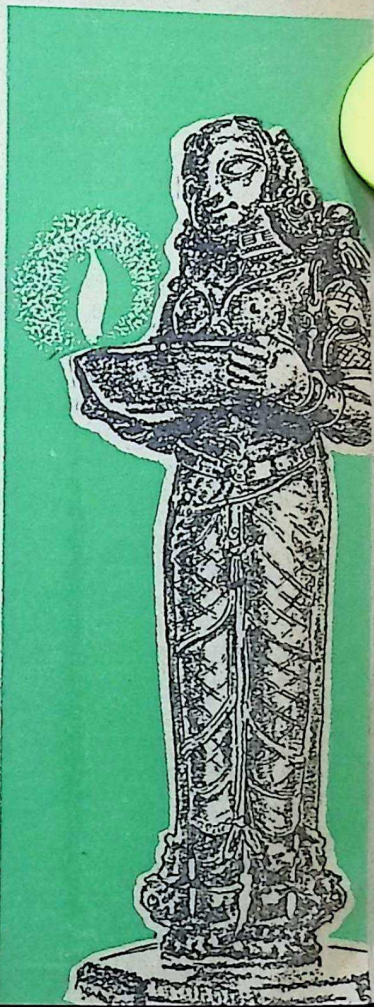
देवा भागं यथापूर्वं संजानाना उपासते ॥
समानो मंत्रः समितिः समानी समानं मनः सहचित्तमेषाम् ।
समानं मन्त्रमभिमन्त्रये वः समानेन वो हविषा जुहोमि ॥
समानी व आकूतिः समाना हृदयानि वः ।
समानमस्तु वो मनो यथा वः सुसहासति ॥

Assemble; speak with one another;
Let your minds be of one accord.
As ancient Gods unanimous enjoy their due portions.
May your aim be common,
your assembly common;
Common the mind, and the thoughts of these united.
A common purpose do I lay before you;
and worship with your common oblation.
Common be your aim, and your hearts united;
Your mind be one so that all may happily live together.

—Rigveda.



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 219

★ *NEW NATIONALISM (1907)* ★ *THE SURAT CONGRESS*
★ *ITS BREAK UP*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
NOVEMBER 27, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I RESUME the story of my experiences in 1907-8.

The year 1906 was a period of great significance for some of us, who were deeply moved by the political events in the country. For your benefit, I shall try to recapitulate some of the events after extricating them from the fabric of romance which I had woven round them for my novel *Swapna Drista* (The Dreamer) written in the twenties.

In 1904, the Japanese victory over Russia gave birth to the slogan 'Asia for the Asiatics' and strengthened the growing sentiment of Indian nationalism. The agitation in connection with the partition of Bengal also created a stir in the placid flow of Indian life. The feelings roused by these events climaxed in 1906 and 1907.

The achievements of the partition of Bengal may best be described in the words of Sri Aurobindo:

"Ever since the Partition day, India has pressed on this path: the boycott of foreign goods, the return of the weaver to his loom, the dissociation of the people from the government, the strikes, the deluge of meetings all over the land, the insulting of the National Leaders, the breaking up of the Barisal Conference, the dismissal of Fuller, the appointment of Hare, the persecution of the boys, the dismissal of the school masters who loved liberty more than money, the foundation of the National Council of Education, of National Schools, the institution of technical education, the insolvency of dealers in Bideshi goods, the social excommunication of anti-boycotters, the unbidden repetitions of the Rakhi-day fast, the passing of the Swadeshi resolution by the Congress, the prosecution of the Punjabee, the Rawalpindi riot, the Mahomedan rowdyism in East Bengal, the loan to Salimullah, Newmania, the changed and respectful attitude of Anglo-Indians towards Indians, the deportation of Lajpat and Ajit Singh, the proclamation, the unmasking of English liberalism, the

awakening of Madras, the prosecutions at Rajmundri and Coconada, the continuing prosecutions in the Punjab and Bengal, the admission by the Times of the success of the Boycott, the throwing of 100,000 English labourers out of employment and the necessity of finding overstocked markets, are some of the landmarks of the country's progress."

o o o

Few people can realise now what stirring times we passed through then. In September 1906, a ceremonial *rakhi* was performed on Surendranath Banerjea, the great leader of Bengal; the politically-minded stu-world took it for granted that he had been crowned the King of India and that the British were in the process of being driven out. In December 1906, Dadabhai Naoroji, in his presidential address at the Congress held in Calcutta, gave to the country the message of Swaraj.

In Lahore, the editor of *Punjabi* was sentenced for sedition; on his way to the jail he was greeted by the people by shouts of victory and garlands; it was a new way of boldly challenging the government authorities which soon became very popular. Sardar Ajit Singh in Rawalpindi and Lala Lajpatrai in Lahore carried on an intensive campaign against the British. This added validity to the rumour that in the year 1907, it being the 50th anniversary of the Great Mutiny of 1857, the war of freedom was predestined to begin.

Some of us in the Baroda College were very much excited over these events. We kept in touch with the Bengali newspapers, *Amrit Bazar Patrika* and particularly Sri Aurobindo's *Bande Mataram*. We felt that a new dawn had risen.

On May 6, 1907, the then Government of India passed an order prohibiting students from taking part in politics in several parts of India. On May 9, Lala Lajpatrai and Sardar Ajit Singh were deported. On May 11, the holding of meetings was banned in Bengal and the Punjab. In September, Bipin Chandra Pal was arrested. In the same month our ex-professor, Aravind Ghosh,—not Sri Aurobindo yet—already enjoying the reputation of a prophet of nationalism and a *yogi*, was acquitted in a conspiracy case. About this time Keir Hardie, one of the founders of the labour movement in England, and Nevinson came to India to study the political situation.

Excitement grew intense when, on November 1, the law prohibiting seditious meetings was passed. John Morley, the Secretary of State of India, who was very much admired by the intellectuals in India, added fuel to the fire by expressing the opinion that the Canadian type of self-rule did not suit India. National leaders came to be divided into two camps. Those with a forward outlook were dubbed 'Extremists', who ridiculed the others by calling them 'Moderates'.

o o o

The Congress was scheduled to be held in December 1907 at Nagpur where Khaparde, Lokmanya Tilak's great friend, led the Provincial Congress. Sir Pherozshah Mehta, who dominated the Congress then, was

Lokamanya Tilak *Khaparde* *Aravind Ghosh* *Motilal Ghose*

known to be in disagreement with Lokmanya Tilak on most political matters. In Calcutta, sharp differences also arose between Surendranath Banerjea and Bipin Chandra Pal who had worked so far together in the partition agitation.

Pal was ably seconded by Aravind Ghosh, who blazed a new trail in his bi-weekly *Bande Mataram*. His pen was inspiring, impassioned and vitriolic as the occasion demanded. He ridiculed the statesmanship of the Moderates; bitterly attacked their faith in the British. He advocated complete non-cooperation with the Government; preached boycott of British institutions; urged the building up of popular power and called for martyrdom.

Sir Pherozshah Mehta, who had so far swayed the fortunes of the Congress with supreme authority, did not want the Congress to slip into the hands of the Extremists. In December 1906, Dadabhai Naoroji, with difficulty, had patched up the differences between the two camps at the Calcutta Congress. But they had fallen apart again in the course of the year.

In December 1907, the Congre session was to be held at Nagpur. Th Moderates feared, and not withou reason, that if it was held in Nagpu it would be taken over by the Extre mists. Pherozshah, therefore, decide to change the venue of the Congre from Nagpur to Surat. Gopal Krish Gokhale, then at the height of h popularity, was asked to go to Sura and rouse the citizens to political en thusiasm. Tribhovandas Malvi, a so licitor and not at all a politician, ac cepted the Chairmanship of the Re ception Committee under the order of Pherozshah. Dr. Rash Behar Ghosh was invited to preside over th session.

This change of venue led to a fu rious uproar in the Extremists' circle in Poona, Nagpur and Calcutta. Ara vind Babu's writings in the *Band Mataram* on that occasion wer masterpieces of denunciatory journa lism; there was scarcely any missile i journalistic armoury which he did no use with ruthless accuracy. Article skits, anecdotes, plays and poem poured forth from his pen depicting Pherozshah as the villain of the piece

Pherozshah Mehta *Gokhale* *Surendranath Banerjea*

Lajpatrai

One of the leading articles referring to Pherozshah, I remember, was entitled: 'Every dog is a lion in his own lane'.

The people of Surat, in spite of their reputation of being always engaged in quarrelling life, began to revel in politics and were soon split into two camps—Extremists and Moderates, *Lal* and *Mawal*. Excitement ran high in several homes. Brothers quarrelled with brothers, fathers with sons, on the burning topic of the day. The Extremists made ribald fun of every little peculiarity of Pherozshah, from his dyed whiskers to his polished shoes.

I was an ardent Aravindite and was one of the group of young men who worked as volunteers in the Extremist camp at Haripura. This narrative of mine is, therefore, based partly on what I saw and partly on what was told in our circle, some members of which had attached themselves to the Extremist leaders as personal attendants.

In the Extremist camp, every day, Lajpatrai, Ajit Singh, Tilak, Khaparde and Aravind addressed endless meetings. Lajpatrai spoke quietly. Ajit Singh was always excited. Tilak excelled in satire. Khaparde illustrated his point of view with little stories, many of which bordered on the obscene. Aravind spoke with a prophetic self-assurance. I remember a big meeting in Balaji's Chakla, where Aravind made people shed tears when speaking about the partition of Bengal; he appealed with deadly sincerity to the people of India not to make Bengalis foreigners in their own land. The excitement was heightened by the news that terrorists in Bengal had shot down the Collector of Dacca.

On December 24, negotiations between the Extremists and the Moderates fell through. Sir Pherozshah got Gokhale to modify all the resolutions about Swaraj, Swadeshi, Boycott and National Education which had been passed at the Calcutta Congress of 1906.

Sir Pherozshah was the butt of ridicule, rather in bad taste, in our camp. He was reported to have stated: 'I do not understand what is meant by national education'. One of the delegates retorted: 'What does the prince of beggars know about educa-

Madan Mohan Malaviya

Dadabhai Naoroji

Rash Behari Ghosh

Motilal Neh

tion?' This had reference to the current fashion in the Extremists' camp to term Moderates as 'beggars' of Britain. Someone said that Pherozshah was against boycott. A delegate retorted: "Yes, if there was a boycott of British goods in the country, how could he get his turban polished?'

Sir Pherozshah, however, was a courageous man and did not want to show any quarters to the Extremists on a question of principle. He refused to carry on any negotiations with them; everything, he said, would be discussed in the Subjects Committee and settled in a constitutional manner.

●●●

On December 25, Rash Behari Ghosh arrived at Surat in a Congress Special accompanied by Surendranath Banerjea, Motilal Ghose of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, Pandit Motilal Nehru, Dr. Rutherford and Nevinson.

When the Extremists' camp received the news that Pherozshah wanted no compromise, Tilak was very unhappy. Lajpatrai went from one camp to another, trying to bring about a compromise. Aravind alone was cool and detached.

Tilak, Motilal Ghose and Kha parde drove to Surendranath Baner in the morning. One or two of o friends were sitting on the coach b beside the driver of the carriage. Fro what we could gather, Surendrana was agreeable to retain the four reso tions as they had been accepted by t Calcutta Congress. If that was don the Extremist leaders were also wi ing to accept Dr. Rash Behari Gho as the president. Surendranath, how ever, sent them to Tribhovardas Malvi, the Chairman of the Recep tion Committee.

The leaders went to Malvi's place he was said to be a man who cou handle anything. But in fact he wou do nothing without Pherozshah's per mission. The leaders were told a Malvi's house that he was sitting i *puja* and could not be disturbed. S they returned empty-handed.

The gates of the Congress opened at 12 noon. Congress sessions in tho days were characterised by wild en thusiasm, indiscriminately selected de legations and chaotic arrangement Khaparde had brought quite a few people from Nagpur; one of them, was said, was a barber by professio

made good money by dressing the of other delegates.

The audience ranged from 7,000 to people, a very large one for days when there were no loud-kers. In the *pandal* groups shouted another. *Bande Mataram* was common slogan. Delegates from and Nagpur shouted 'Shivaji Ki Jai'.

When the Extremist leaders arrived, of victory rent the air. Tilak, Motilal Ghose and Ara-rde, came together. We shouted *Bande* vociferously. The Moderate shouted 'Shame, Shame'.

the meantime, Lajpatrai, when he the *pandal*, was not recognised volunteers in charge and had to over to the Extremist sector by under a rope. Then he was re-ed. All the delegates stood up, on their chairs and shouted Ki Jai'. His recent deportation made him the most popular figure country.

Silence was restored with great diffi-. The president, Rash Behari h—not a very impressive figure—accompanied by Pherozshah shining turban and majestic ers, Surendranath with his fine and black, old-styled *jabbha*, le and Setalvad in their charac-turbans, one of Poona style and other that of Broach; Madan Malaviya in white dress, tur-and scarf; Motilal Nehru in his ate European dress. For minutes, the *pandal* rang with of 'Rash Behari Ghosh ki Jai'. began, interrupted by out-of slogans from one corner or other. Somebody would shout: 'Sit down'; others would shout, 'Listen'; some would say: 'Be quiet'.

Lajpatrai came to ask Tilak to inquire whether they had received the draft of the resolutions which Surendranath had said would be acceptable to the Extremist leaders. He replied that he had not received them. Our group as self-appointed attendants of the leaders was seated in the same sector, one or two rows behind them and we craned our necks to find out what was happening.

Volunteers came to our sector and asked Tilak and Lajpatrai to come to the platform. Tilak shook his head: 'I would sit here'. Lajpatrai also would not go to the platform. About that time, Tilak received the copies of the draft resolutions. He was heard to utter the word 'betrayed'.

●●●

D.B. Ambalal Sakarlal, the leader from Gujarat, proposed Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh to the presidentship. It was a signal for uproar from different parts of the *pandal*. Shouts of 'Yes, yes', 'No, no', 'Shame, shame,' were heard.

Then Surendranath stood up to second the resolution. He had always been the idol of the Congress, its finest orator, whose leadership of the Anti-partition movement had given him a countrywide popularity. He stood on the rostrum, threw his head back and expected cheers as usual. There were cheers no doubt, but there were rival shouts also. 'No, Dr. Ghosh', 'Sit down'; 'Order, order', 'Remember Midnapur', shouted some Bengalis; that was because Surendranath was alleged to have called in the assistance

of a Superintendent of Police to deal with young enthusiasts in Midnapur.

'I have great pleasure....', rang out the sonorous voice of Surendranath.

Part of the audience responded by shouting: 'Sit down', 'Sit down', 'Down with Dr. Ghosh', 'Shivaji Maharaj Ki Jai', 'Bande Mataram', 'Shame, shame'.

'.... in seconding the resolution moved by my friend Diwan Bahadur Ambalal Sakarlal....', Surendranath continued.

The volunteers ran here and there, asking the audience to keep quiet.

'.... proposing Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh....'

'No, no', shouted the Extremist sections. 'Yes, yes', shouted the other ones. 'Sit down, sit down', 'No, no', 'Down with Surendranath', 'Bande Mataram', 'Down with Tilak'.

Malvi, the Chairman of the Reception Committee, rang the bell to maintain order. Thousands of people laughed outright.

Surendranath raised his voice: 'Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh....'. Again there were shouts—'No, no', 'Yes, yes', 'Sit down'.

'I will be heard', shouted Surendranath, his stentorian voice rising above the din. 'I will be heard'.

Khaparde turned to Tilak and whispered, 'It is going on very well'.

Surendranath jumped on the table: 'Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh....'. Shouts of 'No, no' continued.

Malvi rang the bell—once, twice, thrice, but the audience would not be brought to order. He turned to Pherozshah for consultation and suspended the sessions.

Surendranath got down from the table. He was reported to have murmured something about 'an insult to Bengal'.

Aravind turned to Tilak and said: 'Mr. Tilak, you had no confidence so far. But this is the nation. Look at it. From today it is the only power in India'.

The bone of contention between the Extremists and the Moderates was the principle involved in the draft resolution on boycott passed at the Calcutta Congress in 1906. Pherozshah wanted to modify the resolution by restricting it to 'boycott of foreign goods' only. The value attached to boycott by the Extremist leaders, and particularly by Aravind, was much more comprehensive. In the *Bande Mataram* of July 15, 1907, he had raised it to the level of a fundamental principle of the national struggle:

> "The unpremeditated and spontaneous declaration of the Boycott was the declaration of the country's recovery to life from its death swoon of centuries, of her determination to live her own life—not for a master, but for herself and for the world. All was changed. Patriotism, the half-understood catchword of platform oratory, passed out of its confinement into the heart of the people,—the priest and the prince and the peasant alike—giving to each that power of sacrifice which has now translated itself according to the confessions of the *Times* into the concrete fact of 42 million yards less of English cotton goods.

Negotiators went to and fro between the camps. Tilak, the leader of the Extremists, was firm now. Un-

word 'boycott' was retained in the resolution unqualified as it was the Calcutta Resolution, he was to move an amendment pro- Lajpatrai to the presidentship. ings stood, Lajpatrai was the hero day and was likely to be elected. The Congress met again on the next the 27th. The leaders came one the other and were welcomed shouts of 'Jaya Jaya'. Many thought that some settlement been arrived at.

After the prayers were sung, Tilak a note to Malvi. Malvi read it and it to Pherozshah. Pherozshah ed it to Gokhale.

Resuming the proceedings of the ous day, Surendranath jumped on able and continued his interrupted in support of the proposal to Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh as the ent. He slowly gained control the audience. Soon everything be- quiet. His rhetorical sentences received with applause. When he , he received a tremendous ova-

Pandit Motilal Nehru stood up port the resolution. His voice low and his speech short. Then ovandas Malvi rose to put the posal to the vote.

Tilak got up from the chair and up to the platform. Evidently, was very excited. He was handling turban and scarf in an agitated ner.

Two volunteers came forward to him from going to the platform. volunteers from our camp who accompanied Tilak, pushed them . For a moment the assembly was

Malvi, in a hoarse voice, asked Tilak as to what the matter was. Dr. Ghosh, who had risen from his seat to occupy the presidential chair, stopped where he was.

'I have given notice of an adjournment to the motion', said Tilak.

'You cannot do it, you are out of order', said Malvi.

'I want to move an amendment to the motion for electing Dr. Ghosh as the president.'

'Well, I am elected. You are out of order', said Dr. Ghosh.

'You are not elected the president yet', said Tilak.

Suddenly chaos was over the *pandal*. Every one stood up. Whoever could, stood on his chair. Every one shouted against everybody else.

Dr. Ghosh stood on the table and rang the bell to restore order. Some volunteers rushed to the platform—'Down with Tilak', 'Order, order', 'You must obey the chair'. There were counter-slogans 'Down with the platform'.

Gokhale sprang up from his chair and stood between Tilak and the President, with his arm spread out.

'Do your worst. I am here to move the amendment and move it, I will," said Tilak.

The audience lost all sense of decorum. There were scuffles all over the *pandal*. Chairs were thrown by one group against the other. The rope barriers which separated one section from another were pulled away or cut. The visitors at the farthest end of the *pandal* rushed forward. The Nagpur and Maharashtra groups also rushed forward, fearing that Tilak might be manhandled. Everyone was rushing to

the platform.

In the meantime, from the section where we were seated, a Marathi shoe was flung at the platform. It hit Pherozshah and ricochetting, hit Surendranath.

Volunteers rushed to the platform. Tilak was surrounded by volunteers of the Extremists' camp.

The Moderate leaders, surrounded by the volunteers of the Congress, left by the rear door. The police occupied the *pandal*.

Everyone was shouting 'Tilak Maharaj Ki Jai', 'Down with Rash Behari Ghosh', 'Down with Tilak,' 'Rash Behari Ghosh Ki Jai'.

Surendranath held up the Marathi shoe and shouted: 'Reward for forty years of public service', and left.

In the general rush to the platform I had been carried there and was standing on the table with quite a few dozen others when it crashed.

The next day the Congress was converted into a Convention by the Moderates and only those delegates who signed an appropriate pledge were admitted. For some years the Extremists went into wilderness.

In January 1908, Aravind Ba[illegible] came to Bombay to accept a recep[illegible]tion. I must have recorded somewhat the substance of the words he used for I quoted them in my novel.

He said: 'Nationalism comes from God. Nationalism will never die. Bengalis are all inspired by God. You cannot destroy it. You cannot send to jail. For, were nationalism only a political move, it is an extended form of selfishness'.

Thus ended an epoch-making event in the history of modern nationalism in India.

Yours sincerely,

Kanaiyalal Munshi

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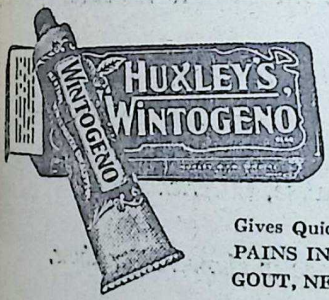

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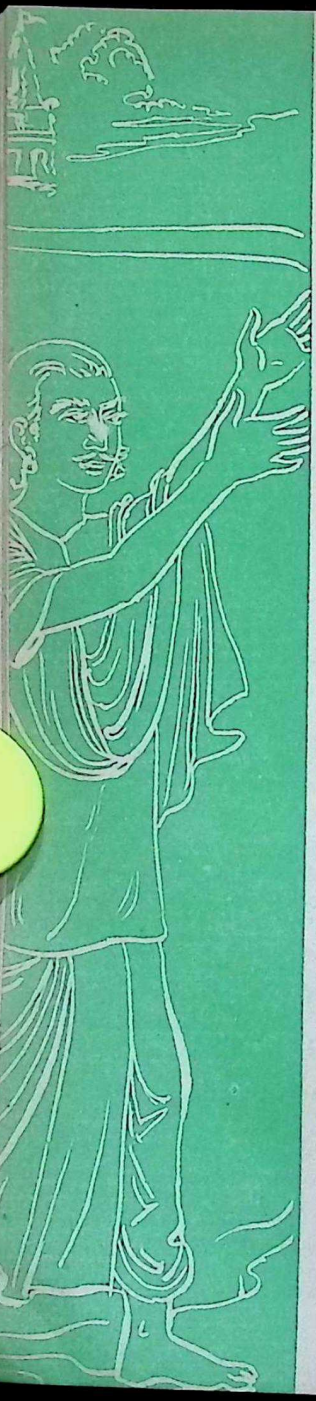


Cherish Undivided Love for God

Bilwamangal

O Gopal Incomprehensive are Thy ways-

Thou mixeth with the dusty cowherds,

But avoideth visiting the holy tapasvi *Brahmans.*

Thou respondeth to the call of the cowherd lads

While sitting mute when the pandits sing Thy praises,

And call upon Thee.

Thou playeth the slave to the lasses of Gokul,

While refusing to accept suzerainty over the hearts of the yogis.

Now do I realise, O Krishna!

That Thy grace is showered on those,

As Thy feet move towards those

Who cherish undivided love for Thee.

Comforter of the Helpless

Vidyapati

ing Thee, Madhava—holding the Tulsi leaves
in my mouth—pray, do not forsake me.

have surrendered my all to Thee—reject me not;

True, I have no virtues to my credit

Thou art my Lord—for I am of the world of
which Thou art the Master.

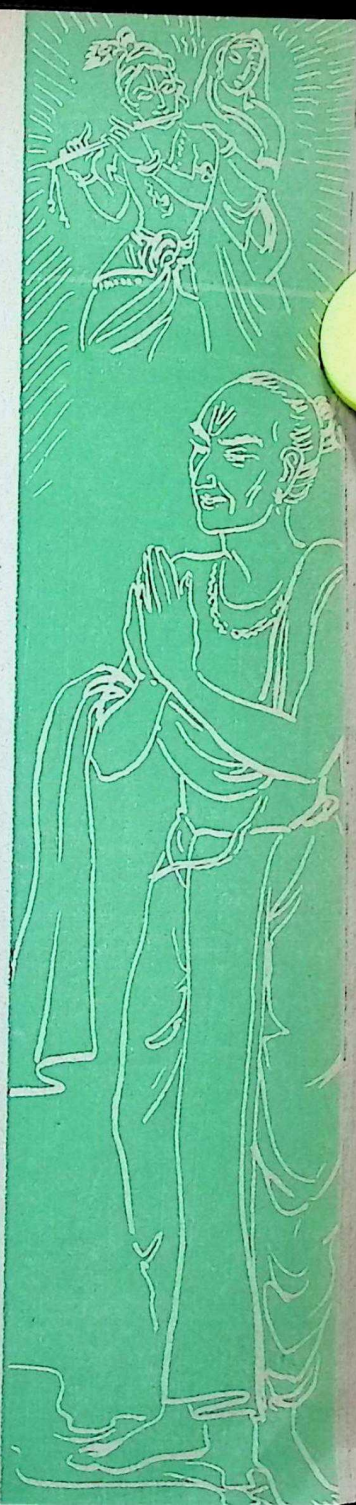
pray only to Thee—no matter in what species of
ation I am born—be it bird, beast or insect—

et not my yearning and love for Thee ever
abate, let my mind be fixed in Thee.

Comforter of the helpless! I pray Thee, extend

Thy Lotus Feet so that making a canoe thereof

may cross the turbulent waters of the cycle of
Rebirth.



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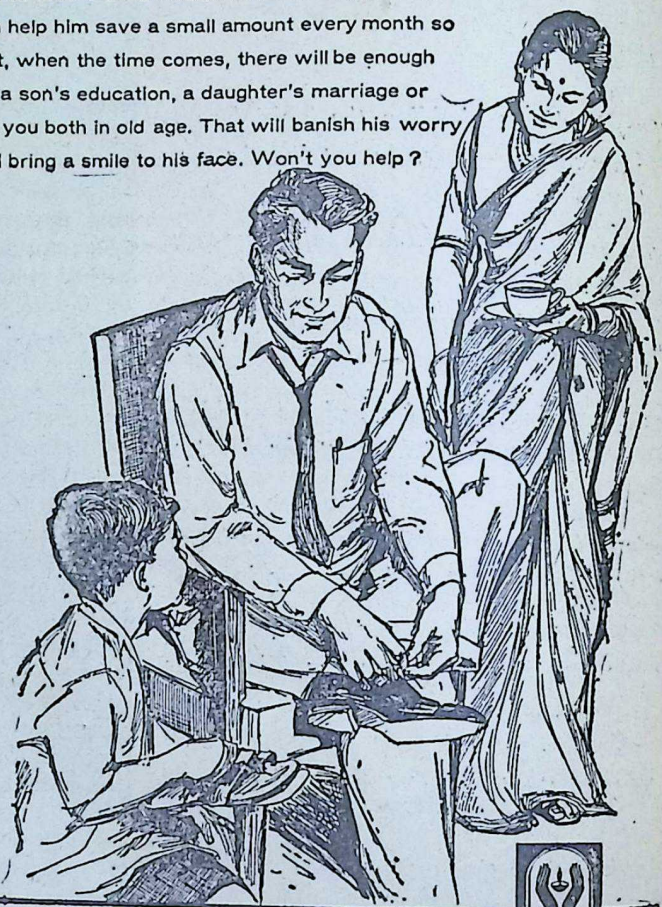

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SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE

SRI AUROBINDO

N the West where the syncretic tendency of the consciousness was replaced by the analytic separative, the spiritual urge and intellectual reason parted com- almost at the outset; philosophy from the first a turn towards a intellectual and ratiocinative tion of things.

Nevertheless, there were systems the Pythagorean, Stoic and Epi- which were dynamic not only thought but for conduct of life developed a discipline, an effort perfection of the being; this ed a higher spiritual plane of ledge in later Christian or Neo- thought-structures where East West met together.

But later on the intellectualisation complete and the connection philosophy with life and its ener- or spirit and its dynamism was cut or confined to the little that metaphysical idea can impress on and action by an abstract and ary influence.

Religion has supported itself in the not by philosophy but by a credal ; sometimes a spiritual phi- emerges by sheer force of in- genius, but it has not been as in the East a necessary adjunct to every considerable line of spiritual experience and endeavour.

It is true that a philosophic development of spiritual thought is not entirely indispensable; for the truths of spirit can be reached more directly and completely by intuition and by a concrete inner contact.

It must also be said that the critical control of the intellect over spiritual experience can be hampering and unreliable, for it is an inferior light turned upon a field of higher illumination; the true controlling power is an inner discrimination, a psychic sense and tact, a superior intervention of guidance from above or an innate and luminous inner guidance.

But still this line of development too is necessary, because there must be a bridge between the spirit and the intellectual reason: the light of a spiritual or at least a spiritualised intelligence is necessary for the fullness of our total inner evolution, and without it, if another deeper guidance is lacking, the inner movement may be erratic and undisciplined, turbid and mixed with unspiritual elements or one-sided or incomplete in its catholicity.

[Courtesy: *Sri Aurobindo Ashram.*]

SCIENCE and RELIGIO

Swami Rajeswarananda

SCIENCE is a trained and organised common sense. It is but a map of universal laws. Well digested, science is good sense and reason.

Science is a statement of facts as found out, now and then. It corrects the old time-worn creeds. It puts aside man's infantile catchisms. Science necessitates a faith to be pinned in the discoveries it discloses.

Science cannot determine origin or end. It presents a sectional creation, and a sectional view of everything in creation. Human science is thus an uncertain guess.

But without science one cannot understand current events. That does not necessarily mean that science is a boon to mankind. And science should not become a comfortable nineteenth century delusion.

Can science, as practised at present, do anything to make the world a better and happier place to live in?

Physical science reads through its sense of touch like a blind man. As such, man cannot adopt the very poor philosophies it constructs. Whereas in philosophy it is reasonable for science to cease reasoning on things above reason.

As true spiritual knowledge advances, neither science scoffs at religion nor religion frowns at science.

Science is not the enemy of the religion proper, though it may be the antagonist of school-divinity.

> **Religious belief is, even more than scientific propositions, subject to relativity. The religious man, like the man of science, should be aware that the best statement he can make to himself is nothing more than a very inadequate symbol of ultimate reality.**
>
> —Prof. C. H. Dodd

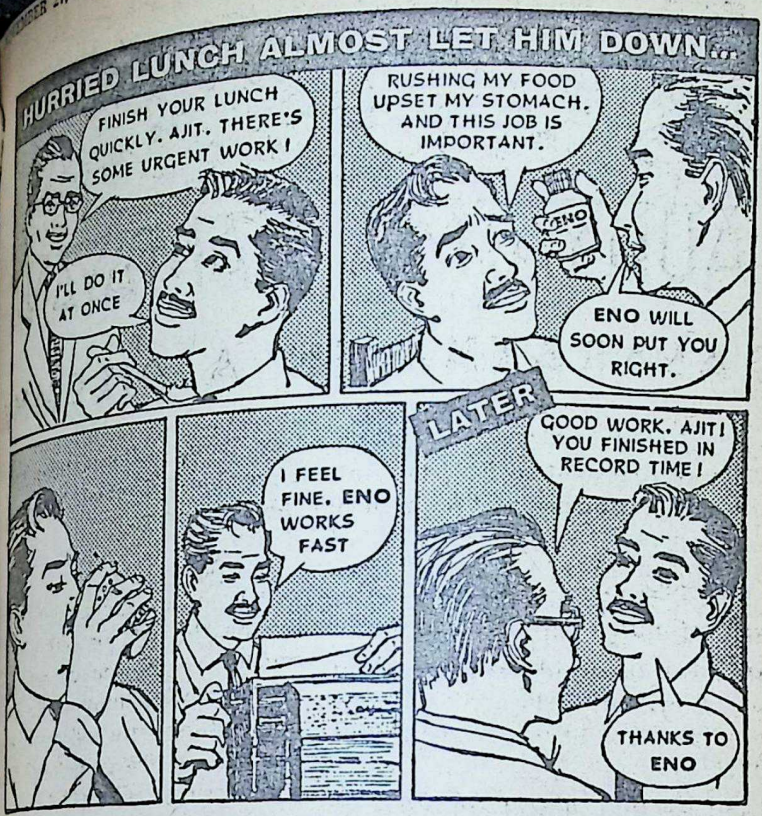
Science and religion can dwell together in unity and good-will. They will have to mutually illustrate and demonstrate the wisdom, power and grace of the Almighty.

Science should adorn and enrich religion and religion should ennoble and sanctify science.

Science is a heap of facts and figures minus spirituality. The one very young in science and the one very ignorant in religion, both of them miss the truth, the true end and aim in life.

Science is a retail dealer and religion is a wholesale dealer. Science walks zig-zag by night and religion walks upright by day-light.

Revelation of religion reveals the Divinity that is behind and beyond and within the chaos of scientific investigations and proves a wonderful stimulus to science attempting to penetrate into the regions of the unknown.



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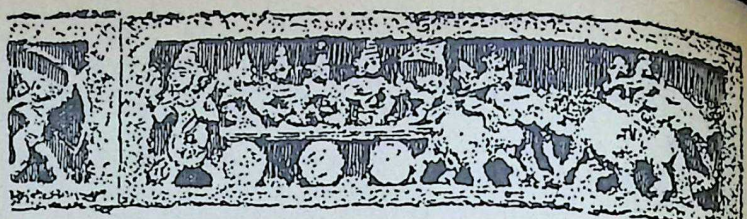

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

DASARATHA IN A DILEMMA

Having ordered everything for Rama's Coronation, King Dasaratha went to Kaikeyi's abode in a joyful mood. Not seeing her there to receive him as usual, he felt sorry.

पप्रच्छ दासीनिकरं कुतो वः स्वामिनी शुभा।
नायाति मां यथापूर्वं मत्प्रिया प्रियदर्शना॥

He asked the maid-servants: "Why has Kaikeyi, my beloved, and your queen, not come to receive me as her wont?"

ता ऊचुः क्रोधभवनं प्रविष्टा नैव विद्महे।
कारणं देव तत्र त्वं गत्वा निश्चेतुमर्हसि।

"O King! She is in the 'anger-room'. We do not know the reason. O, Lord, you better go and ascertain it for yourself."

इत्युक्तो भयसंत्रस्तः राजा तस्याः समीपगः।
उपविश्य शनैर्देहं स्पृशन्वै पाणिनाऽब्रवीत॥
किं शेषे वसुधापृष्ठे पर्यंकादीन्विहाय च॥
मां त्वं खेदयसे भीरु यतो मां नावभाषसे॥
अलंकारं परित्यज्य भूमौ मलिनवाससा॥
किमर्थं ब्रूहि सकलं विधास्ये तव वाञ्छितम्॥

Trembling with fear, the King approached Kaikeyi and sitting by her side patted her affectionately and said to her: "O timid woman! Why do you lie on the ground instead of reclining on the sofa or cot? It gives me so much pain as you do not speak to me. Throwing away all the jewellery and putting on a soiled sari, why do you lie on the bare floor? Tell me your desire, I will fulfil it.

को वा तवाहितं कर्ता नारीवा पुरुषोऽपि वा।
स मे दण्ड्यश्च वध्यश्च भविष्यति न संशयः॥

"Who is that person, man or woman, who has displeased you? He shall be punished or killed. There is no doubt about it.

ब्रूहि देवि यथा प्रीतिः तदवश्यं ममाग्रतः।
तदिदानीं साधयिष्ये सुदुर्लभमपि क्षणात्॥

However difficult of attainment the matter may be, I shall accomplish it at once.

जानासि त्वं मम स्वान्तं प्रियं मां स्ववशेस्थितम्।
तथापि मां खेदयसे वृथा तव परिश्रमः॥

"You knoweth my heart, I am at

...back and call and yet, why do
...worry me?

...कं धनिनं कुर्यां दरिद्रं ते प्रियंकरम् ।
...मपमात्रेण निर्धनं च तथाहितम् ॥

...Please tell me, which pauper of
...choise should be elevated to
...ny and which prosperous noble
...has incurred your displeasure be
...ed to poverty.

...कं वा वधिष्यामि वधार्हो वा विमोक्ष्यते ।
...बहुनोक्तेन प्राणान्दास्यामि ते प्रिये ॥

...Tell me, whom you want to be
...ted or which condemned man
...be granted life. In short, my
..., I am prepared to give my life
...your pleasure.

...प्राणाप्रियतरः रामो राजीवलोचनः ।
...रि शपे ब्रूहि त्वद्धितं तत्करोम्यहम ॥

"You know that Rama is dearer to me than my life. I swear by Rama that I will fulfil your desire. Only tell me."

इति ब्रुवाणं राजानं शपन्तं राघवोपरि ।
शनैर्विमृज्य नेत्रे सा राजानं प्रत्यभाषत ॥

When the King had sworn by Rama, Kaikeyi, wiping her tears, gently spoke to the King:

यदि सत्यप्रतिज्ञोऽसि शपथं कुरुषे यदि ।
वाच्ञां मे सफलां कर्तुं शीघ्रमेव त्वमर्हसि ॥

"If you keep your promise, if you swear by Rama, then you must fulfil my request without any delay.

पूर्वं दैवासुरे युद्धे मया त्वं परिरक्षितः ।
तदा वरद्वयं दत्तं त्वया मे तुष्टचेतसा ॥
तद्वयं न्यासभूतं ते स्थापितं त्वयि सुव्रत ॥
तत्रैकेण वरेणाऽऽशु भरत मे प्रियं सुतम् ॥

3

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एभिः संभृतसंभारैः यौवराज्येऽभिषेचय।
अपरेण वरणाशु रामो गच्छतु दण्डकान्॥
मुनिवेषधरः श्रीमान् जटावल्कलभूषणः।
चतुर्दशसमास्तत्र कन्दमूलफलाशनः॥
पुनरायातु तस्यान्ते वने वा तिष्ठतु स्वयम्।
प्रभाते गच्छतु वनं रामो राजीवलोचनः॥
यदि किञ्चिद्विलम्बेत प्राणांस्त्यक्ष्ये तवाग्रतः।
भव सत्यप्रतिज्ञस्त्वं एतदेव मम प्रियम्॥

"In the battle between Devas and Asuras I had protected you. At that time you had promised me two boons which I asked you to keep in reserve to be given to me when I needed them. Of the two boons, one is that my son Bharata should be crowned King with these preparations which you have made for Rama. The other boon is that Rama should go to the forest for a period of 14 years wearing the robes of an ascetic with matted hair and clad in clothes of bark. He must live there for 14 years. Then he may come back if he wants. Anyhow Rama should start for the forest the next morning. If there is any delay, I will end my life before you. O King, keep your word. This is all I want."

श्रुत्वैतद्दारुणं वाक्यं कैकेय्या रोमहर्षणम्।
निपपात महीपालो वज्राहत इवाचलः॥

At these cruel words, the King fell down as a mountain would fall, struck by the thunderbolt.

शनैरुन्मील्य नयने विमृज्य परया भिया।
दुःस्वप्नो वा मया दृष्टः अथवा चित्तविभ्रमः॥
इत्यालोच्य पुनः पत्नीं व्याघ्रीमिव पुरः स्थिताम्।
किमिदं भाषसेऽभद्रे मम प्राणहरं वचः॥
रामः कमपराधं ते कृतवान् कमलेक्षणः।
ममाग्रे राघवगुणान् वर्णयस्यनिशं शुभान्॥

...दां मां समं पश्यन् शुश्रूषां कुरुते सदा
...ुती त्वं पूर्वं इदानीं भाषसेऽन्यथा ॥
...ुराण पुद्राय रामस्तिष्ठतु मन्दिरे ।
...ोव मां वामे रामान्नास्ति भयं तव ॥
...ाक्षुपरीताक्षः पादयोर्निपपात ह ॥

...ning consciousness the King
...t to himself: "What? Have I
...seeing a bad dream or have I
...e mad?" Seeing in her a dread-
...ness, the King told Kaikeyi:
...do you utter words capable of
...e me? What wrong do you see
...ama? You yourself had told me
...Rama treated Kausalya and you
...any difference. Now you
...otherwise. You can have the
...m for your son, but let not
...go to the forest. Please show
...m me. There is no fear to you
...Rama." Thus the King begged
...keyi. [*To be continued*]

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Krishnavatara

PART I

[*Sandipani's son was brought back from Vaivasvatpur, the City of Yama, from across the sea, after vanquishing Yama, the God of Death, who is the son of Vivasvata, the Sun God. The name may mean also the City of the Sun or Light. One of the ancient sites on the Arabian sea is said to have the name of 'the City of Light'. There was also a city near Babylon called Larsa, which is translated as 'the City of the Sun'.*

If the episode in Harivamsa *is closely scrutinised, it appears that Yama, the king of Vaivasvatpur, was not the God of Death, Yama, but a living person. This Yama, according to* Harivamsa, *first worshipped Krishna as Vishnu and then chose to fight him rather than part with Sandipani's son. It is inconceivable that Yama, a subordinate god, would fight Vishnu himself. This would show that Krishna defeated some king whom tradition later transformed into Yama, the God of Death. And if it was a king, there must have been some valid reason why he would not part with the boy, who must have been in some way indispensable.*

If my surmise is correct, then Vaivasvatpur was situate somewhere across the seas from Saurashtra. In this connection, it may be noted that the region of Hyderabad in Sind was called Patala, right upto the advent of Alexander. Some island in the Arabian sea or a port on its shore was also ruled by the Naga King, Dhumravarma, who gave his daughters in marriage to one of the ancestors of Sri Krishna; for the son of one of these daughters inherited Dhumravarma's island, where the people specialised in fishing out jewels (pearls) from the sea. (Harivamsa, Vishnuparva, 38. 29–34). *This would indicate that there were Naga settlements in the Arabian sea. All authorities agree that one of the ancestors of Sri Krishna and the Pandavas was a Naga princess. Shoora, the Yadava chief, who founded the Shoora clan, was married to the daughter of the Naga king Aryaka, differently named Bhoja, Bhasha or Marisha. By her, Shoora had ten sons, of whom Vasudeva, the father of Sri Krishna, was the eldest, and Devabhaga, father of Uddhava, the next one, and five daughters, of whom Pritha or Kunti, mother of Pandavas, was the eldest, and Shrutasrava, the Queen of Chedi and mother of Shishupal, was the fourth.* (Mahabharata, Adi Parva, Chapter 128, Verse 64; *Bhagavat*, IX 24, *Harivamsa*, I. 134).

In the early stages of society, before the Aryans came to India, the people of the chalcolithic culture, which had spread from Asia Minor to Japan from about 4,000 B.C., worshipped the Mother Goddess. She was also popular with the people of Harappan culture, and some scholars believe that the original name of Mother Goddess was Ma, *from which our words Uma and Amba are possibly derived.*]

9. THE CITY OF LIGHT

PUNYAJANA'S ship assumed a new shape. Food-stuffs, stored in ample measure, were made available to the crew in a generous measure. The hoard of valuables and merchandise were classified and rearranged. New loin-cloths were distributed to the crew, who so far had only tattered strips of cloth to hide their nakedness.

Krishna also discovered a hidden stock of arms, which was placed in charge of Uddhava. Weapons were distributed to the nephews of Panchajana, Kukkur, the grandson of the [illegible], Raddu, the carpenter, and two other young men. Krishna also began to train them in the use of arms.

The nephews of Panchajana, who were in mortal fright, were assured of their safety and their position as the owners of the ship. Bhikru, the pilot, was placed in charge. Hukku and [illegible] now went about as watchmen, [illegible] without whips in their hand.

From out of the stock, Krishna and Uddhava selected wear and ornaments, [illegible] also two fine copper swords for their own use.

Now they were nearing Vaivasvatpur, and Bhikru told Krishna all he knew about it.

Vaivasvatpur or the City of the Sun was situated in Nagaloka near Patala and was ruled by a family of Nagakanyas, snake-maidens, who could fight like men. The queen, being the incarnation of Mother Goddess, *Ma*, possessed miraculous powers. The king, her husband, was only the first servant of the queen. Punardatta, Bhikru told Krishna, was bought by the queen in return for a large price, possibly to marry one of the princesses.

After some days, they sailed into a creek on which stood the city. In the rays of the setting sun, the city, surrounded by a stone wall, glowed as if made of burnished gold. There were a large number of crafts in the harbour, which were evidently used for fishing. There was a small jetty tied to the land by ropes.

Beyond the open square in front of the jetty ran the broad steps which led up to the fort built on a height.

When the ship came in sight of the fort, they saw a crowd gathered on the steps waiting for the ship. Krishna asked Uddhava, Raddu and one of the Punyajana boys who knew the language of the town a little, to go to the town and ask the permission of the queen to land. They left the ship in a boat carrying some small presents for the authorities.

The next day morning, a glittering throng gathered on the broad steps which led down from the gates of the fort to the jetty, to receive Krishna. Uddhava was rowed back to the ship in a royal boat, accompanied by a stout woman of middle age, good-looking and of considerable charm. She was dressed only in a girdle of gold with but a lapel to hide her nakedness. Besides, she wore necklaces and bracelets twined like snakes. Her hair was kept together by a gold band also crested in front by a gold-hooded cobra to indicate, as Bhikru explained, that she was a high officer of the queen.

Krishna was not surprised to see this muscular Nagakanya, snake-mai-

den. Bhikru had already told him about their strange ways. Here, women ruled over men with a rod of iron. The queen, being Goddess *Ma* incarnate, was a divinity in her own right, possessed of the right of life and death over her subjects. The rulership descended from mother to daughter. With such doughty snake-maidens to respect her wishes, there was no wonder that the king would lose his life if he disobeyed the queen.

'Krishna, this is a fearful land. The queen had divined of your arrival days back', Uddhava gave the information.

'What?' asked Krishna surprised.

'Like our sages, she can read the future,' said Uddhava. 'Let us go. The Crown Princess has come to receive you. And mind you, she is the one that counts, not her husband, the Prince, and is to be addressed as the Divine Princess.'

Invited by the officer by gestures, Krishna and Uddhava stepped into the royal boat, rowed by four oarsmen. Two other boats, which followed, carried the presents which Krishna wanted to give to the queen.

The Divine Princess, a strikingly beautiful woman of about twenty-two, and a younger princess, slender and more beautiful, surrounded by some ladies of the court, received Krishna. They were all dressed like the officer who had come to invite Krishna. But the girdles and necklaces of the princesses were bejewelled and the symbol of the hooded cobra in their headbands was carved in magnificent rubies, which flashed back the rays of the sun in blood-red refulgence.

On the two sides of the Princess stood women armed with lances. A behind the Divine Princess stood h husband, the Prince, tall and strai and sinewy. He was dressed like t Princess except for the divine symb of the cobra; in addition, he had short sword by his side suspended f a shoulder strap of gold. A little wa back, armed men kept the crowd bac

When Krishna saluted the Divi Princess in his graceful way, s signed to the Prince to step forwar He came as directed, saluted her hum bly and translated the welcome of th Princess, to Krishna's surprise, i chaste and fluent language of the God which the Aryans spoke in Mathura.

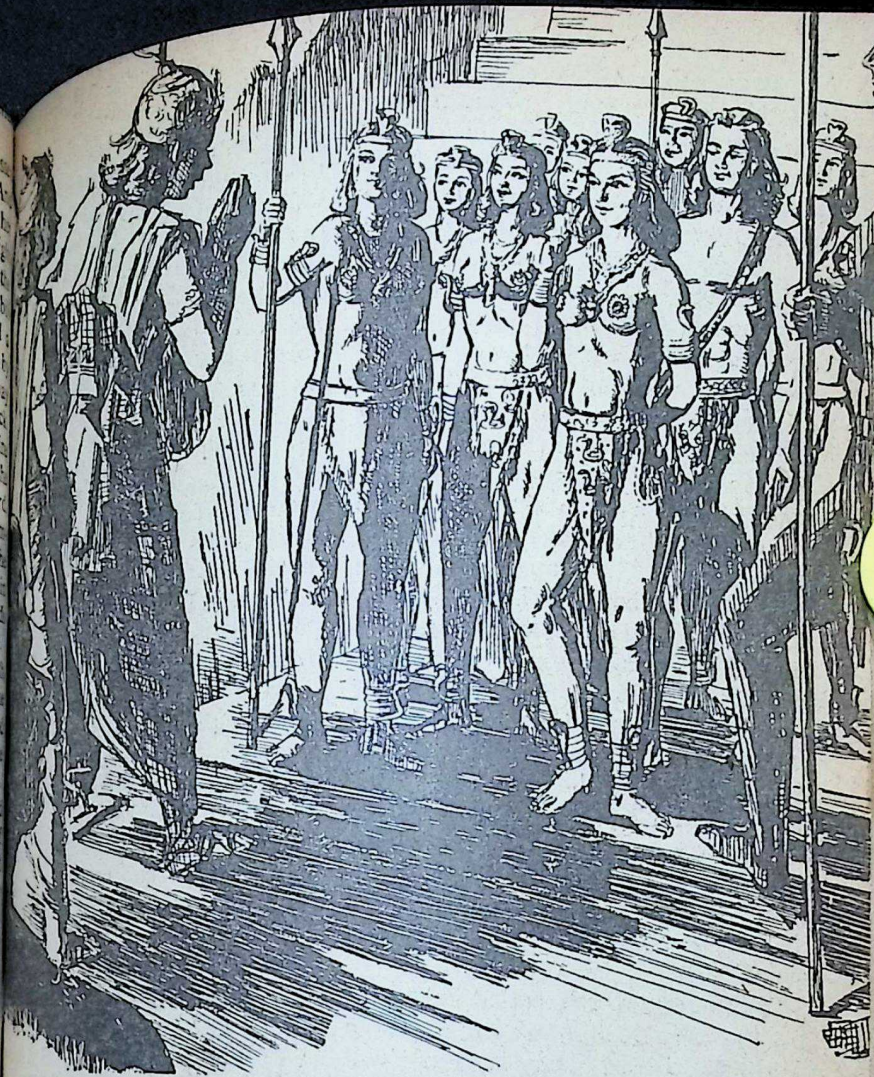
Krishna replied to the welcome wi befitting courtesy and said: 'Divin Princess, I, son of Vasudeva, the Lor of Shooras, and the disciple of th Best of Gurus, Sandipani, salute you.

As he laid emphasis on the word 'Sandipani', he watched the face of the Prince closely. As the Prince heard Krishna mention 'Sandipani', he grew pale and the shadow of fear crept in to his eyes. He paused, hesitated, and then interpreted what Krishna had said, to the Princess. Krishna felt convinced that the Prince was no other than Punardatta, Guru Sandipani's son, as Bhikru had suspected.

The Divine Princess, with royal dignity, replied: 'I offer you, Vasudeva,[1] the hearty welcome to the City of Sun on behalf of the Divine Mother.'

Her eyes were fixed on Krishna and

1. To distinguish the son of Vasudeva, pronounced Vaasudeva, from his father Vasudeva, two 'a's have been used to indicate Krishna.



were also those of the young Prin-
, and the flashing smile on
rishna's lips evoked a similar res-
nse from both of them. But while
e smile of the younger was effusively
ordial, the elder one's was haughty;
he was already a divinity.

The Divine Princess then made a
gn: the Prince, her husband, stepped
back. Under her orders, the younger Princess stepped forward to lead Krishna to the litter which awaited them. The Divine Princess and the Prince stepped in their litter which, carried by four stout men, lifted on four shoulders, led the way.

Sitting in the litter, the younger Princess, by smile and gesture and speech which Krishna did not understand, began to establish friendly relations with

him. Krishna had an eye to beauty and could not help admiring the shapeliness of her limbs, the firm little breasts, the dimpled cheeks and the winning smile of the snake-maiden; at the same time, he could not help being repelled by what he thought was a shameless way of trying to please an utter stranger. But he was new to the ways of Snakeland, and thought it rather premature to judge her by the standard of the Aryans.

They reached the palace of the Divine Mother, a large stone structure standing in the middle of the fort. Krishna was led to an apartment where his men from the Punyajana ship, aided by two officers, stood ready to serve him. The young Princess, by coquettish gestures, took leave of Krishna. Her assurance that she would see Krishna again soon was interpreted by the Punyajana boy who knew the language of Nagaloka well.

'Uddhava, we have found Punardatta after all', Krishna said. 'But these Nagakanyas would not let him go. We may have to steal him away from here?

'We are in a mess', replied Uddhava. 'I never even dreamt of such a strange world. But, I have an idea, and I will work out an escape.'

● ● ●

A little later, the Prince was ushered in by the stout Nagakanya officer who had come to meet Krishna on the ship. He had an uneasy look, and after exchanging salutation, stood nervously for some time not knowing how to begin the conversation.

'Punardatta, I am glad to find you', said Krishna. The Prince looked frightened when his original name was uttered. Krishna continued, 'G deva has sent you his blessings. He not forgotten you, even for a mom

'I am sorry you have come h said the Prince. Cautioning Kris by a glance at the woman who st near the door watching them very c fully, he continued: 'Please do forget that though that woman d not understand our language, she watching every glance and gesture exchange'.

'Are you a prisoner? I thought were the consort of the Divine Pr cess—some day destined to be King', said Krishna.

'Yes, if I survive long enough to the Divine Mother joining *Ma*. Bu frankly tell you, I do not like y coming here. I sense it is going spell a calamity for us all,' said Prince.

'Why? I have only come to ta you back to Gurudeva. He is very u happy without you,' said Krishna

'I wish he had taken me for de replied the Prince. 'So far I was ha at the thought that he had done But I cannot return to him.' Then a a little thought he added helpless 'Even If I can, I will not return.'

'Why? What has happened to y asked Krishna with concern. "H you forgotten our sacred land?"

'Vaasudeva, during the year th have lived here, I have lost all de to go back to the stern life led father. At first I was very unha here and wanted to return if I co But then I became a slave to this l Punardatta continued a little abash 'I live in luxury here. I have co siderable power. Above all, I ha known the joys which Larika al

e: I cannot go away from her. living among the women of our so modest and self-restrained, have no idea of the ecstatic de- which a Nagakanya, and a one at that, can give you', the feebly said.

Krishna was puzzled at the attitude Prince. 'What has happened to Punardatta? Have you lost the impulses to lead a life of Krishna asked. 'Do you not for the Dharma of our glorious ors? Are you content with good good living and sensual delights no Arya would ever make the of his life?'

Krishna paused and looked at the his eyes filled with pity. Then sumed in slow, affectionate ac- Punardatta, I am glad the Gods me in time here to rescue you this *asuri* (demonic) life. Every nt you live in fear of losing your ion, power, luxury, and if I guess tly, your life itself. You are to return to Gurudeva and to the life of our sages. Have you not my brother?'

Punardatta again looked down, un- to answer Krishna's question. he said: 'It is true that I do not to risk my life by attempting to Vaivasvatpur. And I hate the of losing the comforts I enjoy In the beginning I did hate this which, for Sandipani's son, was ch like a dog's. But then I felt as would: I had to learn if I had And now I want to live the I am living. I have lost the urge another life.'

Has it never struck you, Punar- that to lead a life of fear and fraud, weltering in the delights of the senses as you have been living, is to live as a pet animal?' Krishna asked sadly.

'Well, call it that way. It is true, I am sunk in mud. But it is my nature. And living the way I live has become a necessity', said Punardatta.

'For the delights which a Nagakanya gives you, you will leave your father,—your God,—to rot in utter loneliness, eating his heart out. Is this the way you offer your worship to your father—to your ancestors—to the Fathers of our people who saw and taught us Dharma? When regard for the father ends, man sinks into a beast' added Krishna.

Punardatta bent his head, placed his hands on his eyes and shook his head. 'I cannot leave this land,' he said in a choking voice. 'But there is no use thinking of all these things. Even if I wanted to leave this land, I cannot.'

'Why not?' asked Krishna. 'If you are a prisoner here, it is all the more reason why you should listen to me. I shall lead you to freedom.'

'Yes, in a way, I am a prisoner. In this land, a person chosen to be the consort of the Divine Princess must die as such or become the king. He cannot be disloyal to his spouse; he cannot leave her. If he so much as tries to do so, he has to die. Such are the ordinances of *Ma'*, said Sandipani's son sadly.

'How came you to be chosen as the husband of the Divine Princess?' asked Krishna.

'This is a strange land, Vaasudeva. The Divine Mother has fearful powers to work miracles, same as the demons of our land had in the days when

they fought our Gods. Whenever an eligible bridegroom for one of her daughters comes to Vaivasvatpur, she knows all about him days in advance. Perhaps, by her strange powers, she herself brings such men to these shores. I have no doubt that even you are brought here by her,' said Punardatta.

'But I have come of my free choice,' said Krishna.

'I am not so sure. But let me tell you what happened to me. When I was brought here by the Punyajana *rakshasas*, I was cordially received by the Divine Mother and the Festival of Choice was held,' said Punardatta.

'Festival of Choice? What is it?' asked Krishna.

'It is the greatest and the most exciting festival in the City. When the festival was held, I had to fight the then husband of the Divine Princess. When I killed him, I was wedded to the Princess; in fact I had no choice. If I had been killed, the other man would have continued to be the Prince,' said Punardatta.

Krishna was lost in thought for a moment. 'Am I too to marry the young Princess?' he asked.

'It seems so, though the Divine Mother, when possessed of Goddess *Ma*, the Mother of the World, has not yet spoken that way. But if she so commands, you shall have to obey. If you refuse to obey, the ancient ordinances are clear—you will be killed by the king, that is all,' said Punardatta.

'And if I marry her?' asked Krishna. He now began to understand the meaning of the advances which the young Princess had made to him; she was getting ready to fulfil her mother's prophecy.

'You will have to wed her; y will have to live here till you die replaced when you are killed by a ther suitor more eligible; for, no d ghter of *Ma* can leave the City of Sun. You will be well fed, well ke you will wield some power; but alw you will remain subservient to Princess, your wife. You will be slave, her parasite, her lover, all one, and guarded by women wat men who would never leave you yourself. And all the time you w live in dread of the Divine Mot prophesying your death,' said Prince with a touch of bitterness.

'I will rather die than accept su slavery. Can't you get out of it too asked Krishna.

'I cannot,' said Punardatta, shaki his head in sorrow. 'When the Divi Mother, in her pre-vision, sees anoth young man more eligible coming her the Festival of Choice will be held. will then have to fight the stranger t death, his or mine. Whoever survive will then be the consort of the Divi Princess. So I am awaiting my tur every day to kill, or be killed by, som stranger, lured here by the miraculou powers of the Divine Mother'.

'But where does the king come in? He seems to be a nobody,' said Krishna.

'The consort of the Divine Princess chosen in the way I have described becomes the king only when her mother dies and she becomes the Divine Mother in her own right. He is then the Divine Father, the Lord of Death, Yama as we will call him. He will then enjoy absolute sway over the lives of all, of course, remaining sub-

(*Continued on page 36*)

The Buddha between the Armies

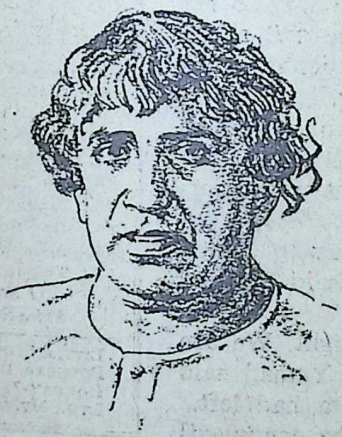
T. L. VASWANI

TWO kings of two realms with their armies stood on the banks of the river Rohini. The armies were there to fight. But one hundred and sixty thousand women were there, too: they were weeping,—for their children, their husbands, their brothers and fathers, their near and dear ones. For war means slaughter!

What for did the two armies wish to fight and slay? For water! Each army claimed for its king the river Rohini.

The Buddha had a nobler conception of kingship. The word for king in Pali is *khattriya*, and the word means "protector", "guardian". Yes,—a true king should be a protector, a guardian of his people. A *khattriya* should be a standard-bearer of peace. For as in war the slaying of children and husbands and brothers and fathers, in peace is the healing and health of the people.

The Buddha sees the two armies ranged, one against the other, on the banks of the Rohini, prepared to fight for water. Swiftly stands the Buddha between the kings of the two armies.



"How much, O king, is water worth?" asks the Buddha.

"And how much", asks the Buddha. "are the kings worth?"

"Great is their worth", answers each king.

"And how much are your queens worth?"

asks the Blessed One.

"The queens", says each, "are worth much: I love my queens greatly!"

"And how much worth are the lives of your soldiers who are here to fight and slay one another?" asks the Buddha.

And each king says: "Precious to me is the life of every one of my soldiers: precious is their life-blood!"

Then saith the Buddha: "O ye, wise kings! Why, then, are ye out to destroy each other, and your queens so dear to you, and these soldiers whose life-blood is precious to you,—for the sake of a little water which floweth into the sea? And is not peace better than letting flow a river of blood?"

What happens? In the presence of the Buddha is a divine love which heals and illuminates. And as the kings listen to the Blessed One, their weapons fall to the ground: and they are silent, in speechless wonder lost!

KRISHNAVATARA—(*Contd.*)

servient to the Divine Mother all the time.'

'But suppose we find a way to get out, will you come with us?' asked Krishna, putting an affectionate hand on Punardatta's shoulder.

'No. I do not want to leave this land. You are a fool, Krishna, even to think that you can leave it yourself', said Punardatta.

'Well, I will find a way to escape and take you with me,' said Krishna with determination.

'Uddhava, you were right. We are trapped in the land of Yama,' said Krishna, when Punardatta had left.

[*To be continued*]

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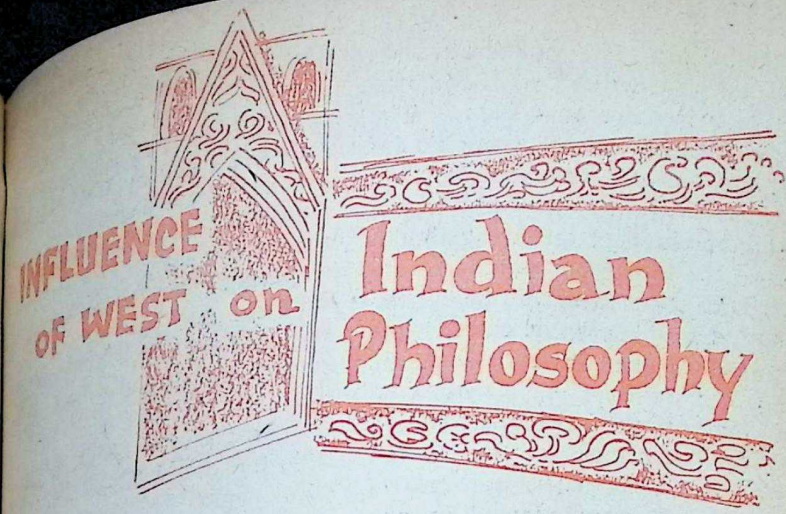


INDIAN philosophical thought has been helped a great deal to come into its own not solely by work of Indian philosophers, but by a host of eminent orientalists from the west. From the moment Sanskrit was discovered by them, some of them have rendered yeomen service in reviving the great and perennial elements of thought in Indian philosophical classics. A successive generation of European and American orientalists have dedicated their life and energy to the different useful tasks of editing, compiling, and translating the basic Indian texts. The work of edition is not easy in view of the different manuscripts and variant readings. The several oriental societies did this work. The great names that come up before one's mind are too many to be named. The chief among them are Max Müller, Thibaut, Oldenburg, Jacobi, Williams, Cowell, Stocherbatsky, Winternitz, Bloomfield, Hopkins, Roth, Rhys Davids, Lanman, Warren, Woods, Barnett, Macdonell, Keith, Poussin, Tucci, Edgerton and others. Besides editing and translating the works, some of them have written independent expositions of the different systems of Indian philosophy. There are two types of expositions: (1) the bare exposition with an eye to define clearly the different doctrines and not to deviate from the meaning of the texts.

The second type of expositions in

Dr. P. NAGARAJA RAO

English indulged in comparisons with western systems of thought. Parallel thoughts with western ideas are brought to light. It is the comparative method. The pure expository method was followed by Prof. Hiriyanna and the comparative method was set into vogue by the doyen among philosophers, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. The comparative method must be used with great care. It is misleading and slippery with the individual who institutes

the comparisons without the accurate knowledge of the meaning of the concepts in the compared systems. The comparative method has given an insight into the area of agreement between the different systems and also a penetrative vision of the living significance of the Indian philosophical concepts. With these two types of expositions, Indian philosophy entered the period of systematic and scientific study.

The role of the orientalists had a very great influence on the Indian mind. Indian humanity, particularly the intellectual class, reacted in one of three ways to the impact of foreign ideas and western education, through the medium of the English language. A particular section who were fascinated and overpowered by Western ideas were completely subjugated by them. They were not only shaken but shattered by the dazzling influence of Western ideas. Science and technology added to the prestige of the Western ideas, and we have a class of men who were uprooted and became slavish imitations of the west and they rendered abject flattery to all that is in the west.

The conservative section who did not allow themselves to be influenced by western education kept themselves away. They were ignorant of the medium, the English language, and that kept their thoughts unfertilised and they looked upon all western thoughts as dangerous. So they did not allow their thought to rationally confront the western ideas. Political suzerainty of the British and the dependence of Indians made them have no confidence in their masters. So they assimilated none of the British ideas.

A third section of men in India who were not entirely rootless, who were also fascinated by Western ideas, but did not allow themselves to be shattered, or completely subjugated by them assimilated to western ideas and re-thought the Indian philosophical thoughts into new patterns. This section constitutes the group of contemporary Indian philosophers, e.g. Gandhiji, Tagore, Aurobindo, Radhakrishnan and several others. It is undeniable that the works of the orientalists have roused the drooping faith of Indians in their own philosophical heritage. The contemporary Indian philosophers did not live like hot-house plants. They did not close their doors nor did they shut their windows. They allowed the winds of different doctrines from the various countries to blow about them freely. But they never allowed themselves to be blown off their feet.

Contemporary Indian philosophers are influenced by western thought in the formulation of their systems of philosophy and their outlook of the world. Western philosophical systems have impressed contemporary Indian philosophers in the following aspects:

(1) That philosophical systems must be a growing, dynamic and living ones keeping pace with scientific development and the social trends of the times.

(2) A sense of chronology and history is insisted on.

The historical method helps us to trace the basic laws, the rhythms of the development of human thought, its universal constants, its troughs and crests in the evolution of thoughts.

(3) Revolt against authority and the

acceptance of a thing not on mere
ority.

(4) The stress on social problems, the emphasis on the humanist elements in life, "a reverence for life" Schweitzer's words—a life affirmation attitude.

Contemporary Indian philosophers have shown originality in different ways. Some have shown originality in the bare presentation, bringing all details into an ordered pattern as be significant. In the process of the entation unnoticed significance of tain concepts and their correlation other concepts is thrown into re- Another type of originality is in- retting afresh the eternal prob- s of philosophy. Substance, cau- on, negation, coherence or corres- dence.

Yet another variety of originality ists in giving the world a philo- ical system which seeks to meet difficulties and the crisis of the

A. E. Taylor writes: "There are two alities which we may fairly demand the work of any man whom we to recognise as really a great phi- pher with a permanent importance the history of human thought. In first place the work must be ori- al and in the second it must be cri- al. When I say the work must be inal I do not mean it must be start- or revolutionary but that it must the achievement of a genuine per- al intellectual effort. The great phi- pher must be one who has thought himself and has thought hard... And by saying that the work must be ical, I do not mean that it must essarily be largely devoted to cri-

ticism of other men's thoughts. I mean it must be something more than a construction of a brilliant but undisciplined speculative imagination." Judged by this test many an Indian thinker is original.

The East, because of its contact with the West, has learnt to humanise its spirituality and to explain it in terms of reason. The spirituality which forgets to recognise humanism becomes a dry, abstract, empty speculation. The spirit must give itself existence in the human self.

Scientific Humanism of the West ignores the eluding aspect of human personality i.e. the spiritual dimension. They reduce man to the level of an organism or a machine and fail to notice his inwardness. Lord Russell writes "Asia must come to the rescue of the world, by causing western inventiveness to subserve human ends instead of the basic cravings of suppression and cruelty, to which it has

(Continued on page 52)

The TRAGEDY of Shah Jahan

J. M. SHELAT

WAR OF SUCCESSION STARTS

SHAH JAHAN'S letter to Shuja at this time shows that he was even thinking of removing Aurangzib from the Deccan. For he felt that Aurangzib would use the viceroyalty of the Deccan as a stepping stone to the throne of Delhi as he had himself done in Jahangir's reign. But before he could mature his plans, he fell ill on September 6, 1657. The news of his illness, deliberately magnified into death by the three Princes, gave the signal for the commencement of the War of Succession.

Islam never contemplated the form of hereditary monarchy within its polity and therefore provided no definite law of succession. By its refusal to sanction the rule of primogenitor, it only weakened the only safeguard against the arbitration of the sword. Though Dara had been already declared by Shah Jahan as the heir-apparent to the throne, there was nothing in the rules of Islam to prevent his younger brothers from challenging his position. The very incompetence of Dara attracted attempts to wrest the sceptre from his weak grasp. It was not Dara's heresy but his lack of worldly wisdom and tact that drove most of the self-seeking courtiers into the hands of his rivals.

Enmity between Dara and Aurangzib had started from the very inception of their careers. Aurangzib had revealed the blackness of his heart by open display of spite and venom against Dara.

No two men differed more widely in personal character, tastes and religious outlook than Dara and Aurangzib. Dara's motto was Akbar's: peace with all, "Sulh-i-kul", and his religion was

religion of the cultured salon, Aurangzib's religion partook austere gloom of the guardroom of God's soldiers. To the outer Dara appeared to be one given study and contemplation, devoted to pleasure, gay, brilliant, soft-ready to do a gracious service a little flattery. Aurangzib was es-ally a man without music, cold, grave, demure with religious over a pale and sickly coun-nance, a 'Namazi', a prayer-loving as Dara in derision called him. their public lives, Dara was regard-as the patron of Hindus and Au-zib as the champion of Islam and tant missionary of Islam with a line contempt for other faiths. then, Aurangzib made less ene-s amongst the Hindus than Dara amongst the bigoted Muslims, for heart of Aurangzib unlike Dara's never on his lips.

The three younger princes drawn gether by common enmity against had already formed an informal sive alliance, that grew stronger the growing partiality of Shah for Dara. Aurangzib was the of this confederacy and a link be-Murad and Shuja.

In December, 1652, Shuja and Au-zib had met at Agra. Aurangzib entertained Shuja for three days, their alliance was cemented by the thal of Shuja's daughter to Maho-Sultan. In the same month, Murad met Aurangzib at Dorabah, while zib was passing through Malva. correspondence had thereafter on between the two. Shah Jahan not take Murad seriously, but he the matrimonial alliance between Shuja and Aurangzib. A bitter correspondence had ensued between the Emperor and Aurangzib. Shah Jahan had tried to see that the alliance was revoked and to bring Shuja on his side. He had even offered to him the viceroyalty of the Deccan.

In October 1657, Aurangzib sent a letter to Murad supplemented by a secret oral message. In December 1657, Murad sent a reply to Aurangzib supplemented by a secret message delivered by a trusted agent. On October 19, 1657, Murad likewise sent a message to Shuja through Aurangzib's territory. The object of this correspondence was to concert measures for meeting the situation created by the illness of their father.

Aurangzib cut off all means of communications between Dara and his confederates in the South. Thus, while Aurangzib got all the news from the court at Agra through his allies, everyone at the court was in the dark about his designs. Already Aurangzib was playing a double game. While Dara was openly denounced as a heretic and an idol worshipper, he secretly condemned Shuja as a heretical Shia. He even advised the pleasure-loving Murad to pose as a strict Sunni in public. Taking a hint, the gay reveller of Ahmedabad posed as a champion of Islam and threatened Dara with extirpation.

Shuja was a faithful copy of his loving grandfather Jahangir with whom he had lived till the age of twelve. Sharp in intellect, indolent by nature, voluptuous in habits, he was every inch a prince in outward and inward graces. Amongst the sons of Shah Jahan, he represents, in mental and moral equilibrium as well as in

tastes and predilections, a happy mean between Dara and Aurangzib, being a skilful soldier and a level-headed politician with a fine touch of human sympathy which Aurangzib lacked so sadly. Unfortunately, his talents and abilities shone in flashes while his weakness clung about him more steadfastly. Bengal, the nursery of his ambition, became also the tomb of his vitality. During his 17 years of viceroyalty there, he and his associates had almost been recast in body and mind in the softer mould of Bengal; their swords had gone rusted for want of enterprise in that land of plenty, peace and pestilence. Bernier's estimate of Shuja appears to be fairly accurate:

> "Sultan Shujah....resembled in many characteristic traits his brother Dara, but he was more discreet, firmer of purpose and excelled him in conduct and address. He was sufficiently dextrous in the management of intrigue and by means of repeated largesses, bestowed secretly, he knew how to acquire friendship of great Omrahs....He was nevertheless too much a slave to his pleasures".

During the summer of 1657, Shah Jahan's health had shown signs of decline. On September 6, 1657, he fell seriously ill. For seven days, no one except Dara and a few high officials had access to him. There was consternation in Delhi. People believed him to be dead, though on September 14, he showed his face through the window of his bed-chamber to the expectant crowd below. To reassure the public, a durbar was held where he made his last will and ordered his chief officers to obey Dara henceforth as their Sovereign "in everything, at all times, and in every place."

On October 18, Shah Jahan left for Agra to recoup. Meanwhile, the three brothers refused to believe the inconvenient news of their father's recovery. Every despatch from the court was dubbed as forgery at the instance of Dara. They even gave credence to the story that the lean figure who appeared daily at the palace window to give *darshan* was only an eunuch dressed in imperial robes whom Dara was passing off as the deceased Emperor.

Jahanara's letters of reassurance and her earnest attempts to bring about peace between the brothers fell on deaf ears. The miserable Emperor saw with consternation the dreaded deluge coming not after him but even before his eyes were closed.

BROTHERS CROSS SWORDS

Prince Shuja was the first to take the matters in hand. While Aurangzib was waiting for the next step to take from the South, Shuja had already collected a large army and was marching towards Benaras. A large army under the titular command of Sulaiman, but in effect commanded by Mirza Raja and Dillir Khan, had already been despatched. Though that army had inflicted a defeat on Shuja and Shuja been made to retreat, Sulaiman had not been able to reap the full fruits of that victory. Had Sulaiman been allowed to return back to Agra immediately after his victory over Shuja, instead of tarrying in the Eastern Provinces, Dara's fate would perhaps have been different. At heart, the Mirza Raja was disloyal to the cause of Dara whom he disliked for his superior air

his patronage towards Jaswant his rival. In spite of urgent mes- from Dara and even Shah Jahan, Singh had deliberately played a game and had thus prevented man from hurrying back to the . If Sulaiman and his two lieu- had marched back with expe- they would have been able to Dara in the battle of Samugarh on May 29, 1658.

As soon as Aurangzib learnt of the of Shuja, he hurried up the of his plans and mobilising veterans advanced towards the of the Narmada. He waited there the army of Murad to join him. conjunction of the two armies hav- been effected, the two princes com- their northward advance and at Dharmat. Though most trusted soldiers were in the Eas- Provinces, Dara had managed to a considerable army. He had up high hopes on Jaswant Singh he had sent to Malva with Khan to stop Aurangzib's army with Murad. Jaswant, how- could not take any effective mea- against the two princes due to instructions given by Shah Jahan avoid an armed conflict and to see the two princes went back on a of force. But even apart from reason, the Rathor Chief was no to Aurangzib, who to the dis- of the imperialists formed a junc- with Murad's army at Dharmat 14th April. Next morning a fight for a few hours took place in Jaswant Singh's inexperience, warmness of the Sisodia and Bun- contingents and the treachery of Khan gave a decisive victory to

Shuja, Aurangzib and Murad

Aurangzib.

The defeat at Dharmat was a double catastrophe for Dara. He lost all the fruits of Sulaiman's resounding victory over Shuja. His enemies encouraged by this defeat raised their heads everywhere, and traitcrs threw off their masks. Even friends began to waver.

The news of Dharmat disaster reached Dara on the 25th of April 1658 at Balochpur on his way to Delhi with Shah Jahan. The court returned to Agra where the Emperor threw open the treasury for Dara to equip another army to meet the crisis. Dara now sorely felt the absence of his best and trusted officers who were with Sulaiman.

(Contd. on page 47)

My Belief

My belief is—and it is the opinion of all true followers of all religions—that true religion is concerned with belief in a supernatural power.

Since that supernatural power is above all and all others are like her children, all human beings must be, more or less, like brothers and sisters to one another.

If that is the teaching of all religions, then, in spite of differences in the way in which we worship God, there is no reason why we should not really be brothers.

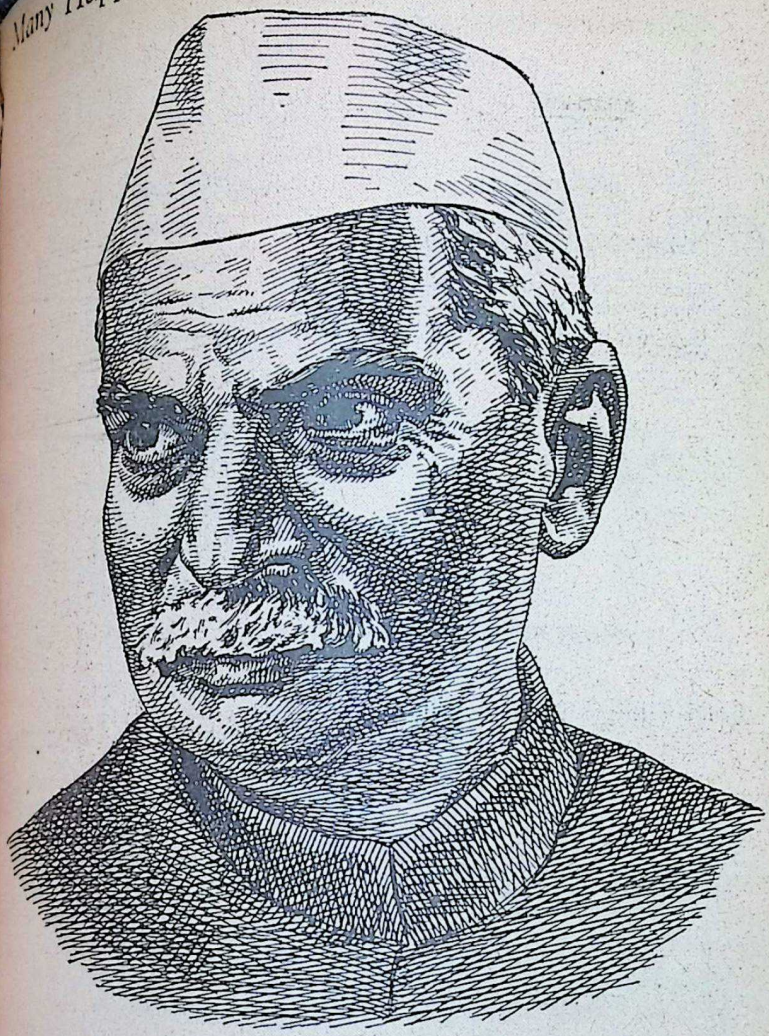
Here in India, our ancestors—the Rishis of old—realised this and laid down once and for all that the truth is one but the wise reach it by different paths.

We want a realisation of this truth not only as a matter of intellectual conviction, but also as a rule of conduct to be followed every moment of our lives.

It is impossible for us to rise to any height without a realisation of this truth.

This is one of the fundamental problems which this country has been tackling from time immemorial, but its urgency needs to be re-emphasised today when we have freed ourselves from foreign domination and are left to our own resources to shape our destinies.

— RAJENDRA PRASAD



[*Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad, born: December 3, 1884.*]

Babu Rajendra Prasad was one of the earliest to join Mahatma Gandhi. Referring to his great work in the historic Champaran struggle (1916-1918), Gandhiji wrote in his autobiography:

"Rajendra Babu was matchless. His devotion made it impossible for me to take a single step without his help."

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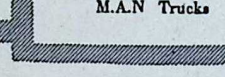

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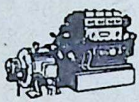

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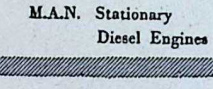

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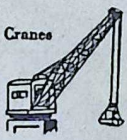

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Shah Jahan was in a distracted state of mind, now advising Dara to fight and sending messages to Jai Singh to turn at once, now listening to Aurangzib's allies at court to make peace. He also hoped to send back Murad and Aurangzib by diplomatic messages.

Dara's plan was to send an advance army at Dholpur and stop the progress of Aurangzib. But his passion got the better of discretion. He taunted those who advised peace as faithless cowards and added sting to insults by telling them that Rao Satarsal and Jai Singh would drive away the rebels like dogs to the south of the Narmada. His plan was to check Aurangzib from crossing the Chambal until Sulaiman arrived. On May 18, he took leave of Shah Jahan to start for Dholpur with his main army.

It was a pathetic scene as the old Emperor for the last time bestowed his and blessings on his beloved son with trembling hands holding him long and tightly to his bosom in a parting embrace. The effective strength of Dara's army was 60,000 men of all arms, while that of Aurangzib's and Murad's was about 50,000.

DARA'S DEFEAT

Dara, however, missed an opportunity to strike at Aurangzib's army exhausted by forced marches when its detachments were first sighted at Samugarh on May 28. He made a show of force, leading out his army in full array and making them stand for the whole day in their steel armour in the scorching heat of the summer sun and waited for Aurangzib to take the offensive, giving time to his enemy to rest his army for the whole day. In the evening in a defeatist mood he returned to the camp after several hours of meaningless manoeuvres.

Though superior in numbers, Dara could hardly count on his army's loyalty. The Persians and the Turanis were jealous of the nobles of the Hindustani party, the Rajputs and the Sayyids of Burha and the Hindustani-born Musalmans patronised by Dara. But besides all these factors, the character and the past record of Dara at Kandahar as a soldier were not calculated to inspire confidence amongst his followers. In contrast, Aurangzib had "aged in war".

The fate of the battle depended on which side gave up its defensive position and started the offensive. The first hour was spent by both the sides firing their guns from long range which emitted noise and smoke only. Suddenly, Aurangzib stopped his guns meaning not to waste his ammunition unnecessarily. Either due to want of experience or the flattery of his sycophants, Dara misunderstood his rival and believed that Aurangzib's artillery was ineffective. He scattered his artillery in front and ordered a general advance with Rustam Khan commanding the left wing and the treacherous Khalilullah Khan commanding his right wing, keeping himself in the centre. When Rustam Khan's contingent approached nearer and nearer, Aurangzib's artillery under Safshikan Khan let out a murderous volley at close range. Rustam had to swerve to the right with his 10,000 men with drawn sabres and attacked Aurangzib's van. For a time, Rustam carried everything before him and nearly reached Aurangzib.

Suddenly, the kettle-drums of Dara

sounded victory and Dara leaving his position in the centre, from where he could have directed his entire army, rushed forward to support his left wing under Rustam Khan and met Shaikh Mir's reserve, who was pressing the exhausted troops of Rustam. He put to flight Shaikh Mir's division showing "undeniable proof of invincible courage." But he failed to save his left wing, his greatest and most venturesome captain, Rustam, having been killed in this affray.

His evacuation of his position in the centre left his army without a central command, which, as Sarkar says, "more than all other causes to be put together ruined Dara". His mighty formation vanished, his guns stood deserted, match-lockmen were scattered, his elephants and camel corps remained idle, too far in the rear to give assistance. Dara lost control of the situation. He now resolved to attack the thin centre of Aurangzib, but when about to charge, the news of the death of Rao Satarsal Hada reached him, and in despair, he turned back. From the extreme left of his line, he traversed the whole length of his front exposing his own flank to the artillery fire of the enemy.

When Rustam Khan had charged the enemy from the left, Khalilullah from the right wing had attacked Murad who was in command of Aurangzib's left wing. A traitor at heart, that Pathan leader had made a show of force, but after a volley of arrows, had retired behind the lines as soon as he saw Murad hotly engaged by Dara's van under Satarsal and Daud Khan. This contingent known as "the steel-edge" of Dara's army did its work most heroically. During Khalilullah's attack on Murad, Satarsal's Rajputs and Daud's Pathans had driven themselves like a wedge between Aurangzib and Murad. The Rajputs had sallied out Murad for attack and a fierce fight had raged around the elephant of that prince. Satarsal and his men fought with the loyalty of Napoleon's guards at Waterloo. A Bundi Bard later on described their exploits with their swords in an inimitable verse:

तत् तरवारिन् मे मन परमेसर में।
प्राणे स्वामिकारेज में माथो हर माल में।

But in this desperate advance, Satarsal died with son, his brother, three nephews and the very flower of the Hada clan. The rest of the clan, under their only surviving leader Rup Singh fell on Aurangzib, who was moving now to aid Murad. At this stage, Dara hurried from extreme left to the extreme right. As Khalilullah Khan had already retired, Dara's van now formed his right wing, while his left had ceased to exist. Aurangzib engaged Dara's van ordering Mahomed Sultan with his 10,000 fresh troops to attack the exhausted centre of Dara. The fight was too unequal; the Rajputs in the van were not only outnumbered but outclassed in weapons with their lances, swords and daggers against the enemy's rockets and bullets. Rup Singh fell in a desperate rally against Aurangzib and all his Rajputs fell with him. Khalilullah had long ago retired. Only a few Pathans of Daud had survived. Dara on his tall elephant was the target of the enemy's artillery manned by European experts. At the importunities of his friends Dara dismounted and took a horse. Within a few minutes,

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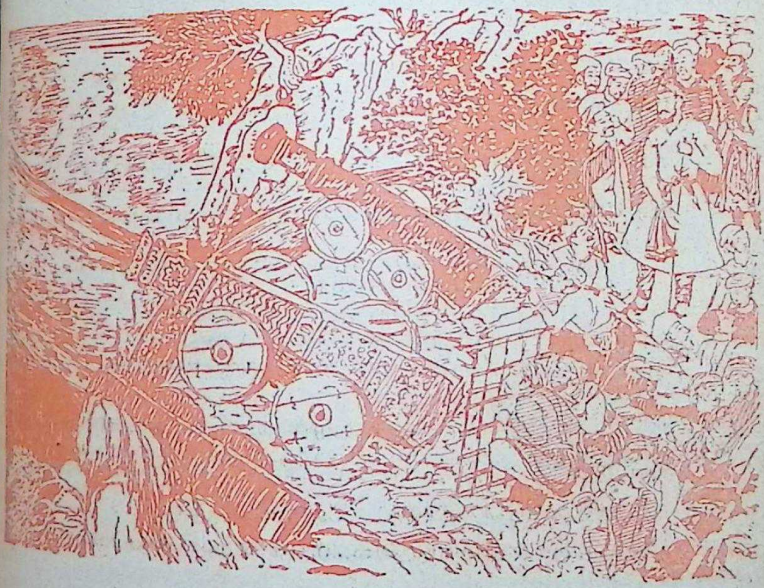
e enemy's
gh fell in
Aurangzib
with him
red. Only
survived
the target
nned by
ortunities
nted and
minutes.

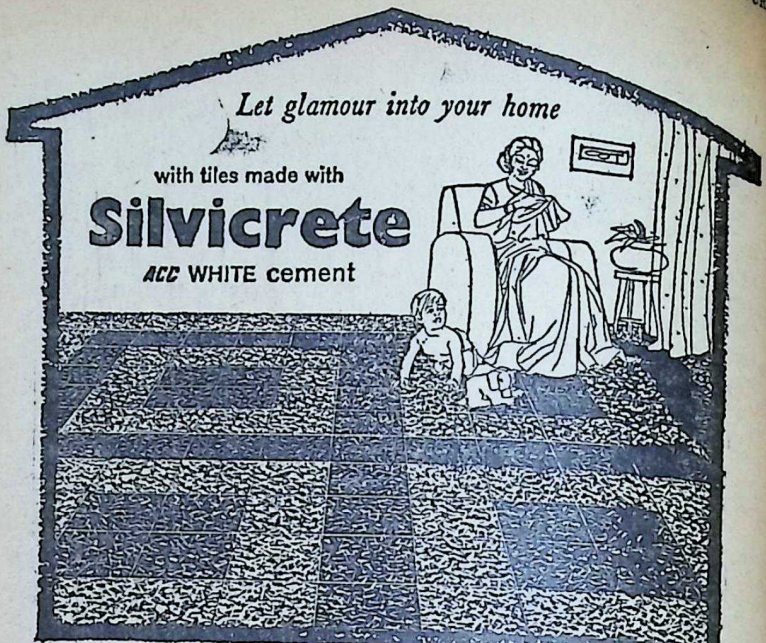
...ed his fatal mistake. It was too ... His surviving army, not seeing ... his elephant, retired scattered ...er, thinking that there was no ...for whom they had to fight. Dara ...tracted; his resolution gave way ... he saw his followers dying with ... of water on their lips and heard ...m, Sipihr, weeping bitterly. Some ... immediate followers caught hold ... bridle of his horse and forced ...ake the road to Agra.

...garh was the most decisive ... in history. It meant not only ...ransfer of the Crown from one ... of Shah Jahan to another, but it ... the most dazzling epoch of me... India aptly called the age of ...r, the age of nationalism in poli... the era of the revival of letters ...fine arts. The truth is that Dara ...d a spirit which vanished with him. Dara had dreamt of a new enlightened age for India for which the foundation was laid by Akbar. His failure at Samugarh was a national loss. His dreams came to naught. But dreams have value. The dreamer may not suffer in comparison with his more realistic and successful rival whose long and apparently successful career shattered the great fabric of the Mughal Empire.

Dara had two choices, one to go to the Punjab ruled by Izzat Khan, his own Deputy, and the other to the east where he could have made alliance with Shuja. But he lacked boldness of diplomacy and sufficient courage to trust and unite with Shuja. Dara and Shuja in league in the Eastern Provinces, with Murad already discontented, a rebellious Jaswant in Rajputana, unsubdued Punjab and Kabul in the



A War Scene from a Mughal painting



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with Gujarat and Malva leader- and a hostile Golconda and Bija- in the south, would have rendered ngzib's position critical, though success of any coalition against that ceful diplomat and able soldier, extremely doubtful. Dara decided retreat to Lahore, which gave Au- gzib a chance of crushing his foes meal. The saddest mistake was to Sulaiman to do the impossible, to him at Lahore along the Himala- foot rather than to join Shuja.

May the 29th had been passed by court and the people of Agra in greatest anguish. From noon, the booming of the guns had made that the decisive battle had be- By 2 p.m. fugitives from the fields started coming. Their reports agi- the citizens. As the day wore on, public anxiety deepened. At 9 that a small group of riders on pant- horses clattered over the streets passed by the gate of the fort to 's mansion. It was Dara and all was left of his brilliant retinue. lamentations from the royal broke out and the dismal news read at once.

Shah Jahan sent word to Dara to into the fort, but Dara was brok- in body and mind. He had left Agra ing victory or grave ; he had come without victory. He replied to his "I have not the face to appear your Majesty in my present plight." This message doubl- the grief of the father who seemed feel "the parting of his life from body." But the cruel necessity did permit the doting father time for expression of grief. Preparations had to be made for Dara's flight. Mules laden with gold coins were sent to Dara. Orders were issued to the governor of Delhi to open the stores of the fort for Dara.

EMPEROR MADE CAPTIVE

On June 1, Aurangzib arrived outside Agra in two marches and put up at Noor-Manzil. He stayed there for ten days. The highest nobles of the realm paid him homage. Shaista Khan, Mahomed Amin, the son of Mir Jumla, and even Dara's own chief officers, the vanquished troops of Dara, joined the victor's standard.

The day after Samugarh, Aurangzib wrote to his father excusing his late conduct as having been forced upon him by his enemies. When he reached Noor-Manzil, he received a reply from Shah Jahan inviting him to an interview. Next day also Shah Jahan sent a letter with presents including a famous sword known as "Alamgir", but Aurangzib declined the interview. On June 5, a third message was sent by Shah Jahan, one of the emissaries being Khalilullah Khan, the traitor, who told Aurangzib that Shah Jahan had hostile designs against him. The old chamberlain, Fazil Khan, who had brought the message returned to the Emperor reporting that "the matter has gone now beyond the stage of sending letters and messages". That very night, the siege of Agra fort began. The mask was dropped and Shah Jahan himself was attacked.

Any friendly settlement being impossible, Shah Jahan prepared to stand the siege and shut the gates of the fort,

lest some traitor should murder or seize him to gain Aurangzib's favour. The fort of Agra was one of the strongest. Its capture by force was impossible.

But Aurangzib had recourse to a trick. Taking possession of Khizri gate, opening on the river side, he stopped the water supply to the fort from the Jumna. What force could not achieve, thirst did. Shah Jahan wrote a piteous letter to his son in verse:

"Praised be the Hindus in all cases;
As they ever offer water to their dead;
Thou, my son, art a marvellous Mussalman;
As thou, causest me in life to lament for (lack of) water."

Aurangzib's reply was brutal: "It is your own doing." For three days Shah Jahan held out and then sent Fazil Khan the fourth time. Aurangzib replied that if Shah Jahan surrendered the gate of the fort to his men, he would wait on him and "consent to whatever you wish and do nothing displeasing or harmful to you."

On June 8, Shah Jahan opened the gates to the victor's officers. Mahomed Sultan waited on Shah Jahan and was received kindly. For some days, he acted as the Emperor's keeper under minute instructions from Aurangzib. The Emperor was deprived of all power and was confined to the harem behind the Hall of Public Audience.

[*To be continued*]

Conscience is the root of all true courage.

—Anon

INFLUENCE OF WEST ON INDIAN PHILOSOPHY—*contd.*

been prostituted by the dominant ... tions of the present day."

Dean Inge pleads for the synthesis of the East and the West: "It is a reproach to us, that with our unique opportunities of entering into sympathetic relations with Indian thought, we have made very few attempts to do so. I am not suggesting that we should become Buddhists or Hindus, but I believe that we have almost as much to learn from them as they from us."

God has made the world a field of battle and filled it with the trampling of combatants and the cries of a great wrestle and struggle. Would you fix His peace without paying the price He has fixed for it?

—Sri Aurobindo

Memoriam

AIR MARSHAL MUKHERJEE

M. PATEL, I. C. S. (Retd.)
Former Secretary, Ministry of Defence

AIR MARSHAL MUKHERJEE was unquestionably one of India's great sons. He was a leader of men and wonderful colleague. He sought no limelight for himself. But where the Indian Air Force was concerned, he fought like a tiger to see that no injustice was ever done to it. For him the development of the Indian Air Force was the one real work in life. He lived for it and worked unceasingly to ensure for it the status and importance that was rightfully its in the country and in the Defence Forces of India.

The Indian Air Force grew up with Subroto Mukherjee. Indeed the history of the Indian Air Force to the time of his death was in a very real sense synonymous with his life story. He was among the first few Indians to receive training at Cranwell, and got his job the right way, the hard way, in active service conditions. When independence came, he found himself cast for a role for which he had scarcely been trained. As the foremost Indian airman, he became the link between his British Service Chiefs and the Indian Ministers and Civil Servants. That he was trusted by both is a measure of his ability and his sincerity of purpose. The division of the Armed Forces and their assets was carried out in an atmosphere surcharged with suspicion. The work insofar as it concerned the Air Force was carried through rapidly and with a minimum of ill-feeling, thanks to the frank and well-considered advice he fearlessly tendered.

Then began the great task of building up an Air Force, capable of defending India. What India had in 1947 August were a very small number of fighter aircraft, out of date and obsolete, a few Dakotas, and some trainer aircrafts. The number of trained pilots and technical men was also small, a few hundreds. But they were all men who loved the profession they

had embraced, and were deeply patriotic. And they were devoted to Subroto Mukherjee. Long before he became the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Air Force he was looked upon by the men of the Indian Air Force as their Chief. And for his part, never let them down. Their cause was his, and as a true leader, he never hesitated to guide them to what he considered was in their real interest. He saw to it that they had the best and most up-to-date equipment. He was able to achieve so much in so short a time because he had the assistance of some of the ablest British and Indian officers, and enjoyed the confidence of the three British Chiefs of Air Staff, all men of great ability and experience, under whom he had the privilege to work for over seven years. Air Marshal Mukherjee would be the first to admit the tremendous debt the Indian Air Force owes to those British Chiefs. They guided our men well and truly, and helped them not merely to learn the duties and responsibilities of higher control in a Defence Service but also to shoulder them to the full, under their guidance in building up, out of nothing, a modern Air Force, of a magnificent fighting quality.

For the last six years he was himself the Air Chief and Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force. During this period, he saw to it that the task that had been so well begun went forward even more rapidly. He was among the strongest protagonists of the view that the three Services must move forward in a coordinated way. It is surprising how difficult it is to persuade even extremely able men to accept the truth underlying the simple state that just as the strength of a chain is as great as that of its weakest link so also the strength of a country's armed forces is no greater than that of its weakest service. There should thus, be no over-emphasis on the land or the sea or the air power. It is the totality of the three that will constitute our strength and the precise importance to be given to each of them must necessarily be determined by the task or tasks that may be set to our armed forces from time to time. Subroto Mukherjee for long presided over the Committee of the Chiefs of Staff of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force and may be presumed to have exercised considerable influence over thinking of the three Services along these lines.

Air Marshal Mukherjee's early death will come to be regarded by free India's historians as one of the major blows that fate has dealt to this country at a critical juncture. Where indeed can we find a situation parallel to that in which our country finds itself today insofar as its border defence is concerned? Several thousand square miles of our country's territories are occupied by a relentless and determined neighbour and we are still making up our mind if the action constitutes aggression! Along another border, but within our own territories, we have a sizeable area where discontent and disorder prevails and has prevailed for the past few years. And we have still the question of Kashmir to which President Ayub Khan of Pakistan recently drew our attention in terms which cannot be

(*Continued on page 81*)

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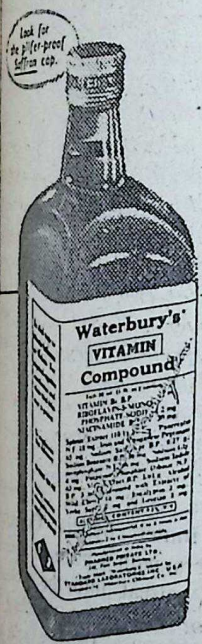

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What Life has Taught me

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin is one of the greatest of living sociologists. He was a colleague of Lenin but was banished from Russia in 1922 when he stood up against intellectual regimentation.

Dr. Sorokin is the Director of the Harvard Research Centre in Altruism, perhaps the first academic centre of its kind in modern times. Sorokin has to his credit over a score of learned volumes which survey the whole field of social studies and is compared by some to Comte and Spengler. They blaze an approach similar to that of our ancient seers by which human egoism, fostered and pampered by modern civilization, can be transformed into creative love by a total change in personality.

WHATEVER may happen in the future, I know that I have learned three things which will remain forever convictions of my heart as well as my mind. Life, even the hardest life, is the most beautiful, wonderful and miraculous treasure in the world. Fulfilment of duty is another beautiful thing, making life happy and giving to the soul an inconquerable force to sustain ideals. This is my second conviction, and my third is that cruelty, hatred, and injustice never can and never will be able to create a mental, moral, or material millennium.

So ends my *Leaves from a Russian Diary* published in 1924. These lines were jotted down earlier, in October 1918, in a wild forest of Northern Russia. Hunted by the Communist executioners, with a prize on my head, I had to retreat into the protective vastness of the forest stretching for hundreds of miles. Hungry, cold, and in rags I had, during six weeks of my

...dering in it, plenty of time to me-
...te about the basic problems of
...man life, the sunny and dark souls
...f the Russian Revolution, and about
...y own situation which at that time
...ened to be similar to that of Con-
...ed in the French Revolution
...ated by the Jacobins, he also had
...retreat into the wilderness of a min-
...g region until he was caught by the
...French Bolsheviks" and died in pri-
...n at Bourg la-Reine). These lines
...e one of the results of this medi-
...tion.

More than forty years have elaps-
...d since they were hastily scribbled
...n a piece of paper. Many changes
...ve happened in the human world
...d in my personal life during this
...riod. And yet, now, at the age of
...years, I believe into the vital and
...ral imperativeness of these con-
...sions even more firmly than I did
...en they were jotted down.

This greater firmness is due partly
...my and my colleagues' scientific
...dies of these problems in the *Har-*
...d Research Center in Creative Al-
...n but especially to the stern les-
...ns given to all of us by the human
...tory of the last fifty years. During
...s period a legion of "liberators",
...aders", and groups, moved pre-
...minantly by hate, lust for domina-
...n and by individual collective ego-
...m, have attempted either to main-
...n the existing "decent" order or
...build a nobler and better mille-
...nium in the human universt. They
...empted to do this mainly by the
...thod of unlimited violence and
...ass-extermination of all their ene-
...ies and opponents through the
...orld wars and "small wars", bloody revolutions and counter-revolutions, brutal revolts and merciless suppressions. In the name of the "Fatherland" and "the International", "Capitalism" and "Communism", "Autocracy" and "Democracy", "Republic" and "Monarchy", "Atheism" and "Religion", "Freedom" and "Sovereignty", more than sixty millions of human beings, including innocent children, women and the old people, have been slaughtered; many other millions have been maimed and prematurely died; thousands of cities and villages have been turned into the "abomination of desolation"; numberless unspeakable bestialities have been perpetrated; and an immeasurable amount of suffering has been inflicted upon mankind.

What have been the results of this gigantic explosion of forces of death, destruction, and inhumanity? Some positive results have certainly been achieved; several forms of exploitation, injustice and serfdom have been destroyed; many "colonial" peoples have regained their independence; here and there poverty, disease and ignorance have been decreased; science and technology have notably progressed. But similar results have also been secured in the countries, like India, by the non-violent means motivated by compassion, unselfish love, and sublime sacrifice. Even in the countries where these results have come out in the process of wars and violent revolutions, they have largely been due not so much to the mutual extermination and hate of the parties as much as to the forces of sympathy, love, and respect for human life which are working in all revolutions and

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side by side with the forces of fury and death.

According to the well demon- rule, "love begets love and generates hate", the explosion of forces of hate, violence, and death wars and revolutions of the years could hardly produce mentioned positive results. These be credited to the forces of passionate love, and unquench- quest for truth and justice that been operating in these bloody ies. Without their moderating, rating, ennobling, and creative the mass-extermination of man man, of group by group, in wars, tions, and crimes would have in a still worser "abomination solation" and in a still more hor- "liberation" in man of "the of the beasts" (to use Plato- tle's expression), than have done by the bloody and hate- struggles of this century.

Despite the positive achievements mentioned, the destructive effects of struggles have been far greater the constructive results. They not given to mankind any last- peace, any real brotherhood, any monious order or even a real hap- They have not decreased crime, disease, and many other evils the human universe. They hardly proved man's wisdom and morality. Instead, they have brought the hu- race to the brink of the new Conflagration, unlimited by divine or human laws, aimed at most effective extermination of whole human species, at the destruction of all the values created by man and possibly, even at the extinction of life on this planet. The political leaders of the powerful states, supported by captains of industry and finance, by many scientific, religious, educational, and artistic leaders, by "patriotic" and "revolutionary" masses and by "enlightened" public opinion are now feverishly preparing this Conflagration, and are unashamedly determined to use all the nuclear, bacteriological, and chemical means of the total extermination of the combatant and the non-combatant populations. This fact alone convincingly shows the utter demoralization and degradation of man produced by "the patriotic," "revolutionary," and other wars and revolutions of the twentieth century.

There is not a slightest doubt that if the Conflagration explodes, it will bring to humanity neither a new millennium nor any constructive results. Instead, it certainly will terminate forever or, at the best, for a very long time, the creative history of man on this planet. Only the forces of unselfish love, supreme moral duty, and of true wisdom, reinforced by those of self-preservation and survival, can stop this pending catastrophy of unglorious death of human race.

These lessons of history, together with my studies of these problems, explain why in the late afternoon of my life I quite firmly believe into the truth and moral imperativeness of the lines hastily jotted down many years ago in the vast forest of the Northern Russia.

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Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

35. WOMAN? MUSIC?

SHEELA was in a happy mood. She had only recently returned after two and a half months' delightful stay in Europe. Throughout her stay in Europe, Radharaman had been in a cheerful frame of mind and had given up staying out late. For her part, her active participation in the work of the Charkha Sangh gave her considerable peace of mind. The wounds that her heart had sustained had begun to heal. The only visible mark left of her unhappiness was the pensiveness which had replaced the affectionate cheerfulness that was so characteristic of her.

For months now, there had been no trouble or misunderstanding between Radharaman and herself. It was a different Sheela whom Radharaman now loved. Sheela was no longer an irresponsible young girl ; she had grown into a mature woman. She knew her mind and was ready to assert herself. Ever since she had joined the Charkha Sangh she had ceased to be thin-skinned. She had realised that it would be impossible for anyone to live with her, if she was always in tears. Moreover, she had now learnt to adjust herself carefully to her husband's moods, his likes and dislikes.

Radharaman had a reason of his own for keeping Sheela pleased and happy. It was his ambition to become a member of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bombay. His Excellency the Governor, he knew, had a good opinion of him. A vacancy was due to occur in the Executive Council shortly and his chances of being considered for it would be seriously jeopardised if gossip got about that his relationship with his wife was strained.

Radharaman was a man of great charm. He could win anyone if only he set about doing so. He was capable of adjusting himself to any company ; he could give it the impression that he derived nothing but pleasure from it.

Now as they walked home from Parvatashram, Radharaman felt completely satisfied. He had shown the great Mattamayur his proper place in life. He found in Uday just the devoted and admiring pupil in whose presence his ego could expand. A modest person like Uday, Radharaman thought, would add to the pleasures

of the holiday that he was thinking of having during these days, for he had found it an ordeal to live alone with Sheela. If he did not speak to her, she felt hurt; if he started some light conversation, she would not enter into the spirit of it; if he stumbled upon a serious topic of conversation, it invariably led to a quarrel. In these circumstances, the presence of a third person was necessary for maintaining good relations between him and his wife.

Now that Uday was going to be with them, he could talk about himself as much as he liked; his wife would all the time imagine that she was a party to the conversation; if there arose a difference of opinion, Uday could be relied upon to intervene and bring about some reconciliation of views; and in the presence of a stranger, it would not be incumbent upon him to go on displaying affection. There would also be another relieving feature. Sheela would find some agreeable person to talk to. Radharaman then would not have to concern himself with keeping her cheerful and happy. This made Radharaman treat Uday as if he was a member of the family, and the young lawyer felt happy beyond his wildest expectation.

On the way to their residence, Radharaman discussed with Uday Poet Mattamayur's literary work. Sheela was also familiar with the poet's works and joined in the discussion. In her opinion he was a good poet and she recited verses from a poem of his, which she had particularly liked, to illustrate her point.

After dinner, Radharaman requested Sheela to sing. He had neither any taste for music nor any interest in what Sheela sang. Some twenty years ago, he had seen many theatrical performances staged by the Bombay Gujarati Theatrical Company and still carried some of the popular hits in his memory. To please him, Sheela had learnt them by heart, and seeing her husband in a happy mood, readily agreed to sing some of them. Radharaman did not like classical or serious music. He enjoyed quite frankly the vulgar, popular songs. He pressed Uday to join Sheela in singing them. Uday was also familiar with them as when he was a young boy, he had seen several of those old plays. He had indeed carried with him a book containing his favourite songs from those plays when he went to Europe to keep them fresh in his memory. He was able, therefore, to support Sheela and join in the chorus.

At first Uday was a little reluctant to sing the rather romantic and sometimes unreservedly frank songs of the playwright Dahyabhai Dholshaji along with Sheela. But Radharaman brooked no refusal and called out to him: "Louder, my boy, don't be ashamed. You are not running away with my wife." This left Uday no choice. And Radharaman himself from time to time intervened in his crude way. Every time he did so, it became impossible to maintain seriousness. This soon broke down all reserve.

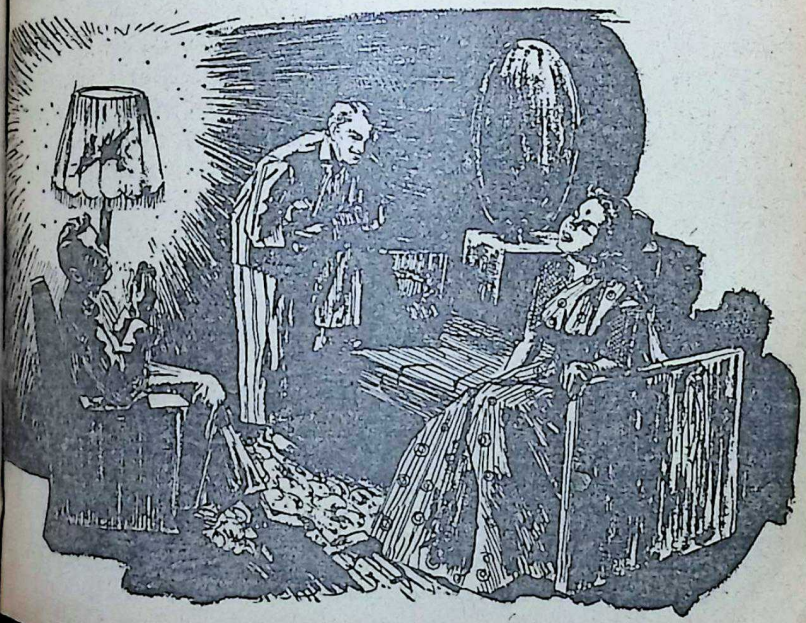
Sheela had a pleasantly sweet voice and she sang with feeling and spirit, the gradation and pitch of her voice harmonising with the theme of the song. Her song was a delight to listen to. Uday realised this as he sang with her. The words of the first song

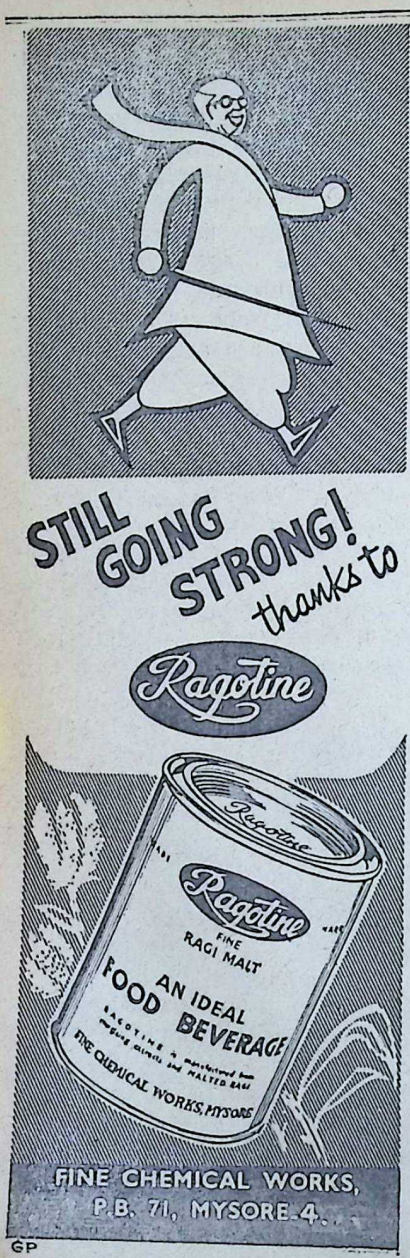
song together were particularly
ate to Sheela's and Radha-
's relations with each other.
y Beloved, will you forsake me—
who has sought your protection?
you forsake me whom you have
so often called your very life?
it in my simple, virgin heart
the flame of love.
joined your life with mine in
ock.
est, was it only to forget me,
leave me for ever....?"
ela's eyes rested a while on
aman, almost as if she was ap-
to him. That at least is how it
Uday and made him wonder
all, this couple that looked
was really so? Was Sheela
some sort of tacit appeal?
stopped before the song was
te. Radharaman clapped with
ds loudly and Uday joined him
in acclaiming the singer.

"Sheela, now please sing the other song. You know the one which begins with the words, *As I went to Brij my sari was soaked with perspiration, etc.,*" urged Radharaman. Sheela blushed at the request but firmly declined to comply. "No, no. How can I sing such a song? In any case, I do not remember the words."

Uday could not help staring at Sheela, whose face, at that time, was a mirror of her changing moods and feelings. "Why are you so shy?" remarked Radharaman. "Never mind, then, please sing something else. What about *There she came, swaying with grace, all dolled up?*"

Sheela shook her head and began a song which had once taken all Gujarat by storm—*Fear is in my mind and in every limb....* Radharaman joined in immediately and kept time





with his hands. He called out to U
also to sing loudly. "This song
once in everyone's mouth in Guj
Come along, let yourself go."

Song followed song and it was
night before they retired to bed. S
did not come to Uday for a long t
He ruminated over the first song
the way Sheela had sung it: *Belo*
will you forsake me, me who c
seeking your protection? Did th
words hide Sheela's own feelings
unhappiness? Was there, after
some truth in the stories he had he
and in the sarcastic remarks of
poet that day? Uday spent a sleepl
night. His thoughts took a new
and his heart beat fast, as unfami
feelings took possession of him.

When Uday came down the
morning, Sheela was already at
breakfast table. He did not dare
look at her or even to talk to h
fearing that his voice might betray
feelings.

"Did you sleep well, Solanki?" e
quired Sheela as a solicitous host

"Oh yes, of course," replied U
and then in sudden burst of cour
added: "Sheelaben, Saheb calls me
my first name 'Uday'. Why do y
continue to use my surname 'So
lanki'?"

Sheela smiled as she remark
"You do sing very well, Uday,—
should I say Solanki?"

"Please drop Solanki."

"You write poetry. Do you n
The Kaviraj Mattamayur would n
take to you so much unless you w
a poet."

"Well, I do write, but not poetry.
knew and I was able, therefore,

some of his poems. That is what the scales in my favour."

But you do write prose then?"

For a moment, Uday was at a loss. Suryashankar and Rajba, no knew that he had written novels. did not somehow like to hide it

Sheela.

Can you keep a secret?"

Do you want a promise from me? you not trust me even to that ex-

Well, if solicitors come to know I write novels, they would stop briefs to me."

I did not suggest that I can give a brief. Did I? But you have let self be caught too easily. You not yet, after all, such a good ster. You have admitted that you a novelist while denying that you a poet."

You would have made a good examiner, had you been a law-

After all I am a lawyer's wife. Tell is it, or is it not, a fact that you written a novel."

Uday felt somehow confused.

Have you read anything of h's work?"

Bhagna Hriday (Broken Heart). once, but three times. And shed over the heroine's fate. So, you 'Piyush'."

You are the only one besides yashankar and Rajba who knows Please do not reveal it to Radha-n. He is sure to retail it to the Library and my friends then will me to death."

Do not worry. I shall keep the ledge to myself," rejoined Sheela a smile and a twinkle in her eyes.

Uday was delighted. So now they shared a secret and thus had a bond between them.

"Are you writing a new novel these days?"

"My latest book has just come out, barely fifteen days ago."

"Have you a copy here?"

"Yes, as soon as my bag comes, I shall give it to you."

"Well then, you had better get ready for the picnic. Saheb will soon be coming down. The sooner we start the better, otherwise, the day will be hot by the time we get to Rambagh."

The three of them set out a little later for the picnic. The servants followed with the baskets of food, drinking water, mats, durries, etc. On the way to Rambagh, Radharaman was in fine trim. He seemed to enjoy casting his mind back and reciting the songs that had been sung the previous night, and many others besides that he knew by heart when he was young. He asked Sheela to sing one such song but Sheela said she did not know the words of the song. Uday, however, did and so he began to sing it. As he sang, Sheela soon picked up the tune and joined him. This was followed by another song and all the three sang loudly and lustily.

Radharaman went on suggesting song after song and if he liked any one of these, he insisted on its being sung more than once. A series of the songs of playwright Dahyabhai were sung in this manner. If anyone of them forgot a line, or made a mistake in the tune, it only evoked loud bursts of laughter. Whenever he got an opportunity, Radharaman, like a spoilt child. cracked jokes which

would not have been permissible in any polite society.

Radharaman finally asked Uday to sing a song appropriate to the occasion.

"Can you sing some English songs? Does your wife sing?"

Sheela did not like this thoughtless reference to Uday's wife who had deserted him, but she could scarcely have persuaded Radharaman to behave differently when he was in that mood. Radharaman went on: "I had heard a girl sing in English, a song which I would like to hear again. The first line as far as I remember went like this: 'A merry gypsy band are we..' "

"Do you know this?"

"Yes", replied Uday.

"All right. Then go ahead. We shall join in and help you sing the chorus."

So Uday began: "A merry gypsy band are we....

Tra... la... la..."

Radharaman started in his hoarse voice "Tra... la... la..." and called upon Sheela to join.

"Go on. A merry gypsy band are we.... Tra.... la.... la".

The three laughed gaily and they sang:

"A merry gypsy band are we
Tra.... la.... la....
Who made the forests wild and free,
Tra.... la.... la....
Our hearts are very light and gay,
Tra.... la.... la....
We feel with joy each new born day,
Tra.... la.... la....
The sky above, the earth beneath,
Tra.... la.... la....
For us new pleasures ever bequeath,
Tra.... la.... la...."

Suddenly Radharaman tried to drag Sheela to join him in a whirling d and when she refused, he caught of Uday and started going round round singing Tra.... la.... la

Radharaman loved this kind horseplay. When the song was over resumed their walk. By the time arrived at Rambagh, Uday felt he had known Sheela since his hood. She was laughing and sing and running about as if she was seventeen year old girl. She certa did not behave as befitting a lady twenty-seven years. Every song carried some subtle and emotio meaning. Sheela looked at Rad raman in a shy embarrassed w Radharaman, of course, behaved the gay dog he was, his eyes smil mischievously all the while.

They had their lunch in the sh of a tree. As Sheela served the fo Uday was struck by her skill a charm. Neither of them talked m nor was it necessary, for Radhara kept up an incessant chatter. He e patiated on the plays he had seen a youngster, on how he had fallen love with Sundari, a famous actor w played the role of heroines in th good old days, and kept dreaming 'her': on the love of Keshav Naik a Gauhar: on how subtle was the a of the British actors and actress Uday heard all these interesting collections for the first time but f Sheela, of course, this was, perhap the fiftieth time.

After a visit to the 'Shivaji ladd they turned homewards and were b home by 5-30 P.M. Now none them was in a mood to talk. Rad raman was tired. Uday was immer in dreams about Sheela and her m

...ms. Sheela was happy.

Uday's heart was full: strange feelings overpowered him. He could not recollect having ever enjoyed himself so much. Never could he have imagined that he would be spending a whole day walking and singing, in the company of friends such as the Radharamans. And the songs they sang together, the highly romantic and passionate songs of Dahyabhai! He felt very happy and hated the very idea of having to return to the dry-as-dust life that must be his lot when this holiday would be over.

All of them were dead tired and after a hurried and quiet dinner, they went straight to bed. For Uday, however, sleep did not come immediately. Sheela's laughter and her voice as she sang still rang in his ears. He kept thinking of her sparkling eyes and her lovely mobile and expressive features. His heart was full of her and until sleep overtook him, scenes of Ramagiri passed successively before his mind's eye, with Sheela flitting through the woods like a sylvan goddess free as a frolicking young doe.

His sister Raj was obsessed with God, but for his part he felt on that day that he experienced the presence of God. Had Raj been there with them, would she have approved of the way in which he and Sheela had behaved? Would she not have seen through the apparent innocence of their free and easy friendliness? One thing was as clear as daylight. Sheela had lifted his heart from this sordid world to a heavenly joy. She was not a woman, but music.

Next day was Diwali, the Festival of Lights. Sheela was up early and busied herself decorating the house for the festive day. After she had finished her work and Radharaman had got up, all the three spent a lazy morning talking, eating, and drinking. When Uday suggested that he should go and pay his respects to Kaviraj on the auspicious day, Radharaman laughed contemptuously. "Don't be a fool. What is Diwali or Holi to a rhymester? He will be busy writing something foolish," he said.

Uday did not appreciate this snobbery but felt that in preventing him from going to see Mattamayur, Radharaman was only satisfying his own vanity and hurting the poet's. All the same he did not wish to displease Radharaman; after all, he had become acquainted with the poet casually and only a few days ago. So they all went out for a walk to the Panorama Point.

On their return, Uday and Sheela, assisted by the servants, indulged in firing off a large number of crackers with gusto, laughing and running about like little children all the time. Radharaman stood aloof, quite happy, watching the others enjoy themselves. Once Sheela screamed when some cracker went off too close to her; Uday immediately ran up and extinguished the burning cracker. Their eyes met on this occasion, and they laughed together with innocent joy. Sheela was frankly happy.

After dinner, they separated for they were all tired. Sheela reminded Uday about his book. "I am not very sleepy. If you can give it to me now I shall read a few pages before I fall asleep."

"Forgive me. I forgot to take it out

of my bag. I shall get it for you immediately."

He rushed up to his room and brought the book down. As he handed it to her, he remarked: "Sheelaben, please do not forget that you do not know 'Piyush' ".

"How should I know him? I do not associate, like you, with eminent persons like Kaviraj", she replied mischievously.

As they parted with a 'good-night', their eyes met again whispering a soundless message from one to the other.

After a while, Sheela's sweet voice was heard to the accompaniment of her *dilruba* singing a song: *My charming, playful, my beloved lord lives in my heart. My loving....*

Suddenly the *dilruba* stopped as the voice was choked. Soon everything was quiet. From a distance, came a bird's shrill scream, and the flutter of its wings as it flew away. And again there was silence until an owl hooted atop a tree.

[To be continued]

God is necessary to us in order that we may exist, while we are necessary to him, in order that he may be manifested to himself.

—Ibn al' Arabi

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when they tell you HOW LOVELY YOU ARE

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A HINDUSTAN LEVER PRODUCT

HEART: its virtues & vagaries

Dr. Rustom Jal Vakil

THE layman of today is no longer a passive or "sleeping" partner in the campaign against death and disease. By bringing home to the layman simple truths about health and disease, eminent specialists in America and Europe have made of him an active and enthusiastic participant in the preservation of health and conquest of disease. Co-operation and understanding between the doctor and the patient have never been so close or mutually advantageous as they are today. My justification for this article is to present to the reader the greatest masterpiece of Nature—the heart, and to extol its virtues and explain its vagaries.

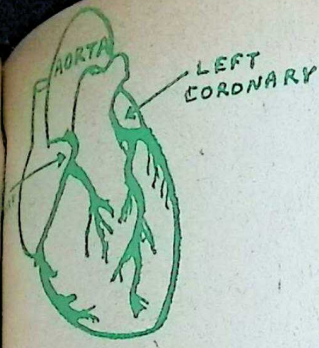
The story of the heart and heart disease is a most fascinating one. It takes us through about three hundred centuries of observation and human endeavour, interspersed with years of superstition, inactivity and ignorance. Man's interest in the heart probably began 30,000 years ago, with the long-extinct Cro-magnon race. Recent discoveries, archaeological, anthropological and palaeographic, have shown how very distant and far-reaching are the roots of our civilization.

In bygone days, it was customary to regard the heart as the "seat" or "abode" of the soul or the centre courage, vitality, character, love, em tion or intellect. Such a belief has be perpetuated to some extent in pro poetry and modern jargon. Certa words and expressions, such as hea less, hearty, heart-felt, large-heart lion-hearted, and heart of gold, daily use today, lend credence to th theory.

In ancient Egyptian hieroglyp writings, unearthed recently but pr bably written in the Pyramid age, a particularly in the Ebers and Ed Smith papyri, there are frequent re ferences to the heart. During mu mification or embalming, an art which the ancient Egyptians excell it was customary to return the hea back within the bony framework the chest, being considered essenti to the body even after death.

In ancient Arabian medicine, durin the reign of Caliph Haroun Al Rash the heart was regarded as the "princ of the body and the lungs as the "fan of the heart.

According to Aristotle, the mo learned and versatile of philosophe the heart contained a certain vital e sence or "force", essential to Li Erasistratus of Greece was the fir man to describe the heart correc



"pump" whilst the term "heart
" was first introduced by Cel-
contemporary of Christ.

HEALTHY HEART

main function of the heart is
through the medium of the
the two substances, vital to
ood and oxygen—to each of the
s of "cells" which form a single
body. Besides supplying these
substances, it looks after the col-
and subsequent elimination of
waste products from the body.
the mechanical standpoint, the
is a high efficient double-pump,
looks after the circulation of
throughout the body. It is cus-
to describe the circulation of
within the lungs as pulmonary
ser circulation and that of the
of the body as systemic or greater
ation. Whilst the right ventricle
the heart pumps blood into the
, the left supplies blood to the
r organs and tissues of the body.
One cannot but marvel at the nume-
accomplishments of the human
. During a biblical life-span of
e score years and ten or seventy
, the heart beats approximately
million times, pushing about 200 thousand tons of blood, through 62,000 miles of blood vessels, which put end to end would encircle the globe of the earth about two and a half times. The energy expended by the heart in a single life-time can lift the largest battle ship in the world almost five yards up in the air. In one single year, there are about 37 million heart beats, each beat lasting just under a second (0.8 second) ; at each beat, the heart is in a state of work or contraction (*systole*) for one-third of a second and in a state of rest or relaxation (*diastole*) for half a second. The heart, like a powerful motor engine, has a tremendous reserve or spare power (*cardiac* reserve) which can be utilized in times of stress or need. During about of strenuous physical exertion, the heart may have to quadruple its efforts in order to cope with increased demands of the body. The masterpiece of nature keeps on working diligently and without a break, at the rate of 70 to 75 contractions per minute, for an average of about 60 years, a truly remarkable performance, not equalled as yet by any man-made machine or appliance.

Slightly larger than a closed human fist and about 1 lb. in weight, the normal heart is a fig-shaped organ, suspended, more or less centrally within the chest, between the two lungs.

The size and weight of a normal heart are roughly proportional to the size and weight of the owner. The heart is normally larger in males than females, and in stockily-built or large individuals than in the emaciated or lanky. The heart, being relatively larger in children than adults, may be mistakenly diagnosed as enlarged even when normal in size.

In the event of disease, the heart tends to increase in size or enlarge, attaining at times unbelievable proportions, as in cases of aortic valve disease and severe hypertension; the heart, in such cases, (bovine heart) may occupy more than half of the chest. An enlargement of the heart may be of one of two types: in hypertrophy of the heart, the walls become thicker, stronger and more muscular; in dilatation, on the other hand, the walls become thinner and stretched out whilst the chambers of the heart become larger and hold more blood. It is customary to regard hypertrophy as sign of strength or response to overwork, and dilatation as a sign of weakness or failure on the part of the heart.

The normal heart is placed somewhat eccentrically near the centre of the chest with two-thirds of it to the left and one-third to the right of the midline. In rare cases, the heart is right-sided (dextrocardia) from birth, a condition frequently compatible with a long life.

Structurally, the heart may be described as a muscular bas or sac containing four cavities or compartments viz., the left auricle and left ventricle (constituting the so-called "left heart", and the right auricle and ventricle, the "right heart"). The left and right auricles or atria are separated by a partition of wall, the interauricular septum, which prevents admixture of blood between the two auricles; a similar interventricular septum separates the two ventricles. An intermingling of blood (pure and impure) between the auricles or the ventricles may occur in case of a "hole" o fect in one or other of these pa tions, resulting in one of two tant varieties of congenital hear ease, viz., atrial or ventricular defect.

The *heart valves* are intricate useful structures, composed of or cusps, plated by nature, be the left auricle and ventricle (valve), the right auricle and ve (tricuspid valve) and at the ope of the two major blood vessels o body, the aorta (*aortic* valve) an pulmonary artery (pulmonary va The object of a valve is to perm "one-way" oruni-directional flo blood, thus facilitating the work the heart and preventing unnece expenditure of energy. As the re of infection, usually rheumatic syphilitic, a heart valve may e become leaky (regurgitation) or b ened (stenosis); in the former there is a leak-back of blood thr the valve resulting in wasteful ex diture of energy; in stenosis of valve, the flow of blood, although directional, is narrowed down t thin stream.

Whilst the left and right aur are the collecting or receiving ch bers of the heart, receiving blood f the lungs and the rest of the b respectively, the left and right v tricles are pumping chambers, pu blood into the greater and lesser c culations respectively.

The *wall* of the heart is a th layered structure, made up of a t smooth and glistening outer layer pericardium, a thick muscular m coat or myocardium, and a thin

or endocardium. Inflammation
of one or other of these
may lead to pericarditis, myo-
or endocarditis, depending on
layer is involved.

makes the heart "tick" or
is a question that had intrigu-
for many centuries. In the
of the right auricle of the heart,
tiny structure called the sino-
node, which sets the pace
heart by setting off rhythmic
charges, usually at the rate
to 80 per minute; because of
the node is frequently referred to
"pace-maker" (timer or regu-
of the heart.

DISEASED HEART

term "heart disease", in its pre-
context, is used in a wider sense
include, besides diseases of the heart
those affecting the blood ves-
of the body. The heart and blood
collectively constitute the so-
cardio-vascular system or cir-
system. In the past, the heart
the only part of this system with
the public was concerned. Re-
work proves that diseases of the
vessels are even more impor-
in the causation of death and dis-
than the heart itself. Of every
deaths from so-called heart disease
in the U.S.A., 9 are due to
of the blood vessels rather
heart. Comparing the circulatory
to a hydrodynamic system, one
say that the circulating "pipes"
blood vessels) cause a breakdown
system nine times as often as
central "pump" (or heart) itself.

Diseases of the heart and blood vessels constitute the major problem of the day in western countries, from the clinical, scientific, public health and socio-economic points of view. They constitute the leading cause of death and disease in most countries, surpassing in their toll of life even the dreaded trio of tuberculosis, cancer and pneumonia.

In the U.S.A., one of every two deaths reported is due, either directly or indirectly, to diseases of the circulatory system.

Another problem, that is increasingly engaging the minds of authorities, is the steady rise in the incidence and death rate of diseases of the cardio-vascular system. Part of this increase is due to greater familiarity or awareness on the part of the physician of today with the clinical picture of heart disease. Another reason of greater importance is the steady decline in the death rate of infectious diseases and fevers in youthful subjects, resulting in a larger number of middle aged and elderly subjects in the population, the average span of life today being longer, it is but natural that the degenerative and senescent forms of heart disease should show an increased incidence. Apart from these two reasons, it is the belief of most authorities that there has been recently a genuine increase in incidence, particularly in males. In the U.S.A., the death rate of individuals between the ages of 35 and 65 years, in the short span of 27 years between 1920 and 1947, has doubled in the case of males, remaining stationary in the case of females.

Diseases of the heart are not a pre-

rogative of the aged or elderly. The highest incidence of heart disease is between the ages of 40 and 60 years in western countries, and about a decade earlier in India. The average age for heart disease in India is 42 years, as many as 44 per cent of cases being between 30 and 50 years of age.

Amongst the most important causes of disease or breakdown of the heart are (1) Developmental or congenital defects of the heart (congenital heart disease) dependent on a defective construction of the heart by Nature ; these cases account for only 1 to 2 per cent of all heart cases. (2) Infections involving the heart, the most important being rheumatic, syphilitic and bacterial infections. (3) Excessive mechanical strain or overwork on the part of the heart, as the result of high blood pressure, long-standing asthma or valvular heart disease. (4) Inadequate blood supply to the heart, as in coronary artery disease.

The detection or diagnosis of heart disease depends on a careful interrogation and medical examination of the patient. A skilful cross-examination of the patient (history taking) by the doctor may suggest the right diagnosis in many cases, even without resort to a stethoscope ; a careful history must therefore always precede a physical examination.

A physical or clinical examination for heart disease usually carried o systematically, in four stages, viz. spection or careful observation of patient, palpation or examination "touch" or "feel", percussion, by tening to the sounds produced on ping the chest wall, and auscultat by listening to the sounds of the h and lungs through a stethoscope.

After these basic examinations, course may be had to special meth of investigation, like the taking of electro-cardiogram or screening of patient with an X-ray machine. T present-day tendency to belittle age-old mehods of clinical observa tion in favour of newer instrume technics is deplorable. Instrume aids to diagnosis should supplem rather than replace the diagnostic re thods of our forefathers. In diffic cases, such as those of congenital he disease, resort may be had to va latest methods of diagnosis, viz. tho of cardiac catheterization angiocardi graphy. In the former, a rubber plastic tuber is pushed through a ho in one of the arm-veins into the vario chambers of the heart; this metho not only allows us to study the i ternal pressure and gas content of t blood within each chamber of t heart but also permits a diagnosis i the case of some of the intricate an malies of the heart.

[*To be continued*]

They abuse him who is silent; they abuse him who talks too much; and they abuse him who talks moderately. There is none in the world who is not abused.

—The Buddha

Riddles

[Our new feature 'Riddles' has evoked considerable interest among the readers. Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES II

She rises with the sun and sleeps with the moon,
She is the first of love, and the second of honour,
She tells the truth with the third,
And she ends with us.
Who is she?

* * *

He is proud of bearing and sits a saddle straddle,
But he is no horseman,
He reins the ears, and is within hearing, but hears nothing;
His vision is doubly crystalline, but he is not a visionary,
He is fashioned essentially of sand,
But he fashions young and old;
But when he loses his horse-sense
He loses the world.
Who is he?

* * *

He serves alike the rich and the poor,
But he is slave of none,
He guards huts and palaces,
But he's no watchman,
He keeps no beat, yet does duty round the clock
He has a watchword for every entrance,
But he speaks none,
He is strong and iron-clad, but wages no war.
Who is he?

* * *

4. *He eludes the rich and the poor,*
Yet all are anxious to know what he brings;
He is not seen,
Yet he is always before all.
Who is he?

* * *

5. *He lives on the trees, but not a bird,*
He sleeps on a bed of straw, but not a cow.
He has a golden hue, but wears no gold,
He is a king of his clan, but no king by himself.
Who is he?

RIDDLES
Answers to Series 1

(1) Cocoanut (2) Pen (3) River (4) Bug (5) Coal

QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

843

Sri N. Bannerjee, Calcutta.

Q: *Can you tell me why some of our energetic Indian youths have greying hair?*

A: Grey hair result from (1) heredity, (2) constant anxiety, and (3) neglect of bodily care.

Kum. K. C. Sowmini, Cannanore.

Q: *Is it true that Gayatri is forbidden for women? I have been doing it for nearly a year? Will it do me any harm? Can we read the* Gita *and other religious books or attend Satsang on permissible days of the month? Can we touch Japamala? Please enlighten me.*

A: Women and men are equal in matters of morals and spirituality. Any ban on religious activity for women is just nonsense. In fact women being more sensitive can develop spirituality and approach God much more easily than men.

In Vedic times, there were women Rishis; and Gargi and Maitreyi were great philosophers in the Upanishadic period. And Mary Magdalene had greater spirituality than most of the disciples of Jesus Christ.

845

Sri Rajendra Prasad Goswami, Gandhinagar.

Q: *I am a young boy of 21 years. I have great ambition to serve people. How can religion help in the fulfilment of my ambition?*

A: Religion alone will give you true spirit of service by getting of your egoism.

846

Sri Surendra Nath Srivastava, Gorakpur.

Q: *I saw in an issue of your journal the portrait of an actress adorning the cover picture. I believe the sale of your magazine depends upon its contents and not on the attractive title page. Don't you agree?*

A: I agree. It is the advertiser who thinks that exhibiting cinema actresses in colour induces foolish men and women to buy their goods.

847

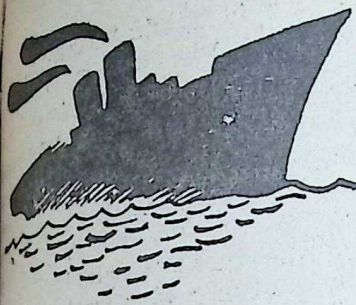
Sri Patiram Baro, Gauhati.

Q: *I wish to become a Buddhist. But there is nobody to initiate me. What shall I do? I have no practice of praying to God. Will you suggest some prayer in the morning, evening and night with their meaning?*

A: (1) Why should you become a Buddhist? There is not a thing in Buddhism which is not in Hinduism.

(2) Select any prayer you like. You ask for the Bhavan's prayer with its translation, if you like.

at home abroad



India's handloom fabrics now reach homes in Africa, Arab countries, East Asia and elsewhere. Exports last year exceeded Rs. 66 million.

Handloom products have been more and more in demand because of the high standards of quality, thanks to inspection and quality marking. This growing demand is also met by handloom emporiums recently opened at Aden, Colombo, Bangkok, Kualalumpur and Singapore.

Handlooms

A Vital Link in India's Economy

THE TIGER GOES TO HEAVEN!

THE calf which had patiently been hearing the parting advice of its mother, replied immediately: "Mother, you seem to be in an unusual mood today. You speak as though you are about to depart. Has the Brahman who owns you sold you away to somebody? Or has he gifted you away to his daughter for your milk? Or perhaps, has he given you away as *dana* on a religious occasion? But surely I will accompany you wherever you may go!"

"Don't be naughty, child!" replied the cow and related to the calf all that transpired between her and the tiger. On hearing it, the calf fell down on the earth and rolled, weeping. Said he amidst sobs: "Mother, promise me not to leave me behind. Let what happens to you happen to me too. I am not afraid of death!"

On hearing these words the cow fondled her young one by licking and kissing it on the head. Said she: "My love, you will not feel my separation. By keeping my word and sticking to truth your mother will reach heaven through the gates of the tiger's mouth. It is a matter of pride for you and not sorrow. Don't you know that for everyone who is born in this world, however great, death is inevitable? And don't you agree that instead of dying an ordinary death, it is a fortune to die with glory on one's head? Do not therefore in the least sorrow. Buck up and send me away cheerfully!"

Said the calf: "In that case, mo won't you permit me to follow and reach the same gates of heave

Cow: My child, your reques legitimate. But however virtuous, whose lineage is cut in the midd denied the eternal pleasures of hea So say the learned. Listen furt Sons can provide food to their pare not only when the latter live. T continue to feed them after de through *pitru-devatas* in their af life by their periodical ceremo Hence progeny is helpful both in t life and after-life. I am so proud you, my progeny, for the above rea If I keep my progeny uncut thro you, I and my ancestors can have t advantage of enjoying the eter pleasures of *swarga*. Look, if I t further, I shall become subject to t sin of untruth. Bid me farewell!

In these and similar words the co managed to leave her son behind a was hurrying towards the tiger.

In the meantime the tiger was g ting worried at the non-return of t cow. Thought he: "Has she debu me? It is foolish of me to have e pected a mere cow to keep her wo It was childish of me to have r to her bait of sweet and sentime words. I am sure she has double-cr ed me. Whoever has heard of a who would return to the claws of tiger after once escaping? Doesn't m ter. I shall not be caught napping the second time. Would she not c

way at any future time? I shall

at that time the tiger saw the
carrying towards him. On coming
she said: "O great one! I beg
pardon if I have been a little late
coming to you. I am sorry I have
you so much inconvenience. I
realise how hungry you must be.
so happy you have not become
patient. Indeed how can one become
without patience? For my
it is on account of the sacred
I made to you that I persuad-
son to agree to parting with me
Now I have no regrets. You
me straightaway and satisfy
hunger with my flesh. Here I de-
my life and body to you. Ac-
them and help me reach *punya-*

tiger who only a moment be-
was cursing himself for falling
to the sweet words of the
and suspected her of deception
not now help admiring the
forwardness and sense of sacri-
the part of the cow. He began
: "Alas! What an accursed
I led till now! How far-sight-
wisdom and absolutely guile-
this cow? Better late than never.
not add to my burden of sins
this virtuous cow too! Can't
other flesh to appease my hun-
The God who created me should
have created my food too! By
killing the cow I shall surely not

Thinking thus, the tiger addressed
: "O, jewel of a cow! I deeply
your sense of truth and de-
tion to keep your word even

though it meant your life. I am not a tool to kill a great *mahatma* like you. I may frankly tell you that your sense of *dharma* has saved your life today! You may now return to your calf and live happily."

Replied the cow: "O, virtuous tiger! I am sure that in saying thus you want to test my sincerity. Do not have any fears about it. Nor do I ever vacillate in my decisions. I have already dedicated this body of mine as your food. If however you have any compunctions about the act, I completely absolve you of any violence. The very fact of your having asked me generously to return to my child is atonement enough. For my part it is highly immoral to leave you when you are subject to cruel hunger. Look, your lips have become parched and limbs weak for lack of food. Indeed all your senses have become weak due to lack of nourishment. The sun will soon set. Break your fast by eating me and relax. May I on that score attain virtue and shall think of your valuable help on my way to heaven."

So saying the cow raised her head and placed it near the tiger's mouth. For a second, the tiger's lips twitched but immediately it fell back and retreated, the cow expostulating "Eat me, eat me" and the tiger replying "I have no appetite, I have no appetite." As it said so, the tiger's mind reached the exalted state of *vigyana*. Noticing the complete non-violence of the tiger and spirit of sacrifice and truthfulness of the cow, the angels showered flowers on them both from heaven. Closely after, Lord Vishnu accompanied by his Consort appeared before them on

their aerial vehicle Garuda. On seeing that beatific vision, both the tiger and the cow took hold of the feet of the Lord and praised him in many words, whereon the Lord said: "I am greatly pleased by your exemplary character and behaviour. Both of you may ask me a boon!"

"Lord! May we be granted your Divine Abode, Vaikuntha!" they asked.

"So be it," declared the Lord and disappeared. The tiger and the cow too departed to their abode and after leading the rest of their lives in an exemplary manner, reached Vaikuntha Dham in the end.

Those who read this conversation between the cow and the tiger will have no trouble from animals, serpents etc. Lord Vishnu will be particularly fond of them.

When Ratnamandana completed narrating this story, he added: "Pe say that the cow is a mere animal that it is devoid of commo Don't you see that she kept her to the end?".

On hearing these words, the R marakshas replied: "I am inclined believe you too. But vow that would return!"

"What kind of vow do you wa

"Listen!" replied the Brahm shas. "If you fail to return, may reap the fate of that man who, a desparately hungry man begs morsel of food he is eating, ref and drives him away!"

"Agreed!" replied Ratnaman and with the permission of the B marakshas, returned to his capital related all that had happened to K Nandapala.

[To be contin

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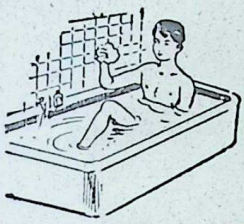
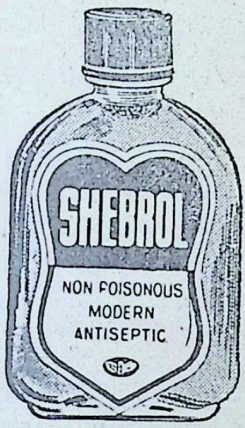
...MARSHAL MUKHERJEE

(*Continued*)

...concern to those who are de-
...of seeing the two countries
...forward in amity. There is
...other and in some ways a far
...serious danger that has to be
...the enemy here works secretly
...works insidiously to create fac-
...our Services. Against all these
...have stood firmly and selflessly
...Service Chiefs. And now we have
...when we could ill afford to lose
...perhaps the youngest of them
...one who though highly ima-
...and receptive of new ideas
...so level-headed. But he will
...us with the feeling of satis-
...that he has left behind a fine
...cient force, which will never
...or the country down.





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DR. K. L. SHRIMALI'S VISIT

"I am happy to see that the Bhavan has grown to be an all-India institution with five branches, and its various departments dealing with every aspect of life, thought and the culture of the Indian people," observed Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Union Minister for Education.

Dr. Shrimali was paying his first visit to the Bhavan, on 31st of last month, as Union Minister for Education. He was taken round the Bhavan by Sri & Smt. Munshi, and he saw an exhibition of Books and Journals pubished by the Bhavan.

FOUNDATION WEEK CELEBRATION OF THE BHAVAN

THE 23rd Annual Foundation Week of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will be celebrated from 3rd to 14th next month. The following are the programme:—

3rd Dec. 1960—5-30 p.m.
SILVER JUBILEE OF THE BHAVAN'S PRESS—Chief Guest: Sri S. K. Patil

4th Dec. 1960—10-00 a.m.
14TH CONVOCATION OF THE BHAVAN—Address by Sri S. Patil

6-30 p.m.
"BADUTI PATI"—Gujarati dr directed by Adi Marzban

5th Dec. 1960—6-15 p.m.
SYMPOSIUM "Disintegra How to avert it?"
President: Sri K. M. Munshi
Speakers:
Acharya Kripalani, Dr. C. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sardar K. Panikkar, Shriman Narayan a H. M. Patel.

6th Dec. 1960—6-15 p.m.
INAUGURATION of Munshi E dowment Lectures on Ind Culture"—by Dr. C. P. Ra swami Aiyar at Bhavan's pr mises.

7th Dec. 1960—6-30 p.m.
"Lectures on Indian Culture"— by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiya

8th Dec. 1960—6-30 p.m.
"Lectures on Indian Culture"— by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiya

9th Dec. 1960—8-30 p.m.
PARENTS' DAY—Joint pr gramme by Bhavan's Colle Samskrit Mahavidyalaya, Sa Shikshapith & Nartan Shiksh pith

10th Dec. 1960—3-30 p.m.
WORKERS' MEETING at Bhava

6-30 p.m.
"CHOOPO RUSTOM" Gujar drama directed by Adi Marzb

11th Dec. 1960—10-00 a.m.
SUGAM SANGIT organised b Bhavan's Sugam Sangit Vidy

3-30 to 5-30 p.m.
PAST STUDENTS' CONVENTIO at College Campus, Andheri

5-30 p.m. to 7-00 p.m.
COLLEGE DAY at Andheri

7-30 p.m.
DINNER at Andheri

12th Dec. 1960—5.30 p.m.
INAUGURATION of Birla Endowment lectures on "Indian His tory"—I by Dr. R. C. Majumd at Bhavan's premises.

13th Dec. 1960—5.30 p.m.
Lecture on "Indian History"—II b

...ER 21, 1960

Dr. R. C. Majumdar at Bhavan's ...ganises ...ber 1960—5.30 p.m. ...Lecture on "Indian History"—III by Dr. R. C. Majumdar

...OURSES ON RAMAYANA ...SHASRI S. ANANTHARAMA ...SHTAR of Sengalipuram con... a series of religious discourses ...Valmiki *Ramayana* at the ...Samaj, Matunga. The dis... began on 2nd October and ...on the 6th November after ...he has started discourses on ...Bhagavata. Sri Dikshitar re... ...urses from the great epics and ...ls with stories, illustrations, ...ghly and humour. A great tea... ...and preacher, who knows by ...the great epics and the *Bhaga*... ...his discourses are daily listened ...h great attention by a very large ...appreciative audience.

...Third Oct. he paid a visit to the ...tya Vidya Bhavan, where he ...welcomed by Sri and Smt Munshi. ...Nov. 2 Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of ...Maharashtra State, attended Sri ...ar's discourse at the Asthika ...g, Matunga.

...ri Anantharama Dikshitar

...ATKHANDE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

...24th Bhatkhande Anniversary ...ebrations were conducted by the Bharatiya Sangit Shikshapith (Academy of Indian Classical Music, affiliated to the Bhatkhande Sangit Vidya Pith, Lucknow), the music wing of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, on 19th and 20th of this month. This annual event is in commemoration of the late Pandit Vishnu Narain Bhatkhande, the famous exponent of Hindustani Music. Dr. B. V. Keskar, Union Minister for Information & Broadcasting, presided over the function on the 19th.

The following artistes participated in the celebrations: Sri B. B. Jadhav & Party (Shahnai), Smt. Manik Varma (Vocal), Sri Ratnakar Vyas (Sarod), Sri Shashikant Bellare (Tabla Solo), Sri Chidanand Nagarkar (Vocal), Pandit S.. N. Ratanjankar (Vocal) Kumari Bhavna Mehta (Vocal), Smt. Saguna Kalyanpur (Vocal), Sri Govindrao D. Agni (Vocal), Sri Rais Khan (Sitar), Sri Kumar Gandharv (Vocal), Kumar Suresh Degwekar (Vocal), Kumar Madan Sawant and Sri Tarachand Pathare (Tabla Duet), Sri Sharad Jambhekar (Vocal), Kumari Vijaya Deshpande (Vocal), Ustad Khadim Hussein Khan (Vocal), Sri Suresh Haldankar (Vocal), Ustad Ali Akbar Khan (Sarod), Ustad Bade Gulamali Khan (Vocal).

SHASTRIYA EXAMINATIONS

THE Government of Maharashtra have recognised the Poorva Madhyama and Uttar Madhyama of the Shastriya Examinations conducted by the Bhavan as equivalent to the S.S.C. & Intermediate examinations respectively.

The last date for accepting the applications for different Shastriya examinations *viz. Praveshika, Poorva Madhyama, Uttar Madhyama, Shastri* and *Acharya* to be held in April 1961 is 15th of December. However, the applications will be accepted till 31st December with 50 nP as late fee. The application forms may be obtained from established centres or from the Pariksha Sampadak, Shastriya Examinations Dept., Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7.

We regret to announce the death of Smt. Sarayubala, wife of Sri Navin T. Khandwalla, and daughter of Dr. & Smt. K. M. Munshi, after a protracted illness at the Harkissondas Hospital, in the early hours of Wednesday the 16th instant, at the age of 45. Smt. Khandwalla was a prominent social worker and took active part in the social and cultural activities in the city of Bombay. She was the Hon. Treasurer of the Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh and the Joint Editor of the Sangh's Magazine. She leaves behind a son and a vast circle of relatives and friends to mourn her death.

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Bookshelf

ROSE-BUD'S SONG. By Prithwindra N. Mukherjee. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Price: 75 nP.

HAVE pleasure in introducing to ... of poetry a prodigy of a poet ... started writing poetry both in ... and Bengali at the age of ... He is barely twenty-four ... has already made a mark, not ... a poet of great promise, but as ... of a few famous books, ... and French, into Bengali.

... poems under review breathe a ... aspiration and a mystic dream. ... embody a vision of the shining ... of human fulfilment, and a dream ... Beauty and Bliss seeking to turn the ... of earthly life into a blossom of ...

... strikes one most in these pulsations of the young poet is the ... of sincerity, which imparts to ... poems a lilt and a twang all its ... Even a hurried glance through ... like "A Rose-bud's Song", ... "Plant", "Soul, A Child", "A ... Fancy", "The Marvel", "The ... Child", "The Rose", "Fisher-... Song" etc. will not fail to convince the reader that here is one of the ... who herald the coming dawn of ... age in exalted accents of genuine ... Lines like the following ... a haunting, ethereal charm, and ... aglow with the ardour of a ... soul:

Break the spider-veil around my being,
Alone beneath nocturnal frost I moan,
A deathless flame amid this agony invokes thy pearly kiss, O Mother Dawn!

.....

A hush, a mighty Silence rings all soul,
A finger of light to earth has shown the Goal.

.....

O sacred face of inward dawn,
O face of rose!
The secrets of a deathless land
Your lips disclose.

.....

Delay no more, the night is dumb,
O speak no more,
But see the dancing spirits come
Upon the shore.

The book is elegantly got up and is priced so low that it can, indeed, be said that the lovely songs it contains can be had just for a song.

—*Sri Rishabhchand.*

SREEMANNARAYANEEYAM. By Sri Narayana Bhattatiri. With a commentary called Balabodhini by K. Krishna Warrier. Published by Konath Sankara Warrier. Price: Rs. 10.

NARAYANEEYAM occupies an honoured place as a classic in devotional literature. It is, in the first place, sung in praise of Lord Narayana and in the second, it was composed by His devotee, also a Narayana, who combines a massive knowledge of the Shastras with the rare gift of a born poet.

The story is related of how, out of reverence for and gratitude to his preceptor, Bhattatiri offered to receive the gift of a Pratima—the effigy of paralysis and rheumatism, inscribed on a coin—and how when he took it, the master became freed from the disease which instantly attacked the disciple. Finding that the lotus feet of the Presiding Deity of Guruvayoor offered the only safe and sure refuge, he began to lisp in numbers, and numbers flowed. When he came to utter the thousandth verse, it was found that he had completed the recital of the quintessence of the *Bhagavata.* There is a reference in every 10th sloka to his disease and his fervent prayer to the Lord to cure him of it. In the end, pleased with his devotion, the Lord presented Himself before him and the disease left him.

The commentator has done his job with meticulous care and with scholarly distinction; his commentary, lucid and well-informed, brings out the spirit of the original.

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devotees of Guruvayoor-

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.*

AGEMENT EFFICIENCY. By R. Morti. Published by Efficiency Publications, Bombay-19. pp. 112. Price Rs. 10.

book under review is the third in the series of 'Efficiency Pub-' and as in the previous vo- a spiritual approach is made to all problems connected with gement efficiency". The book ses of seven lessons dealing with ication of spiritual values in levels of management problems. spiritual factor in man is a vital responsible for the release of energy to accomplish tasks of ability and hence its develop- in man should be the first consi- in determining policy of effi- in management.

is contended that every worker how to work better and quicker time and how to improve the cy of the system and of the machinery, without any knowledge of such high sounding words as job-analysis, time, motion and rest studies and the like. But the works have become disheartened and consequently indifferent to work. This demoralisation can be checked only if the worker is assured of a status of equality in the organisation, an equality not in the sense of equal material benefits, but in the feeling of the absence of inequality between 'man and man' within the organization. Such approach is possible only when spiritual values get precedence over material values.

The nature of the spirit or the soul itself is knowledge, efficiency and enthusiasm and so long as the nature of the spirit in man is not roused, no system, however modern, according to Western standards, can improve the efficiency. Since man is the centre of all organizations, the scientific development of man, physically and mentally, should form the basis for solving management efficiency problems. Every worker should feel that he is the manager of the work he has undertaken

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to perform and this concept of duty can be instilled in everyone, only when he makes a religious or spiritual approach to work. In other words work should be a "labour of love" or "work for work's sake", not anticipating any result or reward.

This is the main principle embodied in the book 'Karma Yoga' and the author has elaborated and explained in the form of lessons the applicability of this principle in solving all problems of management efficiency.

The author's treatment of the subject is novel in the sense that emphasis is laid on the securing of co-operation between man and man, between mind and mind, and not between machine and machine.

The author's approach is worth studying and understanding by all those interested in management problems. If spiritual values are inculcated and men are enabled to manifest the best in them in their work, then development of efficiency will become a natural cess of work.

—*Sri H. R. A*

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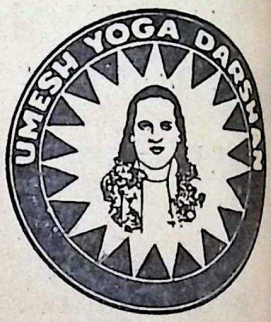

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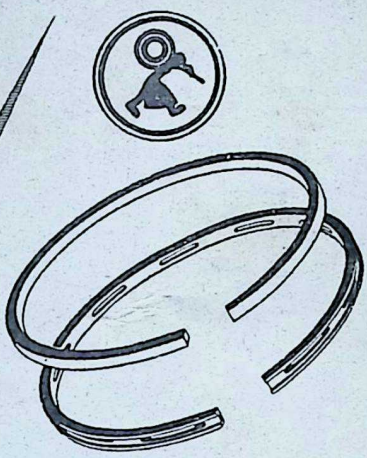

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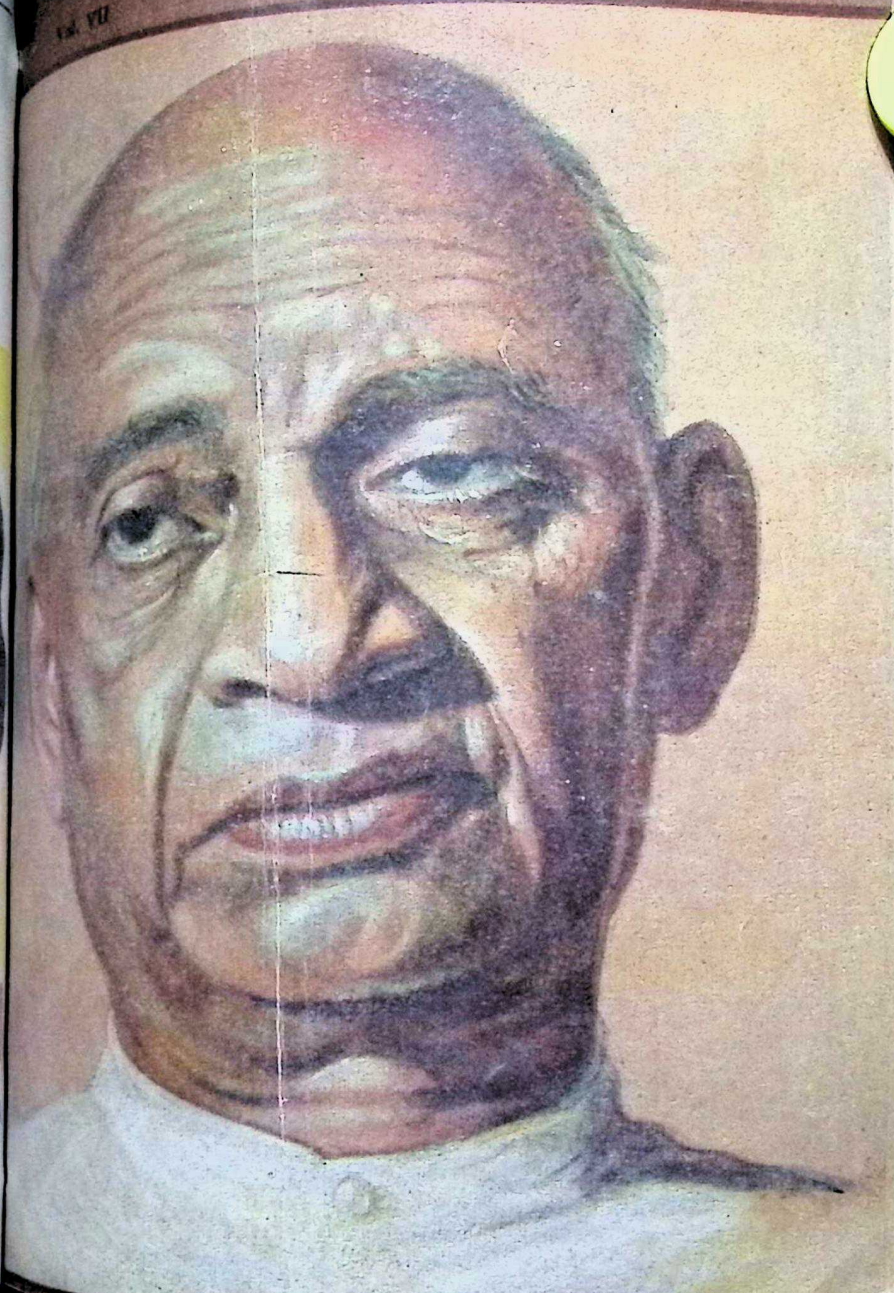

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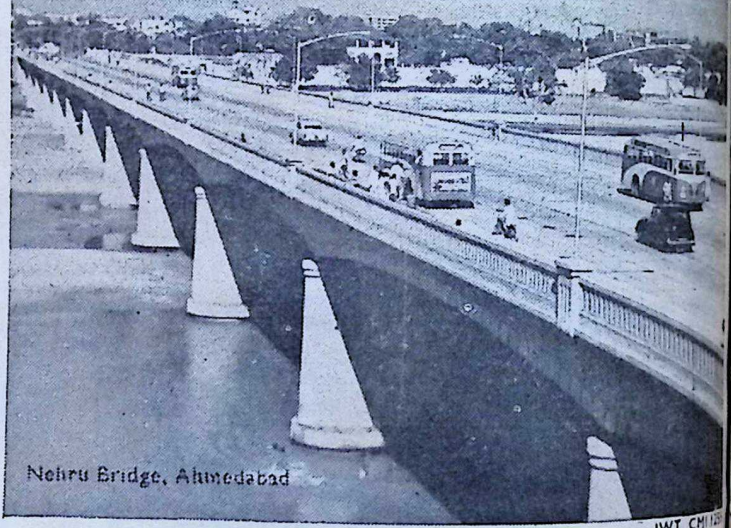

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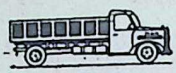

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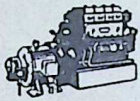

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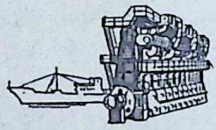

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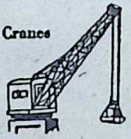

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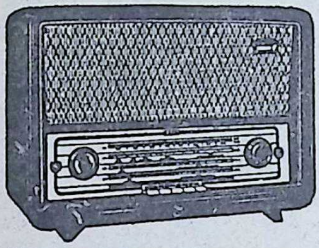

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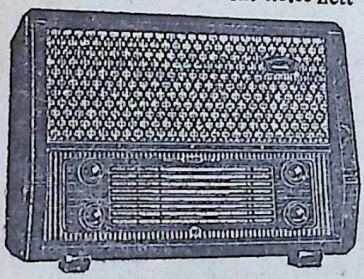

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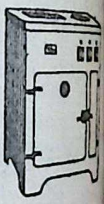

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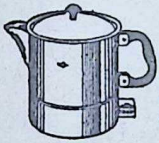

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

SARDAR VALLABHBHAI PATEL

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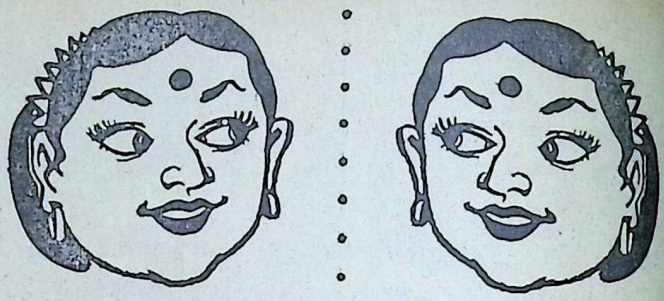
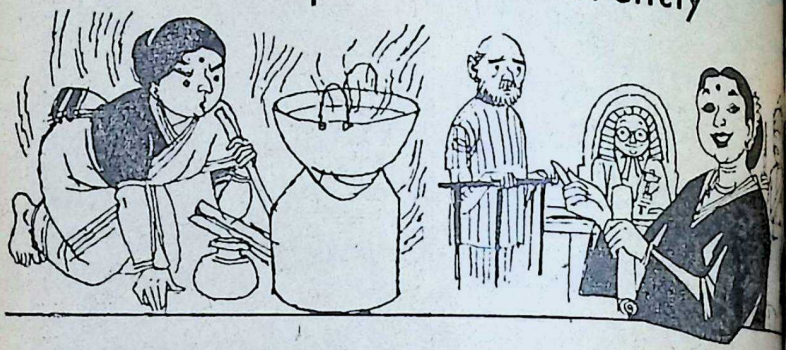


...but perform differently



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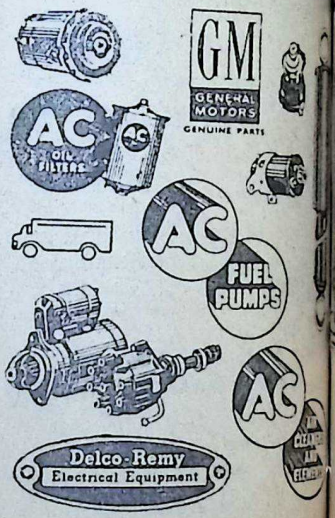

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

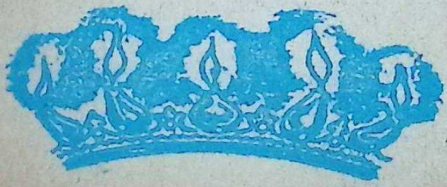
DECEMBER 11, 1960 No. 10

THE DIVINE MAGNETISM

गाव इव ग्रामं यूयुधिरिवाश्वान्
वाश्रेव वत्सं सुमना दुहाना।
पतिरिव जायां अभि नो न्येतु
धर्ता दिवः सविता विश्ववारः॥

Like kine to the village, like
warriors to their horses,
Like loving milch cows to
their calves;
Like the husband to the wife,
may the Deity,
The Upholder of the heavens,
Lord of all bliss, turn towards us.

—*Rigveda*



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 220

★ *EARLY LIFE IN BOMBAY (1908)* ★ *THE PASSING OF A BELOVED FRIEND* ★ *LONELINESS*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.
DECEMBER 11, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN December 1907, my cousin Pranlalbhai passed his B.A. This stocky Hercules with a lame foot was my class-mate and protector from our school-days. We had the knack of passing and failing together in the same examination; but I played truant in 1906, by passing my B.A. when he got plucked. But now we were together once again in the same class.

Pranlalbhai and myself, along with a common friend, shared a room in Narayan Building at Girgaum Back Road, as it was then called. We were cheerful companions. Our room was airy. We had nothing to complain of, except a neighbour's wife who, every third day, emptied boxfuls of cock-roaches in front of our door, leaving us to perform the murderous task of beating the life out of them when they got into our room.

In spite of our neighbour's wife, we led a comfortable life. We laughed and sang; cooked our food when the cook bolted, as he often did, and hind closed doors washed the ute when the servant gave us the slip.

Our great days in the week w Wednesdays and Saturdays. Som times in the afternoon of these d I would hold forth on the beau of the dramatic art. Pranlalb would sniff contemptuously at m and would complain that I alwa liked 'dissipation'—that was his wo For a while we would divert our a tention to reading or singing songs, o looking out of the window. But would soon come back to the top uppermost in our hearts: 'To go o not to go'—to the theatre.

Ultimately my cousin would, 'yie ing not, yield', throwing the wh blame on me. We would then go t some theatre at Grant Road, and g into the pit-class or 12 as. class— highest that the then state of the p permitted.

between 1905-10, the Bombay stage had a character of its own. Its attractions lay in garish lights; scenic effects; frequent cracks of pistol shots; songs and excursions; painted faces and fine dresses; curled Stuart wigs, and above all murders in plenty.

The popular plays were *Harish Chandra, Hamlet, Merchant of Venice* and *Zahree Saap*. The plots were all melodramatic, the leading actors outdoing each other in unnatural acting. Balivala, as Harish Chandra, delivered a long harangue at his wife in the funeral ground, while getting ready to kill her; old Kau Khatau, in the part of Hamlet in European dress, while every other character in the play were in Muslim dress, declaimed in a guttural voice, strutting about the stage in long, stiff strides. *Zahree Saap* was the last word in melodrama. It was full of murders. Ghosts pledged themselves to avenge murders in pompous soliloquies and ran mad out of sheer despair. I must have seen the play over a dozen times, seated uncomfortably in one of the lower classes filled with the acrid smoke of cheap *'bidis'*. I knew most of its songs by heart. I vividly remember a fifteen-year old boy, Nur, playing the heroine in the play. I never have I heard a more melodious and trilling voice than his, except when in 1923, I heard a famous prima donna singing in the Opera House at Rome.

My impression of the Gujarati stage film, except for the plays staged in the Gaiety theatre. At that time 'Sundari', a seventeen-year old heroine of the play *Saubhagya Sundari*, acted by boy Jaishanker, was the main attraction. She (or he, if you please) had cast a spell on the Gujarati world. When she came on the stage, rings, bracelets and necklaces were flung on the stage by enthusiastic spectators from the auditorium. Young Gujarati women of good family copied the style in which she dressed her hair, the way she put on her saris, the manner in which she walked. Even the old, I know, saw her and for the moment felt young. The young dreamt of her and took their wives to see the play, in the hope that their wives might catch the charm and vivacity of Sundari.

Even today, when I sing one of the songs sung by her, I see her rise before me, graceful, elegant and coquettish.

● ● ●

In 1908, I regularly attended the debates held by the students of the Kapole Boarding, which was housed almost next door.

There I met Mangal—later, Hon'ble Justice Mangaldas V. Desai. He was the first friend I made in Bombay and one of the dearest I had in a life which God has enriched by many a friendship.

● ● ●

I write these lines (November 7, 1960) in deep sorrow. My heart is full and I cannot help narrating to you what Mangal meant to me in life.

On 20th October 1960 he came to meet me, hale, hearty and jovial as ever. We chatted of younger days, of our trials and triumphs through life. In his usual way he told one or two of his witty stories. And we parted—he for ever.

On Monday 24th October 1960, I

was informed at Juhu, where I was then staying, that Mangal was dead. I could not believe it; I rushed to his house. There he lay on the bed among flowers as if he were asleep. I could not for the life of me believe that he was dead.

A sense of desolation swept over me. I could hardly restrain my tears when Lilibehn told me how he died. He was taken ill on 22nd afternoon, got high fever, lost consciousness immediately and died 36 hours later.

A bond of affection, fifty-two years strong, was thus snapped.

As I stated, we first met in 1908 in the debating society of the Kapole Boarding. He was then in the Wilson College. Handsome, courteous, eloquent, the blue-eyed boy of a well-established rich family in Bombay, he was all that I was not. We became friends.

In great expectation, we gave him a send-off in 1912 when he went to England for law studies. I welcomed him in 1914 when he returned as a full-fledged barrister. I was then already an advocate on the Original Side of the High Court for two years and our friendship grew closer with every passing day.

He introduced me to his fiancee, and I heard from his lips the story of their romance. I also came to know his brothers who accepted me as one of them. He married, and his family and mine were as one—for years.

In 1914, when Mangal joined the Original Side Bar, I was 'devilling' in the chamber of Bhulabhai Desai. Mangal also joined it and we became inseparables. We met in the Bar Library at 10.30 a.m.; sat at the same table reading Bhulabhai's briefs; took the afternoon tea together in my chamber or his; stood, after court hours, in the balcony of Bhulabhai's chamber—sometimes for two hours at a stretch—waiting to be called in, during which time we invariably fell to discussing our uncertain prospects, but rather jocularly, I in sombre earnestness. On our way back home, we generally dropped in at his place or mine. In view of his affection for me, Mother also accepted Mangal as a second son. So the round went on day after day on most court days.

By 1919 I had attracted fairly big practice, when I ceased to be a regular 'devil' in Bhulabhai's chamber and Mangal also drifted away from his chamber to mine, and we conducted quite a number of cases together. He developed into a hard-working lawyer and was always anxious to build up his case thoroughly. Sometimes he tried to work it so thoroughly that even his client was annoyed at his own lawyer probing into all details mercilessly to make the case invulnerable.

Mangal had the most pleasant temper in the world. Neither a setback at the Bar nor one in the family circle could upset him for long. He would invariably dispel the gloom by a few witty comments or whimsical remarks.

Lilibehn—Smt. Mangal—is a highly cultured and soft-hearted lady. She is to me like a younger sister. She sings exceedingly well, and often we had musical parties at Mangal's house. After I founded the Satya Sansad in 1923, Lilibehn invariably obliged us by singing appropri-

...s at the commencement of every ...l session.

●●●

...1924, I entered the most distress-...period of my life. My association ... Mummy—then Smt. Sheth—in ...ry work and the close friendship ... had sprung up between us, made ... the targets of vile and slanderous ...ss. When we decided to face the ...d rather than give up our asso-..., besides Mother who watched ... us with tender care, a few de-...d friends stood by us. Among ..., Mangal was one of the staun-..., though at some cost to himself; ... his family connections wanted ... to stand away from the unortho-... friendship of two notoriously ...ken literary writers. But Man-... remained true; he declined to ... me up. And no one was happier ... he, when luck favouring us, ...mmy and I married in 1926.

...ut for friends like him, I do not ... how we could have faced our ... Even when the memory of those ... are no more than a half-for-...n dream, I always turn to God ... thankfulness that in our difficult ... He should have given friends—... of them, alas, no more with us—... braved the world for and with us.

●●●

...ard-working, eloquent and shrewd, ...angal soon rose to the front rank at ... Bar. And his sallies of wit in ...rt and in the Library were inimit-...

...He would always hit out with a ...ful smile and without malice. A ...ed Judge, who had comparatively ...d practice when he was at the

Late Sri Mangaldas V. Desai

Bar, had an obsession that some of us, who had worked with Bhulabhai, were having a busy practice for some obscure reasons other than our merits. He, therefore, never missed an opportunity to say some nasty things about us whenever an occasion arose.

Once the learned Judge criticized a plaint drafted by one of us. 'The plaint is all wrong, Mr. Desai. We never drafted such faulty plaints when we were at the Bar,' the learned Judge said.

Mangal rose to the occasion. 'My lord, were not your lordship so perfect in drafting pleadings and were your lordship not so well-versed in all the law, how could your lordship have risen to the Bench?'

The compliment was made with such a winning smile that the Judge evi-

dently had to swallow it.

Mangal had the expansive habit of establishing easy relations with a client. He would talk with him more as a friend, even making witty or jocular hits at him: This sometimes put him in a very embarrassing situation.

Once he was holding a conference with a solicitor and a client who happened to be a singing girl of the usual professional type.

When it was late, Mangal said smiling at the client: 'So now, we will carry on our conference on Sunday morning.'

'Yes, Sir', she said. 'You are welcome to my house'.

'Nonsense', said Mangal. 'I cannot come to your house. You will have to come to mine'.

'Oh! Why can't you', asked the client. 'Big Rajas and Maharajas frequent my house. What objection can you have to come to my house?' replied the client.

Mangal patiently explained to her that it was his privilege as a counsel to meet his client at his house.

●●●

The death of his eldest daughter, whom he loved dearly, was a blow to him. But his genial temperament stood by his side. He blunted the shafts of domestic afflictions by making witty remarks or by telling good-humoured stories which contained a deeper understanding of life than many wise saws uttered by men laying claim to a philosophy of life.

In 1923 or 1924, he took me to his father-in-law, who was then planning to start a hospital in memory of his uncle Sir Hurkisondas Narottamdas. Mangal worked heart and soul to the day of his death for this institution now a flourishing one. It was his first love. With him I also came to be associated with the hospital.

In the early days, we began to f for funds for the Hospital from every trust that we knew. I remember o how I had strenuously to argue Court before the learned Judge agre with me that giving free milk patients at the Hospital was a prop and desirable diversion of a testamentary bequest which provided fun for giving milk to the fish in the sacr river Jumnaji. It was some time before I could convince the Judge fish are not brought up on milk!

Year after year elapsed. I was and out of jail, in and out of offi from 1932 to 1957, but our bond friendship remained as strong as ev

In 1947, Mangal was appointed Additional Judge of the High Co As a Judge, he could never recon himself to the stiff-necked traditi of the judiciary which we have inherited from the British. Even on the Bench, he remained informal friendly, often trying in vain to cre a friendly atmosphere between warring lawyers and litigants. He could never shed the attitude of a well-wisher parent. He scattered witty or bl comments allround. He appealed the good sense of everybody. suggested ways and means to s the disputes and often brought settlement in which everyone happy.

He was by no means an orthod Judge; he was more like the Judge of those matrimonial Courts in US who are charged with the mission

about settlements in domes-
ubles. Behind it was a great
heart which bled for foolish liti-
who wasted money in strife when
view would end it. In most
he brought about happy results.
way he brought about them some-
made the lawyers unhappy.
any other Judge such an at-
would have been unpardonable.
in him it did not spring from a

to shorten matters.
e I appeared before him in a
by a young Muslim lady against
husband, claiming *meher*. Mangal
d us in his chamber and held forth
e beauties of married life, crack-
kes at the expense of the husband
the wife and urged them to make
He even called the parties one by
and induced them to settle. My
was a convent-bred, bright little
She stormed into my chamber
next day, complained against the
the Judge had treated her. 'I
justice. I do not want his advice
how I should lead my domestic
she said.

told the client, 'I can easily under-
the Judge's inability to under-
the point of view of women like
You are concerned with your
he is concerned with your hap-
'

Ultimately some settlement was
ed at.

Mangal and Lilibehn came to us
n we were at Lucknow and we all
days together in affectionate in-
change of memories and hopes, as
had stood still as at 1925.

● ● ●

Latterly Mangal evolved a philo-
of life which was a projection of his personality. He went about helping whoever came his way—without fuss or claiming credit—and to any length. As he travelled on the Bombay roads, he would invite people waiting at the bus stand to share his car with him. On one occasion, he himself came in search of my chauffeur to find out whether the latter's son, who had been discharged from his Company, was still unemployed, so that he could re-employ him, and on another occasion, when his domestic servant fell ill, he sat down with him, nursing him and even massaging his feet.

Mangal rose to the front rank at the Bar. He helped to make a success of Messrs Larsen & Toubro Limited, of which he was a Director for the last fourteen years. He spent himself—and so has his brother—in building up the Hospital. But all these achievements are nothing as compared to what he was—a genial man with a large heart, a cheerful temperament and deep sympathy for all in need.

Mangal is gone, and so have gone several other friends. God has so willed it.

● ● ●

In 1908, another friendship developed a richer content.

Manukaka, a relative, was a lovable young man. He was younger to me by two years, but far behind in studies. His temperamental playfulness sometimes bordered on obstinate refusal to be pleased, which usually characterises only the very early years of everyone's life.

His friendship flattered my vanity, for he thought I was well-nigh perfect. He needed me, for at home he was starved of warm affection. For me,

his attachment was a source of strength whenever I was oppressed by a sense of loneliness which was all too frequent. Soon I began to develop a feeling that it was the mission of my life to inspire so devoted and promising a friend to high purpose in life. So, whenever I was not in Bombay attending the law class, I ran up to Baroda where he studied in the First Year. When we were in Broach, we were practically together the whole day.

In my self-imposed mission, I monopolised him completely, as his guide, philosopher and friend, and also a coach. Manukaka, however, was a problem. He would spend hours with me in talk, but when it came to studying, he would find a hundred excuses for not applying his mind.

Occupied with coaching him through his First Year course for his December examinations, I neglected my law studies and failed in my law examinations held in that month. Manukaka, of course, continued to fail in his. His people attributed his failure to my company.

Rich as our mutual affection was, it was a tragic relationship, but it required years of bitter experience to make us realise it.

In spite of all this output of energy and affection, a sense of loneliness oppressed me from time to time. The memory of the childhood playmate, 'the Wonder Girl', whom, between her and me, I referred to as 'Devi', had woven an imaginary world round me. When alone, I lived and had my being in that world and was happy. When I withdrew from it, I was unhappy.

In 1907 and 1908, this imagina world became an obsession. Of would I sit up late at night, draft fiery love letters to 'Devi', which of I tore up the next morning for fear my companions discovering the Sometimes, wandering in the stree if I saw a good-looking girl, I tri to find out whether she was 'Dev Whenever a postman knocked at t door, a thrill went through me at t thought that perhaps she had writte me a letter. And when I lashed m self into a mood of utter misery, would sing one of Mirabai's so which she, when we met last in 19 was fond of singing. Then my imag nation would create her. She wo stand before my mind's eyes, irid cent in all her witchery.

I developed one way of relievi myself of this mood; perhaps, psych trists might find some satisfact reason for it. Whenever I felt ve lonely on a week day, I would tak a day train from Charni Road t Virar; the trains at those office hou would be practically empty. I woul on such journeys, occupy a vaca compartment on my two-way journ and fancy that 'Devi' was by my sid I would then sing songs from th dramas I had seen containing lov dialogues. This imaginary delight be came a habit with me in my humdru existence and gave me emotional libe ration.

A specimen of a note written a those days at late hours of night th would give an idea of the sense o loneliness which I had developed i spite of my restless activities:

"Who would have thought that would be reduced to this pitiab

ation? I have to live according to the dictates of my nature. I need someone who would care for me. I cannot put up with this lonely life without love...

No friends can satisfy the emotions of my heart. Will they prove unworthy or will they only disgust me just for a moment? I am hopeless, and like a weak person, starved of love, I am eager to cling to anyone I meet, but what would happen to me if I put my trust in one unworthy of my confidence? To whom should I relate the hopeless story of my thirst for love? I feel envious of others (who are happier. The world has thrust me aside because it is inherently evil. How can this wrong be righted? I was born alone and am doomed to die alone, full of sorrows." (19-3-1908)

In this way I developed very early a split personality, one living in the world, the other in the imaginary, world. This led to an urge to express my thoughts in various forms. Once I wrote:

"I was lonely. No fetters could bind me. I trudged my way all alone, sorrow my sole companion.

Dark, dark, all round me was dark. The river of death flowed silent. I would have plunged into it and ended all, cursing the wicked gods.

But I saw a feeble ray of light and it led me on.

Something glowed and shot past.

Was an angel coming down? I was painfully perplexed. I tried to quieten my soul, but in vain. The messenger from above comforted me....."

I continued to live in this imaginary world for years till a living person gate-crashed into it and tore off the veil which parted it from the world of reality.

Yours sincerely

Kamala

INTOLERANCE

Intolerance is the bane of religion. The story is told of a Shaivite devotee by the name Gantakarna. He was a rabid worshipper of Shiva. His devotion was so fierce that he refused to hear the name of any other deity. In order to ward off hearing other names he tied two bells to his ears which he rang to drown the sound of any other divine name being heard. Hence his name.

Lord Shiva wanted to cure His devotee of his bigotry.

So one day, while Gantakarna was waving dhoop *before his favourite deity, the Lord appeared before him as half-Vishnu and half-Shiva. At this sight, the devotee became so enraged that he plugged the nose of the Vishnu-part of the deity to prevent it from enjoying the fragrance of his* dhoop!

God gave him up as hopeless.

—Swami Vivekananda

Make Me Thy Instrument, O, Lord!

St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226) was the founder of the Roman Catholic Order of Franciscan Friars. Determining to live as Christ had lived, he gave away his goods and renounced his inheritance, and worked at menial tasks or begged. He was a spiritual revolutionary, the preacher of a radiantly joyful gospel of self-sacrifice. He drew up a rule for the brotherhood, based on the strictest performance of the three vows of chastity, obedience and poverty. He was canonized in 1228.

Lord, let me be the instrument of
Where there is hatred, let me sow
Where there is injury, pardon.
Where there is doubt, faith.
Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light.
Where there is sadness, joy.

O, Divine Master,
Grant me that I may not so much
be consoled, as to console,
To be understood as to understand
To be loved, as to love.
For it is in understanding that
understood,
It is in pardoning that we are for
And it is in dying that we are bo
Eternal Life.

St. Francis of Assisi

★

ey Are Fools
o Think Not
th To Be God's!

Do Thou accept my worship!
s one thing; eyes see another;
s of something; false tongue

y at the touch of something;
to hear something else.
ing after the rich
g them day after day, seeking

I enter that state of peace and

there free from sorrows?

me of body is treasury of envy,
of anger, palace of sex,
sky-scraping fort of lust.
worship Thee, My Lord, and
wise?

God of Death fells and breaks
as a woodman does a tree,
ing wife and children,
and and long,
the grave one step further,
Lord of Kanchi?

ought when I came to Earth;
ll I take when I quit.
what to say of fools
not wealth to be God's,
not to needy at their doors,
Lord of Kanchi?

Saint Pattinathar

★

Pattinathar was a great Tamil saint and philosopher who lived in Kaviripoompattinam which was the seat of Chola Kings in the 16th century. His songs, meant to enlighten the common man on the essence of life, encompass all fields of human activity, and even today are sung and appreciated by millions of Tamil-speaking people.

SURRENDER TO GOD

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

IT is only by consciously performing one's duty and surrendering absolutely and unreservedly to God that one can attain eternal bliss.

It is only a person who has developed a proper mental outlook that can face adversities without being unduly perturbed. Such a person will have the equanimity of mind to comfort those who go to him in any calamity. On the other hand there are some people who are upset even by the smallest difficulty, because they have not developed the necessary mental equipoise.

Pleasure and pain are inevitable concomitants of life and pain has to be endured so long as unrequited *karma* exists. But the necessary strength to face good fortune without undue elation and misfortune without undue depression is acquired by a proper mental approach to things of this world.

The source of all happiness is within ourselves. So long as we grope for this source outside ourselves, we shall not have peace or cultivate the necessary mental equilibrium. That is the significance of the advice of Lord Krishna to Arjuna when he said that Isv lives inside the hearts of all crea (*Isvara sarvabhootanam hrid-d tishtthati.*)

By his divine power of *maya*, vara makes the universe function a predetermined pattern as if motiv ed or impelled by a powerful mach When we do our duty correctly a

...ter to Him completely and un-...ly—a surrender which embra-...our mental and physical facu-...*bhaavena*)—we become ...entally and see things in their ...perspective.

...peace or *saanti* we aim at is ...outcome of fear, but the na-...corollary to fearlessness. That ...cannot come so long as we think ...God is somewhere beyond our ... The seeker of *saanti* must keep ...clean and clear (*prasanna*). ...only can we realise God within ...In other words, we can secure ...*aada* of Isvara. But the words ...and *prasanna* are synony-...—*prasadostu prasannata.*

When our hearts are cleansed of all impurities, we are ready to leave the fruits of our duty, be it punishment or reward, to God. He indwells within us and blesses us with that supreme Saanti (*paraam saanti*). It is only such a bliss that is eternal. All other kinds of bliss are transient. That is the significance of the following verse in the Gita.

Isvarah sarva bhootaanam hrid-
dese Arjuna tishtthati
Braamayan sarva bhootani yan-
traaroodhani maayayaa
Tameva saranam gaccha sarva-
bhaavena bhaarata
Tat prasaadat paraam saantim
sthanam praapsyasi saasvatam.

...E CARE OF HIS LIVER NOW. IT WILL TAKE CARE OF HIS HEALTH THROUGHOUT....

* Liver is the master laboratory of the body. It undergoes heavy functional changes. The strain on the liver is great when a child changes its diet from mother's milk. Added metabolic changes during teething and the strain of unbalanced and improper diet may result in derangement of his liver and lead to complications.

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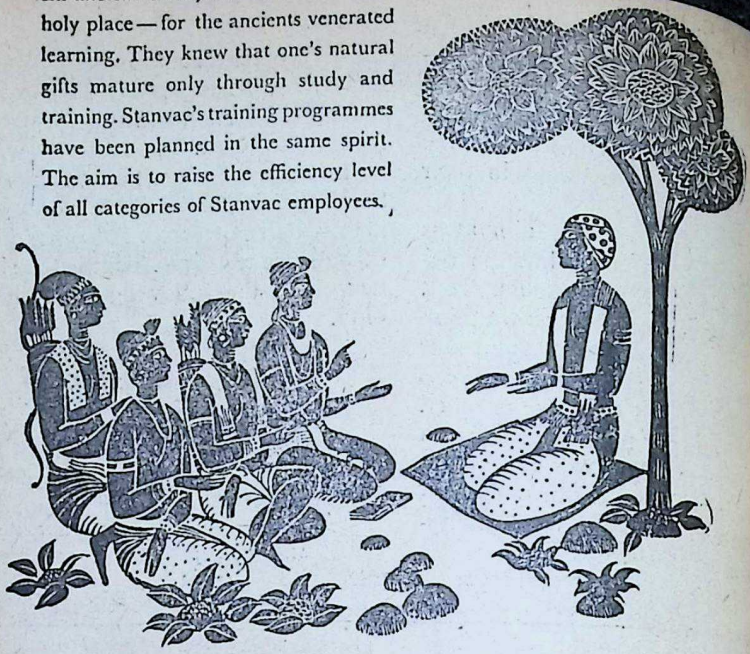
In ancient India, the "ashram" was a holy place — for the ancients venerated learning. They knew that one's natural gifts mature only through study and training. Stanvac's training programmes have been planned in the same spirit. The aim is to raise the efficiency level of all categories of Stanvac employees.



In 1959, Stanvac expended more than 48,500 man-hours to train employees in 30 subjects, ranging from basic courses in Business Management to advance courses in highly specialised phases of marketing, and technical branches of refining and exploration. Last year, as many as 18 Indian employees were sent overseas, for advanced training, while 22 employees received assistance for higher studies.

Moreover, Stanvac training programmes are not designed for employees only. To enlarge the trained personnel pool—a matter of national importance — Stanvac extends its training facilities to key groups outside the organisation. In pursuance of this policy, Stanvac provides training to Government-sponsored personnel. The number of such people trained in 1959 totalled 40.

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ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

DASARATHA IN A DILEMMA

(Continued from last issue)

...ी प्रत्युवाचेदं सापि रक्तान्तलोचना।
...त किं त्वं भ्रान्तोऽसि उक्तं तद्भाषसेऽन्यथा।
...चेदपि चेत्स्वीयं भाषितं नरको भवेत्॥

...ith bloodshot eyes, Kaikeyi re...d the King: "O King, are you ... Why do you want to go back ...our plighted word? If you do not ... your promise, you will go to ...

...न गच्छेद्यदि रामचन्द्रः
प्रभातकालेऽजिनचीरयुक्तः।
...न्धनं वा विषभक्षणं वा
कृत्वा मरिष्ये पुरतस्तवाहम्॥

...f Ramachandra does not go to the ...t tomorrow morning wearing deer ... and bark, I will commit suicide ...anging, or I will drink poison and ... my life before you.

...जोऽहमितीह लोके
विडम्बसे सर्वसभान्तरेषु।
...रे त्वं शपथं च कृत्वा
मिथ्याप्रतिज्ञो नरकं प्रयाहि॥

...ou deceive the entire world by ...ming in the assemblies that you adhere to truth. Having sworn by Rama, now you want to falsify your words. You will go to Hell."

इत्युक्तः प्रियया दीनो मनो दुःखार्णवे नृपः।
मूर्छितः पतितो भूमौ विसंज्ञो मृतको यथा॥

The poor King, being scolded by Kaikeyi, sunk into the ocean of grief, became unconscious and fell down on the ground as if dead.

एवं रात्रिर्गता तस्य दुःखात्संवत्सरोपमा॥

The night passed away in grief and it seemed a year.

अरुणोदयकाले तु बन्दिनो गायका जगुः।
निवारयित्वा तान्सर्वान् कैकेयी रोषमास्थिता॥

In the early morning as was the custom the bards began singing in praise of the King in order to awaken him, but Kaikeyi stopped them angrily.

ततः प्रभातसमये मध्यकक्षमुपस्थिताः।
ब्राह्मणाः क्षत्रिया वैश्याः ऋषयः कन्यकास्तथा॥
छत्रं च चामरं दिव्यं गजो वाजी तथैव च।

अन्याश्च वारमुख्या याः पौरजानपदास्तथा ।
वसिष्ठेन यथाज्ञप्तं तत्सर्वं तत्र संस्थितम् ॥

When day dawned all were collected in the Central Assembly hall—Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, Rishis, Maids, Royal Umbrella, *Chamara,* elephant, horse, courtesans from cities as well as villages—as per Vasistha's instructions.

स्त्रियो बालाश्च वृद्धाश्च रात्रौ निद्रां न लेभिरे ।
कदा द्रक्ष्यामहे रामं पीतकौशेयवाससम् ॥
सर्वाभरणसंपन्नं किरीटकटकोज्ज्वलम् ।
कौस्तुभाभरणं श्यामं कन्दर्पशतसुन्दरम् ।
अभिषिक्तं समायातं गजारूढं स्मितानानम् ।
श्वेतच्छत्रधरं तत्र लक्ष्मणं लक्षणान्वितम् ॥
रामं कदा वा द्रक्ष्यामः प्रभातं वा कदा भवेत्
इत्युत्सुकधियः सर्वे बभूवुः पुरवासिनः ॥

Women, children and old people could not sleep the previous night, because of their eagerness to have a glimpse of Sri Rama. They wanted to see Rama, clad in his *pitambara* and all ornaments, wearing his glittering crown and bangles, Kaustubha on his chest, looking more beautiful than hundred cupids, anointed, and mounted on the royal elephant, with a smile on his face, and Lakshmana carrying the white umbrella.

नेदानीमुत्थितो राजा किमर्थमिति चिन्तयन्।
सुमन्त्रः शनकैः प्रायाद्यत्र राजावतिष्ठते ॥

Meanwhile Sumantra, the Minister, thought to himself: "Why has not the King awoke?" And he slowly went to Kaikeyi's abode where the King was.

वर्धयन् जयशब्देन प्रणमन्शिरसा नृपम्।
अतिखिन्नं नृपं दृष्ट्वा कैकेयीं समपृच्छत ॥
देवि कैकेयि वर्धस्व किं राजा दृश्यतेऽन्यथा ॥

The Minister, praising and salu the King, saw the latter in a distre mood. Greeting Kaikeyi, he ask "O, Queen! What has happened to King? He is seen somewhat differ today?"

तमाह कैकेयी राजा रात्रौ निद्रां न लभ
राम रामेति रामेति राममेवानुचिन्तय
प्रजागरेण वै राजा हृयस्वस्थ इव दृश्यते
राममानय शीघ्रं त्वं राजा द्रष्टुमिहेच्छति

Kaikeyi replied: "The King did n get sleep last night. He was think of Rama and uttering his name re peatedly. It seems he is not doing w as he was sleepless. He wants to s Rama. Please bring Rama here a once."

अश्रुत्वा राजवचनं कथं गच्छामि भामिनि
तच्छ्रुत्वा मन्त्रिणो वाक्यं राजा मन्त्रि
मब्रवीत् ।
सुमन्त्र रामं द्रक्ष्यामि शीघ्रमानय सुन्दरम्

"Without His Majesty's order, h can I stir out?" Hearing these word the King said to Sumantra: "O Sum tra, I want to see my beloved Ra Please bring him here at once."

इत्युक्तस्त्वरितं गत्वा सुमन्त्रो राममन्दिर
अचारितः प्रविष्टोऽयं त्वरितं राममब्रवीत्
शीघ्रमागच्छ भद्रं ते राम राजीवलोचन।
पितुर्गेहं मया सार्धं राजा त्वां द्रष्टुमिच्छति

At these words of the King, Sum tra hurried to Rama's abode, a getting ready entrance, told him "G save you, O lotus-eyed Rama! Y must come with me to your fath palace. He wants to see you at onc

इत्युक्तो रथमारुह्य संभ्रमात्त्वरितो य
रामः सारथिना सार्धं लक्ष्मणेन समन्वि
मध्यकक्षे वसिष्ठादीन् पश्यन्नेव त्वरान्वि

...पितुः समीपं संगम्य ननाम चरणौ पितुः ॥
...रामवालिंगितुं राजा समुत्थाय ससंभ्रमः ।
...रामनामार्थं रामेति दुःखान्मध्ये पपात ह ॥
...रामेति रामस्तं शीघ्रं आलिंग्यांके न्यवेशयत्।

...ing the words of the Minister, ...anxiously got into the chariot ...with Sumantra and Lakshmana ...proceeded to his father's palace. ...way he saw Vasistha and others ...the Central Assembly. Having ...ed them by his look, he ...went to his father's presence and fell at his feet. The King in haste got up and stretched out his hands to embrace Rama when lo, he fell down on account of intense grief, saying 'O Rama.' Saying 'Ha, Ha,' Rama raised him, embraced him and placed him on his lap.

राजानं मूर्छितं दृष्ट्वा चुक्रुशुः सर्वयोषितः ।
किमर्थं रोदनमिति वसिष्ठोऽपि समाविशत्

Seeing the unconscious King all the women there wept bitterly. Vasistha too wondered why the King should weep.

He is the son who pleases his father with his good character. She is the wife who is always watchful of her husband's welfare. He is the friend who does not leave but partakes of all the misery and happiness. Only fortunate people can get these three.

—Bhartruhari.

THE HOLY MOTHER

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

IT is said that when God incarnates in the world to reclaim errant and erring mortals from evil and ignorance, He chooses by preordination those whose services He secures in the fulfilment of His divine purpose.

The resolve of the celestial deities to be born as the denizens of Kishkindha to aid Sri Ramachandra in liquidating Ravana is a case in point.

Even so, it would appear that on the occasion of the *avatar* of Sri Ramakrishna, it had been arranged that the Divine Mother of the universe should take embodiment to be his *Sahadharmacharini* to help him in his Sadhanas, to participate in his realisations and to continue his spiritual ministrations after his passing away.

In Bankura, in West Bengal, in the little village of Jayarambati, live pious couple, Ramachandra, a dev dant of the Mukherjis and Shyama sundari Devi of the Mazumdar fam True to the dictum *yasyanugraha chami tasya vittam haramyaham*, were very poor. But their poverty no bar to their deep devotion to Rama and the Supreme Mot rather it became intense all the m

'Once when Shyamasundari Devi living with her father, she had occa to sit in the dark beside a pot oven under a *bilva* tree. There sudd ly issued a jingling sound from direction of the oven, and a little came down from the branches of tree. She laid her soft hands arou Shyamasundari's neck, whereupon fell down unconscious. On regai consciousness, she felt as though little girl entered her womb.

One day when Ramachandra asleep, he dreamt that a little girl golden complexion embracing from behind throwing her del arms round his neck. The incom able beauty of the girl, as also invaluable ornaments, at once mar her as one out of the common Ramachandra was greatly surpr and asked: "Who are you, my chi

The girl replied in the softest sweetest of voices: Here am I co to you'.[1]

It is significant that the birth of Ramakrishna was preceded by similar experience by both his pare

Accordingly, on the 22nd of Dec ber 1853 'the blowing of conches f Ramachandra's house announced

1. From *Holy Mother Sri Sha Devi* by Swami Gambhiran pp. 16-17. Other quotations are f the same book.

...news of the advent of Sri Sara-
...Devi.'

...child grew up in that pious
...hold worshipping the family gods
...earnestness and devotion, transpa-
...simple in her make-up, yet tran-
...sublime in her outlook.
...an early age she learnt to
...herself with the Divine
...*Jagad-dhatri*, and was often
...in the rapport of intense medi-

...the artless kinsfolk of Sri
...Krishna determined that mar-
...would remedy his malady of
...vocation, and were looking
...a suitable girl, he himself bade
...go and find the bride marked
...with a straw in Ramachandra
...ji's house at Jayarambati'.
...was brought about a marriage
...a young man of twenty-three
...girl of five, at a time when the
...groom was educating himself to
...in all women as his mother and
...the sweet little child had yet to
...sex-conscious.

...in the fullness of time, Sri
...joined her husband at Cal-
...during one of the intimate mo-
...when she had his permission to
...his bed with him, by way of
...her, Sri Ramakrishna suddenly
...Well, my dear, have you come
...me down to the worldly

...replied without a moment's hesi-
...No, why should I drag you
...ways? I have come to help
...your chosen path''—a reply re-
...of her great spiritual for-
...Sri Sita Devi, who was handed
...Sri Rama by her father with
...words:

इयं सीता मम सुता सहधर्मचरी तव

and who, not daunted by the terrors of the forest by which her lord later tried to restrain her, determined to follow him to the ends of the earth and said:

न ते दुःखं करिष्यामि निवसन्ती सह त्वया

and

अचिन्तयन्ती त्रीन् लोकान् चिन्तयन्ती पतिव्रतं ॥
शुश्रूषमाणा ते नित्यं नियता ब्रह्मचारिणी ।
सह रंस्ये त्वया वीर.... ॥

Thus there sprang up between Sri Ramakrishna and his consort a companionship of souls of two 'birds' on the same tree, if one may adopt the Upanishadic metaphor, with the difference that the bird on the lower branch was continuously looking at the higher bird without eating the sweet and bitter fruits.

And, in keeping with her self-chosen destiny, it soon came to acquire identity with that bird in such measure that it lost all awareness of its separate individuality.

Nay, more, under the tutelage of her lord and husband, Sri Sarada Devi evinced in her being the marks of divinity appearing to his eyes as the Divine Mother Herself. For, while massaging his feet one night, she asked him: "How do you regard me?"

Sri Ramakrishna said in reply, "The same Mother that is in the temple gave birth to this body and she is now massaging my feet".

The highlight of this *divya dampatya* was displayed when she was made to sit on the pedestal intended for the Supreme Mother and the *Shodasi puja* was offered to her by her lord who

looked on her as that very Mother Herself!

So fully was she to Sri Ramakrishna the embodiment of the Devi whom he worshipped and so completely had Sri Saradamani's consciousness got lost in that super-conscious state of *samadhic* realisation of that divinity that before the *puja* had progressed for long both of them fell into a trance of supreme ecstatic bliss. This was a unique phenomenon of spiritual history.

It requires enormous education of mind to be able to realise the meaning of the prayer:

या देवी सर्वभूतेषु मातृरूपेण संस्थिता।
नमस्तस्यै नमस्तस्यै नमस्तस्यै नमो नमः॥

But to do so not merely in the understanding, but also in attitude and action and that in respect of one's own wife is an achievement which has never been conceived by the mind. Thus the dutiful consort became the Holy Mother in every sense of that term.

For the rest of Sri Ramakrishna's life, the Holy Mother ministered to her lord and husband as the simple and dutiful wife that she was and kept an open and loving house for all his devotees.

When he passed away, she felt desolate for a time, but soon regained her composure when she had the assurance of her lord that he was not dead, but had merely 'passed from one room to the other'.

She spent the rest of her days in taking maternal care of his bereaved disciples and instilled into them faith, courage and hope in carrying the message of the Master.

Having fully imbibed by transference into her person all the spiritual powers of Sri Ramakrishna, she continued his work of conferring solace and enlightenment to the countless yearning spirits who sought them from her. To the close and intimate disciples of the Master, she was the mother in the most intimate sense of that term. No wonder that Swami Vivekananda sought her approval and blessings before he started for America. All the dynamic energy that he was able to put into his speeches and writings are to be traced to the Shakti that was the Holy Mother whose favourite child he was in the fullest measure.

Sister Nivedita said of her: "To me it has always appeared that She is Sri Ramakrishna's final word as to the ideal of Indian womanhood". She proved alike by her conquest in the realm of the spirit and her conduct in the material world that the same *atman* underlies the physical body of the woman as of the man and that it is possible for a woman to rise to the greatest heights of soul-culture and that having achieved that it is her duty to remember that in practical life, in the mundane world, it is not for her to claim equality with or assert independence of her lord, but she should be content to be the conduit of the *dharmas* that she observes in association with him.

This ancient ideal of womanhood found fresh adornment in the life of Sri Saradamani Devi who practised it to perfection till she went back on July 21, 1920 into the bosom of the Divine Mother from Whom she came.

ASIAN EMANCIPATION

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN

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BARDWAN

ECONOMIC development and a political system of the Western type are what have been set be- as as ideals to follow. There is a deal in both that I am sure is reat and permanent value. But I ld like radically to amend them in that their faults are rejected and es assimilated.

re I should like to remark paren- ally that I do not believe there y pre-destined course that history take; nor, that no matter what idealistic images of the future be, nce and technology will inexorably all human societies into a parti- predetermined course.

is also said that no country can for itself in isolation a different of life from others.

reject all this modern version of ism, curiously presided over by nalism.

believe man has arrived at adult- and is now capable, if he has the to shape his future.

Modern Western civilisation is the me of the forces of revolt that set in motion for the emancipa- of the individual from the bon- of the traditional society.

The revolt has been eminently successful. But in the very flower of success has been formed the seed of failure.

The emancipated individual has become the alienated, anxiety-filled, morally insecure, lonely individual.

The intermediary associations that regulated his life in a manner that was found irksome have given place to the giant monistic state, truly the Leviathan.

Direct personal relationships and participation have been replaced by their abstract, anonymous and vicarious counterparts.

In the midst of giant and all-pervading organisations, there is disorganisation and disintegration of personal individual life.

As a result there is in the Western world a search for community, so that the fragmented individual might become whole again, his abstract impersonal life might become concrete and direct, so that he might not be ruled and regulated by distant organisations of a scale beyond his comprehension which might give him all that he needed but still impoverish him spiritually.

The monistic state poses problems

that transcend the old ideologies of democracy and totalitarianism.

Whether governments are removable or irremovable by the electors, the monistic state remains the sole centre of power in society.

The issue therefore is not between democracy, socialism, fascism, communism, etc., but between the present monistic state and a state in which power and functions are dispersed and shared by other organisations of society.

In the field of economic development the same process of alienation of the worker on the one hand, and concentration of economic power on the other, has gone apace in Western society.

The remarkable gains of industrialisation and technology are, of course, obvious, but it is not sure that the same gains cannot be achieved by a different kind of economic organisation that makes it possible for the people to order their economic life more directly and immediately.

The decline of the human community, as I see it, is threatening Western civilisation. The solution in the East is not to perpetuate the old, oppressive forms of communal life, but to essay a synthesis between the emancipation of the individual and his integration with new forms of community.

The intermediate associations between the individual and the state should be purposely and deliberately created so that freedom might not be nominal but real, and democracy might not be only government by consent but also by direct participation.

The economic forms of life should be so evolved that they subserve these ends together with improving the we being of the people.

Planning should be made not on comprehensible in terms of the ne of the people, but should also ma possible their participation in the pr cess.

Only a synthesis of this kind w make it possible for the countries o Asia and Africa to make creative u of the national freedom that many o them have recently achieved and th others are fighting to achieve.

Only in this manner too can the countries cooperate with the advanc nations in creating a world commu of free and equal peoples.

[*From his address to the recent Co gress of Cultural Freedom, Berlin.*]

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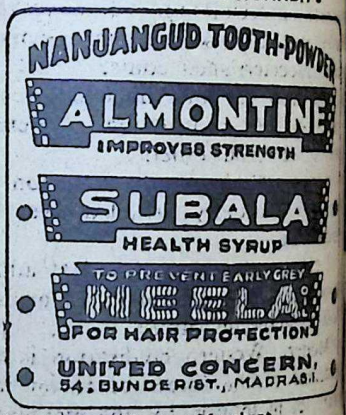

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Krishnavatara

PART II

10. A Nagakanya belongs to her Mother

N the afternoon, the woman courtier-in-charge came to lead Krishna and Uddhava to the Presence. They laid aside their and followed her, the Punyajana and others following with the which they had brought from

corridors through which they were guarded by armed wo- that was their privilege conferred Goddess *Ma*, the Mother of the

a dark hall called the Hall of Sacred Fire, which they ultimate- they could see the leading —mostly women—standing rows. At the other end of the was a platform with a square the middle in which the sacrificial fire had been lit. Its flames from time to time threw fitful gleams of light on those present, creating a weird atmosphere. Behind the sacrificial fire was carved in stone a huge image of *Ma*, the Mother of the World, big-bellied and heavy-breasted.

Krishna, followed by Uddhava, was led near the steps of the platform. On one side near the steps leading to the platform stood the two Princesses, and behind them, the Prince. The Divine Father, the only person who had the privilege of being fully armed in the Sacred Presence, stood on the platform; he was a well-built man of about fifty with good nature stamped on his open handsome face.

Gongs sounded. Before the sound faded away, the flame of the sacri-

ficial fire shot up man-high, and when it subsided, there stood behind the sacrificial pit the Divine Mother. She was a strikingly beautiful woman in her middle age, bearing herself with majestic dignity. She was dressed in a large girdle, necklaces, and wore a diadem with a hooded cobra, all aflame with large sapphires, brilliantly lit up by the flames from the fire. Besides, she had a living cobra round her neck.

Every one prostrated before her and rose only when commanded by the Divine Mother in a voice of penetrating richness. Then, at a sign from her, the Father asked the Prince to step forward. Punardatta came in front and invited Krishna to give his message.

'Divine Mother, I, Krishna, son of Vasudeva, the Lord of Shooras, bring you a message of friendliness from King Ugrasena, the Lord of the Earth. From that Best of Yadavas, I have brought presents, which, I hope, the Divine Mother will deign to accept', said Krishna.

There was deep silence. Then the Mother spoke in her resonant voice: 'Son of Vasudeva, we welcome you. We knew some days before that you were coming to us. We had the commands of *Ma*, the Mother of the World, to welcome you. We accept the presents that you have brought and assure you of our hospitality.'

She paused and Punardatta interpreted her words to Krishna.

Then the Mother raised her hand and the hall was again in deep silence.

'We commend you, noble son of Vasudeva, to the care of our august Consort, the Divine Father. The commands of *Ma*, the Mother of the World, are that you shall live with us for ever and ever as one of us', said the Mother.

Krishna was going to say something when the message was interpreted to him, but the Divine Mother raised her hand to stop him and proceeded further.

'You shall be one of us. *Ma*, the Mother of the World, has so ordained and her will shall be obeyed', the Divine Mother said.

A man-high flame leapt out of the sacrificial fire and she vanished before Krishna could say a word.

•••

The King stepped down from the platform, put a paternal hand on Krishna's shoulder, and led him through a private corridor into a chamber behind the Hall of the Sacred Fire, where on a stone couch lay the Mother, exhausted and perspiring, fanned by two women attendants. Once Goddess *Ma* departed from her body, the Mother was always left there drained of all vitality. The King knew the language of the Gods and with his aid the Queen asked Krishna many questions about himself, his family and about the country from which he came.

The King, to Krishna's surprise, also asked him about Parasurama, the ancient warrior who had now retired to a mountain hermitage near Surparaka, and also made enquiries about some warriors who were the pupils of that great Master of War. Evidently he knew all about them.

Krishna and Uddhava were once again entrusted to the care of the

...-in-charge, who took them ... the town and the harbour. ... they returned to their apart- ... they sent a message to Bhikru ... one of the Punyajana boys and ... on the pretext of sending for ... more presents from the ship.

... night, Krishna awoke from his ... to see a shadow sitting by his ... and speaking softly. He sat up ... his sword. Then he smil- ... the young Princess had come to ... him. She sat beside him, her long ... almost sweeping his face, and ... patted his hand. Krishna could ... her slender, graceful body close ... and though feeling a strange ... of excitement, could not ... feeling that it was all wrong.

... a few moments, however, a wo- ... stepped up noiselessly to the ... and whispered something in ... ears. She got up and shot out of ... room like a frightened deer.

... Madhava woke up and asked, ... what is it?'

... is nothing. The Nagakanya is ... to twist her tail round me', said ... laughing.

There was a short silence ; then slow ... heavy footsteps came near him. ... wished he had *chakra* with ...

'You are called by the Divine ...', came a man's voice.

'Shall I come with you, Krishna?' ... asked.

'No. You are not called', replied ... 'Don't worry about me.'

... by the attendant, Krishna went ... distant part of the palace, where, ... the star-light, Krishna could recog- ... the stalwart form of the King.

'Don't be afraid, my son. I have not called you to hurt you', said the King.

'I salute you, Divine Father. Why have you taken the trouble to call me at the dead of night?' asked Krishna as he sat in front of the King.

'Vaasudeva, you are divinely gifted, so has the Divine Mother seen in her vision. I have come to admire you —I should say, love you, as my own son after our talk this day. I have, therefore, called you secretly—you don't know at what risk—to talk to you frankly. It is very dangerous for you to stay in Nagaloka. Run away to your ship and sail away before day-break. I shall help arrange your flight,' said the King in a low whisper.

'Divine Father, from the way you speak, you are an Arya. You are the King here. Why should I flee from here when I am under your protection?' Krishna asked.

'If you stay here, you will have to marry Asika, my young daughter, and be tied up with us for your life. You will never be free, never your own master ; you will have to live in constant dread of *Ma's* displeasure. And if some stranger comes along, you run the risk of being killed and his taking your place', said the King in dead earnest.

'But you have been a King for long and nothing has happened to you?' Krishna said.

'My son, how can I describe to you the dangers that surround you here', the King said wistfully. 'Years ago— I have lost count of years—I came to Vaivasvatpur because the ship in which I was travelling sank near these shores.'

The King paused and then continued: 'I was then given a hearty

welcome by the former Divine Mother, exactly as you have been given. I had then to take part in the Festival of Choice and fight the Prince, the husband of the then Divine Princess who is now the Mother. Luckily I was a disciple of the great Bhargava, Rama of the Battle Axe, so I could easily kill the Prince. So I had to wed the Princess and stay here'.

'But you could have left when the next ship from Surparaka came', said Krishna.

'The Nagakanya takes a husband because she must, but she never gives herself to the husband. I belong to her, but she belongs to her mother always. I was a prince, at the same time a prisoner—a mere slave subservient to the will of the Mother and her daughter. Oh! How I hate myself sometimes for being one. But these are Nagakanyas. Once they twine themselves round you, there is no escape,' said the King with a sigh.

'But all these years, you have remained all powerful—of course, subject to the will of *Ma*', observed Krishna.

'You have no idea how I have suffered all these years. First, there was the dread of some stranger coming to displace me ; four times strangers had drifted to these shores,' said the King.

Krishna could see that the King shuddered at the memory of those anxious years. 'What happened to those strangers, Father?' asked Krishna.

'They came, as you did, one after the other. The arrival of each was foreseen by the Divine Mother. Each time a Festival of Choice was held. Luckily the training I had in the hard school of the Master stood me in good stead and I killed every one of the poor innocent men. Every time I th of them, I shudder at the brutal with which, in order to live, I kill those handsome young men w scarcely knew how to wield a swo or to fight with hands'. The King pa ed, heaved a sigh and continued: 'Th the Divine Mother died. The Princ my wife, succeeded to the office. A now I am the Divine Father, the G of Death, who, at Mother's instanc have to kill whomever she wants to'.

'But you are all-powerful now. W don't you change these horrid way And I see that the Divine Mother ho you in deep affection. You can g her to do what you want', s Krishna.

The King laughed bitterly. 'Can I he asked. 'My son, I dare not fall i I dare not take rest. I dare not devi from the commands of the Div Mother. Any lapse, however triv then my life would be forfeited.'

'Why don't you then come with m and Punardatta? We can still go to t ship, three of us, and save ourselve Krishna said.

'Vaasudeva, you are a brave you man. But we can't get out of t world of the Nagakanyas,' the Ki said.

'But why?' asked Krishna.

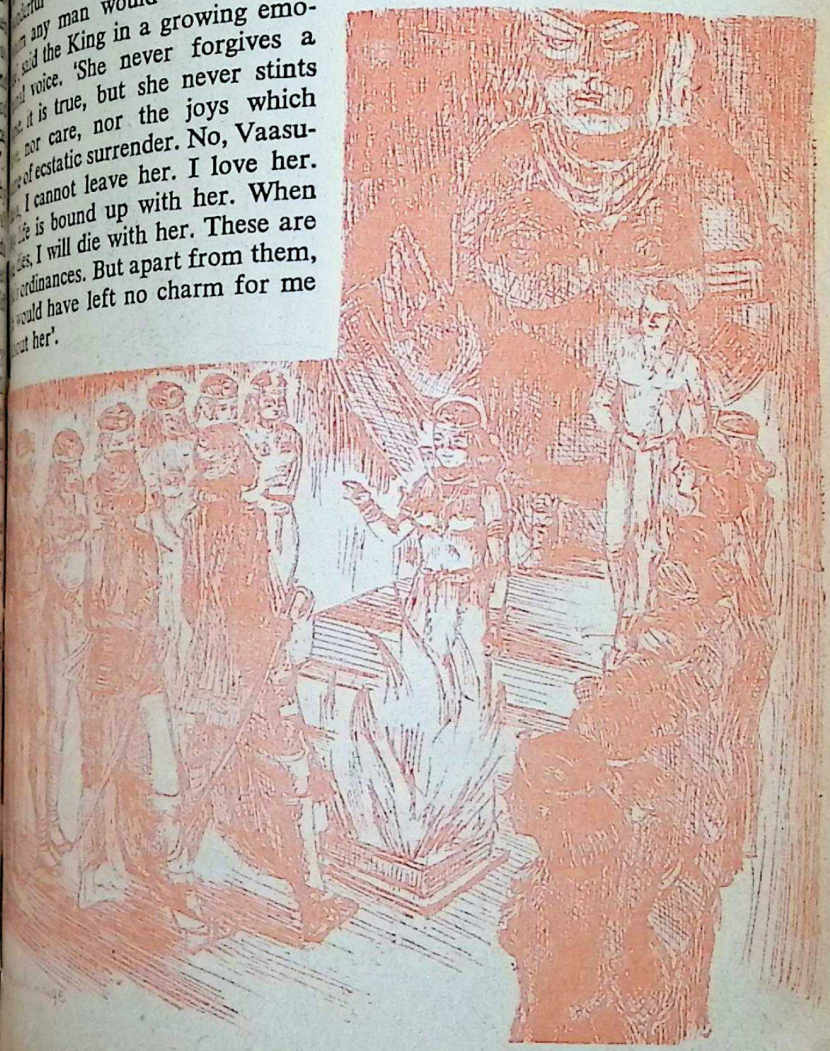
'Punardatta will not come, nor repeated the King. 'The Nagakan are irresistible ; they wind round a round you till you become their p sites. In return, they give you joy joys which once you taste them, y can never do without'.

'Then you don't hate the Queen f the sufferings she has caused yo

Krishna in surprise. Second time
day, he had heard of the joys the
anyas provide and which en-
a spirited one in helpless sub-
ce.
Sufferings from the Mother!' ex-
d the King. 'When the Queen
not possessed by *Ma*, she is a
derful woman—a woman for
any man would be ready to
said the King in a growing emo-
l voice. 'She never forgives a
it is true, but she never stints
nor care, nor the joys which
of ecstatic surrender. No, Vaasu-
I cannot leave her. I love her.
fe is bound up with her. When
dies, I will die with her. These are
ordinances. But apart from them,
would have left no charm for me
ut her'.

'Divine Father, you are wise and experienced. I am but a boy. But with a Nagakanya as your wife, what happens to your desire to rise higher, to your obligations to your ancestors and to the ways of our ancient sages?' asked Krishna.

'You have only to smother them in the joys which the Nagakanyas give



you', said the King.

'But Vasistha and Arundhati, Agastya and Lopamudra, those great sages of our race gave each other and received each other. They shared their lives; they were one in learning and *tapas*; they were one in heroic deeds. They were as one. What about them?' asked Krishna.

'A Nagakanya demands all; she never gives all. And for the exquisite bodily joys she gives you, she buys you, your hopes, your obligations to your ancestors and to your ancient ways,' said the King.

'August King, I am beholden to you for your advice. But I have come here on a mission. I have promised my Guru to bring back his son, Punardatta, now your Prince, and I won't go back without him', said Krishna firmly.

'Then you are also doomed', said the King.

'Father, you are so noble-hearted. Why don't you help me to take away Punardatta?' asked Krishna.

'I can't', replied the King.

'I would prefer to die than to desist from my duty', Krishna said. Then he added: 'But, I know, Father, that you will help'.

And the King was lost in admiration of the young man who talked with God-given authority, in the same way he had heard his Master, Rama of the Battle Axe talking and which the Gods of his native land had given to the sages, whom he had almost forgotten. [*To be continued*]

Be civil to all, sociable to many, familiar with few, friend to one and enemy to none.

—Ben Franklin.

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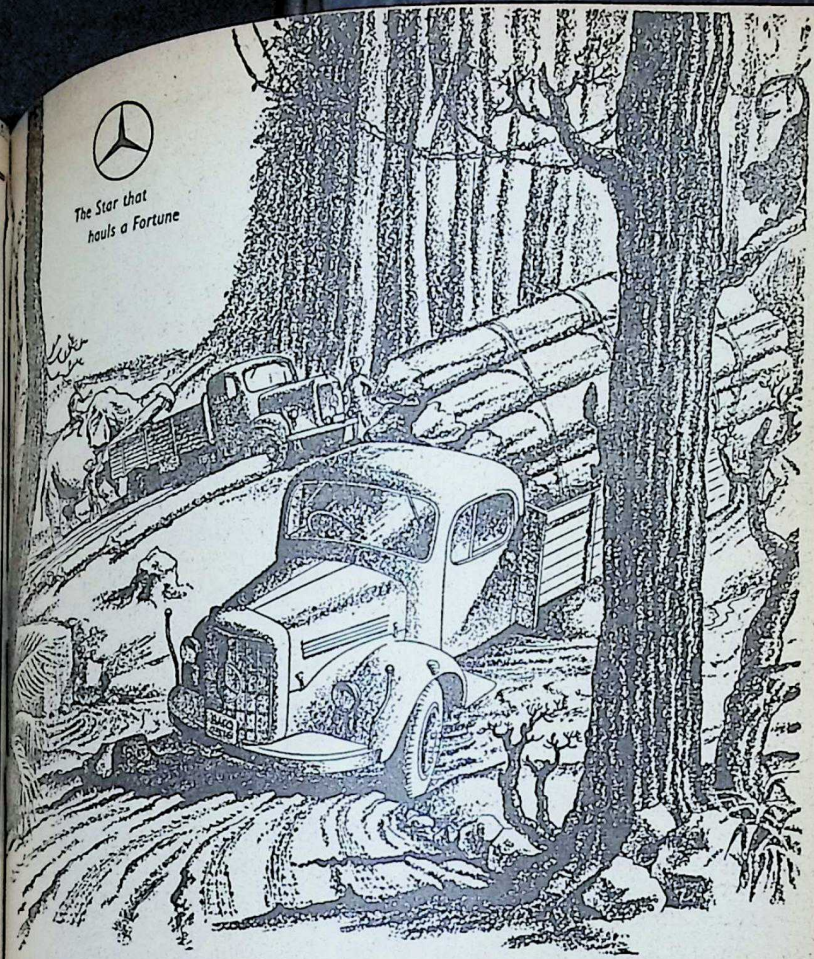

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..Unbelief came to be founded on science.. Religious illiteracy is steadily growing..

The Growth of Unbelief

S. RADHAKRISHNAN

MILLIONS of people wish to believe, but they cannot, even though these orphaned children make use of the outer framework of religions. We are christened, or baptised, married, buried or cremated according to our religious rites, but all the time we are victims of an involuntary hypocrisy.

We live in an age which is numbed and disillusioned. Our values are blurred, our thought is confused and our aims are wavering.

In the life of spirit which is the vital secret of all civilisation, which intellect may foster and develop but cannot create or even keep alive, we are uprooted. When the roots are destroyed, a tree may continue to live and even seem to flourish for a time, but its days are numbered.

T.S. Eliot in his poem "The Waste-land" describes the decomposition of modern civilisation, the lack of conviction and direction, the poverty, confusion and meaninglessness of modern consciousness. This atmosphere of negative thought is responsible for the increase of mental cases in the modern world.

Writing on the 19th of July, 1891, Lord Acton said, "For 200 years, from the time of Hobbes, unbelief has been making its way. Unbelief came to be founded on science, because about one half of the classic writing, of the creative thinking of the world was done by unbelievers. The influences that reigned were in great measure atheistic. No man could be reared except by aid of Grote, Mill, Austin, Darwin, Lewis, Huxley, Tyndall—to take England only."

Forty-five years after Lord Acton wrote this, T.S. Eliot declared, "The greater part of our reading matter is coming to be written by people who not only have no real belief (in a supernatural order) but are even ignorant of the fact that there are still people in the world so 'backward' or so eccentric as to continue to believe." Under such guidance, religious illiteracy has been steadily increasing and civilisation is getting detached from the roots. We are face to face with a philosophy of nihilism, which is not the invention of Soviet Russia.

Nietzche does not preach a conventional atheism. He disturbs the complacency of the pharisees of unbelief and portrays European nihilism, the state of human souls and societies facing

From Recovery of Faith, George Allen and Unwin.

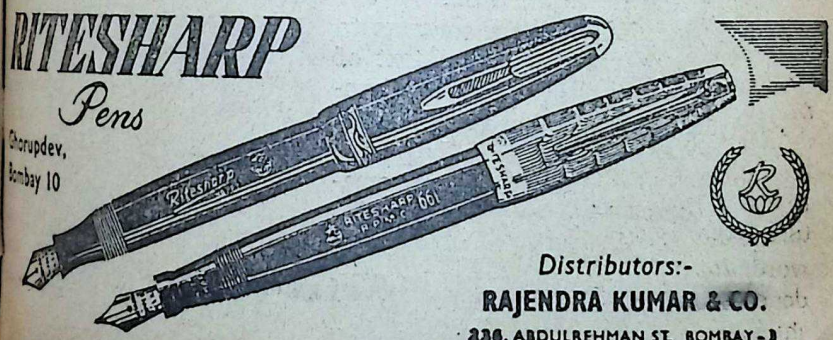
> Have you not heard of that mad man who, in the broad light of the forenoon, lit a lantern and ran into the marketplace, crying incessantly 'I am searching for God!....' As it happened, many were standing together there, who did not believe in God, and so he aroused great laughter. The mad man leapt right among them. 'Where is God?' he cried: 'Well, I will tell you. We have murdered him, you and I.... But how did we do this deed?....Who gave us the sponge with which to wipe out the whole horizon?....What did we do when we unchained our earth from her sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving? Are we not falling incessantly? Are we not staggering through infinite nothingness? Is night not approaching and more and more night? Must we not light lanterns in the forenoon? Behold the noise of the gravediggers, busy to bury God....And we have killed Him! What possible comfort is there for us? Is not the greatness of the deed too great for us? To appear worthy of it, must not we ourselves become gods?'—Nietzche.

with a total eclipse of all values. He asks: "What does nihilism mean?" and answers: "It means that supreme values devalue themselves. There is no goal and no answer to our questioning." Completely disillusioned, he cries out: "Where is my home? I seek and have sought and have not found it. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere? In vain." "European man", says Berdyaev, "stands amid a frightening emptiness. He no longer knows where the keystone of his life may be found, beneath his feet he feels no depth of solidity."

Nihilism is the last word of metaphysics which refuses to go beyond the surface appearances. We see, on all sides, a violent loosening of the familiar bonds, a snapping of the strands that hold a civilisation together.

Oh listeners! Whatever little you know about that Vishnu, appease Him through prayer by that knowledge. He is the prime cause, He is the Yagna, He created water first of all. He can be praised if He is pleased. The name of that Great Vishnu is 'Chit' Who is capable of taking the salute of all others and is self-revealing and is the grantor of all boons. Knowing this, chant His Names loudly. Oh Vishnu! By chanting your Names thus we will be able to behold your real form by your Grace.

—Rigveda.



K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from issue dated November 13, 1960*]

The Yaksha next asked:—

कोऽतिथिस्सर्वभूतानां किंस्वित् धर्मं सना-
तनम् -
अमृतं किंस्वित् राजेन्द्र किंस्वित् सर्वमिदं-
जगत् ॥

Who is the guest of all creatures?
What is the eternal Dharma?
What, O foremost of Kings, is Amrita?
What is this entire Universe?

Dharmaputra answered:

अतिथिस्सर्वभूतानामग्निः सोमोगवामृतम्
सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः वायुस्सर्वमिदं जगत्

Agni is the guest of all creatures.
The cow's milk is Amrita.
Soma is the eternal Dharma.
Vayu is the entire universe.

These questions and the answers to them are not included in the text of *Mahabharata* published by the Bhandarkar Institute, Poona. They are referred to only in the note below as found in other editions. For all creatures Agni is said to be the guest. The word *athithi* [अतिथिः] in Sanskrit denotes the guest who must be worshipped by hospitable offering of food. Agni is said to be the *athithi* for all creatures on account of the fact that according to our Sastras, the offering of cow's milk, clarified butter etc., in the fire conduces to the formation of clouds giving rain. By timely rain grass, cereals and paddy are produced which form the food for animals and men. Hence as the guest of all creatures Agni is the object of worship.

अग्नौ प्रास्ताहुतिः सम्यगादित्यमुपतिष्ठते
आदित्याज्जायते वृष्टिः वृष्टेरन्नं ततः प्र

The oblation made in fire reaches the sun. By the sun rain is produced. By rain, food is grown, and by food are creatures born.

In another sense also Agni can be said to be *athithi* for all creatures. Just as a guest consumes food, Agni consumes all creatures and all things in the world.

Neelakanta, the commentator, has interpreted Yudhishthira's answer thus for the first question, 'Who is the guest for all creatures?' He says that the answer of Dharmaputra is 'Agni'. For the next question किंस्वित् धर्मं सनातनम्

'What is the eternal Dharma' and for the succeeding question 'which is the Amrita?', the answer is according to him, in one sentence

...ly, सोमो गवामृतम् सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः He says that the meaning of the ...ence is that Soma (Moon God) is ...ded in the twin-gods. अग्नीषोमौ ...that Soma is really पयस् or ...k of the cow and that milk is ...ed as *homa* or oblation to the ... That meritorious act is the eternal ... immortal Dharma. According to ... 'what is Sanatana-Dharma?' and ...at is Amrita?' are both answered ... saying that Soma which is verily ... and which becomes *homa* to the ... is the eternal Dharma leading to ...ortality. The difficulty in this in...retation is that while the two ques...ns of the Yaksha appear to denote ...ferent matters, such as Sanatana ...rma and Amrita or nectar, the ans... combines both of them and nec...s said to be the Dharma leading ... immortality. Amrita is taken as an ...ective meaning immortal. If the ...o questions are separate and re...ed separate answers, Yudhish...'s reply may have to be inter...ted thus: The question, 'What is ...rita?' is answered as गवामृतम् ...k of the cow,' and the question ...at is Sanatana Dharma?' is ans...ed by Yudhishthira in the follow...g manner: Soma by which is meant ...ically the Soma Yaga is the eternal ...rma. We find the yagna is men...ed as one of the forty-eight *sam...ras* ordered in the Smriti, namely, ...e seven *haviryagnas* and seven *soma* ...gnas. The Sruti declares:

तमेतं वेदानुवचनेन ब्राह्मणा विविदिषन्ति यज्ञेन दानेन तपसाऽनाशकेन।

"The Brahmanas or knowers of the Vedas attained the knowledge of Atman by yagna, dana, fasting and tapas." By the performance of yagnas, the purity of the mind is attained and through the purified mind the knowledge of the eternal Atman is realised. Hence here yagna is said to be the eternal Dharma. 'What is nectar?' is answered by saying, 'the milk of the cow.' The word *amrita* is used with गव denoting cow's milk. In this interpretation the only possible objection is that the word Soma has to be taken with the words सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः leaving in the middle the words ... गवामृतम्.

According to the ordinary rules of the interpretations of the sentences, the flaw of [दूरान्वय] *dooranvaya* may be there. But as the answers are in the form of verses, this flaw is not considered to be serious, as arrangements of the words may be varied by the exigencies of the metre.

There is another possible interpretation also which may be suggested, and which will avoid this objection. For the question, 'what is Amrita?,' the answer is *soma gavamritam* सोमोगवामृतम् That is, 'soma which is really in the form of cow's milk', and for the question, 'what is Sanatana Dharma?,' the answer is 'that eternal Dharma, which leads to immortality is Sanatana Dharma'. Here too the arrangement of the words in the verse

सोमोगवामृतं सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः

is not according to the order of the questions. The answer to the third question, 'What is Amrita?' is put in before the answer to the second question namely, 'what is Sanatana Dharma?' There is authority of the

Smriti for regarding soma as पयस् or cow's milk. In the *Yajurveda, Taittireeya Samhita,* 2nd Kanda, it is stated as follows—

एतद्वा अग्नेस्तेजो यद् घृतम् एतत्सोमस्य यत्पयः, य एवमग्नीषोमयोस्तेजो वेद तेजस्व्येव भवति ॥

The God Agni is in the form of *ghrita* घृत or clarified butter and Soma (Moon-god) is in the form of cow's milk. He who understands thus the power of Agni and Soma will himself be endowed with *tejas* तेजस् or power. Therefore the answer for the question, 'What is Amrita?,' is: 'Soma in the form of cow's milk is Amrita'.

The answer to the fourth question, 'What is this entire universe?,' is that 'Vayu is the entire universe', as he pervades the whole universe. Neelakanta quotes the Sruti as authority for this, namely, वायुरेवव्यष्टिः वायुस्समष्टिः Vayu is the single entity or Pindanda and Vayu as *samashti* is the whole namely, the Brahmanda. There is also the Upanishadic text referring to the Vayu त्वमेव प्रत्यक्षं ब्रह्मासि। नमस्ते वायो Salutations to thee, O Vayu, Thou indeed art the Brahman that appeareth to our perception.'

[*To be continued*]

If thou wouldst estimate thyself, put away wealth, land, honours; scrutinise thyself within.

—Seneca

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KANPUR

Only they who allow themselves to live in contact with the highest requirement that can be said to be the true interests of the public...

Can a Politician be a GENTLEMAN?

Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

WHY is it not possible to be at the same time a gentleman and a politician?

I have sometimes wondered whether this is of such an absorbing interest life, for instance, as agriculture or culture, or for another instance, as the pursuit of family happiness, or the maintenance and preservation of property. Is it as absorbing an interest as any one of these? The answer is interesting. The answer, it seems to me, is that it is and that it is not. By the intrinsic nature of the case it does not seem to me to be so absorbing a pursuit; but by the results, the conduct of those engaged in politics and by the appearances of the case, it seems to surpass in intensity almost any one of these other interests.

Well, politics can be an ideal, politics can also be degraded in practice. As an ideal, I see no harm in it at all. As an ideal, politics requires you to prepare yourself carefully by study and by observation; it requires you to put yourself always in the position of a servant of the community, one who seeks its welfare and has trained himself systematically to put the interest above his own or that of any section of the public; it requires that you should pay unremitting attention to public business as it comes along; it requires also that in your conduct towards others engaged in a similar occupation you must show chivalry and respect, the same as you would ask for yourself; it demands further that in the final decision of any one of these questions you should carefully weigh all the pros and cons of a case, that you should try and in the calmness of your private judgment assign to each one of these its due weight and consideration, and on the top of it all, that you should cast your vote in a spirit of pure public service, whether it be a vote for a candidate at an election, or for the decision of a question in parliament. Whichever way the vote is cast, it should be cast as a matter of conscience entirely for the welfare and benefit of the com-

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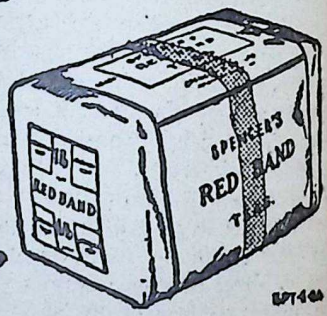
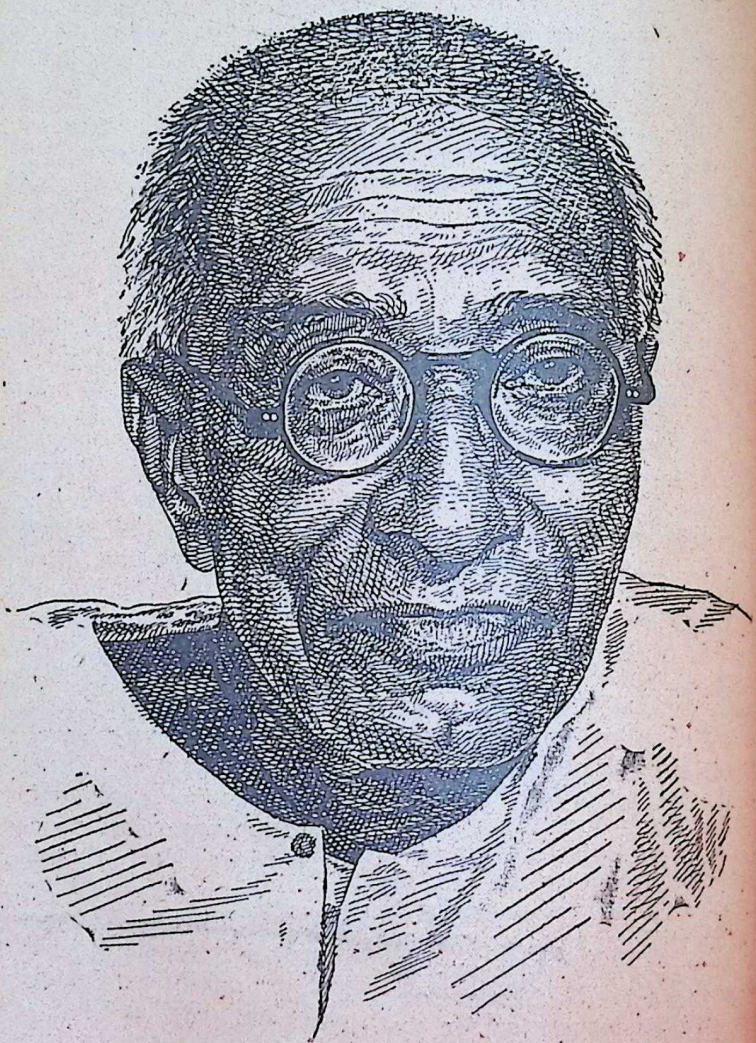


...ly and not for your own. Often ...ead it may be against your own in-...est, it may indeed be against the ...erests of your family or of your ...ate connections, smaller than that ...the public to whose service you ...e committed yourself. But then ...is the point of view from which ...should prepare yourselves for the ...k of the ordinary citizen. That is ...ics in the ideal.

But how far is it from that ideal in ...actual practice around you? Well, ...ould take you too far into the dust ...d dirt of politics were I to men-...the various forms in which cor-...ion sets in, in which men deterio-...in which they forget the standards ...public life, in which they put aside ...great interest, namely, the wel-...e of the community; in which in-...d all forms of casuistical argument ...e in and a man, not voting as the ...ic welfare requires him, is still ...ted to make his conscience go ...deep because, forsooth, although ...has not voted upon the highest ...nds, he has still voted upon un-...ish grounds, because he has voted ...his leader desired, or as his party ...scribed, or as his neighbours would ...e him decide the issue. Yes, that ...the way Satan comes in always for ...ding and manipulating those of us ...o are willing to listen to him. He ...s, "After all you are not going to ...ke any private profits; no, you are ...t seeking your individual welfare ...voting as I suggest. You are only ...ing for this interest or for that ...er interest which is larger than the ...vate interest." In other words, if ...u are not in the top of the ladder ...t somewhere in the intermediate rungs you seem, by some sudden effort of conscience, to absolve yourselves from blame. Many an honest and good man who has fought for his cause against the nation says, "Still I have done well; my hands are clean; I only fought for my cause." Another man who fights for his village or for his district or his province as against the interests of the general nation or this vast country of India also sometimes lulls his conscience by saying: "Don't worry me; I am not the richer for this vote, on the other hand I am making several enemies and bringing much inconvenience upon myself, but what can I do? My party requires me to vote thus. Last night after 11 o'clock, after the most mature deliberation it was decided by a majority of one that our votes should be cast in this and not in that way." All that, however subtle, however seductive in its presentation, is certainly a degradation of public life, an obscuration of man's responsibility by considerations of casuistry, which are far indeed from the considerations of justice or of righteousness.

But there are very few public men who can always call themselves immune from these considerations. Most of us are approached upon one side or another of our altruistic nature. We are all ourselves in different ways and in different measures accessible to these considerations. Nevertheless, they are a fall from the true standard of public duty, and it is only they who allow themselves always to live in contact with the highest requirement that can be said to be the true servants of the public.



[Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, born: Dec. 8, 1879]

I know Rajaji enough to understand that he is too brave to need any support from anybody and he is too philosophic to harbour an injury for many hours, if not minutes. I know also that his fine sense of humour enables him to enjoy a joke at his expense.

—*Mahatma Gandhi*

[Prof. N. G. Ranga, whose *Shashtiabdapoorti* was celebrated last month in many parts of India, born: November 7, 1900]

Ranga is a great sword. This sword is as good and powerful a weapon as the one hidden on the top of a tree which Arjuna took during the Kurukshetra battle in the Mahabharata. —*C. Rajagopalachari.*

The TRAGEDY of Shah Jahan

J. M. SHELAT

LAST DAYS OF SHAH JAHAN

ON JUNE 10, 1658, Jahanara visited Aurangzib and proposed the partition of the empire. Aurangzib's reply was that Dara was an infidel to Islam and must be destroyed, and that he could not see Shah Jahan until that work was completed. He was, however, inclined to visit his father. Next day, he started in a splendid procession towards the city, but on the way, Shaista Khan and Shaikh Mir galloped on to him and dissuaded him from making the visit, telling him that Shah Jahan had laid a plan to get him murdered by his fierce Tartar slave women as soon as he entered the harem. Just then, slave Nadir-Dil arrived from the fort and betrayed into Aurangzib's hands a secret letter which Shah Jahan had ordered him to smuggle out to Dara. The letter read:

"Dara Shukoh! Stay firmly in Delhi.....take care not to pass beyond that place, as I myself shall despatch the affair here."

The letter verified the suspicions of Aurangzib's friends. Shah Jahan's captivity was now made stricter and communication between him and the outside world was completely cut off. Aurangzib now openly exercised the imperial authority. On June the 10th he held the durbar, and on 11th and 12th, he started making fresh appointments. On June the 13th, when his preparations were complete, and he knew that Shah Jahan could not escape, he started out of Agra in pursuit of Dara. On July 21, 1658, he sat on the throne outside Delhi city in the gardens of Shalimar and crowned himself, adopting the title of Alamgir.

The captivity of Shah Jahan was now complete. He was old and infirm. All his officials had deserted him; only the harem women and the eunuchs were his Counsellors. Outside, he was surrounded by his son's guards and watched by his spies. No one could interview him except in the presence

Mahomed Sultan and with Aurang-
s previous sanction. Writing about
deposed Emperor's captivity,
cci records:

"Going several times into the
ort, I noted that the imprisonment
f Shah Jahan was closer than can
e expressed. There passed not a
ay, while I and others were in
nversation with the governor,
hat there did not come under-
unuchs to whisper into his ear an
ccount of all the acts and words of
Shah Jahan."

To add injury to insult, Aurangzib
epeatedly asked Shah Jahan not to
rite letters to outsiders on the plea
hey tended to raise tumults. Shah
han declined to obey. All eunuchs
o tried to despatch his letters were
rowed. Even writing materials were
ken away. Shah Jahan could dictate
only one eunuch and all such cor-
espondence was open and censored.

URANGZIB'S BANDOBAST

Aurangzib now demanded the State
ewels from Shah Jahan and an un-
ly wrangle over them ensued in
hich Shah Jahan accused Aurangzib
n usurper, while Aurangzib retor-
ed that the King was only God's
hosen custodian and the trustee of
od's money for the benefit of the
eople. All the Crown property in
gra Fort therefore belonged to him
s the reigning Sovereign. He even
ked for the jewels on the person of
s father. Shah Jahan had now taken
o a life of meditation and retirement.
hose jewels were therefore unseemly
ith his present character of a recluse.
Aurangzib next demanded jewels
orth Rs. 27 lakhs deposited in the
fort of Agra by Dara before his flight. Shah Jahan resisted long, but at last yielded. The son even demanded the rosary of 100 pearls worth Rs. 4 lakhs and the ring of diamond worn by Shah Jahan. The Emperor yielded the ring but not the rosary.

After Mahomed Sultan left Agra, his place was taken by the eunuch Mutamad who made it a point to make the deposed Emperor feel that he was a wretched captive. When Shah Jahan wanted a new pair of slippers, Manucci observes:

> "The eunuch, immeasurably stingy, sent him shoes, neither of 8 rupees, nor of 4, nor of 2, but the common leather shoes. He smiled over it as if he had done some great deed".

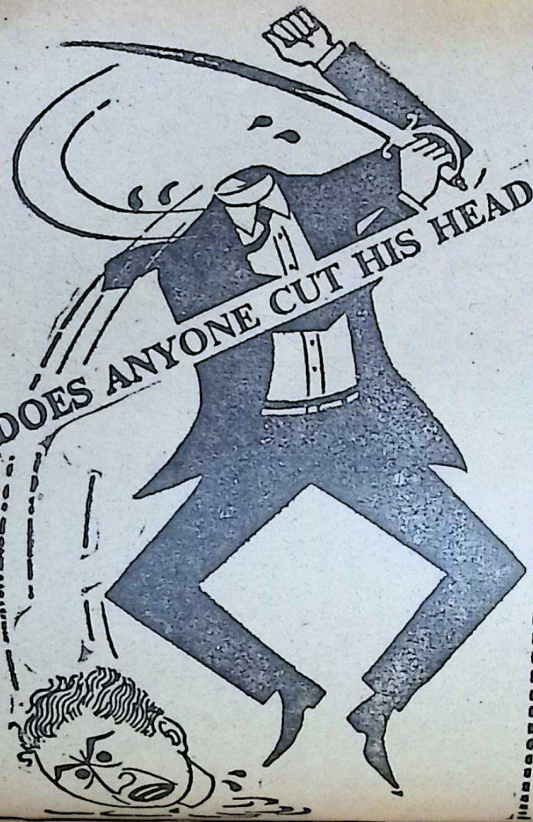
When Khwajah Manur, the Emperor's keeper of the wardrobe, died, Mutamad locked and sealed the rooms of the wardrobe for some days. The Emperor could not get a change of apparel till a successor at last was appointed.

Throughout these years of captivity, acrimonious controversy went on between the father and the victorious son. We find glimpses of these letters in Bernier, Manucci and Khafi Khan and a few letters of Aurangzib in *Adab*.

The son poses in this controversy as the champion of Islam and an humble servant of God in the work of reform and popular beneficence, condemning the incompetence and unjust reign of his father, defending his own conduct with self-righteousness and affecting humility of a Pharisee.

In one of his letters, the son wrote:

> "So long as you held the reigns



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...Government, I never did anything without your permission, nor did I ever step beyond my jurisdiction. The Searcher of Hearts be my witness for this. During your illness, Dara usurped all power, girt on his loins to promote Hinduism and destroy Islam and acted as a king, totally setting you aside."

He explained that his march to Agra was not due to a rebellious sword, but "I was compelled out of regard for the next world to undertake the heavy load of this task and engage in looking after the interests of the populace and peasantry."

Regarding the fratricidal war, he assigned it to the partiality of the father towards the eldest son:

"If you had not helped in various ways and raised to a position of trust your eldest son, whose ability and God-fearing character are probably manifest to you now, and if out of regard for him, you had not failed to make any provision for the safety of your other sons, then all the brothers would have lived together peacefully and the fire of civil war would not have blazed forthwith."

He was satisfied that there would be no peace until Dara and Shuja were either driven out of the country or put to share Murad's captivity without which "the work of God and the people" that he had undertaken could not have been carried out to a successful end. He had to take up "the arduous load of the Crown" out of sheer necessity and not from voluntary choice for restoring peace, "and the rules of Islam in the realm so as to be able to answer on the day of

Aurangzib

reckoning." He taunted his aged prisoner that "Kingship means the protection of the realm and the guardianship (of the people) and not the enjoyment of the bodily repose or the lusts of the flesh." This was with obvious reference to Shah Jahan's fondness of doubtful company with some of the members of his nobles' harems.

SHAH JAHAN HUMILIATED

Aurangzib had no doubt that he was the choice of the Almighty and so he wrote to his father that his success against all odds was the proof of God's favour to him and his cause. "As my aim was good, I gained the victory in spite of my small force" at Dharmat and Samugarh. He advised the King that as a man of prudence, he should submit to the divine dispensation and accept his victory as the best thing that could have happened

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...for "nothing can happen without God's will." The royal prisoner ...ld submit to that will and "your ...rows and tribulations will turn in... peace and contentment." More than ... his father should be beholden to ...son who had deposed him. "If you ... (at the matter) with eyes of ...ge, you have no cause of com...nt, in that I have relieved you of ... a heavy load and taken it on my ... shoulders and made my free ...d the slave of thousand afflictions ... fatigue."

...ese letters served as salt on the ...nded soul of the aged monarch ... had only just witnessed the grue...e murders of his beloved eldest son ... of Murad, the expulsion from ... of Shuja and the captivity of his ...d-children. The lacerated spirit ...the monarch broke out in blazing ...rn against his son's hypocrisy ...ting him that he was nothing but ... robber of other people's property ...le affecting to be a true Musal...n. Aurangzib, defending himself ...y hollow platitudes, wrote:

"You have written that it is contrary to the Muslim faith to seize another's property. Know that the royal property and treasures exist for the good of the people. A kingdom is not a hereditary private property. The King is merely God's elected custodian and trustee of His money for the good of the subjects."

The contempt reflected in these ...ters against Dara and Shuja had ...t the old monarch's heart. The ...mphant son touched it with red ...t iron by reminding his fallen father:

"How do you still regard the memory of (your brothers) Khusrau and Parviz, whom you did to death before your accession and who had threatened no injury to you?"

THE CLIMAX AND THE DELIVERANCE

The injured father could only warn his son that his sons might treat him in future in the identical way he had treated him. But there were no limits to the boastful self-righteousness of Aurangzib. "Every one", his reply was, "gets from God a return according to his intentions, and as my intentions are good, I believe that I shall not get anything but good (from my sons)." Little did he realise when he penned this letter that his fourth son, Mahomed Akbar, would write to him twenty-three years later a letter bearing a striking similarity to his own letters to Shah Jahan. When Akbar rebelled in 1681, he taxed Aurangzib with administrative failure, advising him to pass his old age in meditation as an atonement for the sin of having deposed his father and murdered two of his brothers. His partiality towards his eldest son, Shah Alam, is flung in his face and young Akbar justified his rebellion with the same hypocritical averment that he had taken on his own shoulders the heavy burden of kingship in order to save the people from ruin and his patrimony from waste and misgovernment by his father. Akbar asked Aurangzib with what sense of justice he could allege him to be an unnatural son when he himself had rebelled against his own father.

As time went on, the correspondence

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Shah Jahan and Aurangzib so bitter and unbecoming that gave up writing any letters "to the path of saying and hearing" taunts. Shah Jahan thus secured over his disloyal son with pen, with sword.

years of cruel captivity had the heart of the once magni- Emperor, first the murder of then the murder of Dara and of Sulaiman. Shuja and his chil- had been driven to destruction the unknown horrors of the of the Araccans. The Emperor to religion for comfort to his mind. His constant compa- now was Sayyid Mahomed of who discoursed to him of and the Prophet's Traditions. daughter Jahanara, now his only companion, took care of all earthly needs, giving him comfort solace, atoning for the cruelty of his other offsprings. A disciple of Mir, she led the life of a nun once resplendent harem of the who had scattered gold jewels pearls amongst its members in a manner unknown till then which was now turned into a home for the forlorn father. Jahan prepared himself for the world in such religious company the Holy Book or having it to him or copying its verses. lost all fright of death and even it as a release from all the he had seen in the last few

The deliverance came on January 7, when he was seized with fever. strangury and griping of the sto- supervened. A Hindu surgeon, Brindaban, removed the obstruction and the royal patient had some relief. Shah Jahan had completed his 74th year and his bodily weakness increased. The intensive cold of the winter of that year sapped at his decreasing vitality. Early in the night of Monday, the 22nd of January, his physicians declared his condition beyond repair. The end was near. With full composure, he gave instructions for his funeral, offered comfort to his surviving wives, Akbarbadi Mahal and Fathpuri Mahal, and left them to the care of Jahanara. He then made his last will and testament giving away gifts and mementos and ordered the *Koran* to be recited.

While the Holy Book was being recited amidst the wailings and sobs of Jahanara, who sat at the foot of the royal bed, Shah Jahan, now fully rid of the unhappy memories of the recent tragedies, turned towards Taj Mahal and gazed long and peacefully at that resting place of his beloved Mumtaz as if communing to her that he was joining her company in a few moments, muttering in a slow but distinct voice of utter peace, "Oh, God! Make my condition good in this world and the next, and save me from the torment of holy fire." The next moment he sank into eternal rest.

CONCLUSION

The tragedy of the Mughals was the revolts by sons against their fathers and the destruction of their brothers and other kinsmen, first Jahangir against Akbar and then Shah Jahan against Jahangir. Both Jahangir and Shah Jahan had fought against and even killed their fathers' captains, their

brothers and kinsmen, but had at least shown repugnance to battle against their fathers. But Aurangzib's greed for the Crown had ridden all decency and the social decorum of the age. Even the Court historian wrote of him in scorn:

> "His imperial robe of State thinly veiled the Darvish's frock that he wore beneath it."

Of the three personalities that figured most in the last days of Shah Jahan, Dara, though a failure in war and statecraft, stands out the best. Manucci, friendly to Dara, and Bernier, less friendly to Dara, agree that he was not deficient in qualities. Dara proved a failure because he made war and statecraft secondary objects of his pursuits. He devoted the greater part of his time and energy to carry on a literary propaganda for the promotion of peace and concord between the followers of Islam and Hinduism. On the other hand, Aurangzib's half a century of barren rule is the most conspicuous failure in Indian history. The world did not become the richer by the long reign of Aurangzib, but it would certainly have been poorer without a Dara Shukoh.

Both had idealism; both were true to Islam; but one was true to its spirit, the other to the letter of his faith. Dara thought of saving the spirit of his creed. Aurangzib was a militant Pan-Islamist to whom the only solution of the quarrel of creeds appeared to be the conversion of the whole world to Islam. Both personify the spirit of the age they lived in, one the spirit of progress and the other reaction. The forces of conservatism being stronger in the middle of the 17th century it is no surprise that Aurangzib won over Dara.

The character of Shah Jahan took of a double nature, a combi- tion of Muslim orthodoxy and the pr- fane tradition of the age of Akbar. He was Dara and Aurangzib in o- His reign was a period of transiti- from the enlightened traditions Akbar to the gloomy orthodox re- action of the days of Aurangz- Though his Court appeared to be happy meeting ground of Hindu a- Muslim cultures, the strong und- current of reaction was sapping t- foundation of the Empire. Yet, he w- peculiarly fortunate in receiving t- approbation of both his Hindu a- Muslim subjects. The Mulla held h- as the Mahdi, the guide. The mo- gifted of the Hindu poets, Pandit Ra- Jagannath, eulogized him:

दिल्लीश्वरो वा जगदीश्वरो वा मनोरथान्
पूरयितुं समर्थः
अन्यैर्नृपालैः परिदीयमानं शाकाय वा स्यान्
वणाय वा स्यात्

But this cultured and benevole- despot was at heart as bigoted as Au- rangzib. Poet Shaida was banished fo- composing a couplet on wine:

> "Dost thou know, what wine is which is crimson like the rose, and pure and sparkling like a gem? It is the nourisher of body, the message-bearer of love."

The greatest paradox of the un- paralleled love of Shah Jahan and Mumtaz is not that it gave birth to Taj Mahal but to Dara, the greatest philosopher-prince and a great studen- of comparative faiths in the medieval age. Yet the result of that great love brought forth tragic consequences to the very procreator of its fruit.

[The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Kanungo's *Dara* and Sirkar's *Aurangzib*.]

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HEART: its virtues & vagaries

Dr. Rustom Jal Vakil

(Continued from last issue)

DEFECTS or diseases of the heart from birth are usually known as congenital heart diseases or anomalies, and are due to some natural error in the development of the heart. Contrary to popular belief, only a percentage of these defects are crippling in character or fatal early in life; many of them are compatible with fairly long and useful lives and may be discovered only by accident. Congenital heart disease accounts for about 1 or 2 per cent of all heart cases; about one child in every fifteen with heart disease belongs to this category.

Why a baby should be born in the first place with a defective heart has not been properly explained; it is possible, as shown by an Australian doctor recently, that some of these defects may be due to the mother having German measles during the first three months of pregnancy.

Heart disease from birth has attained great prominence in recent years, partly due to the indefatigable pioneer efforts of two lady doctors in America, Maude Abbott and Helen Taussig, and partly to the introduction of new methods of diagnosis and surgical treatment. Once abandoned as hopeless and irremediable, many of these congenital heart cases have recently been given new leases on life by the introduction of new techniques. Since it is possible nowadays to restore some of these cases, by timely surgery, to a normal or almost normal and healthy span of life, it is imperative that every case of heart disease from birth should be thoroughly investigated by an expert to determine its suitability for operation and cure.

Although it is popularly believed that babies with congenital heart disease are always born blue ("blue babies"), such is not the case in the majority of cases. Babies with serious heart defects may appear normal in all respects, although they do display a tendency to frequent coughs, colds and feeding troubles.

Congenital heart defects are of many types: they may be simple and single, or complex and multiple, they may be mild enough to remain undetected until middle age or severe enough to prove fatal within a few days or weeks of birth. The most common varieties of congenital heart defects are *septal defects*, where the partition between the two auricles or the

ventricles displays a "hole" or com-
ication, *patent ductus arteriousus,*
ere an abnormal passage or vessel
nects the two major vessels of the
(viz., the aorta and pulmonary
ry), *coarctation of the aorta,*
ere there is an abnormal narrow-
or constriction of the biggest blood
of the body, and *Fallot's tetra-*
a common but complicated
of congenital heart disease
four different defects combined
the same heart.

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ny puncture in one of the veins
the forearm into the various cham-
s of the heart behind an X-ray
en in a dark room, it is possible
ndays to determine the exact na-
of a congenital defect of the heart.
ce the diagnosis is established, the
ability or not of an operation be-
es easy.

CTIONS OF THE HEART

The three major infections of the
rt are rheumatic fever, syphilis and
terial endocarditis. Thanks to im-
ved sanitation, public health mea-
es and the discovery of new drugs
antibiotics, the incidence and crip-
g effects of these three dreaded dis-
es of the heart have been greatly
duced.

Rheumatic fever, which has been
years one of the leading causes of
ath, disease and invalidism all over
e world, is particularly common in
ldren and young adults living in
ercrowded, damp and unhygienic
rroundings, in cold and humid cli-
ates. Besides fever and joint pains,
eumatic fever, particularly in children, may cause permanent damage or deformity of one or more valves of the heart; it is said to "lick the joints but bite the heart."

Usually secondary to streptococcal infection of the throat, rheumatic fever leads to permanent affection of the heart in a minority of cases only. Rheumatic affection of the heart may take the form of *pericarditis* or inflammation of the outer covering of the heart, *myocarditis* or inflammation of the muscle coat, or *valvular heart disease* or *endocarditis,* usually involving the *mitral* or *aortic* valve.

Improved sanitation, prevention of damp and overcrowding, health education of the public, early treatment of "sore throat" with penicillin or sulfa drugs, removal of septic tonsils, complete and prolonged bed-rest together with large doses of salicylates or cortisone during the acute stage of rheumatic fever, and a suitable modification of the patient's life after the development of valvular disease are a few of the measures which have been successfully employed in the last few years with a view to eradicate the scourge of rheumatic heart disease.

The incidence of rheumatic heart disease has been investigated all over the world, because of its high incidence and crippling effects in children and young adults. In England, it accounts for about 30 per cent of heart cases and for about twenty thousand deaths per year. Once considered rare or non-existent in tropical climates, rheumatic heart disease has now been shown to be one of the major causes of disease and death in these countries also.

Inadequate treatment of *syphilis,* the

most dreaded of venereal diseases, may result in a progressive and serious enlargement or ballooning of the *aorta*, years after the exposure. This condition of *aneurysm* of the aorta has been more or less stamped out within the last two decades by early and adequate treatment of venereal infections and by other public health measures.

The third major infection of the heart is *bacterial endocarditis*, which is due to infection or invasion of the valves of the heart by a special variety of streptococcus from the throat, teeth or skin. Such an infection may follow a tooth-extraction or removal of septic tonsils in a person with previously damaged valves or congenital heart defect.

Once considered incurable or invariably fatal, bacterial or *malignant* endocarditis can now be cured in 80 to 90 per cent of cases, thanks to penicillin. In view of the danger of bacterial endocarditis, tonsillectomy or dental extraction must be carried out under penicillin protection in cases of congenital and rheumatic heart disease.

CORONARY THROMBOSIS AND ANGINA PECTORIS

Of the various forms of heart disease known to us today, the most in the public eye is unquestionably coronary heart disease. The average layman is quite familiar with the dreadful implications of the word "coronary."

According to statistics, about 50 per cent of men over the age of 45 years in the United States are subjects of coronary disease, the latter being said to be the major cause of death of the American male in the most econo- cally productive part of his life. T increasing death-rate of middle-ag males, during the past 30 years, mainly attributable to an increase the incidence of coronary disease. T incidence is much higher in males th in females (the ratio is about 6 to 1 in the middle-aged than in the you or elderly, in the fat or obese, in tho suffering from high blood pressur diabetes or chronic gall-bladder d ease and in the intellectual and we to-do classes; it is roughly propo tional to the "index of prosperity" o a nation or individual, and depende on the intake of "fats" in the diet.

It is indeed amazing that a d ease as common and dramatic as coro nary thrombosis should have bee completely missed by the medical pro fession until 1912, when Herrick i America focussed attention on it f the first time by a masterly accou of the disease. Since that time inn merable cases of the disease have bee diagnosed and treated with varyin success all over the world.

The coronary arteries, which spring from the aorta, and supply the mus cle of the heart with the two essen tials of life—oxygen and food, are th most important blood vessels of th body. They supply to the heart, th "fuel" necessary for its odious task o supplying nourishment and removing waste products from the innumerable "cells" of the human body. The blood supply to the heart through the coro naries is by no means constant; it varies from moment to moment ac cording to the requirements of th heart, which in turn depend on those of the body. During violent physical

on in a normal person, the heart
require as much as five times its
l quota of blood to carry out
ork efficiently, a demand that is
s promptly and efficiently met
by healthy coronary vessels.
advancing age (or senility) in
individuals, and prematurely
e afflicted with high blood pres-
Diabetes, chronic gall-bladder dis-
or obesity, the blood vessels of
dy and particularly those of the
and brain (*coronary* and *cere-*
arteries) tend to degenerate or
; such hardening of the arte-
commonly referred to as *arterios-*
or *atheroma,* by leading to
ing or slowing down of the
stream through their lumen, may
serious repercussions in the vital
of the body.

eroma or sclerosis of the coro-
arteries may be entirely *silent* or
mptomless in its early stages, re-
g an electrocardiogram, particu-
after exercise, to detect its pre-
. The process being extremely
, the patient may experience
stress at all for the first few
ths or years. With further sclero-
and narrowing of the blood stream
the heart muscle, symptoms of *an-*
pectoris may make their appear-
, but only during physical effort,
as fast walking on the level,
g up-hill or climbing a stair-
. Anginal pain usually starts in the
re of the chest, behind the breast-
e, as a weight-like, constrictive or
g pain, spreads down the left
. lasts for only a few moments
responds promptly to rest or tri-
n tablets. By a wise regulation of
e mode of life of the patient, treatment of the causative factor if any, and a prophylactic use of trinitrin tablets, many a patient can be rendered free or almost free of anginal attacks.

When the blood-stream through a coronary vessel or twig becomes unduly slow or sluggish, in a case of advanced coronary sclerosis, a clot or thrombus may form in its lumen (*coronary thrombosis* or *occlusion*), cutting off the blood supply of a portion of the heart muscle and resulting in its degeneration or death (myocardial *infarction*). In the great majority of such cases, the clot tends to be absorbed in a few weeks, the dead muscle is replaced by a scar and the patient returns to normal or almost normal health. With early diagnosis and effective treatment, the mortality rate of coronary thrombosis has been reduced from 50 to about 15 per cent in the last three decades.

HEART FAILURE

The term heart failure or cardiac failure, to the average layman, means sudden death or demise. The medical profession, however, uses the term in quite a different sense, i.e. failure on the part of the heart to perform its functions efficiently or its inability to meet with the demands of the body. Depending on which chamber or ventricle of the heart suffers the initial breakdown, it is customary to recognize left-sided (or left ventricular), right-sided (or right ventricular) and mixed or right and left ventricular failure of the heart. It is possible for a patient of heart failure to live for years in spite of the inefficient working or decomposition of the heart.

With the dawn of the present century, such a radical change has come over the "face" of cardiology, that an entirely new science of *neo-cardiology* may be said to have been born. Many of our most cherished concepts of the past have had to be abandoned, and innumerable new ones added during the past few decades.

Amongst the latest advances in treatment may be mentioned the new drugs for high blood pressure (such as rauwolfia, veratrum, hydralazine and ganglion-blocking drugs), penicillin treatment of bacterial endocarditis and syphilis, anti-coagulants in coronary thrombosis and the judicious use of radioactive isotopes in certain types of heart disease.

Cardiac surgery has made such rapid strides within a few years that many cases of congenital and rheumatic heart disease and of hypertension and coronary disease, once abandoned as hopeless or irremediable, have been given new leases on life by timely surgical measures.

Until a few years ago, a stoppage of the heart was considered a terminal even with no possibility of survival. Today, the question of resuscitation of the dead is no longer in the realm of the unattainable. In a recent review from the U.S.A., 110 out of 322 cases of apparent death with cessation of cardiac activity, revived sufficiently after appropriate measures to return to work or normal activity. Amongst the outstanding scientific achievements of the last decade may be mentioned the highly intricate man-made appliance called the "mechanical" or "artificial heart" designed with a view to temporarily replace the heart during surgical manipulations and the ing[illegible] get, the "artificial pace-maker" which has been successfully employed to shock the heart back to normal activity even minutes after cessation of activity.

Of late, considerable attention has rightly been paid to the question of rehabilitation and useful employment of cardiac and coronary invalids. Since cardiac invalids are often in the prime of life and high up on the social or intellectual ladder, their rehabilitation or return to "the maximum physical, mental, emotional, social, vocational and economic usefulness" becomes a matter of great importance and urgency. In a recent review of such cases, Hellerstein and his associates were able to report a return to "gainful employment" within four years of 75 per cent of a series of 5[illegible] cardiacs.

Rapid increase in knowledge regarding the heart and blood vessels in recent years has made specialization in cardiology a matter of necessity or expediency. In view of the ever-widening frontiers of modern cardiology necessitated by the increasing impact of allied sciences, the cardiologist of today no longer conforms to the classical definition of a specialist as one who knows "more and more about less and less". Present-day cardiology "embraces and is embraced by all of medicine".

Considering that thousands of trained workers all over the world are engaged in the pursuit of further knowledge regarding the heart and blood vessels, it is but natural to expect in the near future greater achievements and success in Man's campaign against death and disease.

[Concluded]

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kind, as all great men are. He
about the integration of the
in a quiet and persuasive
er.

Sardar Patel took quick and firm
ns in tackling problems.
ical genius consists in anticipa-
events, forestalling situations and
with them. When once you
the situation to develop, it may
difficult for you to overcome it
fully and quietly.

People should take a warning from
had happened and do their ut-
to consolidate the country and
everyone see that he or she be-

longed to the nation first and then only to the community and province.

Sardar Patel might have had some differences with Gandhiji and argued with him, but once a decision was given by Gandhiji, Patel as a true disciplinarian, obeyed it. He was totally against untouchability, caste and communal prejudices.

—*Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.*

A Great Captain

History will record many things about him in its pages and call him the Builder and Consolidator of New India. But, perhaps, to many of us here he will be remembered as a great captain of our forces in the struggle for freedom, as one who gave us sound advice in times of trouble as well as in moments of victory, as a friend and colleague on whom one could invariably rely and as a tower of strength that revived wavering hearts.

—*Jawaharlal Nehru.*

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

848

Sri P. Suryanarayana, Saamshabad.

Q: *What is "Moksha"? Please define.*

A: "Moksha" is to be free from attachment, fear and wrath and live in God.

849

Sri N. Chandrasekhar, Gulbarga.

Q: *I understand Swami Vivekananda to have concluded that only individual spirituality backed by religion can be the base for a good social and political reform in India. Am I correct?*

A: Swami Vivekananda said so, and so did Sri Aurobindo and Gandhiji. If there is no spiritual outlook, social and political reform is a mockery. Reform is not external change, it is the internal change in man, which only comes of developing spiritual outlook.

850

Sri A.B. Pal, Bhagalpur, Bihar.

Q: *Unlike Mohammedans or Christians etc., most of the Hindus are very irregular in going to the temples or devoting time for worship. Is this a freedom to our religion or indiscipline?*

A: It is not freedom. It is lack of moral responsibility which is only kept alive by observing forms of maintaining contact with ceremonies or places associated with G

851

Sri K. Vasudeva Rao, Afzalpur.

Q: *What is your opinion regard "Dvaita" and "Advaita" philo phy?*

A: The universe, including mat life and mind, are manifestati of God, through which He u folds himself. But as it is v difficult to establish a living bo with a universal Existence, i essential that we begin by s rendering ourselves to God. S render of an individual to G viewed as living Power—which implied in Dvaitism —is an e sential stage for most of us f attaining God-mindedness.

852

Sri T.S. Krishna Iyer, Somanur.

Q: *If Lord Buddha is considered a incarnation of God by the Hi dus, why should Adi Shanka charya rise much against Bu dhism and cause its downfall the very land of its birth?*

A: Adi Shankaracharya did not fi Buddha ; he fought the doctrin which had sprung up rou eighth century Buddhism. Pe haps Buddha was accepted as a incarnation after Shankara's tim

Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

36. HIS HIGHNESS

It was the New Year Day; everyone was up and doing early. After Sheela had distributed Year gifts to the servants, the of them went out for a walk to 'Chowk Point'. They were all in a buoyant mood that every topic discussed and every comment made amused and delighted them. the time they returned, it was mid-

As they passed the Railway on their way back, they found the train had just steamed in and passengers were streaming out. Radharaman's sharp eyes spotted ruler of Premkot, Sir Samarsinh, C.I.E. Radharaman was by nature and susceptible to flattery. Though was elated he took care to conceal whenever any well-known persona- or influential individual came his professional advice. The ious day he had received a tele- from the Ruler of Premkot say- that he proposed to arrive in haran the next day to discuss with haraman something very urgent important. When Radharaman in- Sheela of this, she had pro- vigorously and indeed suggest- that the Maharaja should be asked to postpone his visit. She considered it absurd that, however urgent, the matter could not wait for 24 hours; after all, they were due to return on the following day.

"But my dear, he also knows that today is the New Year Day. And if he is nevertheless coming up, it must be because he has something that is very important and urgent and cannot wait," remarked Radharaman.

Sheela did not press the matter further. She knew her husband and had realised intuitively that he was feeling flattered that someone as important as the Maharaja was coming up specially to consult him.

Having seen His Highness alight from the train, Radharaman thought it polite to wait for him. And Sheela halted with him. Uday, who was anxious to get away so as not to embarrass the Maharaja who early in life had treated them so shabbily and would have preferred to walk away, was detained by Radharaman. So they all waited until His Highness came out.

Samarsinh had succeeded to the rulership of Premkot with the help of the eight lakhs of rupees lent him

by the late His Highness Gangasinh. Thereafter, because of his inherent ability and the favour of the British Officer who liked him, he acquired a position of some importance among the Indian Princes. Radharaman had also played a vital role in helping him to climb to his present position of influence and importance. It was His Highness's invariable practice, whenever he came up against some difficulty, to consult barrister Radharaman, who had thus become his friend, philosopher and guide.

His Highness was not able to come out of the station straightway; he was stopped on the way and had to talk with some people. His face was wreathed in smiles, and his movements, despite an incipient corpulence, were by no means undignified.

In the meantime, Sheela's attention was drawn to two Eurasian women who had also alighted from the train. They were tall, and fair; their faces were heavily made up, and they were attractively dressed. They walked up to a place quite close to them, and there waited for an unengaged rikshaw. Radharaman looked at them; he was a gay dog, and could not keep his eyes off attractive women. Sheela was aware of this weakness of her husband. So after a glance at her husband, she turned her attention to the women; to her surprise, she found one of them smiling pointedly at Radharaman. Radharaman seemed to respond with a smile, before he turned away, almost as if to indicate that he did not know them. Sheela, who saw this by-play, shuddered. By now, she had become a good judge of these things, and intuitively felt that Radharaman and these women were old quaintances.

Sheela heard one of the women ing the rikshaw driver to take her her companion to the Rugby H Sheela had no doubt that the wo had spoken loudly so that Radhara should be able to hear the ad given.

By this time, His Highness had c out of the station. He shook h warmly with Radharaman and U and greeted Sheela with folded h with a 'Jai Mahadev'. Though a l stout, he looked attractive in his J puri breeches and closed collar c On his little finger he wore a l diamond ring. His manners w suave, as befitting a prince, and charm of his smile had a natur about it that was very attractive

"Sheelaben, how are you? We trust. I must ask you to forgive me spoiling your husband's New Y Day. But you know more than one else how much I rely on him how I cannot take a single deci without his advice. It is most fortu that Uday is also here." Then turn towards Uday, His Highness contin as if his relationship with him w very old and cordial. "How is Ra and Majiba?"

Not quite understanding the rea for His Highness's sudden concern their welfare, Uday replied ra hesitantly: "They have gone to Pon cherry to see Sri Aurobindo G and seek his blessings."

"But they are well, I hope" obs ed His Highness.

"Yes, of course," said Uday.

"Sheelaben, Uday is an old fri of mine. We were together in Lon

ly, I need your help as well. But I
n't get take your time and Sheela-
e now. I am going to stay in Sir
ngji's bungalow at Louisa Point.
n will you come there? Sheela-
n, please excuse me once again for
g away your husband on such a
I really have no alternative," said
Highness.

ile is yours. Isn't he?" replied
a lightly.

I shall come for tea at four", said
raman.

But please promise me that you
ring Uday along. I want to talk
," said His Highness.

Certainly. Uday will also come",
d Radharaman.

Sheelaben, do excuse me," said His Highness. "I would have asked you to come along, but we shall be discussing business. We would only be boring you. I shall be waiting for you at four o'clock, Radharamanbhai. And Uday, you must also come. 'Jai Mahadev', Sheelaben. Good-bye. Uday, my boy, do not disappoint me". With a 'cheer-io' His Highness bestrode his horse and rode away.

Uday was a little upset at this meeting with His Highness. Samarsinh had behaved very badly towards Rajba and his family, and ever since, they had avoided him. Samarsinh could not have been unaware of the contempt in which Uday and his family held him. Nevertheless, today he had behaved in an excessively friendly manner. This

puzzled Uday. He was not unaware of His Highness's doings during the past six or seven years. The whole of Saurashtra talked of little else.

After the death of Uday's uncle, the Maharaja of Manigadh, Ganga Sinhji, his nephew Ramsinhji had come to the gadi. Ramsinhji had treated Hanskunverba generously despite her past behaviour, and indeed looked after her as if she were his real mother. The only thing he had insisted upon was that Hanskunverba's mother must leave the State, and she for her part was also most anxious to get away. She had therefore moved to Rajkot taking with her as much money as she could extract from Hanskunverba.

After becoming the Ruler of Premkot, Samarsinh set to himself the task of getting his natural abilities generally recognised. Before long, his brother Rulers conceded that he was a man of ability and judgment. And when it was found that he enjoyed the confidence of the Viceroy, his prestige soared high. Socially too, his status as a prince went up when he succeeded in marrying into an important ruling family.

For a year or two he tried genuinely to run his State well. Compared to life in London, Paris, Vienna and Monte Carlo, His Highness found life in Premkot much too drab and dull. Her Highness had all the pride of a Rajput princess, and to that was added the pride of her beauty. But she was orthodox in her ways and outlook and it was beyond her capacity to satisfy His Highness's hankering after the European way of life and pleasure. His Highness soon grew tired of the usual entertainments available in Princely State in India; and the summer found him in gay places Europe.

At Manigadh, meanwhile, Hans verba found the very strict life of palace unbearable. His Highness R sinh, while treating her with all pect, was also insistent upon her ducting herself in a manner befi the Dowager Queen Mother. Hansk verba who hated the very idea widowhood and restraint, soon beca so thoroughly unhappy that she de ed to remind Samarsinh of the days and to ask him to arrange a ing.

Samarsinh had never quite got his passion for Hanskunverba. T communication from her there brought back to his mind vividly charm and vivacious personality the wonderful time the two had gether during the unforgettable month in Bombay. Then the two them had come very close to other and the very care and car they had to exercise had tended intensify their attraction for each o Samarsinh's imagination was c again fired by these memories. He called with delight the skill with wh Hanskunverba had managed to ext as much as eight lakhs of rupees fr the late His Highness Gangas And how skilful she had been in ting the work done through Col. tapsinh's wife! Samarsinh felt there was his opportunity to bu the dullness from his life in Prem he therefore decided once again to Hanskunverba and to enjoy her sionate embraces.

Letters and messages were

...d Hanskunverba's letters were ...ective of her own longing to be ... His Highness that he also became ...ent to end their continued phy- ...separation and his replies in their ... were equally passionate.

... was not however an easy thing ...Hanskunverba to leave Manigadh. ...en them they finally evolved a ... Hanskunverba had still to go ... pilgrimage before she could for- ... terminate her period of mourn- ... was also her supreme duty as a ...d widow to consign the ashes of ...departed husband at Prayag per- ...ly and then after offering wor- ...at the temple of Viswanath in ...s, to visit 68 other sacred places ...pilgrimage. The special railway ... in which Hanskunverba was to ...her pilgrimage to Prayag, how- ...had to be attached at the junc- ...station to the train that went ... Premkot. So it was in the fitness ...ngs for Hanskunverba to be ...ly honoured at Premkot station ; ...all, it was her late husband's help ...had enabled Samarsinh to get ...ership of Premkot. And once ...nverba was at Premkot station ...was there to stop her from doing ...ever she liked? Once we decide ...ore conventions and public cri- ...m, what else is there to stop one ... behaving as one liked?

...ht miles away from Premkot, one ...former rulers had built a palace ...d 'Vihar Bhavan', as a place for ... recreation and pleasure. It had ...screened off from the public gaze ... very high wall. As soon as his ...spondence with Hanskunverba ...d His Highness Samarsinh got ...palace refurnished. There would be, he argued, nothing improper in accommodating such an important and distinguished guest as Hanskunverba in a comfortable and elegant palace.

Their plan succeeded. Hanskunverba left Manigadh for the pilgrimage and when the train carrying her saloon arrived at Premkot station His Highness received her with the ceremonial respect due to the Dowager Queen Mother of Manigadh. The Vihar Bhavan was placed at her disposal. Every day, His Highness called upon Hanskunverba and remained with her for long hours. Those who accompanied His Highness when he visited Vihar Bhavan not unnaturally exercised their imagination to the full when describing to their friends the luxury and the comfort of the palace. This naturally caused a great deal of talk among the people.

Month after month went by, but Hanskunverba showed no signs of resuming her journey to holy Prayag. His Highness now found Premkot sufficiently entertaining and gave up his trips to Europe.

Her Highness the Maharani of Premkot came of an ancient ruling family of Rajputana. She was brought up by an English governess and had received her education at the hands of English teachers. Nevertheless she was by temperament a Rajput lady. She was angry but did not quite know what to do. She knew full well that among ruling families in India, the tradition of being faithful to one's wife had disappeared with Sri Ramachandra. She had therefore to suffer in silence. So far she had not given birth to a son and was afraid that if His Highness took it into his head, that

fact alone would be sufficient excuse for him to marry again. She therefore swallowed the bitter pill of humiliation. In desparation she had recourse to Sadhus and other quacks to ensure through the help of supernatural powers that His Highness might cease to have anything to do with Hanskunverba, but the powers remained unresponsive.

Meantime, at Manigadh the saintly ruler Ramsinhji was deeply distressed at his aunt's shocking behaviour. He wrote repeatedly urging her to return but she did not even deign to reply. He sent his officers to escort her back but they were not allowed admittance to Vihar Bhavan. He sent her telegrams requesting her either to go to Banaras or to return to Manigadh. He pointed out to her that her conduct had made it impossible for the ruling family of Manigadh to hold up their heads. No reply was vouchsafed to these telegrams also. His Highness Ramsinhji tried the last expedient of stopping Hanskunverba's allowance. This too was treated by Hanskunverba and His Highness Samarsinh with scorn. Throughout Saurashtra, people talked of nothing but the love affair of Hanskunverba and His Highness Samarsinh in Vihar Bhavan.

No one in Uday's own household ever referred by name to these two. Uday was therefore astonished to find His Highness's effusive cordiality for him. He could not help thinking that behind the mask there lay some scheme concerning Hanskunverba. Uday was afraid that Majiba and Bhupatmama would be annoyed with him if they learnt that he had had any kind of contact with His Highness. All of them had nothing but contempt for Highness inspite of his handsom dignified appearance, his skill, his fortune, and his courage. For his love affair with his aunt was cient to make him unworthy of in any decent home. Uday did however, know how to disregard invitation which had been exte to him so cordially.

Apart from all this, Uday was deeply concerned at the sudden ch he saw in Sheela. She had becom sibly pale, her eyes showed dis while her lips trembled from tim time as if she was trying to supp some hidden pain. All the joy he experienced in the last three days vanished and he did not feel suffic ly composed to take any interes Radharaman's conversation.

Fortunately, Radharaman was i extremely happy and expansive His vanity had been flattered that Highness had left Bombay on the Year Day to come to Matheran s to seek his advice. He had also a fleeting glimpse of his former tress which had rekindled in him slumbering passion for her. He excited and jubilant, and kept t ing of his achievements. So deep his satisfaction with himself that failed to realise that neither of two companions was paying any tention to what he was saying.

Sheela had instinctively realised danger that confronted her. Som or other she managed to preserve composure but she dared not herself to speak lest others should cover her discomfiture. She could eat the excellent dinner that she got prepared for the New Year D

tried unsuccessfully to arouse interest in her. Luckily for her, g could stop Radharaman once arted narrating his latest version the story of how he managed to His Highness the rulership of lot.

was Sheela's wont to retire to her om after the mid-day meal, but day she did not do so. She went stead into the garden and sat bench under a shady tree. Uday see and feel her distress, but he o idea what had brought about sudden sadness. If he could have ed up sufficient courage, he d have liked to go up to Sheela ought to console her, but he did are do so.

haraman was also in the habit posing for half an hour or so mid-day meal, but that day he oo excited to rest. He was no concerned with what was be- e. He forgot Sheela. His mind completely engrossed with Becky. s really wonderful," he murmur- himself. "She is such fun: so ." The recollection of the won- l time he had had with her in- d his imagination. Becky's insol- crudeness and vulgarity had at- d him most to her. "She is ," he murmured again. Old ex- ces had revived in his memory. would sit stretching out her bare concernedly, blowing out curls oke through her nose. She was d jolly. She was great at mimi- She would pick out some pecu- s of her friends, may they be so vulgar, and imitate them. k or sober, without a second , she would tell Radharaman

insolently "Get away Radhi, I am sick of you." She would make love with such complete abandon that one was delightfully surprised at her shocking way. She was undoubtedly of the gutter but a wonderful creature all the same!

Learning, politeness, manners, culture, charming smile, all appeared to Radharaman insipid, even odious. Indeed he thought them all to be shades of hyprocrisy.

As soon as it was three, Radharaman dreaming of Becky got up to change and by half past three, he left the house, taking Uday with him.

Sheela had completely broken down. For three days, she had been really and truly happy. And now all of a sudden there was this catastrophe. After a while, she got up, splashed some water on her face, put on a new *sari* and went out for a lonely walk.

The drum-beats pound
the sound of the dance,
and lilting songs move
on waves of bells.
The voice of the shahnai
weaves a new theme —
and this is the dance of sound.

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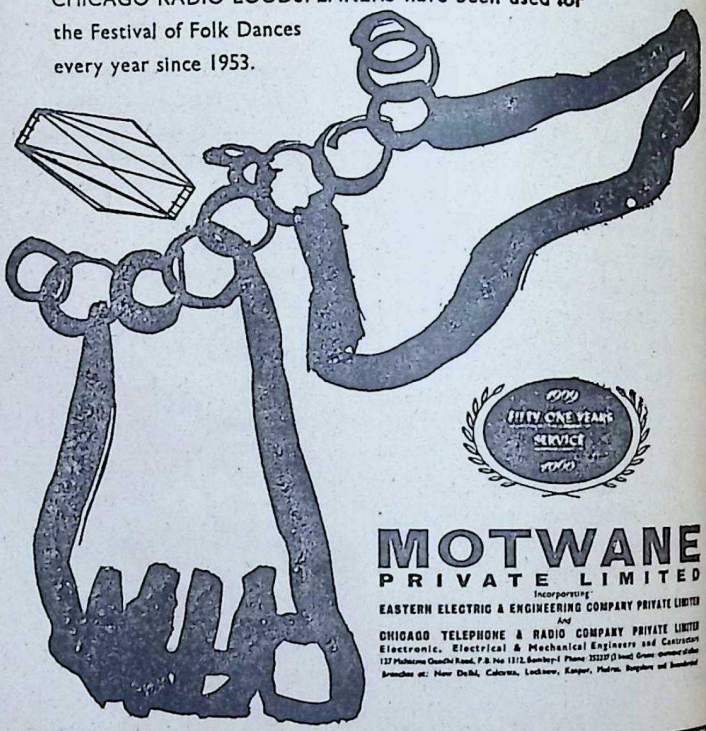

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...a moment she thought that it ...her imagination which was mis-...g her. Did that woman really ...on seeing Radharaman or was ...her fancy which made her think ...Perhaps her smile was meant for ...one else? Could there be no sig-...ce in Radharaman's respond-...? For months now Sheela had ...her best to please her husband ...now she had almost begun to be-...that he had given up all the urge ...the gay lothario that he had ...been. She began to blame her-...given for imagining that her new-...ed confidence in her husband ...ipping.

...returning from her walk she gave ...tions to the cook about the ...meal. Then she thought of ...ting *Tapaswini* which she had ...begun to read. That brought to ...mind its author. In her efforts to ...her husband she had given no ...ht to building up a circle of ...ds. Today she felt the need of ...pathetic friends around her. In-...ly the question arose in her mind ...ther Uday could be such a friend. ...Sheela was soon absorbed in the ...k. As she came to the end, she ...d her heart beating fast and her ...gination taking possession of her ...ghts. Was Uday himself the pro-...ge of the poet in that book, and ...o, what was she? She picked up ...e sarangi and began to tune it. But ...e could not concentrate. It was as ...the story of the poet and *Tapaswini* ...had upset the balance of mind she had ...gained.

[*To be continued*]

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riddles

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES III

1. *The chariot runs on the top of a hill,*
But the charioteer is sitting on the ground;
It is going with the speed of wind,
But does not move a single foot.
What is that?

—N. S. Sridharan, Calcutta.

* * *

2. *He will run but he is no sprinter;*
He has no office but will work day and night;
He reminds you but is not at your beck and call;
He has a heart but works only for a day.
Who is he?

* * *

3. *When you are alone you seek her;*
When you travel you get her;
When you relax you receive her;
When you are bored you throw her away.
Who is she?

—V. V. Visveswaran, Coimbatore.

4. *I grow fast but I am lifele*
I prick others, but I am n needle;
I draw pictures, but I am pencil;
I protect my master but I a a dog.
Who am I?

* * *

5. *I am always wet but not a sp*
I live in a cave, but not a li
I leap at good things but n frog;
I withdraw when in fright i not a tortoise;
I clean my abode always, b a brush.
Who am I?

—G. Srinivasan, Tinnaveli

RIDDLES

Answers to Series II

(1) Lotus (2) Spectacles (3) Lock (4) Future (5) Mango

HE PRINCE'S ROMANCE

OVE is such a sacred emotion that even Gods are not immune to its power. Its rules are the here as in heaven. When the damsel fell in love with the Prince, she had abdicated herself the Prince's favour. Her mind was ger her own. When the Prince only one Parijata flower, the decided to shower many at his respective of why he wanted it he would dispose of it.

has it been said that the femind is unfathomable. Its ways ingenious and implacable that great minds of the world had been spectators at its sweep and range. damsel, therefore, had little diffin planning out her next step. returning to her other friends were still sporting in the waters: cursed the man who stole my into stone and have hurried to you. Now it is time. All of you going!"

hearing the command of their all the girls came out of the towelled their bodies and wrap themselves in their clothes. They their hair up so daintily for dry that even the holiest of saints not help losing their breath for at the sight.

heaven, the love-lorn dam for Maya and ordered him a guitar for her quickly. In the meantime she went into Nandana, the heavenly garden, and picked a whole basketful of Parijata flowers. After paying Maya for the guitar, she prepared a plateful of delicious dishes for her lover and together with the guitar and Parijata flowers flew to the temple on the earth where the tortoise-Prince was waiting for her.

Seeing her floating down the heavenly path bewitchingly, the Prince ran towards her and locked her fervidly in an embrace which set the seal on their mutual love. Long did they lie on their back on the green lawns outside the temple, chatting, laughing and partaking of the divine food, while the autumnal moon shone above their heads in her full glory. The feathered fraternity with their sweet and muffled chirpings provided music for the eternal song the two lovers were composing.

Said the Prince: My love! All that I asked of you was a single Parijata flower and you have brought me a basketful. Why?

Damsel: By bringing you a basketful of those flowers, I wanted to indicate in a small way the measure of my love towards you!

Prince: Well said! Now what for have you brought this guitar? Unfortunately I am not a musician at all!

Damsel: I was just coming to it. One need not be a musician in the

technical sense to play on it. Don't you know that it is of divine origin? It will play the music of your heart! All that you have to do is to touch its strings when you feel strongly for my company and I shall be there, no matter what time or place, to be at your service.

Prince: That is very thoughtful of you; in fact I was despairing how to get in touch with you when you go away from here at the call of your duty.

After indulging in all the meaningless talk which all lovers nevertheless love to do, the divine damsel took leave of him, leaving the guitar to which the Prince clung as his own life's breath.

As he started on his return journey with the basket of Parijata flowers flung over his back, he accosted the last sage who directed him to the Parijata flower. As a matter of courtesy, he told the sage about the success of his mission. Noticing the guitar, the sage asked: "What is that instrument, my child, and why do you carry it?"

The Prince replied: "It is a gift from a divine friend. Would you like to see its effect?"

"If you have no objection!"

"Of course no. Look!" said the Prince and twanged the guitar, when lo! came floating like a flake of snow the divine damsel holding the platter of delicious food. The bond of love between the two was so great that the sage's presence made no difference to them as they clung to each other in fast embrace while the sage turned aside for all appearances.

Not for nothing have the ancients stigmatised lust as the most die-hard

of instincts. It manages to keep beneath a heap of ashes accum by years of penance. The sage, years of *tapas*, was shaken to the of his being by the sight of this ing beauty and could not help ing her for himself. Once his was set on its trail, his mind devised the means of achieving desire.

When the Prince returned to sage, the latter asked him: "O Prince, of what use are musical struments to people who are born protect others! Men like me on other hand can put them to better by singing the Lord's name. On other hand, look at this wand of

magically potent. Once you direct a formula nothing human or human can stand before its It will annihilate single-handed armies. Just as the guitar in hand, I have pretty little use for about exchanging it for your

Prince being essentially a *ksha-*
readily agreed to the suggestion the magic wand with its for-
in return for his guitar and after *pranams* to the venerable sage
his journey.

he had proceeded but a few the magic stick which was duly to him suddenly jumped his hold and falling at the feet said in a human voice: I have been on starvation diet sage acquired me. Now that coveted your guitar for any other than what he told you, don't you permit me to pound death and satisfy my hunger?"
as you please!" replied the and it was done so sooner than The Prince thereupon took hold guitar as well as the magic wand proceeded further on his journey-
sage was not the only one who from the chosen path at the sight temptation, for both the other two whom he met and to whom he his gratefulness for their met the same fate and the became the gainer of a coat could give at will all that one by way of food or clothes etc., a pair of sandals which could take any place in this world or any

as soon as he reached the sea-shore sent an s.o.s. to the divine damsel in the usual manner. When she alighted, they had their fun, and at the time of their departure, the Prince addressed the damsel: "My love! I am the Crown-Prince of Amaravati," and related his story and the cause of his quest in detail and concluded: "You will now realise that I shall, on reaching my city, present this Parijata flower to the Minister who in duty bound will marry his first daughter to me. Till that time I shall deposit this guitar and my three magic implements at the foot of this tree. You should wait here guarding them till I come back to take them."

The damsel nodded and the Prince thereupon took out the tortoise shell from his pocket and adjusting it over him, shrunk his body into it, becoming a tortoise; carrying in his teeth the basket of Parijata flowers hung by a rope he dived into the sea.

Reaching the city, the tortoise-Prince stood before his father with the Parijata flowers. The King who was astonished by the feat of his son, promptly sent word to his minister who on seeing the Parijata flower, had no option but to abide by his word by agreeing to give his daughter in marriage to the tortoise. The minister's daughter, however, who heard of the success of the Prince, felt innately glad that her would-be husband was no ordinary tortoise which could never perform such a feat. She felt confident that he was superhuman and decided to wait patiently for the disclosure.

The minister performed the marriage of all the three daughters, the others being given to two other princes. All the three were treated equally.

[To be continued]

ASHEM

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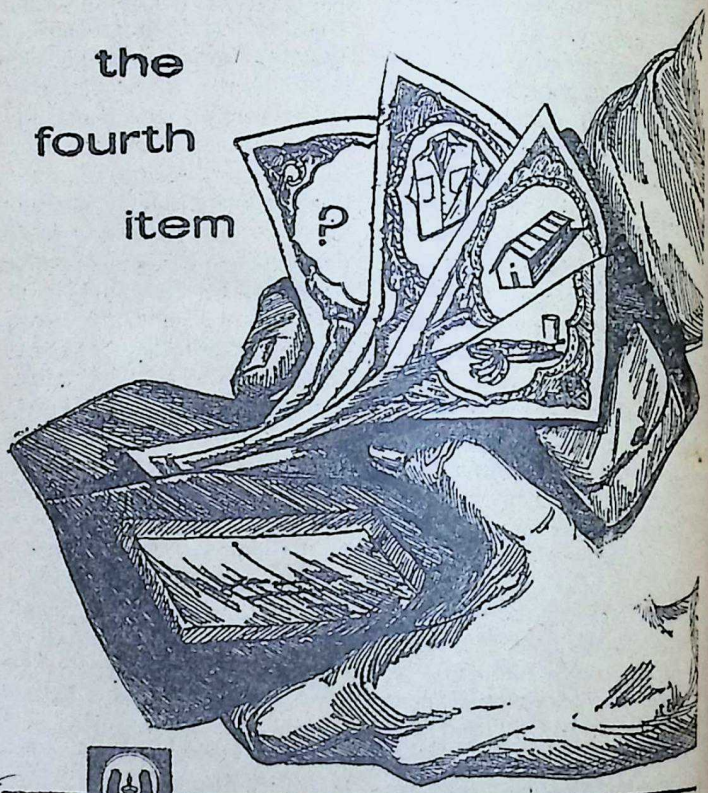

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NEWS & NOTES

A student of the Sangit Shiksha Pith garlanding Dr. B. V. Keskar, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, who was the Chief Guest on the occasion of the Bhatkhande Anniversary Celebrations conducted on 19th and 20th of last month.

SMT. SARAYUBALA KHANDWALLA

the joint auspices of the Vidya Bhavan, Bharatiya Seva Sangh (women's wing of Bhavan), Bharatiya Kala Kendra Bhavan's College, a condolence meeting to mourn the sad untimely demise of Smt. Sarayu-Khandwalla, was held on Monday the 21st November, at 5 p.m. in Bhavan's Gita Mandir, when Sir Divatia, Vice-President of the and the Ex-Vice Chancellor Gujarat University, presided. A number of friends, co-workers members of the deceased as well members of the participating institutions were present.

Harsidhbhai traced the life and of the late Smt. Khandwalla her childhood days and recalling number of noteworthy incidents in said that she was always active and ever ready to women's welfare activities. her untimely and sudden demise Bhavan in general, the Stree Seva and the Kala Kendra in particular had lost an able, conscientious energetic social worker.

than a dozen speakers representing different cultural, literary and social institutions of Bombay paid their tribute to the indefatigable energy and profound sense of duty which the late Smt. Khandwalla brought to bear on all her assignments in the cause of the various institutions.

A condolence resolution was passed all standing.

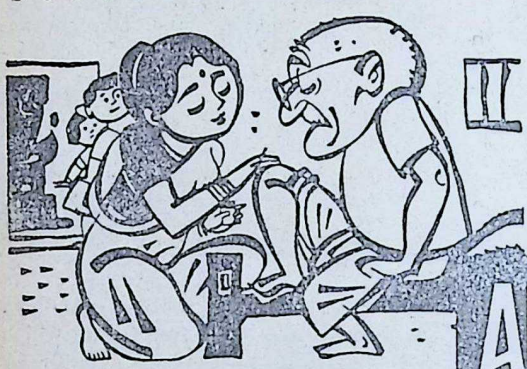
KALIDASA JAYANTI IN CEYLON

KALIDASA DAY was celebrated at the Jaffna Central College, Ceylon, on 1st November, 1960, under the auspices of High School Students' Union. Mas. M. Mac Intyre presided over the function. Proceedings commenced with a verse from Kalidasa's *Sakuntalam* recited by Mas. T. Sagadevan.

Sri S. R. Kumaresan, in his welcome address, referred to Jaffna Central College as one of the pioneer institutions in Jaffna to introduce Sanskrit in the curriculum.

Pandit S. Ramachandran who spoke in Tamil explained some of Kalidasa's

Pain in the joints?



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similies. He discussed the of imagery of the poet.

M. D. Balasubrahmanyam, M.A. President of the Jaffna Branch Vishva Parishad), Lecturer in Jaffna College, said "The elements found in Kalidasa's are not of a physical type. supreme. Though Sakuntala centre of attraction, the dramatist the character full of humility dress."

Mac Intyre proposed the vote ks.

AN'S MADRAS KENDRA

Prize Distribution function of the Kendra took place under the ship of Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhabay, on Monday the 21st Nov- 1960. A distinguished gather- present. Sri J. H. Dave took portunity of giving a reception of the Bharatiya Vidya Bha- the Members of the Central Board, who happened to be at and were present on that occa-

K. Balasubramania Aiyar, Hon. y, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Branch, in welcoming Sri J. H. Members of the Central Sanskrit and other guests, paid a tribute pati Sri K. M. Munshi and the Vidya Bhavan for the servi- dered by them to the cause of Culture and Sanskritic studies. that although started very re- 175 students appeared in the Sanskrit Examinations held this ber from the Bhavan's Centre, National Girls' High School, nce and the Jain Mission Society, of whom as many as 150 pass- with distinction.

J. H. Dave gave away the Prizes Certificates to the successful stu- of whom the majority were girl

In his opening speech, Sri J. H. Dave recalled the work being done by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in the cause of Indian Culture and Sanskrit in particular. Over 35,000 students, he said, took the courses from 360 centres spread all over India. Students who took the four Easy Sanskrit courses offered by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan were any day superior in Sanskrit knowledge to the present-day college students. As a member of the Sanskrit Board, he said, he was confident of a great future for Sanskrit and that there was no need for despondency or pessimism.

Students of the National Girls' High School, Triplicane, gave an excellent recital of Mahishasuramardini Stotra in Sanskrit. After a vote of thanks proposed by Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, the meeting terminated with the National Anthem.

After the conclusion of the function, Sri J. H. Dave, on behalf of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, entertained the Members of the Central Sanskrit Board to tea.

HONOURING A POET LAUREATE

POET V. RAMALINGAM PILLAI who inspired the people of Tamil Nad to be in the forefront of the Freedom Struggle by his soul-stirring national songs is now 73 summers old. Now he is a member of the Madras Legislative Council where he espouses all good and deserving causes. Apart from being a great poet, he is a rare soul, whose motto is 'service to humanity.' To Honour and pay homage to the great personality of the poet, the Bharathi Memorial Sangam, Madras is, issuing a Souvenir about him and all interested in this noble cause are requested to send donations to Sri P. Kalyanasundaram, Treasurer, Bharathi Memorial Sangam, 4, Bhagavatam Gupta Street, Thyagarayanagar, Madras-17.

The definitive edition of Sri Pillai's poems (published by the Little Flower Co. of Madras) will also be released on that occasion.

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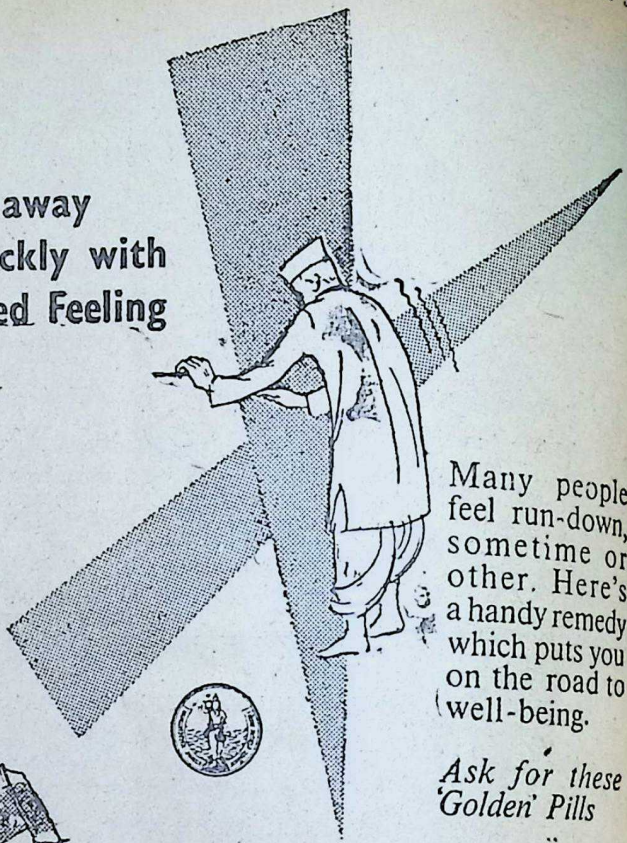

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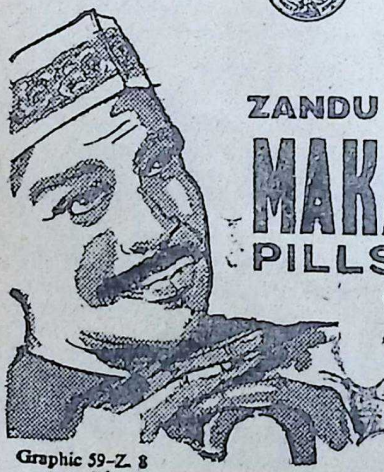

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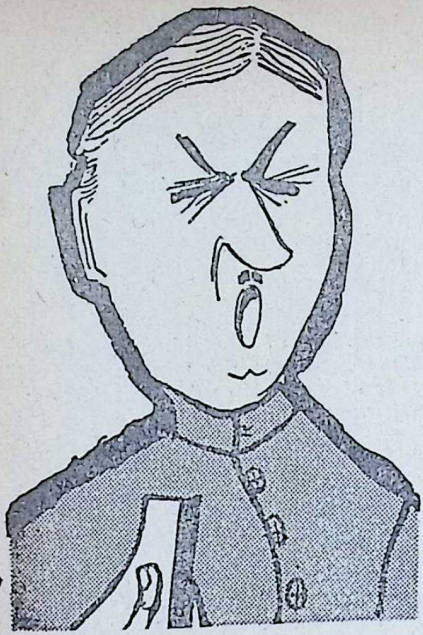

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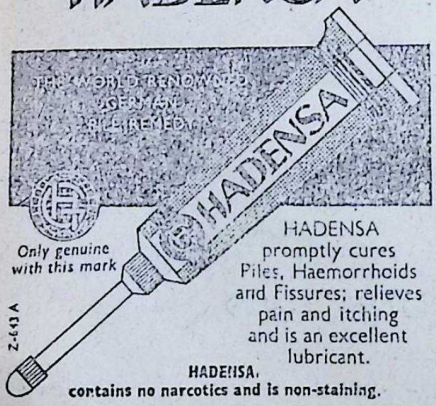

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ent countries, i.e., the democracies different countries, "do not di the minimum of intellectual, m and social qualifications necessary a successful solution of the tremen ous problems confronting us". Sor argues that the well-being of m kind cannot be entrusted to gove ments which are today in charge the alarming nuclear weapons a competing with one another. O author examines the morality of ruling class, its tall claims to great and its exemption from the nor rules of morality that governs ruled. The double standard of mo lity, one for governments and anot for the people, adumbrated by audacious Florentine Machiavelli in celebrated book *'The Prince'* is e posed in a convincing manner. T which is politically expedient ca be and should not be morally rep hensible. Morality is one for Otherwise "power tends to corr and absolute power corrupts a lutely...great political men are a always bad men' (Acton). Sor argues that it is a great gamble utmost folly to entrust our lives ideals to the governments that the monopolistic control of nu weapons. We need to replace government of the politician, by *government of the scientists, and sages*". Further, we need "an u versal total disarmament which can, automatically, prevent the m use and abuse of power. We also a revaluation of our current tat values in the light of the real n and true needs of man. Society be organised on such a basis a generate and make possible the m lization of the creative forces humanity, arising from the spon ous cooperation of the best m pure hearts and sincere conscie Without love and creative free being released in man we cannot b any enduring, new, nobler, and h social order. Individual remaking necessary for social reconstruc Sorokin stresses the value of h

and fellow feeling called love
ruism.
kin's criticism of current doc-
and his analysis is astounding
all of details. His style is simple,
and forcible. His luminous
nts are hewn from life and in
he has distilled the wealth of
cumulated experience and wis-
garnered through his span of

conclusion of Sorokin is accep-
by the eminent and unrepentant
alist Bertrand Russell and the
psychiatrist, C. G. Jung.
kin and Lunden have done
sk in an admirable manner. The
point of the author is a fresh in-
ation of the ancient Indian
oint in the modern context.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

OF GOD. By T. V. Kapali
y. Published by M. P. Pandit,
Aurobindo Ashram, Pondi-
y. pp. 64. Price: 2.00.

little book contains the life-
ies of Sri Krishna Chaitanya,
Nanak and Guru Govind Singh.
cribing in each the background
e age, the author has been at
to impress on the reader that
coming of these saints on India's
al horizon was a necessity of
respective periods in which they
In other words, the lives of
saints are fine illustrations of
spirit of the *Gita*: that God des-
s on earth whenever Dharma
s.

birth of Chaitanya was at a
when Indian society was in a
condition. It had degenerated by
fluence of Buddhism and Tantric
sm. Moreover, political humilia-
s at the hands of Muhammedan in-
s well-nigh over three centuries
shook its moral foundations.
a's Advaita Vedanta appealed
to a learned few who could do
ing to regain the lost faith of the
n man. It was at this time that
nya appeared with his Bhakti
which could by its very nature

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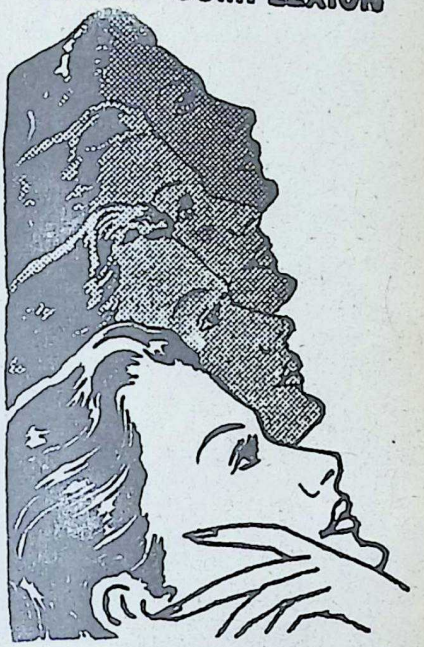

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attract a mass following. His greatest triumph was to re-create the mystic love of Radha and Krishna among the people, a parallel of which we saw some centuries later in the life of Sri Ramakrishna.

Guru Nanak who founded the Sikh religion was, in the words of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, the incarnation of King Janaka. He had as his followers Hindus as well as Muhammedans. By fusing the best out of the two religions Nanak evolved his sect which even today remains a prominent community.

Nanak's successor, Guru Govind Singh who was the Tenth Guru of the Sikhs, gave this sect militant form and called upon every Sikh to wear the five symbols which are their inseparables—Kesh (unshorn hair), Kripan (sword), Kachch (breeches), Kankana or Kara (iron ring worn on the turban or iron bangle worn on the wrist) and Kangha (comb for dressing the hair).

Present-day India which is fast losing its grip on its glorious traditions will benefit much if her men, women and children study the lives and preachings of these saints.

—*Sri A. P. C. Nayar.*

GUJARATI

DHARMAVARNAN (An outline of Religions) By A. B. Dhruv. Published by the Director, Oriental Institute, M. S. University, Baroda. Second edition, 1959. pp. 16+264. Price: Rs. 3.25 nP.

THIS is a reprint of late Prof. A. B. Dhruv's introductory text-book on world religions first published in 1913. As the only book of its kind in Gujarati and a work coming from the pen of a distinguished scholar and dominant Gujarati literary figure of times, the book has its distinctions. presents in a brief outline and convenient arrangement the tenets and principles of all the religions, with Hinduism in the It also gives translations of scriptural passages. The present is not intended to be quite so tive, as it is admittedly tilted in vour of emphasizing the common of the religions treated. The is admirable and the book might been found some fifty years have served it usefully. But since the very concept of religion has and the attitudes towards religions have undergone a transformation. A present-day or intelligent reader desirous of standing the common ground of gions would hardly be helped mere collection of different tenets, because religions are self-contained systems, and looking ideas might be playing different roles within respective tems. In order to find the core, it is first required to dispel thick terminological fog and to pret the systems with reference basic conceptional frame. Then then only we can think of some of synthesis to meet the present needs. Surely, the pedagogic the book under review for available reliable information simple and succinct form cannot denied. We badly need works on parative religions which keep and practical aims quite distinct.

The interest of the book as Prof. Dhruv's contributions broadening contemporary Hinduism historic.

—*Dr. H. C. Bh*

Confidence always gives pleasure to the man in whom it is placed. It is a tribute which we pay to his merit; it is a treasure which we entrust to his honour; it is a pledge which gives him a certain right over us, and a kind of dependence to which we subject ourselves.

—La Raochefoucauld.

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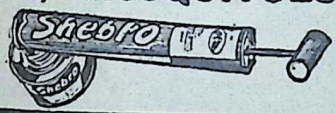

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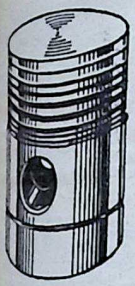

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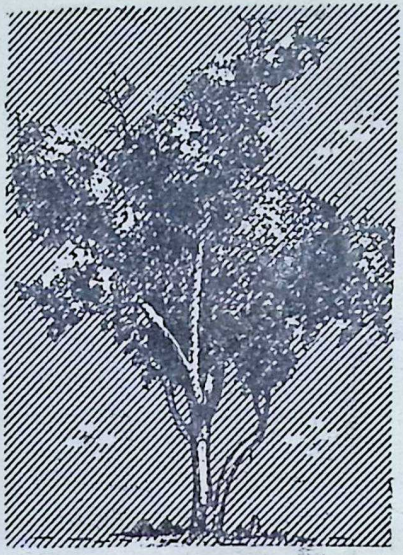

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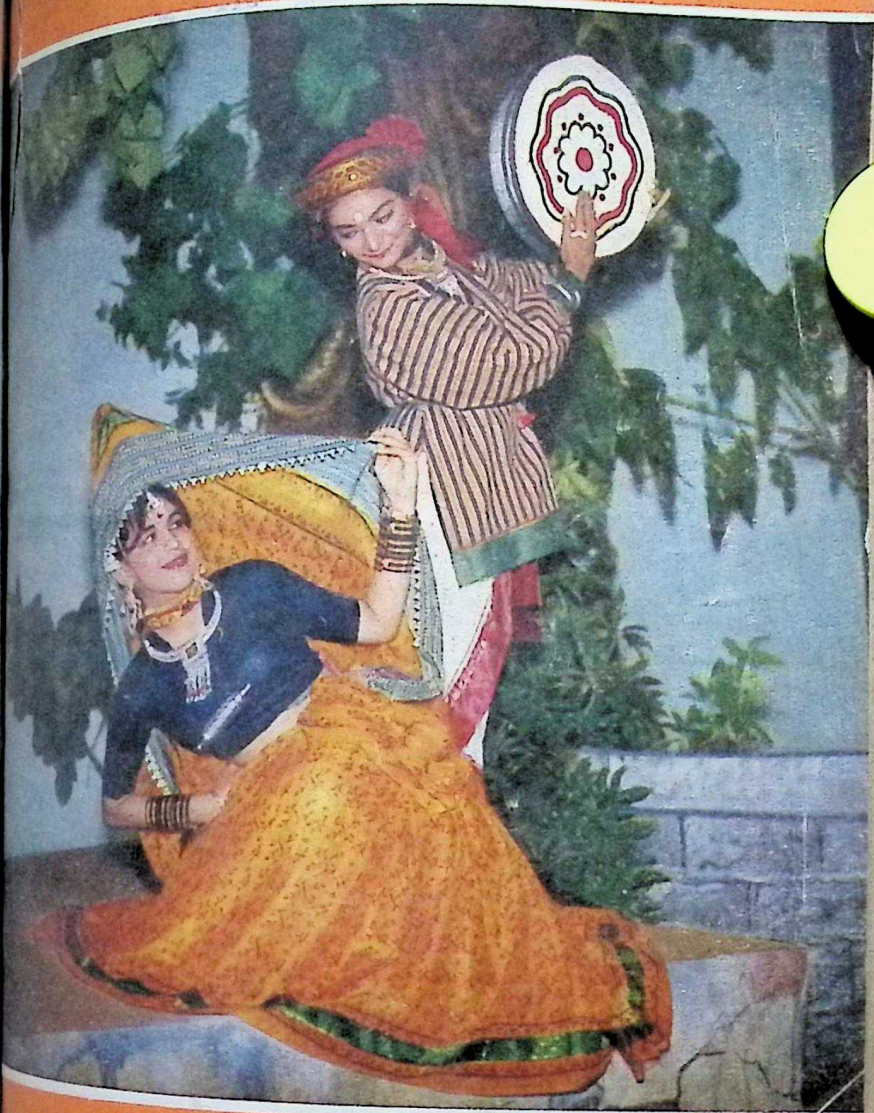

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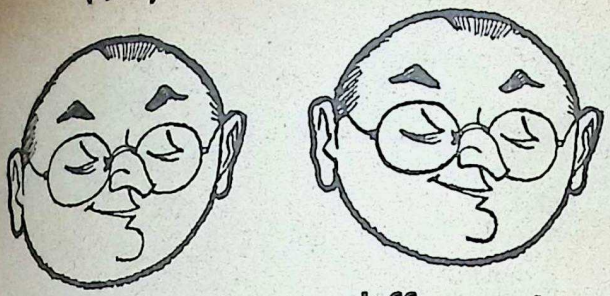

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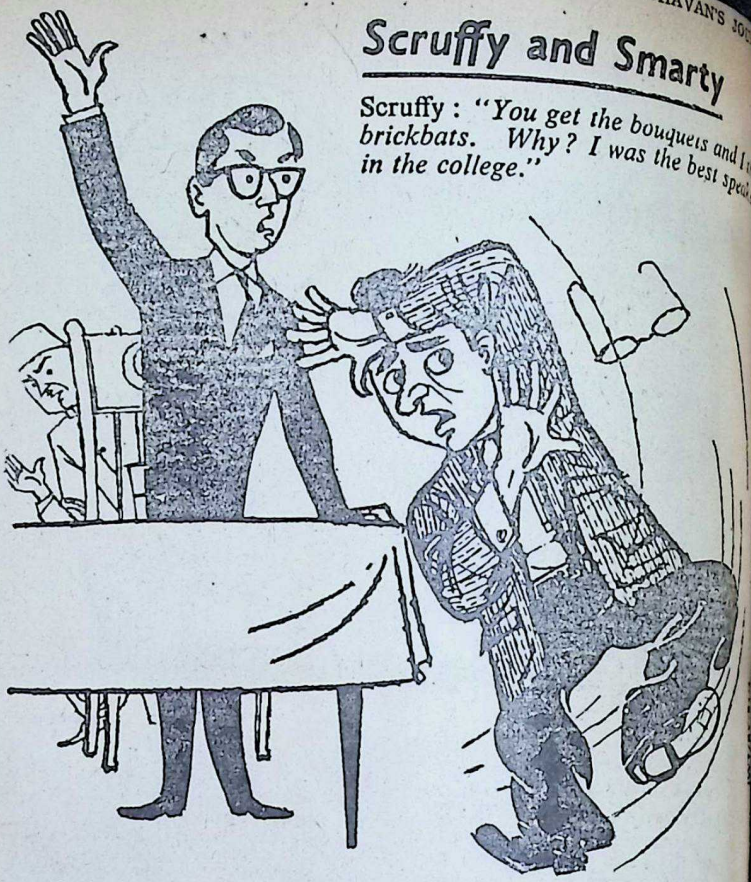
Scruffy and Smarty

Scruffy : *"You get the bouquets and I ... brickbats. Why? I was the best speak... in the college."*



Smarty: "Who is denying that? But sloppy dress and a good speaker never go together."

Scruffy: *"Why not? After all, they've come to hear me and not to look at me."*

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

DECEMBER 25, 1960 No. 11

GOD, THE SAVIOUR

त्रातारमिन्द्रं अवितारमिन्द्रं
हवे हवे सुहवं शूरमिन्द्रम्।
ह्वयामि शक्रं पुरुहूतमिन्द्रं
स्वस्ति नो मघवा धात्विन्द्रः॥

God the Rescuer, God the Saviour,
Mighty God, happily invoked
at each invocation,
God, Powerful, invoked of many,
I invoke,
May God, the Bounteous,
confer on us blessing.

—*Rigveda*

Editorial

Kulapati Munshiji, who will be 74 next Friday (De 30), belongs to the galaxy of gifted, dedicated men, India of the last century has produced. His life has be of complete consecration to the cause he has set forth Bhavan's ideal:

> "We seek the dignity of man, which necessar plies the creation of social conditions which all freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temp and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual and social relations, not in any makeshift way, bu in the framework of the Moral Order; we seek the c art of life, by the alchemy of which human limitati progressively transmuted, so that man may beco instrument of God, and is able to see Him in all in Him."

Munshiji's gifts and achievements are remarkable today one of the most popular literary men in the c Many of his Gujarati works have gone into transla many Indian languages.

Munshiji's activities in the many and varied publi of distinction he has adorned, have been characteri courage and decisive energy. He has rendered yeoman s to India as an ardent patriot, incisive thinker, a pio vision and drive and a farsighted statesman making delible impression on contemporary life.

As a lawyer and Constitutional authority, Munshiji among the very few who command all-India esteem for sic mastery and skill.

Above everything, Munshiji is a humanist—a m rare breadth of outlook, lofty idealism, a large and warm cheerful and understanding temperament and deep sy for all in need and loyalty to friends and colleagues.

More, Munshiji has the capacity to touch the c the minds of his co-workers and staff that transcend relations.

Today the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, with its m tres, Branches and allied institutions, the Sanskrit Vish

the Anand Institute of Agriculture, the Hansraj Morarji School, the Kabibai Trust and the Kanji Khetsey Trust the scores of other educational, cultural and charitable tions which he directs are eloquent monuments to his energy and faith.

In his 74th year, Munshiji will have the gratification of two more of his dreams—a composite Engineering Col- at a cost of Rs. 70 lakhs to enshrine the memory of Sardar Vallabhai Patel and a College of Journalism, Advertising, Promotion and Printing being fulfilled. With God's grace, will start functioning from June next.

Sanskrit, the mother of all languages, is slowly regaining rightful place. There is a welcome ethico-spiritual and cul- resurgence in the country. Munshiji's indefatigable efforts behalf need no special mention.

Many rightly hail Munshiji as the pioneering crusader in se of India's renaissance.

To few is it given to see the fruition of their labours in lifetime. Happily, God has vouchsafed to Munshiji that good fortune. Fewer still are blessed with partners in who share in full measure their ideas and ideals, trials and tions, failures and triumphs. Sri and Smt. Munshi are and happy couple serving as a model and source of in- to others.

Many wonder at the inexhaustible energy, creative urge, versatility of this frail but agile man, whom Rajaji has described as 'a ceaselessly working human dynamo'. His zest for this vibrant, rich life springs from his bound- faith in God and from joyful surrender to the mandate of Lord:

मन्मना भव मद्भक्ता मद्याजी मां नमस्कुरु।
मामेवैष्यसि सत्यं ते प्रतिजाने प्रियोसि मे॥

May the Almighty grant our revered Kulapati and his spouse many more years of useful, significant to India and mankind.

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 221

★ *AN EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE* ★ *THE DANGERS OF POSSESSING 'THIRTY-TWO PERFECTIONS'*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.
DECEMBER 25, 1950

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE period from January 1909 to June 1910 had nothing noteworthy to look back to. I had kept my terms and so lived at Broach and at Baroda with Manukaka. When we were together we gossiped, played tennis, quarrelled, and then made up. In December examinations he failed and, busy with coaching him, I failed in mine too. But the year after I passed in March-April examinations and took my final LL.B. in June 1910, when I entered a new stage of life.

In 1909 Dalpatram and I started our caste magazine, a quarterly, wrote for it, read its proofs, posted the copies; in fact it was a two-man journalistic venture.

One experience of these years however stands out of confused memories of the period. It was perhaps the most embarrassing one in my life.

I have never been able to realise the logic of embarrassment. But the embarrassing moments are the most difficult moments in one's life in the [illegible] sent, and the most enjoyable [illegible] viewed as an incident in the pa[illegible]

Perhaps you would have like[illegible] to keep it out of this series. But [illegible] a real experience, and as such [illegible] to be told. No one becomes bett[illegible] being kept out of an experience [illegible] lived.

In 1909—if I am not mistake[illegible] had failed in the First Part of 2nd LL[illegible] examination and as I was pa[illegible] through a period of severe ne[illegible] strain, I spent my days in tryi[illegible] play on harmonium and *tablas*. [illegible] that time my mother who was [illegible] of religious literature had joined [illegible] elderly ladies in reading *Yogav*[illegible] and discussing religious and p[illegible]phical topics once or twice a w[illegible]

At that time, Broach, where we [illegible]ed, was a kind of Kashi for [illegible] bouring areas. Pious people came [illegible] outside to bathe in the river N[illegible]da. Sannyasis, sadhus and re[illegible] preachers—of both varieties, re[illegible]

came there now and again to their dip in the sacred river, perform *sadhana* and deliver discourses. people of Broach, temperamental about, lavished hospitality on heard their discourses, though complete lack of understanding; their feet day after day in hope of gaining salvation, and failed to give them a hearty send-off in a procession.

A very learned yogi—I would call him Yogi Maharaj—used to come every year to Broach with a large number of followers and stay in the city for about a fortnight. He was a great conversationalist, a very impressive speaker, and every time he came he initiated a select group of disciples in yoga.

About 1905-6, I remember to have gone to him to discuss the sanctity of marriage and the existence of God, topics which I was very much agitated over in those days. Having been under the spell of Mill and Spencer, I came away dissatisfied, though impressed by his personality and eloquence.

To return to my experience, one day Mother came home from her religio-philosophy club and told me of a new yogi to Broach who had given them a course on some philosophic topic. He was, Mother told me, a disciple of Yogi Maharaj and had come to Broach for performing a vow by taking a dip in the Narmada every day for a whole year. Mother was very pleased with her and naturally from me so was I.

The fairly spacious room on second floor of our house, with windows overlooking the neighbouring roofs, was my study and bed-room, where I spent the best part of my days. The other side of the room opened on a terrace. The next morning, as I was sitting there playing on *tablas*, Mother and the Mahatma—as she was then called by Mother's group—came up the stairs.

The Mahatma was a well-built woman of about twenty-five or twenty-seven years. Though not good looking, she glowed with robust health.

She was dressed in one white cloth: no skirt, no bodice. She had on a *mala* of *rudraksha* beads on her, had applied *vibhuti* on her forehead and looked every inch a holy person. I had seen holy men by dozens, but of holy women, she was the first. Needless to say, I felt aglow with reverence.

Mother explained the purpose of the visit. The Mahatma had to stay in Broach for a year. During her stay, she had agreed to be the guide, philosopher and friend of her philosophy group. So two ladies of the group, Mother and another, who had commodious houses of their own, had offered hospitality to the Mahatma. Now she had come to see whether the accommodation offered by Mother would suit her.

Mother took the Mahatma to the small room situate in the rear of the house across the terrace into which my room opened. Then they returned to my room and sat down.

'Bhai, the Mahatma likes the small room in the rear.'

'Yes. It is a good airy room, quiet and isolated where I can perform my *sadhana* undisturbed. I think I will prefer to stay here.'

Mother, normally very shrewd, was carried away by her newly born regard for our saintly guest and agreed.

I was for some time dabbling in yoga and was trying to understand *Yogasutra*. I felt that it was a happy coincidence: I would also learn a little of practical yoga from Yogi Maharaj's disciple.

That night at supper-time I found that the Mahatma ate only fruits and a few things cooked in ghee which Mother had prepared.

At that time, when educated women were rare, I had the fresh ardour of a zealous champion of 'female education'—as it was then called. Even today, when we stumble upon them at every step, a lady knowing Sanskrit, who can discuss the *Gita*, yoga and God with ease and authority is difficult to meet; in those days I could hardly have conceived of meeting one. For two hours I felt transported into the seventh heaven while I talked with Mahatma about *karma yoga, bhakti, dhyan* and other allied subjects. I was new to the world of sadhus; I did not then know that in that world the views which she expressed were just commonplace.

I went to sleep, and I am sure, I dreamt of Gargis and Maitreyis of King Janaka's court.

● ● ●

Next day, the Mahatma 'entered impurity.' She had her meals separately served and spent her day seated on the swing in a room on the ground floor. She slept there as well.

The next day, when I went down for my meals, I was surprised to find the Mahatma swinging herself (on the wooden swing) and singing Mira's famous song: *Kanudo shu jane* ... *prita*. 'Kahn does not know the ... I bear him.'

This was a bit removed from y... I felt.

In the evening, when I came d... from my room, I found the Ma... ma busy singing the same song. T... was rather disturbing.

On the third day she had her ... purificatory bath. Though according ... custom she had to remain at a d... tance, she could go about the hou...

About 10 o'clock, as I was p... tising on *tablas*, she came up to ... room, all smiles. She sat at a distan... on a chair placed on the uncarpe... part of the floor.

'Bhai, I want you to help me.' S... had already adopted the pet name ... which Mother called me. 'I have ... ceived a letter in Sanskrit. I can't m... sense out of two sentences. Can y... explain them to me?'

With the little Sanskrit I know ... was only too willing to help. I re... the letter and gave her what I thou... was the substance of the two senten... The Yogi Maharaj had banished ... from his august presence for two ... months and promised to receive ... back only if she spent that time ... religious study and yogic *sadhana*.

I began to play Sherlock Ho... 'It seems you have been punished ... Yogi Maharaj for some fault. Y... have come here to expiate some s... I said, and in doing so, committed ... folly of inviting confidence.

The Mahatma bristled up. 'No... ing of the kind.'

'The letter means that and no... ing else. I have met the Yogi Ma... raj. He is not likely to punish y...

thing trivial,' I said, think-
a very clever person.
ell you the whole thing then,
said. 'I became a widow
s about four. Then my help-
er, who was also a widow,
to Yogi Maharaj. He brought
educated me, taught me the
yoga. Do you know that
haraj is also the head of a
called 'Kanchalia Panth?'
I exclaimed. 'I had thought
a yogi living in the light of
.'
he is that and this also!'
interested. I had heard a lot
kta cults, but had not come
one connected with them.
when I grew up, he initiated
the cult,' she continued. 'I
his principal disciple and his
in performing Shakta rites.'
ed mysteriously.
did you fall out?'
his most favourite Shakta dis-
Then he began to have other
who joined him in perform-
rites. I grew jealous. We quar-
He claimed the right of a Guru
ose his favours as he liked.
decided to take my revenge.
I accompanied Yogi Maharaj
ay, I made some friends to ful-
s of the Panth. Yogi Maha-
angry. He took me to task
aking the vow of discipleship.
d: 'If you take other women
self, why should I not take
n to myself?' He was furious,
ed this sentence on me. He
that I am more than a match
.'
y that I was shocked would
understatement. However, I

found it hard to believe that Yogi Maharaj could have anything to do with such a notorious Panth ; I almost suspected that the Mahatma was telling a lie.

I was then living in dreams of high purity induced by Plato, Pascal and Patanjali's *Yogasutra*. No doubt, I dreamt of love and the joys it brings ; my notions were coloured by the effusions of my favourite poet, Shelley. But I was squeamish too—and have always been so. Love to me has been a spiritual affair. Brought up in a strict home-atmosphere, I looked upon moral lapses with horror. And so I was horrified.

I was in great distress. This woman had been a yogi's mistress. And now she was going to live with my family and spend her nights in the small room, separated from my room by a terrace and accessible only through it. Oh God!

When I went down for my bath and meals, I found the Mahatma swinging, singing *Kanudo shu jave mari prita* for all she was worth. A new light dawned on my mind. Was she invoking Krishna, or his namesake living in the same house?

'Why do you sing this song always, Mahatma?' I asked her.

'Oh, I believe in *prema-lakshana bhakti*.' (Devotion characterised by love).

In the evening I talked to Mother. She also did not like the songs the Mahatma sang and was thinking as to how to get out of her promise of hospitality, once she was out of 'impurity'.

●●●

On the fourth day,—still it was a day of 'impurity'—Mahatma went to

the river, had her bath, and at about 10 o'clock, came up to my room.

She sat at a distance on the same chair and began to talk to me about Shakta rites of her Panth. The day before I had asked her about them; so she went into details, which highly interested me.

'Bhai, I have a request to make to you. I am performing certain rites. But they cannot be fulfilled without an appropriate partner, who has all the thirty-two perfections described in the *shastras*.' All heroes in our old literature happened to have *batrish lakshanas* (thirty-two perfections).

I knew what was coming and at first was inclined to kick the woman out of the house. But my heart sank as I realised my plight. We were alone in a room; the room was overlooked by no neighbouring windows. If displeased, all she had to do was to shout that I tried to molest her, and I would be done for. It was a very embarrassing situation from which I had somehow to extricate myself.

'What are the rites which your partner is expected to help you perform?' I asked, controlling my nervousness as best as I could.

With cool effrontery she described, with appropriate quotations from authorities, how the rites were to be performed. Incense, flowers, Sri chakra, a sip of wine, the incantations to invoke Shakti, the final culminating rite of ecstatic merger in which alone identification with the Goddess could be secured!

'Well, you will never get a partner with the perfections described by the *shastras*,' I said, relying upon a woman's native modesty not to mak bold an approach.

'Don't be modest,' she said c 'You have all the thirty-two p tions.'

My brain was working double time as my fright broke all bou

A young man, not too bad loo a doting mother, a child-wife who ed with her parents most of the Then the 'impurity' over,—these quiet rooms with a common te between! It was a paradise for forming the rites as defined by Mahatma.

'We cannot perform the rites even if I had not one of the two perfections,' I said modestly. ther will never put up with such We must go to Chandod. It is a place on the bank of river Nar There are a number of *dharma* where we can stay. Our family is also very hospitable,' I said.

'But will you come with me? asked.

'Oh yes. We can stay there for days.'

She thought for a while. She to make terms with me. So she agre I promised to take her to Chan the next day by the afternoon train

Immediately she left, I hastened tell Mother all about my having thirty-two perfections. Her miration for Mahatma had lau me in a pretty mess, I told her.

Mother cheerfully joined the piracy and we talked upon the tity and beauty of Chandod wh sat for meals with the Mahatma

I called Mahomed Shafi, our ful Muslim servant, and in the

's presence asked him to buy tickets for Chandod for the next Then, when alone, I gave him instructions.

The whole day I was in a fright the Mahatma might invade the of my room. In the after- I went to a friend's house and there till meal time.

came home. Mother, the Mahat- and I took our meals together. parting, the Mahatma said: we shall meet tomorrow.'

Certainly.'

And as I climbed the stories, I heard singing *'Kanudo shu jane mari*

There was no need to sing it. He it very well to his own misfor-

As instructed, at 6 A.M. Mahomed ght a hackney carriage for me. Mahatma had already gone to river for her bath. I jumped into carriage and told the driver to fast to the station.

But, sir, if you are going to Baroda, train arrives at about 9-30.'

Oh, I like waiting for the train in waiting room.'

The driver did not know that I dar- not stay at home. I had too many fections to be safe. My heart stop- thumping only when the train ed out of the Broach station at ut 9-45 A.M.

●●●

The Mahatma returned from the h, performed her *sandhya, puja* and ever else she had to do. Then started to come up to my room.

Old Mahomed Shafi was waiting for her.

'Bai Saheb, Bhai has gone to Baroda. He has asked me to go with you to Chandod and leave you there.'

'But Bhai was to come with me to Chandod.'

'No. He had to go to Baroda for urgent work.'

'Then I will stay here till he comes.'

'No. Bhai has given me his orders,' Mahomed improvised. 'If you do not go to Chandod, my instructions are to inform the police.'

The Mahatma agreed. At 2-30 P.M. Mahomed brought the hackney carriage, took her to the railway station and saw that she left Broach in the train.

While leaving our house, the Mahatma took my little wife aside and said: 'Bhabhi, give my message to Bhai when he comes: We shall meet again, perhaps in the next birth.'

God forbid!

Since then I have never felt like having any perfection—leave aside thirty-two!

●●●

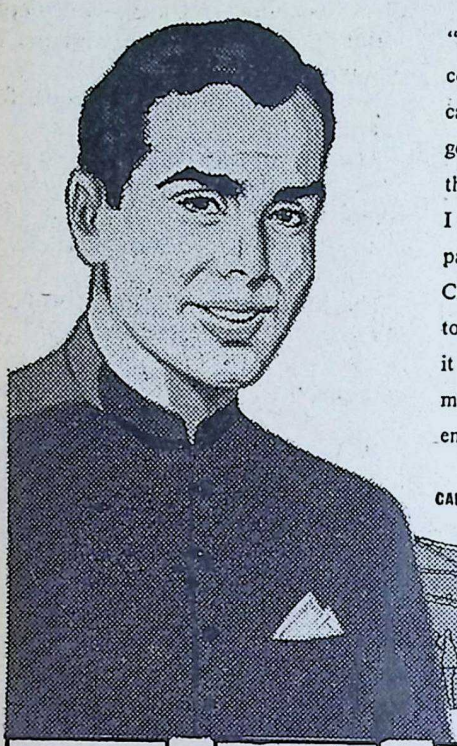
Thus ended the next trying stage of my early life, 1906-1910. When I passed my LL.B. examination, I entered a new stage, when life in Bombay opened out new prospects.

Of that period, I shall write sometimes when I feel like it.

Yours sincerely,

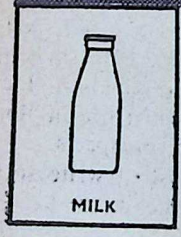
K. G. Mashruwala

YOU AND CADBURYS



"My work takes me all over the country—by rail, bus—even bullock cart. I used to find it difficult to get clean wholesome food in out-of-the-way places and usually just when I wanted it most—then I started packing a few blocks of Cadbury's Chocolate on every trip. Easy to carry, nutritious and delicious, it sustains me between regular meals. And it gives me extra energy too!"

CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE...MORE THAN A SWEET-A FOOD.



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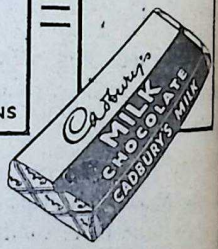
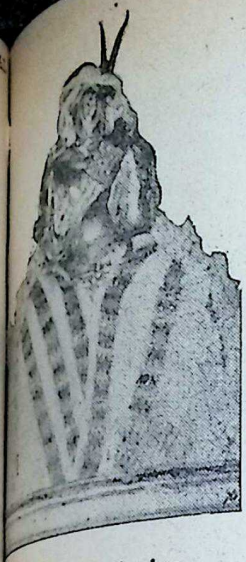


CADBURY MEANS QUALITY



GOD IS

Infinite Bliss

NAMMALVAR

...ient than lightning
...material bodies;
...this, fix thy mind on Him.

...this consciousness of 'I'
...ine',
...e thyself to Him.
...good like unto that
...soul attain.

...e is not; neither is He non-
...
...bliss is He.
...everything and clasp Him.

...love and hatred is He,
...embracing Lord of the
...e.

...unattached merge thyself
...illness and perfection.

...on the beauty
...manifold qualities,

And realising that it is His
Who is thy loving Lord,
Enjoy it by becoming one with Him.

Know the true purpose
Of thought, word and deed,
And withdrawing these from objects
Other than He, take refuge in Him.

Merge in Him; merging, thou art free
From the bonds of ignorance.
Thereafter thou hast only to await
Release from this gross body.

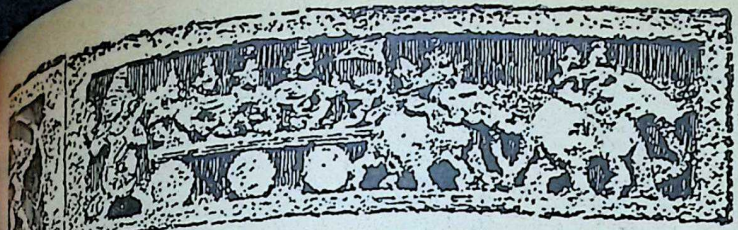
He, the luminous Being
Of manifold form
And virtues infinite,
He is Narayana, Bliss Eternal.
Seek thou protection at his firm feet.

[Tr. by Sri R. Sivaramakrishna Iyer, Trivandrum.]

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingd of heaven.
2. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be co forted.
3. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the ear
4. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for righ eousness: for they shall be filled.
5. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mer
6. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see G
7. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be call the children of God.
8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteou ness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.
9. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and pe secute you and shall say all manner of evil against y falsely, for my sake.
10. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your rewa in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets whi were before you.
11. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have l its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is ther forth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to trodden under foot of men.
12. You are the light of the world. A city that is set o the hill cannot be hid.
13. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light un all that are in the house.
14. Let your light so shine before men, that they may se your good works, and glorify your Father which is i heaven.
15. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or th prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.
16. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pas one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever therefore shall break one of these lea Commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall d and teach them, the same shall be called great in the King dom of heaven.



ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

THE FATEFUL INTERVIEW

(Continued from last issue)

रामः पप्रच्छ किमिदं राज्ञो दुःखस्य कारणम्।
एवं पृच्छति रामे सा कैकेयी वाक्यमब्रवीत् ॥
त्वमेव कारणं ह्यत्र राज्ञो दुःखोपशान्तये।
किंचित्कार्यं त्वया राम कर्तव्यं नृपतेर्हितम् ॥
भवान् सत्यप्रतिज्ञस्त्वं राजानं सत्यवादिनम्।
तया वरद्वयं दत्तं मम सन्तुष्टचेतसा ॥
वरबीजं तु तत्सर्वं वक्तुं त्वां लज्जते नृपः।
सत्यपाशेन संबद्धं पितरं त्रातुमर्हसि ॥
पुत्रशब्देन चैतद्धि नरकात्त्रायते पिता ॥

Rama asked: "What ails the King?" replied Kaikeyi, "You are the cause, and you should do something to allevi-ate the King's sorrow. A man of truth yourself you must make the King act true to his word. Pleased with me, the King gave me two boons. As they re-late to you, the King feels embarrass-ed. You owe it to yourself to untie the noose of truth with which your father finds himself rigged. Doesn't the word Putra connote that he should emancipate his father even from hell?"

रामस्तयोदितं श्रुत्वा शलेनाभि हतो यथा।
व्यथितः कैकेयीं प्राह किं मामेवं प्रभाषसे ॥

Hearing her, Rama felt like being pierced by a spike. Greatly pained, he asked Kaikeyi, "Why do you speak thus?

पित्रर्थे जीवितं दास्ये पिबेयं विषमुल्बणम्।
सीतां त्यक्ष्येऽथ कौसल्यां राज्यं चापि त्यजाम्यहम् ॥
अनाज्ञप्तोऽपि कुरुते पितुः कार्यं स उत्तमः।
उक्तः करोति यः पुत्रः स मध्यम उदाहृतः ॥
उक्तोऽपि कुरुते नैव स पुत्रो मल उच्यते।
अतः करोमि तत्सर्वं यन्मामाह पिता मम ॥
सत्यं सत्यं करोम्येव रामो द्विर्नाभिभाषते ॥

"For the sake of my father, I shall sacrifice my life; I shall drink deadly poison; I shall forsake Sita, even Kausalya and my Kingdom. He who does his father's work unasked is the most praiseworthy son; he who does it after being told belongs to the middle cadre; he who fails to do it even after being asked is a cad. Hence I shall do all that my father has asked me to do without hesitation. I swear I shall do so and Rama will never talk with two tongues."

इति रामप्रतिज्ञां सा श्रुत्वा वक्तुं प्रचक्रमे।
राम त्वदभिषेकार्थं संभाराः संभृताश्च ये ॥
तैरेव भरतोऽवश्यमभिषेच्यः प्रियो मम।

अपरेण वरेणाशु चीरवासा जटाधरः ॥
वनं प्रयाहि शीघ्रं त्वमद्यैव पितुराज्ञया ।
चतुर्दश समास्तत्र वसमुन्यन्नभोजनः ॥
एतदेव पितुस्तेऽद्य कार्यं त्वं कर्तुमर्हसि ।
राजा तु लज्जते वक्तुं त्वामेवं रघनन्दन ॥

Hearing Rama pledge thus, Kaikeyi declared: "Preparations have been made for your coronation. Now, Bharata, my beloved, should be coronated with the same materials. The other boon is that you should wear bark cloth and matted hair and depart to the forest quickly today itself. These are your father's orders. You shou live in the forest for 14 years as m (eating bulb and fruits). O delig of the Raghu race! This is all that required to be done by you for y father and it behoves you to fu them, as the King feels embarras to tell them himself."

भरतस्यैव राज्यं स्यादहं गच्छामि दण्डक
किन्तु राजा न वक्तीह मां न जानेऽत्र क

Replied Rama: "Bharata shall ha the kingdom and I shall go to Da daka, but what I cannot understand why the King himself doesn't say so

श्रुत्वैतद्रामवचनं दृष्ट्वा रामं पुरः स्थित
प्राह राजा दशरथो दुःखितो दुःखितं वच
स्त्रीजितं भ्रान्तहृदयमुन्मार्गपरिवर्तिनम
निगृह्य मां गृहाणेदं राज्यं पापं न तद्भवे
एवं चेदनृतं नैव मां स्पृशेद्रघुनन्दन ।
इत्युक्त्वा दुःखसंतप्तो विललाप नृपस्तद
हा राम! हा जगन्नाथ! हा मम प्राणवल्लभ
मां विसृज्य कथं घोरं विपिनं गन्तुमर्हसि
इति रामं समालिंग्य मक्तकण्ठं रुरोद ह

Hearing Rama speak thus and see ing him seated in front of him, Ki Dasaratha uttered these pitiful word grief-stricken: "O, Delighter of th Raghu race! Consign me to the prison me who, becoming a slave to lust, h lost his judgment and does wrongf deeds. I say, (by doing so) no sin sh befall you, and I shall not be term a liar. O, Rama! O, Protector of th world!! O, my beloved!!! How can y enter the cruel forest, leaving m here?" Saying this, he threw his hand round Rama's neck and sobbed.

विमृज्य नयने रामः पितुः सजलपाणि
आश्वासयामास नृपं शनैः स नयकोविद

(Continued on p. 4

EK THE SAGES

AGWAN RAMANA MAHARSHI*

SSOCIATION with Sages who have realized the Truth removes material attachments; on these ments being removed, the at- ents of the mind are also des- d.

se whose attachments of mind ss destroyed become one with which is Motionless.

y attain Liberation while yet

ish association with such Sages. t Supreme State which is ob- d here and now as a result of as- ion with Sages, and realized gh the deep meditation of Self- y in contact with the Heart can- be gained with the aid of a Guru rough knowledge of the scriptures, y spiritual merit, or by any other s.

f association with Sages is obtained, what purpose are the various me- s of self-discipline?

Tell me, of what use is a fan when a cool, gentle, south wind is blowing?

The heat of mental and bodily ex- ment is allayed by (the rays of) e moon; want and misery are remov- by the *Kalpaka* tree; sins are shed away by the sacred waters of e Ganges.

All these afflictions are altogether ished by the mere *darshan* of the rless Sage!

Neither the holy waters of pilgrim- , nor the images of gods made of d and stone, can stand comparison with the benign look of the Sage.

Disciple: Who is God?
Master: He who knows the mind.
D: My mind is known by me, the Spirit.
M: Since the *Srutis* declare "God is only One", you (as the knower of the mind) are really God.
Master: What is the light for you?
Disciple: By day the sun; by night, a lamp.
M: What is the light that perceives that light?
D: The eye.
M: What is the light that illumines the eye?
D: That light is the intellect.
M: What is the Light that knows the intellect?
D: It is the 'I'.
M: You are (therefore) the Supreme Light of (all) lights.
D: That am I.

They make one pure only after countless days of grace, but no sooner does the Sage bestow his gracious glance than he makes one pure!

* [*81st Birthday Jayanti on 3-1-60*]

ORIGINAL

GOETZE

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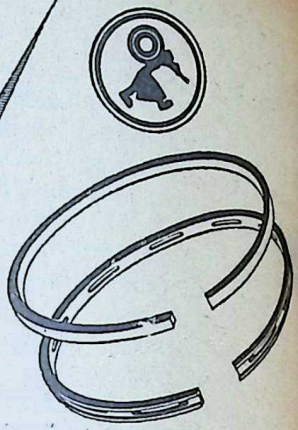

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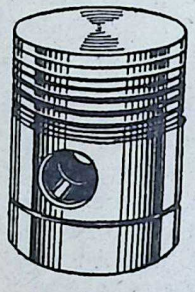

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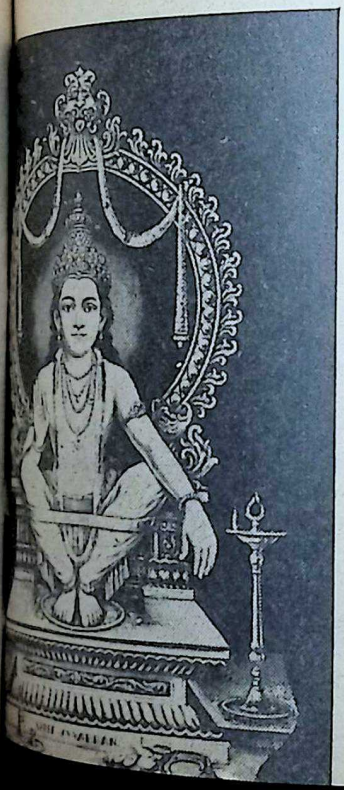
He keeps guard over us, protects us from evil ...ts and also endows us with Jnana . . .

DEVOTION TO SRI AYYAPPAN

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi



THE Supreme Being manifests Himself as Siva and Narayana, the former to teach us *jnana* (true knowledge) and the latter to protect us.

We conceive of Siva as one sitting under a tree or on the peak of a mountain, besmeared with sacred ash, wearing the skin of the tiger and the elephant, calm and serene, contemplating inwardly, and showing the symbol of knowledge or *jnana mudra*. He is the Supreme Teacher who taught us the ultimate Truth which is nothing else than Himself.

Protection is a kingly duty and so we contemplate Narayana as one gorgeously dressed and wearing priceless jewels.

Siva likes to be bathed with holy water always, while Narayana likes to be decorated.

So we say, *alankaara priyo Vishnu, abhisheka priya Sivah.*

The beauty of Vishnu's form is such that one would not like to withdraw one's eyes from Him.

The beauty of this physical form is carried in His *avatars* like Sri Rama and Sri Krishna.

The *Brahma-amsa* of Siva, associated with *jnana* and *tapas* (penance) and the *Kshatra-amsa* of Narayana, associated with *bhakti, prema* and *kripa* (devotion, love and mercy) are both required to guide and protect us.

The *puranas* contain instances of Narayana assuming a feminine charm capable even of attracting the austere mind of Siva. When this merciful charm of Narayana and the serene *jnana* of Siva combined, an effulgent light (*tejas*) was the outcome.

Out of this *tejas* was born Ayyappan, also known as Ayyanar, Sasta or Hariharaputra.

Ayyan is a corruption of Aryan, which means 'one worthy of reverence.'

Ayyanar has come to be regarded as the third son of Siva, the o two being Pillaiyar (Ganesa) a Kumaran (Kartikeya), both nam conveying the meaning 'child.'

Ayyanar embodies in Himself qualities of both Siva and Vishnu.

There are temples dedicated to H in the South, in Tamil Nad and lar ly in Kerala. He keeps guard over protects us from evil spirits, and a endows us with *jnana*, leading to s vation.

It is significant that while on one hand, the freedom of speech g ranteed to us under the Constitut is being utilised by some people spread atheism, devotion to Ayya pan is also growing steadily.

From distant Kerala, Ayyappan gradually extending His sphere of fluence into Tamil Nad too.

It is an encouraging sign and a s antidote to the anti-God propaga

If we do our duty invoking H grace, we are bound to succeed prosper.

THE FATEFUL INTERVIEW—*contd.*

किमत्र दुःखेन विभो राज्यं शासतु मेऽनुजः ।
अहं प्रतिज्ञां निस्तीर्य पुनर्यास्यामि ते पुरम् ॥
राज्यात्कोटिगणं सौख्यं मम राजान्वने सतः।
त्वत्सत्यपालनं देवकार्यं चापि भविष्यति ॥
कैकेय्याश्च प्रियो राजन्वनवासो महागुणः ।
इदानीं गन्तुमिच्छामि व्येतु मातुश्च हृज्ज्वरः ॥
मातरंच समाश्वास्य अनुनीय च जान कीम् ।
आगत्य पादौ वन्दित्वा तव यास्ये सुखं वनम्।
इत्युक्त्वा तु परिक्रम्य मातरं द्रष्टुमाययौ ॥

Wiping the tears from his father's eyes with water deftly, Rama uttered these words calmly: "Lord! Why should you weep thus? Let the kingdom go to my brother. After fulfil my pledge, I shall certainly return your presence. Life in the forest w be a crore times happier by the com pany of sages. Incidentally, the fu filment of your word, the work of t gods, and Kaikeyi's wish will all b fulfilled. Forest life is indeed pra worthy. I would like to start immed tely. Mother Kaikeyi's anxiety too w vanish. Keep all the preparations f the coronation intact. After passify mother Kausalya and inform Janaki, I shall return to seek y blessing before starting to the fores He then went to see his mother.

The Parable of the Road

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

THE city was full of life. The roads were full of people seeking to move on, vehicles, pedestrians and cyclists.

But everyone was pushing and obstructing everyone else. Everyone was trying to overtake everyone else. There was great shouting and swearing. There were important men commanding "move on!" "move on!" But the result was that everyone took up the words and re-shouted, but the pushing, the jostling and the nullification continued. Some weaklings screamed in pain as they were being crushed in the confusion and struggle.

Then an angel came on his wings: the Angel of Progress.

"Children of God, do not shout and scream.

"All ye that wish to go North go to the West half of the road. All ye that wish to go South go to the eastern side.

"All vehicles going North, drive on the western half of the road. Do not overtake one another unless the vehicle in front deliberately slows down or flags and signs to you to go up. All vehicles going South, drive on the eastern half of the road, drive steadily. If you stop or have to slow down, give a sign to the vehicle behind you to pass you and go on.

"Cyclists, do not go abreast, do not try to run club life and chat on the road ; do it all after you have done the journey and your work.

"All ye who ride in vehicles or cycles, keep your light burning and don't forget to keep a warning red light behind

"Pedestrians, go North by the western foot pavement and ye that go South, go by the eastern pavement. If you have on the roadside only one foot path, do not jostle or push or lose temper, wait a while or yield beforehand. Smile as you face anyone."

The Angel's voice was heard. He did not shout angrily but commanded and waited in silence and spoke again but lapsed into patience again. Soon the road was in order. Everyone was moving. There was no noise, no swearing. It was wonderful to see how everything went on as if there were no difficulties whatsoever.

This is not a chapter on traffic regulation. It is just a parable.

There is great desire for progress, great ambition all round—among people, among Government-men, among traders, among workers, among men,

Courtesy: *The Kurukshetra*

among women. There is great energy, there is bubbling life. But there is no noise, hustling, pushing, obstruction, confusion and nullification.

"You have life, God-given life, God-given energy, God-given desire, but regulate it, my children, regulate your desires, regulate your energy, regulate your life, move on, do not try to overtake, give a sign when you slow down and let others pass, go left, go right according to rule: patience and smile, no swearing." Thus says the Angel of Progress.

Not today but He has been saying this all along from the beginning of civilisation. The *Isopanishad* says it in its own quaint way.

Isaavaasyamidam sarvam
yatkincha jagatyaam jagat

The road belongs to everyone. It is holy ground.

Tena tyaktena bhunjeethaa
maa gridhah kasyachiddhanam

Enjoy what God has given you. Do not cast eyes of greed on what others enjoy.

Kurvanneveha karmaani
jijeevishet satam samaah
Evam tvayi naanyathetosti
na karma lipyate nare

Work, work, thus alone may you live here on earth. Work, but let not the fruits thereof contaminate your soul with greed or anger, work with detachment: thus may you live, if you will, a hundred years and more, worthily and well.

This is the rule of life's road. Keep the light burning. Do not let the light go out, for then the road will be all dark, and you will be enveloped in confusion and error:

Asurya nama te lokaa
Andhena tamasaavritaah
tamaste pretyaabhigachchanti
ye ke chaatmahano janaah

Do not put out the light by denying the soul. Those who deny the so kill it and they will wander in de darkness, not knowing right fro wrong, making a hell of this very li by converting the world into a su less place.

Deny God, deny the soul, and yo will be like vehicles without lights o the road in a dark night.

But is there not Morality, thoug there may be no soul? Yes, the mo may be there though the sun may no be seen. But the light of the moon you know, is got from the sun, and wanes and waxes and wanes agai and there are a great many cloud that hide the light of the pale moon

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PART II

11.

'Asika, Come Back'

KRISHNA and Uddhava spent the early part of the next day seeing the sights of Vaivas-. Raddu also came from the ship g presents, which Krishna gave King, the Crown Princess and Prince. Asika, the younger Princess, had by now practically appro- Krishna to herself, was wild joy when she received the pre- from him.

afternoon, Krishna was dis- with Uddhava the plans for an escape when Asika, the Princess, wild with grief, burst him. With hair flying like so snakes, she clung to him, crying ically. Krishna, who could not understand what she was saying, had call in one of the Punyajana boys interpret what she was sobbing

'V*aa*sudeva, she says that the Divine Mother has issued fresh commands. You are to fight the Prince for the hand of Larika, the Crown Princess, in the Festival of Choice.'

Krishna was shocked; he could scarcely believe that he had been chosen by *Ma* to kill Punardatta and wed the elder Princess. Now he could understand the grief of Asika, for she had taken it for granted that he was to wed her.

It was an unexpected blow to all the plans they were making for kidnapping Punardatta. But before Krishna could see some light in the murky situation that had developed, he was himself summoned into the presence of the Divine Mother. She was now lying prostrate on account of the strain to which her mind and body had been put when *Ma* had entered her. The King,

as before, sat by her side, looking at her with affectionate concern.

After salutations, the King, in a very gentle tone, spoke to Krishna: 'V*aa*sudeva, *Ma,* the Mother of the World, has spoken. You have been chosen to take part in the Festival of Choice and fight the Prince to the finish. If you survive, you shall have the honour of wedding the Crown Princess and, maybe, when we depart for the Land of *Ma,* you will become the Divine Father.'

'These are the commands of the Mother of the World,' corroborated the Mother wearily.

'But, I don't want to fight the Prince,' said Krishna.

'Then, it would be for me to kill you,' said Father. 'So have the unalterable ordinances of *Ma* prescribed'.

'The ordinances of *Ma* are very strange,' Krishna commented. The Mother appeared to be shocked at hearing those words bordering on sacrilege. 'Why should I kill the Prince who has done me no harm?' he asked.

'Orders have already been issued to hold the Festival of Choice day after tomorrow,' said the King definitely, leaving no scope for discussion.

Krishna, after due salutation, left, trying to fathom the significance of this new development.

He then sought an audience with the Prince, who, however, was surprisingly resigned about the matter.

'Krishna, V*aa*sudeva, did I not tell you that there is no escape from Nagaloka? I must fight you now,' said Punardatta sadly. '*Ma's* edicts are inexorable; no one shall defy the Nagakanyas.'

'What do you propose to do?' asked Krishna.

'Uddhava has told me how you kill ed both Kamsa and Chanur, the inv cible athlete. You have been train in arms under my father, Guru San pani, than whom there is no grea teacher of warfare. You are sure kill me,' said the Prince as if he w tired of waiting for death.

Krishna thought for a while a said: 'It is a difficult situation. We a spiritual brothers—you are the s of my Guru. But as things a either you must kill me, or I m kill you. It is fratricide either way *adharma*—,' Krishna said, placing hand on the Prince's shoulder w tender affection.

Suddenly the eyes of the Prince w filled with tears as he laid his head o Krishna's shoulder.

'V*aa*sudeva, I can't fight you. I d want to. To make my father hap you risked death to come here a take me away. So how can I kill yo said the Prince as he wept.

'Nor am I going to kill you, Pun datta. Don't give up hope, my brot We will still find a way out. The G of gods does not forsake those w stand firm in Dharma,' said Krishn

'Krishna, brother mine, you are f of hope only because you don't kn the Nagakanyas. I do. You can't e cape their smothering power, in life death,' replied the Prince sorrowfu

Deep in thought, Krishna return to his apartment and discussed w Uddhava the terrible plight in wh they were placed.

A little later, the King again s moned Krishna into his presence. H

now by himself and his old paren-
sympathetic self.

'Vaasudeva, I am very sorry that
commands of *Ma* have upset
thing. When you came here I had
forward to your wedding Asika.
a good, affectionate girl, different
her sister and mother—more like
ls. I love her so much. But now
has willed otherwise. Asika is dis-
ate. Her heart is broken. I can-
even hear the piteous words in
she pours out her misery to me.
understand her distress; I am
unhappy myself at the prospect.
survive the Festival, you will
the Crown Princess. Anyway,
will have to wait for another
ger to come, and she is mad after
' said the King.

fully realise the situation. But
is the way out? You alone can
us,' said Krishna.

How can I help in face of *Ma's*
inds?' asked the King.

'What if Punardatta and I both re-
to fight each other?' asked
hna.

'Then I will have to kill you both
my own hands,' said the King.
the God of Death,' he added
a touch of bitterness.

'Then both your daughters will have
wait for other husbands,' said
hna.

'I wish I knew what my master,
urama, would have done in a
tion like this,' the King murmur-
and sighed.

'He would have taken back Punar-
to his father, to follow the
rma,' Krishna said.

The King was silent for a moment.
as if a thought had struck him,
ded: 'It is the will of *Ma*, and we

must obey. And I don't want Asika to die of grief, or attempt suicide. Please go to her and assure her that *Ma*, in her wisdom, will send her a proper husband at the appropriate time.'

'How can I give her an assurance? It will make her all the more miserable,' said Krishna.

'V*aa*sudeva, I wish I could save you, even at the cost of my life,' murmured the King, as he looked at this young boy who was willing to face death to save his Dharma.

'Do exactly as the great Master of Dharma, Parasurama, would expect you to do,' said Krishna.

'Please, V*aa*sudeva, do me this favour. I don't want the girl to commit suicide before I can smooth things

out for her. I will send my confidential man with you. He will interpret whatever you say to her, without anyone being the wiser,' said the King.

Krishna was taken by the King's confidential man to Princess Asika, who no sooner saw him than clung to him, sobbing piteously.

'Don't leave me, V*aa*sudeva. I will die if you leave me. Everybody is my enemy. Even the Divine Mother. Larika is *Ma's* favourite. No, no, I won't let you leave me,' said the Princess.

Krishna hated this Nagakanya clinging to him with such unrestrained abandon, but he understood her feelings. He patted her, smoothed her hair, and through the interpreter, talked to her.

'Princess, don't give way to grief. I am but a stranger. It is *Ma's* will that you will have to wait for another and a better husband,' said Krishna.

'No, no, I want you—you—and no one else,' she sobbed. 'There is no one in the world like you.'

'But I am going to be killed tomorrow; so there is an end of me. So why worry?' said Krishna.

'No, no,' Asika sobbed. 'I won't let you be killed. If you are killed, I will kill myself.'

'Don't talk nonsense, Asika. No Nagakanya ever dies after her husband. She soon takes another. Those are the ordinances of the Mother of the World,' Krishna said a little sarcastically.

'No, I am going to die the moment you die,' Asika said, shaking her head decisively.

Krishna smiled indulgently. 'You people are funny. You will die for me after I am killed, but will not come with me to my land when I am alive?'

'No. Nagakanya leaves her home. Those are *Ma's* commands. How can I?' Asika asked helplessly.

Krishna laughed outright. 'Therefore, I must die, so that you may die for me. But you won't try to live and follow me wherever I go.'

Asika was dumbfounded. It was an alternative which, as Nagakanya, she could never have conceived. Then she looked up and her tears dried up.

'Will you take me with you to your land?' she asked.

Krishna saw a gleam in the darkness which enveloped the situation. Divine Father was right. Asika was different.

'Provided I get away myself,' he replied.

'Oh, oh, oh,' she sobbed. 'I don't want to live without you.'

'If I don't fight the Prince, the Divine Father will kill me; then you will kill yourself. So there will be no going away for us,' Krishna said with a teasing smile. 'We will be together in the land of *Ma*. But you won't come with me. Isn't it?' asked Krishna.

'Oh yes, I will. I will—wherever you take me. I hate this place,' she said. 'I hate everybody here—except you.'

Krishna saw that Asika smiled though her eyes were full of tears.

•••

Next day, in the afternoon, the residents of Vaivasvatpur, men, women and children assembled on the sloping bank of the river on both sides of the stone-steps leading to the jetty and on the open space between the steps and the jetty. On each step, on both

were ranged armed women.
the open space was surrounded by
guards who squatted on the
to fence it off as an arena for
fatal combat. Across the arena
Bhikru and other members of
crew, who had come from the
ana ship in boats to witness the
Uddhava stood in front near
arena, with Hullu and Hukku just
him.

At the appropriate time, the Divine
Mother came out of the gate of the
glistening in sapphires, accom-
by the Father, the Princesses
the courtiers, and was received by
people with shouts of joy. The
of Choice was the greatest
of the people of the City of
Sun; it was good sport; it was
and therefore exciting; it de-
the fate of the sacred royal
also settling the domestic pro-
on the Crown Princess, the Di-
Mother of the future.

Wooden fifes blared; drums sound-
There was a hushed silence in the
when Punardatta and Krishna
forward before the Divine
and prostrated themselves. She
them both and so did the King
her. Hailed by the crowd's exul-
shouts, the two combatants came
the steps to the arena.

As they were stepping down, the
whispered: 'Vaasudeva, forgive
if I happen to kill you.'

'Brother, neither of us is going to
killed. Fight your best. Forget that
am your father's spiritual son,'
Krishna replied.

'Father will be pining away in
Avanti,' murmured the Prince.

'Don't think of him. I have given him a promise to bring you back and I am going to keep my promise,' replied Krishna with an enigmatic smile.

Both entered the arena, took the short swords which the attendants held out for them. The Divine Mother gave the signal. Drums sounded. The weapons clashed and sparks flew. Punardatta was surprised to find Krishna on the defensive and slowed down his attack lest he might be killed.

'Fight on. Don't be a fool,' Krishna whispered to the Prince, and attacked him with seeming fury. The attack drew the Prince into an offensive. He had seen through the game. Though Krishna was immeasurably superior to him, he was exerting himself just as much as would put him, Punardatta, on his best; whenever he dealt what he thought a powerful blow, Krishna would parry it with easy grace.

Soon the attack and the counter-attack were matched; the fight became exciting. People grew enthusiastic. But neither of them gained any advantage over the other. The Mother and the Crown Princess looked on puzzled. Asika's heart was in her eyes, which were fastened on Krishna to see whether he was losing, for she had made up her mind: she was not going to survive Krishna.

The swordplay went on merrily, for both combatants, in performance, appeared equally matched. However, when the audience was getting tired of the stalemate, Krishna, by an adroit stroke, sent Punardatta's sword flying in the air, at the same time letting his own sword slip out of his hand as if by the impact of swords.

The audience became impatient. The

people of Vaivasvatpur had never seen such a well-matched but tiresome combat, which went on and on, but drew no blood. In a moment, however, the two combatants closed on each other, body locked in body. Krishna found that Punardatta's skill was limited and had to exert his utmost to keep his strength and skill to the level of those of the Prince.

Punardatta understood what Krishna wanted. He was staging a shadow fight, so that neither of them could be killed by the other. He could not discover what the motive was, nor what the end would be. But he had entered into the spirit of the mock combat and was quite content to play the part which his adroit antagonist had assigned to him.

They fought with hands and feet; they rolled, one on the other; they threw each other on the ground, but to rise again.

The crowd, excited at first, was soon disgusted at what was becoming a tame affair. They were impatient to feel the thrill which comes of the climax when the victor kills the vanquished. The crowd felt that it was going to be cheated of it. Murmurs of angry protest rose from the people.

The sun was setting, when the King rose from his seat, evidently in a determined mood to discharge his duty.

'Neither of them can kill the other. The ordinance of *Ma* is clear.' His voice rang out clear.

The Divine Mother had risen, grim as death. The crowd grew silent, expectant. So had the King, stern and concerned. Now the combatants, having failed to work out a choice, both had to be killed. Then, when the King began to step down to the arena, the crowd felt that the great moment had come, and broke out in wild shouts. It was blood-thirsty.

The King entered the arena and strode towards the combatants, who now stood locked in each other's arms, apparently resistant in equal strength, balanced in strength, unable to move forward or backward.

As the King approached the combatants with sword uplifted, a slender figure with bejewelled girdle and flying hair, ran down the steps with a wild shriek which pierced all hearts and flung herself on the combatants and stood between them and her father.

The crowd, for a moment, was stunned. They saw Princess Asika flying down the steps—protecting the two combatants with her body—and a roar as of a hungry lion, issued from a hundred throats. The people were deprived of their expected thrill by the sacrilegious conduct of the young Princess.

The King had barely approached the combatants when Krishna saw Punardatta sprawling on the ground, caught hold of the sword held out by Uddhava, shook himself free from the shrieking Asika and pushed her into Uddhava's arms. Then he turned on the King.

'Uddhava, take them away,' Krishna shouted to Uddhava as he faced the King.

He immediately engaged the King, retreating step by step with his back towards the jetty on which the crew of the Punyajana ship were standing.

The people first looked on with awe. Then they howled in anger. Arms raised against the sacred person of the

It was sacrilege. They shouted to the stranger.

Armed guards stood near the King, to help him, but he waved them 'Stand aside. I alone can offer sacrifice to the *Ma*', he shouted

Krishna now had retreated right to the jetty, the King pressed him hard. Suddenly the jetty was loose from its moorings. Hullu and Bhikru lifted Punardatta and Asika, and jumped into the waiting boats.

Krishna then turned to the King, stepped back a little and threw his sword away. 'Disciple of Venerable Nagarjuna, if you think that it is your karma to kill me, here I am', he said, giving the God of Death defiance. 'But I know you can't,' he added, coolly, as his eyes, flaming with fire, hypnotized the King.

The King, arrested in mid career, stood as if transfixed. The sword fell from his nerveless hand. Then he tottered as if he was fainting.

Krishna stepped back, jumped into the boat which Bhikru, oar in hand, had kept ready.

The crowd grew mad and roared with anger. The King stood near the shore, as if dazed.

The jetty was floating away in the river. The Punyajana boats were fast being rowed away to the ship.

Some guards flung themselves in the water to reach the boat in which Krishna stood sword in hand. But one by after another, as he swam to the boat, met his fate.

Drums sounded a weird note as a figure leapt up on the top step where the Divine Mother was standing. The crowd turned to her in awesome silence. *Ma*, the Mother of the World, had entered the body of the Queen. She came down the steps slowly, majestically, the women guards ranged on either side, bowing low before Sacred Presence.

The Mother stepped into the arena and slowly walked up to the place where the King stood as if dazed. She gave the orders. The women guards carried the King to the Palace.

Then the Divine Mother stood gazing at the sea, her eyes fixed on the Punyajana ship. The crowds looked at her rigid and concentrated face in silent awe.

Krishna and his friends were now on the ship, looking at what was happening on the shore. The anchor was lifted. Asika clung to him benumbed with fright.

With wide open eyes, those standing on the deck of the ship looked at the receding shore. They saw the Divine Mother standing on the brink of the sea—alone—looking at them. Then she spoke: "Asika, come back. I command you. Come Back.'

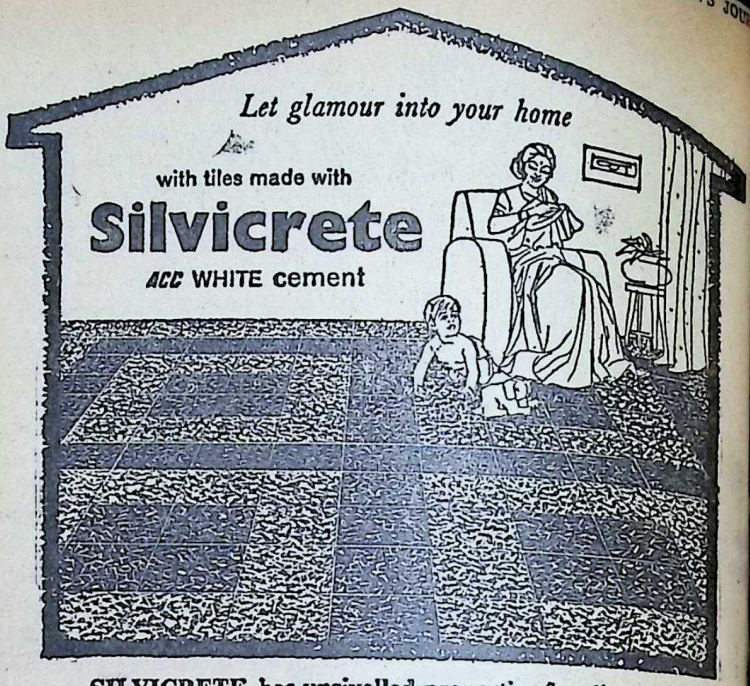
As the voice was wafted to the ship, Asika stood rigid, upright, gazing at the distant figure of her mother, who, like the very embodiment of power, appeared to command the waters.

'Come', came her voice strangely conveyed across the water, 'Asika, come.'

Asika, as if in a trance, shook herself free, took a step, flung herself into the waters, and was seen swimming back to the Divine Mother.

'I knew that a Nagakanya is ever her mother's, never her husband's,' said Krishna with a smile, to Punardatta who stood in frightened silence.

[To be continued]



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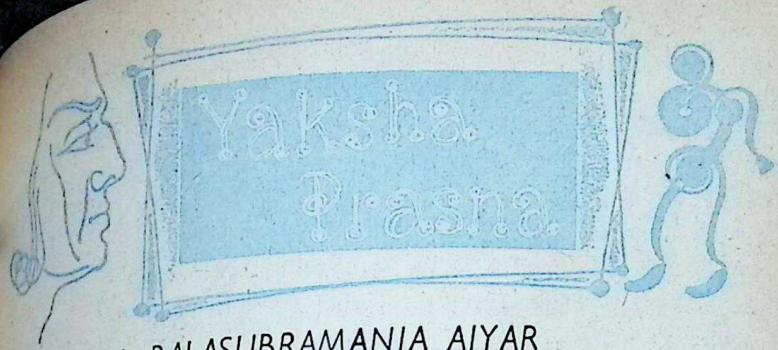

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from last issue*]

YAKSHA asked next the following questions:

एकको विचरते जातः को जायते पुनः
चन्द्रमस्यभेषज्यं किंस्विदावपनं महत् ।

What is that which journeys alone?
What is that which is born again?
What is the remedy against snow or fog?
What is the large receptacle?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

एको विचरते चन्द्रमाजायते पुनः
चन्द्रमस्य भेषज्यं भूमिरावपनं महत् ।

The Sun journeys alone.
The Moon is reborn.
The Fire is the remedy for snow or fog.
The Earth is the large receptacle.

Sri Neelakanta in his commentary gives his philosophical interpretation of these questions and answers and shows the connection with the answer to the last of the previous set of questions, namely, that Vayu is the entire universe. When Vayu disappears the question naturally arises, 'What remains?' Therefore the first question in this set and the answer to it according to him relates to that. Yudhishthira says that Surya, which, as a Jyotis or light, signifies *Atma* which is referred to as *Paranjyotis* in the *Brihadaranyakopanishad,* alone remains, after the phenomenal universe entirely disappears. For, the *Atma* alone shines during the three stages of consciousness, namely, waking, dream and dreamless sleep. The further question arises how the *prapancha* or the phenomenal universe is perceived again.

The answer is based on the Sruti text 'चन्द्रमा मनो भूत्वा'. Due to *avidya,* the mind functions and projects the world once again. That is the significance of saying that it is the moon (which is equated with the mind) is born again. This *avidya* produces sorrow. The next question is: What is the remedy for this *avidya* which like the fog is the superimposing agency? The answer is that *agni* is the remedy for snow or fog. In accordance with the Sruti अग्निर्वाभूत्वा the answer is to be understood as saying that the resplendent knowledge of

the Mahavakyas *Tattvamasi* etc., is the remedy for the fog of *avidya*.

All these four questions and answers which are similar to the four questions and their answers in the *Taittireeya Samhita*, 7th Kanda:

कस्विदेकाकी चरति कस्विज्जायते पुनः।
किँस्विद्धिमस्य भेषजं किँ स्विदावपनं महत्।
सूर्य एकाकी चरति चन्द्रमा जायते पुनः।
अग्निः हिमस्य भेषजं भूमिरावपनं महत्॥

Yaksha asks the following questions:

किंस्वित् एकपदं धर्म्यं किंस्वित् एकपदंयशः
किंस्वित् एकपदं स्वर्ग्यं किंस्वित् एकपदं
सुखम्॥

What is the all-comprehensive virtue?

What is the all-comprehensive thing of fame?

What, in one word, leads to Heaven?

In what is comprised all happiness?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

दाक्ष्यं एकपदं धर्म्यं दानं एकपदं यशः।
सत्यमेकपदं स्वर्ग्यं शीलमेकपदं सुखम्।

Integrity is all-comprehensive virtue.

Dana or charity is the one comprehensive matter of fame.

Truth alone leads to Heaven.

Character comprises all happiness.

It is not clear what is meant by the word दाक्ष्यम् According to Apte's Dictionary, the word दाक्ष्यम् is stated to mean "honesty or integrity" and also "cleverness or ability." In the present context, the former meaning, "honesty or integrity" is appropriate. In the Amarakosa, the word दक्ष is said to be used in the sense of *chatura* (चतुर) or *patu* (पटु) which means *clever* or *skilful*. It a[illegible] means *ushna* (उष्ण) which acco[illegible] ing to the commentary in the Am[illegible] kosa means "capacity to accomp[illegible] quickly." Dharmaputra may h[illegible] meant by the use of the word [illegible] this quality also. Virtuous deeds [illegible] ways demand quick decision and [illegible] tion. The man who hesitates, do[illegible] and delays cannot accomplish ri[illegible] eous acts. It is well-known that o[illegible] name is perpetuated by charity a[illegible] while every thing else about him m[illegible] be forgotten.

The story of Indradyumna in t[illegible] Mahabharata, Vana Parva bea[illegible] fully illustrates this truth. King I[illegible] dradyumna was for long living [illegible] Heaven. His merit being exhaus[illegible] he dropped from Heaven, crying, "M[illegible] fame has fallen." He met Mark[illegible] deya and asked him whether he r[illegible] cognised him. But Markandeya rep[illegible] in the negative. He then asked M[illegible] kandeya whether he knew any o[illegible] more long-lived than Markande[illegible] He mentioned a *baka* or crane. Th[illegible] Indradyumna met the crane. It s[illegible] "I have heard of Indradyumna. H[illegible] was a noble man and a charita[illegible] king. More than that I do not kno[illegible] You may ask a tortoise, more ag[illegible] than myself living in a tank nearby[illegible] He came and asked the tortoise. [illegible] said, "Don't you know King Ind[illegible] dyumna of blessed memory who d[illegible] many notable acts of charity? He w[illegible] who dug and constructed this tank a[illegible] I am living in it for thousands of ye[illegible] and it is named after him." As h[illegible] said so, his eyes were filled with tea[illegible] At this moment, a celestial car ca[illegible] to take him back to Heaven. An ac[illegible]

...was heard to say as follows:

...दिवं गच्छति भूमिंच शब्दः पुण्यस्य कर्मणः।
...यावत् तावद्भवति तावत् स्वर्गे महीयते॥

'The fame of the meritorious act ...es Heaven and Earth; so long ...that fame remains, it attains glory ...Heaven."

...Truth alone leads to Heaven. It ...the same thing that is affirmed in ...well-known sentence.

...नास्ति परो धर्मः।

...the Taithiriya Aranyaka, the ...declares.

...न सुवर्गाल्लोकात् च्यवन्ते कदाचन।

...tained by Truth, they never fall ...Heaven.'

...the Ramayana, Ayodhya kanda, ...109, Rama says

...परोलोके मूलं सर्वस्यचोच्यते।
...देवरो लोके सत्ये पद्मा प्रतिष्ठिता॥
...सर्वाणि सत्यान्नास्ति परं पदम्।
...हुतंचैव तप्तानि च तपांसि च।
...प्रतिष्ठितास्तस्मात् सत्यपरो भवेत्।

Character is the best way to hap-...The following sloka of Bhar-...illustrates this:

...विभूषणं सुजनता शौर्यस्य
...ज्ञानस्योपशमः श्रुतस्य विनयः
...पात्रे व्ययः। अक्रोधस्तपसः
...प्रभवतुः धर्मस्य निर्व्याजता।
...सर्वकारणमिदं शीलं परं भूषणम्॥

Goodness is the ornament for ruler-...restraint in speech for heroism, ...quality of mind for wisdom, humi-...for learning, gift to the deserving ...riches, absence of anger for tapas, ...nce for the powerful and sincerity ...Dharma. Character is the foremost ...ation for all these.'

The next questions of the Yaksha are as follows:—

किंस्विदात्मा मनुष्यस्य किंस्वित् दैवकृतः सखा
उपजीवनं किंस्विदस्य किंस्विदस्य परायणम्॥

What is the soul of a person?

Which is the friend bestowed by divinity?

What is it that aids to sustain him?

What is his greatest resort?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:—

पुत्र आत्मा मनुष्यस्य भार्या दैवकृतःसखा।
उपजीवनं च पर्जन्यः दानमस्यपरायणम्।

The son is the man's soul.

The wife is a friend bestowed by divinity.

Rain is the chief aid to life.

Charity is the great resort.

One's own soul goes by the name of son, says the Veda

आत्मा वै पुत्रनामासि।

[*To be continued*]

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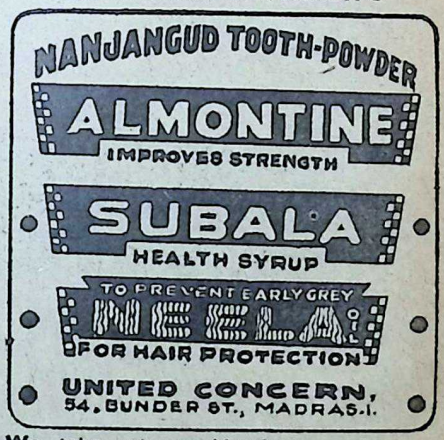

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ARDRA

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N the day when the Sun stays in the zodiacal sign Sagittarius and the Moon enters the man-Ardra (Dec. 2 this year), pious congregate near the shrines of after a ceremonious bath in the eager to see Him in His as-Nataraja.

Samkara Samhita states that on Sambhu with a view to pro-entire Universe indulges in of Bliss.

शंभुः परमानन्दनिर्भरः।
रार्थं करोत्यानन्द ताण्डवं।।

Mahatmya adds that by this dance of bliss one over the tides of mundane exis-besides attaining divine com-Manjukesa observed this with great devotion and wit-the scene of the Lord's dance, absolving himself of all sins. the sage Patanjali as also the Karkotaka obtained beatitude.

विप्रो जीवन्मुक्तो बभूवहि।
महायोगी कार्कोटोपि महोरगः।।

(*Samkara Samhita*)

sage Vyaghrapada by dint of his was blessed with a son Upamanyu. So also Vipula obtained himself all attainments.

Siva, the connoisseur of all described as having descended in the form of a *siddhapuru-* Madura and played the sixty-four *leelas* representing the sixty-four *kalas* (arts and crafts), so much so, that the genesis of every branch of learning is assigned to Him. Sanskrit grammarians state that when the Lord gave fourteen strokes to His drum at the close of the mystic dance, the fourteen axioms (*sutras*) known as Maheswara-sutras of the science of language took shape with the Samjnarthas: अण्, अच् and हल्.

Regarding the origin of the dance, it is stated that once a demon prayed the Grandsire that the world should be brought to an end. The latter parried. In the meanwhile, the celestials were panic-stricken and approached Lord Siva for protection. Siva, with a view to save the world, indulged in His dance. The time stipulated for the grant of the boon passed away unnoticed. So, Pushpadanta in His *Sivamahimna Stotra* refers to this anecdote.

There is another version relating to the origin of the dance of Siva. A sect of heretics dwelt in the forest of the Titan Taraka. They were approached by Siva, accompanied by Vishnu, disguised as a woman. An altercation arose among them, with the result that the heretics decided to destroy Him by charms and incantations. From out of the sacrificial fire sprang forth a tiger, which in turn tried to attack the Lord. Siva seized the brute and peeled out its skin and wore it as a mantle. The

sages did not stop. They pursued further in creating a dragon in the form of a serpent. This was directed against Siva, who in turn snatched it and wore it on His neck like a garland. Siva next commenced the dance. The heretics as a last resort produced a dwarf-like form in Muyalaka (the Apasmara Purusha). This form attacked Siva, when He set the tip of His foot on him and broke his back. After suppressing him, the Lord again resumed the dance. It was witnessed by the sages as also the celestials.

The sage Bharata, while discussing the genesis of the art of dance, says that the Lord made it by a synthesis of the Vedas and Sastras. Thus, the dialogues from the *Rigveda,* the chants from the *Samaveda,* gesticulations from the *Yajurveda* and the sentiment (रस) from the *Atharvaveda* brought forth a nice blending.

The author of the *Sangita Vidya Vinoda* observes thus: That eminent pioneer-dancer among the celestials, being eager to originate with His two feet the terrific dance (Tandava) as also the higher ascending pastime of *lasya,* shines with His splendour, His body being reckoned as having for its other half that of a damsel.

In the term *tala,* which is used to express the unit of time measurement (rhythmic movement or regulated succession of time), the syllable *ta* indicates the frantic or violent dance of Siva, while *la* symbolises *lasya* or the dance of Devi, which is accompanied by vocal and instrumental music. The emotions are represented by means of various gesticulations and attitudes. In Indian music, *nritya* is the *sine qua-non* of Samgita. Musical texts de cribe the body of the Lord as be made up of *nada* or sound.

The Saivagamas depict one hund and eight types of dance. These ty are exactly the very same ones as dealt with in the *Bharata N Sutras*. The first of these is associ with the figure of Nataraja, whic generally seen in all Saiva tem The Gopura (pyramidal tower) of shrine at Chidambaram is embellis with all the types of the dance po of Siva.

Lord Siva, that great master of d (Mahatandava-pandita), selected entire cosmos for His theatre. T mystic poets describe Tillai (Chid baram or garment of pure int gence) as His court. He is the as well as the audience, the very festation of primal energy.

The Puranic and Agamic lore of three types of the dance of S The first of these is the *sandhy* evening dance. A description is in two of the *slokas* from the *Pradosha Stotra* (*Skanda purana* this type of dance. Devi is placed a golden throne adorned with prec gems, while Lord Siva (Sulap dances. The gods participate in celestial dance. Saraswati plays on lute, Indra on the flute; Brahma on the cymbals to mark the time while Vishnu takes up the drum celestials gather and witness the dance, besides hearing the melody.

The second of these represents Tandava or the midnight revels in cemetery (Tamasic in its aspect) last but not the least is the N dance conducted before the ass which is *sattvic* in character.

Indian copper images generally as the motif.

Agamas maintain that the icon as Nataraja should have four Of these, the front left hand is the *danda* or *gajahasta* pose, the back left hand is held the other in a container or in the The front right hand is held in *ya* pose. On the fore-arm is a snake ring (*sarpavalaya*). In right hand is held the *damaru* The right leg is slightly bent placed on the back of a figure as Apasmara. On the right side image of the Lord, the idol of is placed. The Apasmara- who is trodden by the Lord head turned to the right side legs are placed on the left Siva. The figure is represented lying with a snake, perhaps to Karmapasa with the fingers in shape to present the appear- of a snake's hood. While the of Nataraja is white to indi- form, the Apasmara's hue the symbol of the *tamasic* (forgetfulness, loss of memory by falling sick and other evils.) the dance, Siva is stated to ex- *panchakrityas* or activities: (creation and evolution), (support and maintenance), (destruction), *Tirobhava* or (veiling, embodiment of and *Anugraha* (release, salva- grace). These, it may be said, functioning of the five forms: Vishnu, Rudra, Maheswara, Sadasiva respectively according to of Saivism.

Saiva literature, different interpretations are given of the *mudras* of Nataraja. Thus the drum symbolises creation. The *abhaya* pose is an indication of the hand of hope or assurance. The fire may be said to denote death. The foot held above is a sign of *anugraha* or release from bondage. The fourth arm that is lifted up is considered to be an emblem of the refuge of the soul.

The *mudras* of Siva also denote the five letters of the *Siva Panchaksarimantra*. Thus the hand which holds the drum denotes *Si*, while the hand that is held out symbolises *va*. The hand that promises protection (*abhaya*) indicates *ya*, the hand holding fire is *na*; and the foot trampling the Apasmara is *mah*.

These letters also represent God, Sakti, Atma, Tirobhava and Mala.

The Ananda Tandava Murty is the basic *tattva* for all the other Truths of the Saiva cult. In the order of importance, the nine *tattvas* or doctrines are as follows: Hiranyagarbha or Brahma, Vishnu, Hara, Iswara, Sadasiva, Bindu, Nada, Sakti, and Siva.

Above all these forms, the form of the dancing Lord is considered to be the highest. He is Chidananda. To Patanjali, that great expounder of the *Vyakarana Sutras*, the Lord said thus: "Here the art of dance is wonderful, giving for the aspirant both living (attainments) as well as the highest good of existence (*summum bonum*). In this forest of Kadambas, I exhibit this dance. Have pleasure in viewing it quickly." (*Halasya Mahatmya*).

This perpetual dance of the Lord is intended for the maintenance of life and also to give relief (release) to those who are in quest of Him.

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Pageant of Great Lives—14

JESUS CHRIST

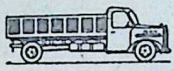
Rev. J. W. Airan

"Life of Jesus is an act of faith"—Abbe Fouard

THE period between their slavery in Egypt (*c* 1500 B.C.) and their settling down in Palestine (1000-1000 B.C.) several years before the birth of Jesus Christ was an extremely critical period in the national history of the people of Israel. Their journeys through the vast deserts that lay between Egypt and Palestine and their continuous struggle against the powerful inhabitants of the lands through which they had to pass, together with some of the unique leadership in all history and a very definite faith in a righteous God welded these people into one nation.

Their national life had been one of ups and downs. Thus, for instance, they had kings like David and Solomon whose fame had spread far and wide and during whose reigns the neighbouring nations paid tributes to the Kingdom of Israel. On the other hand there were periods in their history when they were carried away as captives by conquering armies!

There were however some unmistakable trends in their national culture which converged on a firm belief in the existence of a living personal and righteous God and a knowledge of the corrupting influence of sin. They believed that an individual's sin could bring



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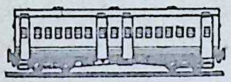

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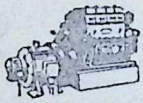

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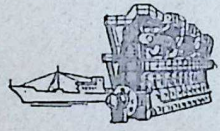

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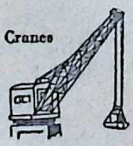

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...y over the *entire* nation. This ...ed in them a desire for a God ...ould forgive sin.

...calamity which befell these ...brought them to repentance ...directed their hopes towards a ...when God would send a Deli... There were some who believed ...the mission of that Deliverer ...be to free the people of Israel ...foreign domination. But there ...always a small minority which ...ed to believe that such a De... would deliver them from the ...ge of sin, which done, they ...ld be a happy people.

...a this expectation which gives a ...ar significance to the birth of ...Christ in Palestine and among ...people of Israel. The people of ...were awaiting the coming of the ...iah"—the Deliverer. The pro... including Isaiah and Jeremiah, ...in the days of Jesus himself John ...Baptist, prepared the way for the ...g of the Messiah. It was in the ...of such expectations that Jesus ...was born in the little village of ...hem, not far from Nazareth, ...the year 8 or 6 B.C. as the son ...ph, a carpenter of Nazareth.

...r an intensive preparation Jesus ...out to proclaim his mission at the ...of 30, and after an eventful career ...than three years met his end ...hands of the people among ...he was born. To those who con...the religious hierarchy of the ...this Jesus was one who was out ...stroy their ancient culture where... those who followed him (even ...his death and who were later ...Christians) he was the Son of ...who came into this world at an appointed time in history and according to a definite promise of God to reconcile man to God.

The life story of Jesus Christ is told in the first four books of the New Testament of the Bible. The Bible itself consists of a collection of books known as the Old Testament and another collection of books known as the New Testament. The first four books of the New Testament are known as the "Gospels". The word "Gospel" means *good news* and hence it is obvious why these biographers of Jesus were not so keen on telling the whole life story of Jesus as on conveying what to them was the "good-news". All these four Gospels end with the story of the Crucifixion, the death and the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The fifth book of the New Testament known as the "Acts of the Apostles" tells of the missionary work of Jesus' disciples after the earthly existence of Jesus had come to an end. It also tells of classic missionary journeys of Paul and of the establishment of the Christian Church. One has therefore to read these five books together to find out what essentially was the good news and the kind of new life which was made possible through this good news.

There is very little known of the details of the life of Christ out of these sources. Jesus himself wrote nothing, nor did he cause anything to be written. And yet it cannot be denied that Jesus Christ was a historical figure, who lived in Palestine, who "went about doing good", and who spoke of the Kingdom of God, and was towards the end subjected to great humiliation and torture by the Jews when Pilate

The drum-beats pound
the sound of the dance,
and lilting songs move
on waves of bells.
The voice of the shahnai
weaves a new theme —
and this is the dance of sound.

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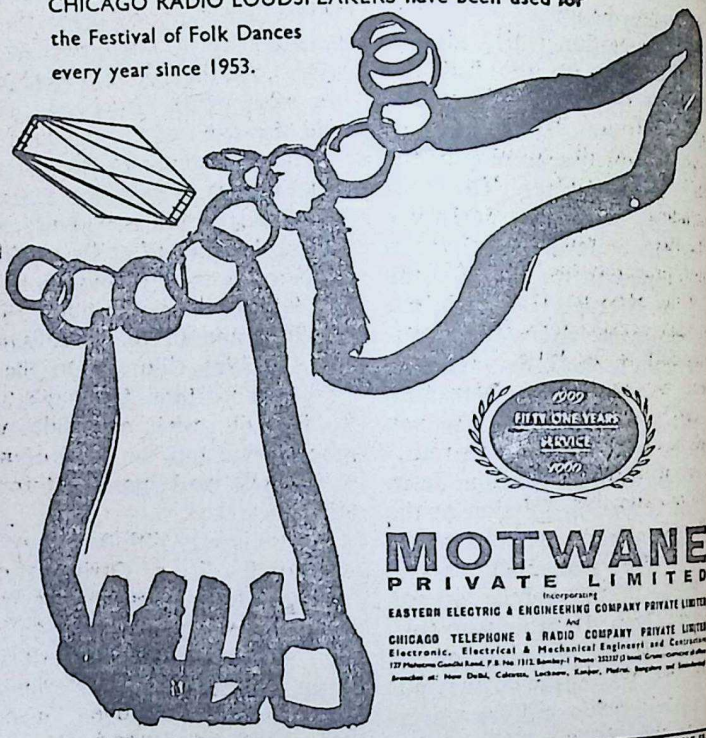

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the Roman Governor in Palestine. the Jews were then a subject nation Palestine was a part of the Roman re.)

The first words of Jesus ever to be recorded are significant of the Work Mission of Jesus. At the age of ve, Jesus had gone to Jerusalem with his parents to observe a re- s Feast. When they were about return, the parents found Jesus mis- Later on they found him in the ple engaged in discussion with the t religious leaders of the day. Ask- by his mother why he acted that he quickly asked, "Know ye not I must be about my Father's busi- These were the first recorded ds of Jesus. It was this "Father's siness" which engaged his attention from the age of twelve and from time to the age of 30 he prepared self for his Ministry and as one of biographers had stated "he increas- in wisdom and in stature and in our with God and man".

The ethical teaching of Jesus *can- t* be separated from the religion of sus. In fact, some critics point out t the bulk of his teaching cannot be lled 'original'. He himself often be- his discourses by saying "you have ard it said ....." And yet the phasis that he laid on certain as- ts of man's behaviour vests his ical teaching with an authority ich makes him stand out as "the ral leader of humanity."

Thus, for instance, Jesus wanted his ciples not to withdraw from the rld but to face its problems, but *ays relying on God*. It has some- es been pointed out that Jesus mere- wanted people to love their neighbours as themselves, to be good Samaritans and to conform their lives to the precepts contained in the Sermon on the Mount *so that* there may emerge the ideal society of the future. This is not so. The Kingdom of God of which Jesus spoke was not to be a product of human effort. Men, no doubt, were expected to exercise their free will in seeking the Kingdom of God, but the Kingdom of God itself was to be the gift of God. While seeking this Kingdom of God, men were *not* to withdraw themselves from the world for fear of its contamination, but to re-

What does Jesus mean to me? To me, He was one of the greatest teachers humanity has ever had. To His believers, He was God's only begotten Son. Could the fact that I do or do not accept this belief make Jesus have any more or less influence in my life? Is all the grandeur of His teaching and of His doctrine to be forbidden to me? I cannot believe so.

✶

I have not been able to see any difference between the Sermon on the Mount and the Bhagavad Gita. What the Sermon describes in a graphic manner, the Bhagavad Gita reduces to a scientific formula. It may not be a scientific book in the accepted sense of the term, but it has argued out the law of love—the law of abandon as I would call it—in a scientific manner. The Sermon on the Mount gives the same law in wonderful language. The New Testament gave me comfort and boundless joy, as it came after the repulsion that parts of the Old had given me. Today supposing I was deprived of the Gita and forgot all its contents but had a copy of the Sermon, I should derive the same joy from it as I do from the Gita.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

> **The great symbol of Christianity is the Cross where Jesus suffered material defeat for the sake of spiritual victory. If we feel that we are on the right lines, it is essential for us to adopt the attitude that we do not undertake things in the hope of succeeding but we undertake things because they are right.**
>
> —Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

main in this world. And yet in a way they were not to be of this world. Since Jesus did not think of the Kingdom of God as separated from the common man whom God yearned to save, his teaching has been deeply social and has supplied a unique dynamism for social progress all along.

And yet it is significant that Jesus did not step forth as a social reformer. It is true that he preached the equality of man and insisted that the rich share their wealth with the poor. It is also true that he openly mingled with the outcastes of the society in which he lived. But this he did, so that men may realize that they are the children of God, that God is eager to save them and that *all* are in need of being saved. This is where one may discover the religious basis of his ethical teaching. When he lays stress on obedience to certain laws and rules, he does so with a motive "that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven". It is in this light that his insistence on obedience to God and on imitating Him to attain fulness of life needs to be viewed.

Jesus was the weak man's friend. How can a mere man fight against evil? What did Jesus mean when he said, "resist not evil"? Did he recommend a mere passive toleration of evil? In this connection one or two incidents from his life may be cited.

Once he entered the Jewish temple in Jerusalem and made a whip of cords and drove out those who sold and bought in the temple (For, they re-sold right in the temple the very offerings which the worshippers had placed in the temple).

He once expressed his indignation of the priestly class by calling them "a brood of vipers". He did not stand by helplessly when a wrong was being perpetrated. His precept to "turn the other cheek" was meant to check the obvious tendency to retaliate rather than to encourage a sense of helplessness. Jesus' teaching on this point has been misunderstood. It does not call for creating conditions for encouraging the evil, but emphasizes the possibility of "overcoming the evil with good".

When Jesus preached the Kingdom of God he did not leave out of account the fact of the existence of the kingdoms of this world. Whatever the motive which prompted some of his Jewish audience once to ask him "Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Caesar or no?", the forthright answer which Jesus gave: "Render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's", has lent itself to various interpretations. (The Jews were Roman subjects at that time). Was this answer which Jesus gave evasive? He asked of the enquirer to show the coin which he carried and used for his own convenience and benefit. It bore the effigy of Caesar! If the enquirer used the Caesar's coin and

benefit from it, where was the issue involved in giving the something in return? Jesus himbserved all laws of the land— could be brought against him trial! He may have been silent on points; but this should be view- the light of the political situa- his country at that time, but all *in his faith that with the of God's Kingdom all injustice removed.*

is not possible in such a short to touch upon all the aspects of ching. Suffice it to say that while cing the establishment by God of the Kingdom of God, he ignore the realities of the earth- e, the need for developing per- virtues and a proper attitude to- human society. But all this was ated by his faith in the Kingdom od which was not something that will establish by their personal s, but which will be in accordance the will of God.

Finally, failing to bring any sub- ial charge against Jesus, the prin- Hierarchy of the Jews accused him blasphemy since he called himself son of God.

The Roman Governor, Pilate, pro- nced the judgment saying that he d no guilt in Jesus but he bowed the fury of the mob and handed s over to the Jews.

According to the prevalent practice s was to be crucified. He was not crucified alone but there were two malefactors who were awaiting the sentence of death, and were also crucified along with Jesus one on either side.

One of the biographers reports a conversation on the cross between Jesus and the malefactors. One of the malefactors mocked at Jesus whereas the other turned to Jesus and said, "please remember me when you come back in your glory". Without any bitterness towards those who tortured him and mocked at him, he turned to this malefactor and promised him "God's peace".

It is typical of the life of Jesus that even at the tender age of 12 he showed the awareness of his being concerned with his "Father's business" and that when he died that death should have been between two outcastes of the society.

If his birth was prophetic, his death was equally so: He came to reconcile man to God, and that was the last act of his earthly visible life: reconciling a malefactor to God, promising him "God's peace".

This short article may well close with the following quotation from John Masefield's "The Trial of Jesus":

Procula: Do you think he (Jesus) is dead?

Longinus: No, lady, I don't think.

Procula: Then, where is he?

Longinus: Let loose in the world, lady, where neither Roman nor Jew can stop his truth.

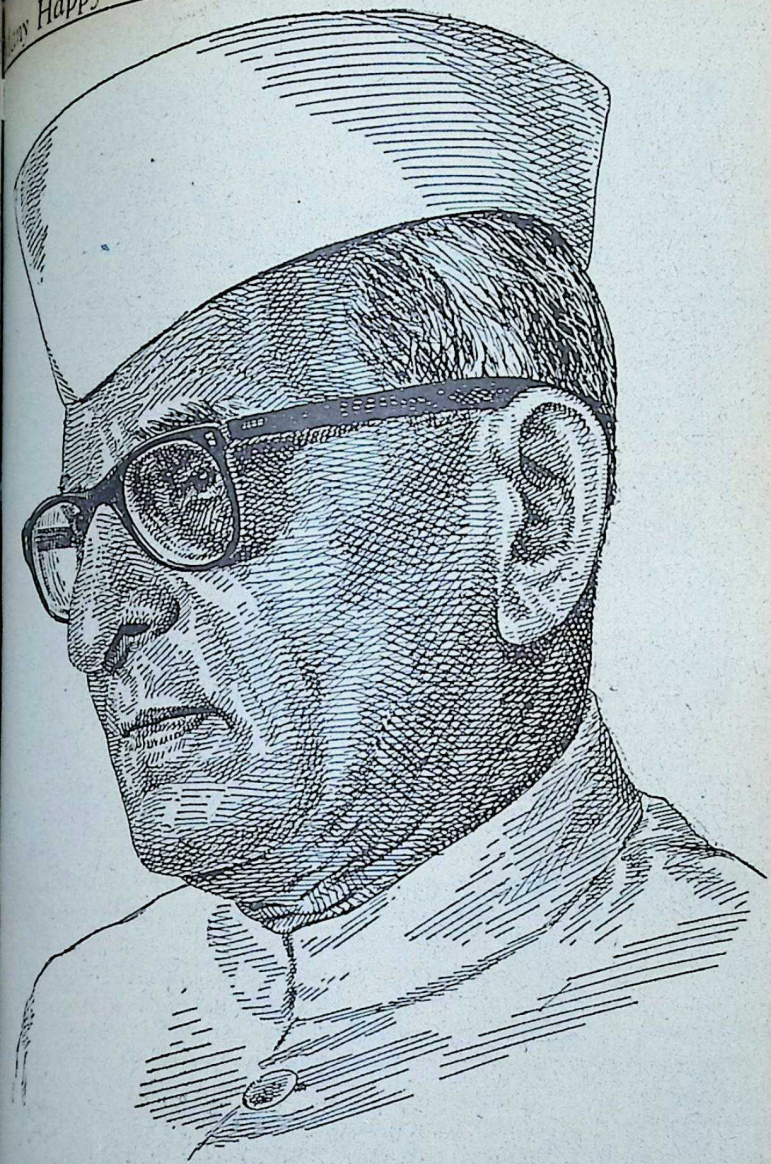
If a man abide not in me he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

—Jesus Christ.

[Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya 25-12-1861 to 12-11-1946]

.. A giant among men, one of those who laid the foundation of modern Indian Nationalism and, year by year, built up brick by brick and stone by stone, the noble edifice of Indian freedom.

—Jawaharlal Nehru



[Dr. Kanaiyalal Maneklal Munshi, born: Dec. 30, 1887]

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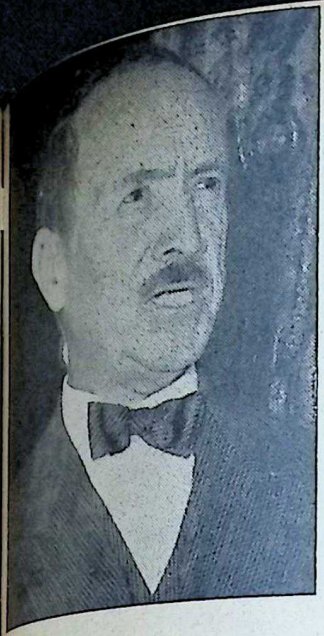


St. John Perse

THE nom de plume 'St. John Perse', the poet who has the distinction of having been awarded this year's Nobel Prize for Literature, is today a little known name outside literary circles. However, Alexis Leger—his real name—had been good copy to news-hungry reporters during the years of his long service in the French Foreign Ministry (1914-).

Literary fame seldom survives or outlines diplomatic or political success. However, in the case of Alex Leger, it can be said that his poetic genius has totally eclipsed his diplomatic victory. His long and distinguished service as a French diplomat has become history, while his poetry lives and will continue to survive for centuries to come. How can it be otherwise? Political and for that matter, all material achievements are transient, whereas literary and spiritual achievements are permanent and they alone survive the ravages of time.

Alexis Leger was born in Guadalupe in the Caribbean island in 1887 and his childhood years were spent on the shores of that island. After completing education in Paris, he joined the French Diplomatic Service in 1914. His conscientious work was highly appreciated and he steadily rose in the hierarchy, ultimately becoming the Secretary General of the French Foreign Ministry during M. Aristide Briand's regime.

Saint John Perse's work can broadly be divided into two groups. Those published in the early years which bear the impress of his childhood impressions and environments of the sea, the sand, the colour and the sunlight of the Caribbean Island. Those published later, after his work in the Foreign Ministry which brought him in touch with men and matters of the

world and gave him a first-hand knowledge of the stark and unpleasant realities of life, portray his poetic vision and characterise the realities of life and Saint John Perse's spiritual yearnings.

Saint John Perse's important early volume *Anabase* was published in 1911. This volume was translated into English by T. S. Eliot in 1924. During the years 1924 to 1940, despite the heavy claims on his time and energy due to his official assignment, he continued to write poetry but did not publish any during that period. Unfortunately many of his manuscripts fell into the hands of the German Gestapo during the Occupation and were destroyed by them.

Perse's later volumes include *'Exit'*, *'Venta'* and *'Amers'* the translation of which into Swedish introduced him to the topranking academicians in Sweden, which led to the eventual award of the Nobel Prize. And who was the translator into Swedish? No less a person than the debonair, soft-spoken, mild-mannered, efficient and overworked Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, the present Secretary General of the U.N.

By any standard, St. John Perse is one of the greatest poets of this century. Last year he was the recipient of the "Grand Prix National des Letters", the highest French Literary award.

The citation by the Swedish Academy on giving the award, inter alia, said: "It is for the high trend of thought and the evocative image contained in his poetry which reflects clearly in our mind the present-day conditions that we have unanimously nominated Saint John Perse".

Saint John Perse is a nationalist and a patriot to the core. He was an uncompromising opponent of Nazism. He stood foursquare against so-called pedalling of the opposition to and collaboration with the Hitler Regime which were quite fashionable in certain quarters in England and France during 1937-39. When the French resistance collapsed in 1940 and the so-called glorious puppet regime of Marshal Petain was set up, the Petain Government in order to be "more royal than the King himself" deprived Saint John Perse of his nationality and subjected him to various restrictions and humiliations. In the year 1940 dissatisfied with these suffocating restrictions he managed to escape to the U.S.A. where he remained till the over-throw of Hitler by the Allies in 1945. He utilised all his time during his six years in the U.S.A. to writing poems.

Saint John Perse is the tenth French writer to have the honour of being awarded this coveted international prize. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the first Nobel Prize went to a Frenchman, M. Sully Prudhomme.

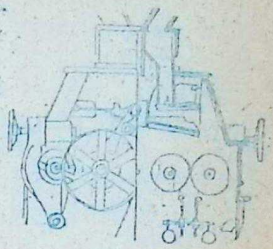
Now Saint John Perse lives in his estates at 'Hyerest' in the South of France where he leads a secluded life declining all interviews.

He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth.

—Jesus Christ.

. . . The chance of understanding things of fundamental and permanent importance is what makes the pursuit of science fascinating and worth while . . .

The two Aspects of Science



Sir George Thomson

The author is a distinguished atomic physicist. A Fellow of the Royal Society of Science, he won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1937. He is Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

SCIENCE is already valued for what it can do to increase man's control over nature, and feared for what some of its consequences may be.

Some people would have us consider these consequences as the sole justification of science. This view, or something very like it, is the official attitude in Marxist countries, and there are many in the United Kingdom and in the United States who would be horrified to be told they were Marxists but who without any explicit statement do in fact act and speak as if they thought the same. But this view is too limited.

There is a second aspect; it is this. Science also aims at understanding the nature of things, and in this it is at one with religion and philosophy. But its approach is the opposite.

Religion and philosophy try to gain knowledge of the whole, in the one case by an awareness of the deity, intuitive or revealed, in the other by building with words a system of thought that can account for fundamentals. Science starts from the other end. It begins by studying details, often apparently trivial details, but things that are strange and appeal to human curiosity: things like the black rocks from Magnesia that attract iron, or rubbed amber that makes chaff fly.

This sort of study has been more successful than one could have expected. It is a method

Summary of Presidential Address at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cardiff.

difficult to defend *a priori*—it has often been made fun of. Swift ridiculed the philosophers of Laputa who studied how to make sunshine from cucumbers. But the method works.

From the study of details such as these come concepts; these concepts, or some of them, show vitality and take charge, as characters in fiction are said by authors to do. They are the bases for hypotheses and "laws"; they are the things that get names—mass, energy, temperature, entropy, wave-length, charge, electrons, quantum numbers, to take some examples from my own subject.

But the successful concepts, or the best of them, are not concerned with details any more; they penetrate deep into the heart of things. Electrons, for example, are regarded as present in all ordinary matter, and in any attempt to explain the behaviour of matter—physical, chemical, or ultimately biological—one is, if one goes deep enough, forced back on to them. There is excellent reason to believe that the whole of chemistry is explicable in terms of electrons.

It is sometimes said that these concepts and the laws in which they are used are artificial constructions of our minds, more like the invention of the bicycle or the electronic computer than the discovery of America. I do not agree, though the relationship between the thoughts and the realities they represent is to me a mystery. Some of them—I am thinking especially of quantum theory and of relativity—have been forced by the pressure of experimental facts on unwilling minds. Others, like atoms, have come to life and explain vastly more than the few facts that originally made people suggest them.

Science is a pyramid based on many facts, topped with a crown of ideas reaching to the skies. These are its glory, and they can change without affecting its stability. What we want as scientists—I am sure in this I speak for the great majority—is that the world should realize that we as scientists are not interested merely in making possible new drugs, television sets, or weapons, though all these are important, but in enlarging the bounds of human knowledge.

The greatness of the human race is, indeed, many-sided. Thus in the world of art there is a difference between the ability to compose or interpret a great piece of music and that which writes a great novel or paints a great picture. Yet all are evidence of greatness and worthy of the name. Still more so is moral greatness. "There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars".

Surely the ability to understand, even to a limited extent, the world around him is one of the powers of which man has good right to be proud. Indeed, it seems to be the one that most divides him from the animals.

So much for understanding—but what of control? These two aspects of science do not, in fact, conflict. The best way to make advances in technology, whether on the medical or the engineering side, turns out to be to understand the principles. This is a recent discovery; indeed, it has probably only recently come true. It would not have been much use, for example, to man in the Stone Age, or even a few hundred years ago, to try to under-

and the principles of tanning with no knowledge of chemistry to guide him. He did better by trial and error. This dependence of technology on pure science is now fairly generally recognized by industry. The more progressive industries maintain research laboratories which both make use of the basic discoveries made in the universities and elsewhere and contribute their own.

Pure science receives a big return for what it contributes to technology, and this in two ways, materially and in the realm of ideas. Consider first the material return; a modern physics laboratory could not work without instruments developed for technology and obtainable cheaply because industry needs them in large numbers.

Take just two examples out of many. The use of high vacua—and how many. The use of high vacua—and how important this is!—has been enormously facilitated by the needs first of the electric-light industry and then of the manufacturers of radio valves. Again, the complicated electronic devices which crowd every physics research laboratory would be impossible without the cheap components of all kinds manufactured originally for radio and now for television. For this return by industry I sometimes think we academic scientists are not as grateful as we ought to be.

The other influence of technology is more subtle, but every bit as important. As science advances, concepts tend to become more and more abstract, further from anything that can literally be touched or handled.

This being so, is there not a danger that we may lose touch with reality, and end up by supposing that some elaborate piece of mathematics represents reality when in fact it is only a creation of the mind, inspired indeed by physical reality but no more like it than is a modern picture? I think we are safe so long as the people who make these theories are reasonably close to those who use them, not merely in laboratories but in industry.

A theory that involves detailed consideration of the behaviour of particles less than a millionth of a millionth of an inch across would have seemed to Swift too absurd to be even worth ridicule. Yet one cannot regard it as a pipe dream when it leads to the great reactors of Calder Hall or Chapelcross.

To me, the most amazing thing about science, and the most surprising and exciting fact about our world, is this astonishing connexion between highly abstruse theoretical ideas and the matter of fact, in this case the housewife boiling her kettle with power from nuclei. This surely adds an immense thrill to discovery.

I have no sympathy with those who regard technology as intellectually a poor relation of science. To me, science without technology is incomplete and inconclusive. Systems of philosophy come and go, some are perhaps true, but who can tell? But when conclusions deduced by mathematical theory, from precise experiments, lead to detailed predictions from which working machines can be designed—machines which without the theory no one would have thought of in a million years—then, indeed, one knows that one lives in a universe that is rational and that one has found the key to one of its rooms.

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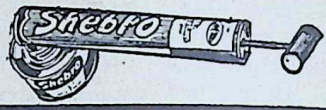

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[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES IV

Sri S. Krishnamurti, Visakhapatnam.

Wings I have not, but can travel
far and wide,
I have a home but I rarely like to
return
I have a tongue and my speech
can make you jump for joy,
or weep of woe
I am no linguist, but convey to
everyone in the tongue he
knows,
And I am an anxiously awaited
guest in every house.
Who am I?

Sri V.V. Visweswaran, Coimbatore.

2. *She knows everyone from birth*
But she is no mother,
She is a constant companion
But she is not a wife
She follows everyone to the
funeral pyre,
But she is no pall-bearer.
Who is she?

Sri Narendra Kumar Kimtee, Hyderabad.

3. *My first some men will often take,*
Entirely for my second's sake,
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear.
Who am I?

Sri Rajan Mani, Bombay.

4. *I am round, but I am not a ball*
I creep slowly, but I am not a
tortoise,
I am found in gardens, but I am
not a flower,
I have a home, but I carry it
wherever I go.
Who am I?

Kum. Kanthimati, Quilon.

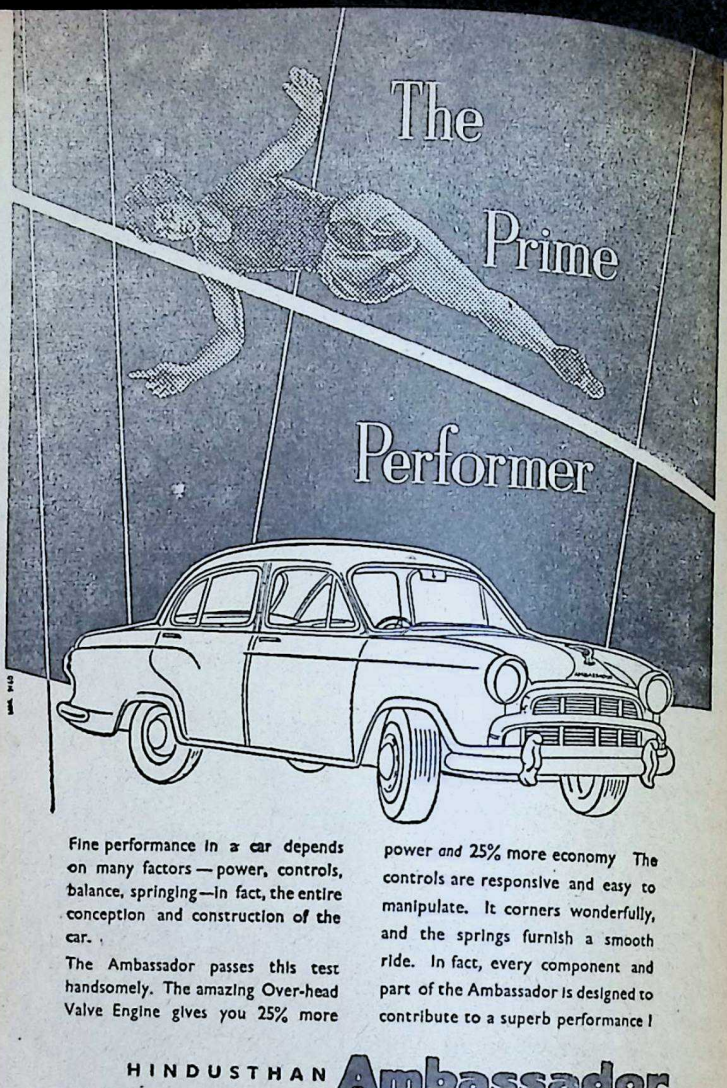
5. *I fly in the sky, but I am no bird,*
I have a tail, but I am not a
monkey,
I have painted horns, I am not a
cow,
Who am I?

Sri K. Rajamani, Alathur.

6. *I am tiny, but I am not an ant*
or rat,
I have head, but no face
I have body, but no limbs
Others think of me as trivial,
But they cannot do without me,
And they use me at my sacrifice.

RIDDLES—Answers to Series III

(1) Potter's wheel (2) Time-piece (3) Book (4) Finger nails (5) Tongue.



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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

853

Sri T.S. Krishna Iyer, Somanur.

Q: *In the Mahabharata Yuddha we find the grandsire Bhishma siding with the Kauravas and fighting against Pandavas knowing as he did that the Pandavas were right. Please explain.*

A: Dharma required of Bhishma that he should support the sovereignty which he had built up. If he had left the Kauravas, Hastinapur, as a sovereign power, would have been destroyed. His conduct shows that in the affairs of State, it becomes a higher duty to fight for its stability and integrity than to stand away by one's personal view of right or wrong.

854

Sri S. Thankappan, Chepua.

Q: *It is mentioned in* Bhagavan Parasurama, *Part II, that the Maharishis Vasishtha and Viswamitra attained salvation when Parasurama was a youth and that Parasurama was the sixth incarnation of God. How does it happen then that these rishis were alive in the days of Sri Rama?*

A: The Vasishtha and Viswamitra of the time of Sri Rama were not the same persons as the Vedic Vasishtha and Viswamitra who took part in the Battle of Ten Kings. Each of them left behind their schools of learning and their later disciples were evidently known by their names.

855

Sri Krishan Lal Varma, Jhansi.

Q: *In his Urdu book entitled* Do Islam, *Ghulam Jilani Barq of Pakistan states that the word "Hindu" does not relate to any Indian language, new or old, and that it was first used by Mahmud Ghaznawi for the "Aryans" of India by way of contempt and that it means "a dark man, a slave, a cunning fellow, etc." Kindly give full information on this point.*

A: The statement in the *Do Islam* is incorrect. Punjab, where the Aryans settled first, was called Sapta Sindhu, the Land of the Seven Rivers, Sindhu meaning a river. The word Sindhu stuck to the main river, which in English we call Indus. The ancient Iranians corrupted Sindhu into Hindu. And those who lived in the valley of Sindhu and across generally came to be known as Hindus. When the Central Asian barbarians invaded India, they adopted the word to indicate the people of the land across the Indus, and being arrogant conquerors—as all conquerors are—they treated the conquered people as infidels and enemies. The British scholars transferred the name to the religion by calling the religion of the Hindus 'Hinduism'.

K. M. MUNSHI'S

Tapaswini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

Who's Who in the Story

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, a truant husband.
SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman.
MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh.
UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England, a Barrister working with Radharaman.
RAJBA :—Sister of Uday Solanki.
POET MATTAMAYUR :—A well-known poet of Gujarat, an orthodox personality for whom poetry was a jugglery of words.
VIDWAN KALIDAS :—Editor of *Sanatan Yug*, an organ of orthodoxy.
SAMAR SINH :—The Prince of Premkot.
HANSKUNVERBA :—Widow of Maharaja of Manigadh.
BECKY :—One of the Eurasian ladies.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, his wife, ultimately returned to England and wrote to Uday seeking divorce from him.

Knowing Samar Sinh's character well, Rajba decided not to marry him. She became almost hysterical. In order to have mental peace, Majiba and Rajba went on a pilgrimage. Now they were at Pondicherry seeking blessings and advice from Sri Aurobindo.

Meanwhile Uday went to Matheran and there met Poet Mattamayur and spent a few days in his company. They discussed *Tapaswini*, a novel, written by Piyush. Mattamayur thought that *Tapaswini* was just pornography and he asked his friend Vidwan Kalidas to condemn the book in the columns of his journal. But Vidwan Kalidas found Tapaswini, though not to his taste, full of life and well-written, recalling memories of his youth.

When Radharaman and Sheela went to Matheran, Uday joined them and all three had a very happy time there.

Hanskunverba was getting tired of life in Manigadh, and she had planned to join Samar Sinh at Premkot. Under the guise of going on a pilgrimage she went to Premkot and was housed in Vihar Bhavan. There she as well as Samar Sinh found happiness in each other's company.

On New Year's Day, Samar Sinh went to Matheran to meet and consult Radharaman. With the coming of Samar Sinh troubles started. While Radharaman, Uday and Sheela were standing outside the Railway station, two Eurasian ladies emerged from the railway station. They came close to where Radharaman and party stood, and waited for a *riksha*. Sheela noticed the fleeting glances exchanged between the Eurasian ladies and Radharaman. That suddenly roused her suspicion and she became sad.

Samar Sinh came out of the platform and greeted Radharaman, Sheela and Uday. He told Radharaman to meet him at Pestonji Villa as he had to consult him on important matters. He also invited Uday to meet him there.

37. WORRIES OF HIS HIGHNESS

UDAY went with Radharaman to Sir Pestonji's bungalow rather reluctantly. He had not succeeded in finding out why His Highness had suddenly become so very ...ly. When plain captain, Samar ... the Maharaja, had deceived his ...y and had humiliated his sister, ... The very thought of that incident even after a lapse of years, was ...ening a closed wound. His Highness and Hanskunverba had then com...y fooled his family and had succ...ully conspired to make him, Uday, ...ness to a dishonest document. He ...ed under the folly on that oc...n.

While one part of his mind was oc...ed with these memories, another ...t of his mind was preoccupied with ...a. The three days during which ...had been thrown together talk...ing and laughing had re-awak...him, as it were, and once again ...lt his mind and heart pulsating ... joyous enthusiasm. He was ...med by her manner, her way of ...ing and singing, her affectionate ...d yet dignified ways, in short, with ...ything about her. This did not ...n that outwardly there had been ...change in his behaviour towards ...: to him she was still the wife of ... professional boss, his *guru*. Never...ss there had been added to the re...n a new element. His respect for ... was converted into adoration.

Sheela had not been able to conceal ... distress at what she expected ...d happen as a result of the ex...ge of meaningful glances between her husband and the unknown woman. Since their return from the station, her sadness, evident on her face, was very disquieting to Uday. He could not fathom the reason for this sudden change. If there had been any opportunity for him to meet Sheela by herself he would have asked her and tried to do what he could to console her. No such opportunity, however, offered itself.

Pestonji Villa was on the way to the Louisa Point. As soon as they arrived at the Villa, they met His Highness who seemed to have been waiting for them anxiously. They were cordially received by His Highness. Radharaman and His Highness had similar tastes and were close associates in their pleasures and Uday could not help feeling that he had no business to be there at all. After some time, His Highness and Radharaman retired to another room for discussing important matters.

Left alone, Uday went out for a stroll. He was still unhappy at the thought of Sheela being left to herself on the New Year Day. Radharaman could have invited His Highness to his own house on such an auspicious day instead of leaving his wife to her own devices in a solitary house. Verily, he murmured to himself the line of the poet: "Happiness was not to be found in palaces, nor in bedsteads of gold and rich trapping". All this talk of love was just romantic nonsense, he thought to himself. In real life, there were only couples such as himself and Alice, Radharaman and Sheela! Could this

not have been the reason why Rajba had not decided to marry? Some sixth sense must have warned her of the unhappiness that lay behind the facade of love.

These three days had made Uday see how well Sheela ran her house. Although she never raised her voice nor spoke harshly to her servants, they were prompt and punctilious in carrying out her orders. Everything was to be found in its place. Nothing was untidy. Everyone's convenience was looked after. So successful was her management that everything was done without any friction and an outsider would have found it difficult even to discover that it was Sheela who was responsible for the clocklike working of the household.

Uday was charmed by her society manners. Whatever she did was appropriate to the occasion. Whoever she talked to felt that she was deeply interested in him. Uday was not by nature very sociable but within three days he had come so close to Sheela that it seemed to him as if they had known each other and had been friends for years. She seemed to have understood him sympathetically and so she seemed to understand everyone whom she met. It was many years now since Uday had enjoyed himself so well, and had this unexpected cloud not come, he would have looked back to the memory of those days with pure joy and delight.

Uday's thoughts were interrupted by a servant of His Highness, who had come to request him to accompany him to where His Highness was. As soon as he returned to the Villa, His Highness greeted him and invited him to take a seat.

He then turned to Radharaman and said: "Excuse me. I have to go o and shall be back in a minute. In the meantime you may talk things over with Uday. When you are ready, please send for me. Uday, my boy, I need your help badly. Do not fail me. Radharaman will explain things."

Uday immediately realised that the problem was not one which needed knowledge of the law for its solution but that some nefarious scheme was afoot to get him involved. Radharaman wasted no time and straightaway started to use his great skill and persuasive powers to make Uday do what he wanted. "Uday, listen," remarked the barrister in a voice sweet as honey. "This is a very important matter. His Highness has got into serious trouble and we have to pull him out of it".

"Surely there is nothing about which you cannot advise properly. What is there for me to do?" replied Uday. This was an opening gambit and he wanted to see how Radharaman would proceed further.

"I need in particular your help in this matter. Listen, I will be very frank with you. Many years ago, His Highness had been engaged to your sister Raj. He was very fond of her but because of unavoidable circumstances that marriage had to be called off. Pressures which he could not resist forced him to marry the daughter of a ruling house."

Uday still carried the painful memory of that incident. He had felt deeply wounded at the way in which His Highness had conducted himself towards his sister. It was with great difficulty that he now controlled his

"My dear sir, is there any in your reviving an unpleasant of the past? Please do not about it."

Look, Uday, I realise how unhappy are about it. There should be com- frankness between us. I do not that I should keep anything back you; that would do me no cre- would it be fair to you."

day realised that Radharaman was to make the best of a bad job a skilful barrister. He was impa- however, and wanted to put an to all this sparring. "Sir, you can save His Highness from what- mess he has got into. I would request you not to bring in personal matters into our discus- Uday made the appeal exercis- great self-control.

"My boy, this is a strange world. is not enough to have good inten- good feelings and affectionate ions. Business is business. And have necessarily to find a right" remarked Radharaman as he out for the waiter and asked to bring tea. "Look, Uday, His ness feels very sorry that he was to marry Rajba."

But why should he be sorry? I am unhappy; nor is Rajba," replied

Never mind. But His Highness has great regard for your mother and maternal uncle. He wants to Rajba. And as Bhupat's friend, is something which I also would as very desirable."

Sir, you wanted me to speak frank- remarked Uday, controlling his anger. And then he started mak- points, counting them on his

... Barrister Radharaman is also there ...

fingers. "First, we are not worthy objects of His Highness' grace. Second, even if she were on her death-bed, Raj would not care to look at His Highness' face. You do not know her or you would not even dream of suggesting such a thing. Third, even if everyone in my house was prepared to accept His Highness' offer, I would not accept it, whatever the consequences."

"Now, now, why do you speak with such heat," interjected Radharaman affecting deep feeling for Uday.

"Please excuse me, I beseech you to refrain from exercising your courtcraft on me. I cannot cope with you

in argument and would beg of you, therefore, not to talk about this matter. But please tell me frankly, why is it that His Highness has begun suddenly to display so much affection for me? What is the real motive?"

"Alright, alright, let us come to brass tacks." Radharaman burst out laughing as if so far it had all been a joke. He had now reconciled himself to the new situation. "You surely know Hanskunverba, the Dowager Maharani of Manigadh, well."

"Very well indeed. She is—worse luck—my aunt."

"Now she has become the cause of misfortune to His Highness. And that is due to something of importance which he has given to her in writing."

"I know something more than what His Highness has perhaps told you," explained Uday. "Do you think that His Highness is showing so much affection for me without any ulterior motive? The two of them deceived me once into being a witness to that document."

"I see, I see. His Highness must get back that document now," said Radharaman as if he was talking about some quite insignificant matter.

"My aunt is not such a simple person as to give away a document of that importance. For months past, she has been enjoying His Highness' company at Vihar Bhavan at Premkot. Why does he not ask her for the document?" Radharaman laughed loudly as he said: "Well, then you know everything. Let me be quite frank. His Highness obtained his rulership with the help of the eight lakhs of rupees he obtained from His Highness Ganga Sinh of Manigadh. At that time Sir Chandulal and I were his advi[illegible] After the death of Ganga Sinh, Ha[illegible] kunverba tried to put forward [illegible] claims of an imposter child. She [illegible] unsuccessful."

"I know all that very well, for I h[illegible] been sent by Hanskunverba to C[illegible] Venlock to represent her case, and [illegible] can assure you, I had never been ma[illegible] to look more foolish," commen[illegible] Uday.

"Well, it would have been a go[illegible] thing had it all ended there. Yo[illegible] aunt seems to be a veritable witch. S[illegible] appears to have mesmerised His Hi[illegible] ness."

"That of course I saw for myse[illegible] remarked Uday bitterly, "even wh[illegible] His Highness Ganga Sinh was alive" he added.

"Then there was between them a lover's correspondence." Radharam[illegible] now appeared to have decided to g[illegible] out all the details. "They came to th[illegible] conclusion that they could not do wi[illegible] out each other, so they hatched a plo[illegible] Hanskunverba was to leave Ma[illegible] gadh ; on the way to Banaras, it wa[illegible] to be reported that she had die[illegible] Thereafter she was to dress herself a[illegible] a nurse and proceed to Colombo, an[illegible] from there to take a steamer to Eu[illegible] rope to join His Highness."

"And it was this gentleman that you wanted my sister to marry," remark[illegible] ed Uday with a scarcely veiled bitter[illegible] ness in his voice.

"It is our duty to put forward our client's case as ably as possible," re[illegible] torted Radharaman, and continued: "His Highness wrote a number of let[illegible] ters explaining this plot. By then His Highness had become so mad after Hanskunverba that he invited her to

Premkot and settled her in Vihar Bha-

"The whole of Saurashtra has been talking about nothing else but the love affair of these two."

"Here is the rub. They have thrown their discretion to the winds. Whether out of his passion for Hanskunverba, or because of the fear that she may make use of the document and the correspondence, His Highness has found it difficult to send her away. Their conduct has become so scandalous that the Agent General can no longer ignore it and has been compelled to warn him. But what can His Highness do? How can he push out Hanskunverba? She has now threatened to publish the document and the correspondence. The position now is that His Highness may even lose his lordship. Next month the Agent General is to visit Premkot and unless His Highness is able to recover or suppress these documents, he will be in great trouble."

"But what has that to do with me? You reap what you sow."

"No, no. We must do what we can to save His Highness. If necessary, you must go to your aunt. Do something. His Highness is prepared to spend any amount of money, if only you can persuade Hanskunverba to leave Premkot and retrieve the papers from her."

"I am afraid, my aunt will not hand over the papers so easily. She is capable of teaching us all a lesson or two."

"Well, well, it seems your aunt is well worth cultivating," remarked Radharaman who was now anxious to mollify Uday.

"Why are you taking such a pessimistic view? Make an effort. It will be very much to your advantage. You will become known among the princely circles and gain very lucrative practice. Sir Chandulal and I have a very profitable practice among them."

"I am afraid, my aunt will not listen to me," said Uday.

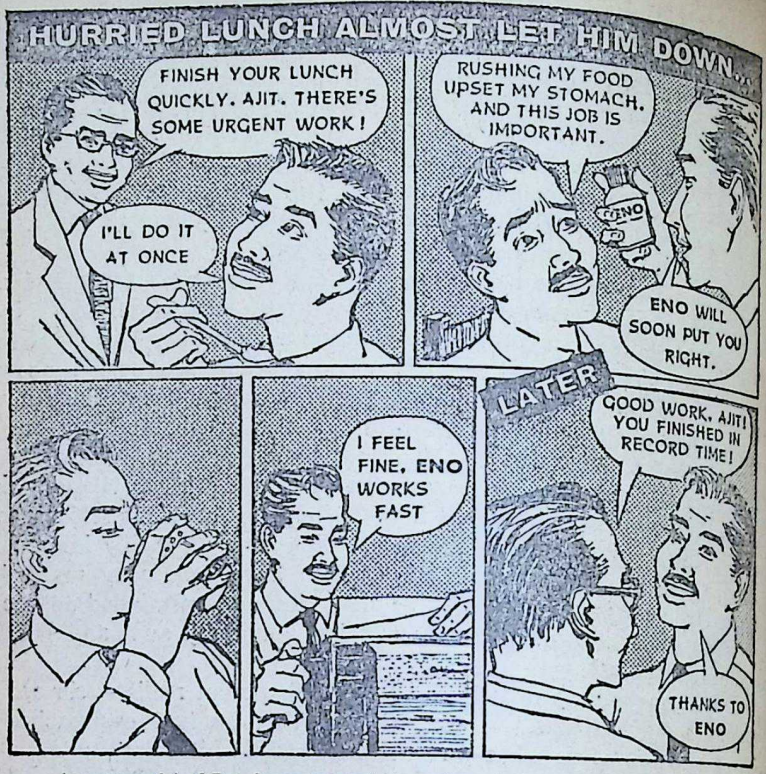
"The document has been witnessed by you. How can it be proved without your testimony. She will have to listen to what you say," suggested Radharaman.

Uday was embarrassed and deeply hurt at the suggestion made by Radharaman that he, Uday, should not mind adopting improper means to obtain the papers from Hanskunverba. He said somewhat bitterly but without mincing words, "Please forgive me. I do not wish to take any part in this affair. It hurts my self-respect and I think it is all highly improper. It would have been very much better, had you not mentioned to me anything about my aunt and His Highness."

Radharaman realised, shrewd as he was, that he had overreached himself, and that if he attempted to bring more pressure on Uday, it could only be at the risk of his professional reputation. So he reversed the gears. "Well done, well done, my boy. I congratulate you on your integrity. It is much better not to use improper means. If you can think of any other way of assisting His Highness, please let me know before tomorrow morning when His Highness and I would be leaving."

"Of course, if anything occurs to me, I shall let you know. But there is very little chance of my changing my mind and I doubt whether I shall be able to think of anything."

"Where is your sister?" enquired



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man anxiously. "How old is

is twenty-one."

would like to meet her when we

Bombay."

the moment she is in Pondi-

with Majiba. I would be grate-

you would let me go without

ing to meet His Highness. I

in a proper frame of mind at

I would request you there-

make my excuses," said Uday

stood up to go.

well understand your feelings,"

Radharaman as he somewhat

ately patted Uday. "But, my

cannot afford to be so sensi-

our profession. The sooner you

yourself the better," and then

his hand round Uday's should-

continued: "Well, if you want

by all means you may. It is

just as well. Sheela is all by

Will you give a message from

her? I have some urgent work

His Highness and I shall be de-

Do not wait for me for din-

Sheela will have prepared some-

nice. If you like, invite the Kavi-

He must have had enough of the

food. Good luck, and look after

wife," and as he concluded, he

at Uday.

Uday was taken aback by this im-

nent suggestion. To cut a joke at

expense of such a good woman

Sheelaben! He could not help

ing of the unhappy relationship

the two. Without another word he

ted waving good-bye to his *guru*.

As he passed through the dining

he saw that the table was being

for four persons. So Samar Sinh

hoped that he (Uday) would be

nded to dine there. Scoundrel!

the house, Sheelaben would have been all alone, he reflected. When he left Pestonji Villa it was already late. He had not gone very far when he met two Eurasian women coming towards him. They were talking and laughing among themselves. One of them stopped him and asked how far Pestonji Villa was. "You turn to the right and you will come to it almost immediately," replied Uday, rather taken aback at the question.

"Does His Highness of Premkot live there? Are you coming from there? Is there anyone else?"

Uday's suspicions were aroused. He was now certain that these were the two women whom he had seen at the station alighting from the train which brought His Highness. He also recollected that that was the moment from which Sheela's sadness had begun. He replied: "Barrister Radharaman is also there."

The two women broke out in loud laughter. "Come along, Becky," called the woman who had been talking with Uday, to her companion. Suddenly Uday realised what the cause of Sheela's unhappiness was. He was disgusted. What a terrible fate for such a fine woman, at once so affectionate, so cultured and so sensitive! What a man Radharaman was to have left his wife on the New Year Day to go to Pestonji Villa for such a woman! He had never given any credence to the stories that had been going the round in the Bar Library, and had thought that they were all born of professional jealousy. Now he saw the truth. His imaginative mind pictured the unhappiness of the lonely wife. If he could, he would have done something to console her but there was nothing that he could do about it.

[To be continued]

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FTER vowing before the Brahmarakshas in the manner desired, Ratnamandana returned and related to his father, Nanda, all that had happened and the vow under which had returned. The aged King shocked to hear them and nearly on realizing the danger in his beloved son stood.

sent word to the royal astrologer Sarma and bewailed: "Alas! the blessings of the holy have come to nought!" and all he had heard from his son. Sarma quickly computed chart of the planets and after ex- it carefully, observed: "My the planets indicate no harm to son. On the contrary, they all to be one in the opinion that but happiness can happen to you or your son. The planets never lie. The ways of God are able. Be not afraid. Keep cheer-

is easy to console others but hard with oneself. The King embrac- son again and again and cried: possibly can your mother bear you killed by a Brahmarakshas! again, could the aged nurse who you up from the cradle bear separate from you? Look at the sweet face of your wife. ....'

Ratnamandana pitied his father and Father, it ill becomes kings of calibre to feel so lost at the separation of a son. Don't you recollect that once we are born in this body, we have perforce to depart one day or the other? Look, what a difference it makes to die an ordinary death from becoming food for hungry soul. Son becomes one only when he contributes to the glory of his clan and never otherwise. As you know, our clan has so far been unsullied in its history. I, for my part, shall never be party to any action that will tamper with our prestige. A deep well is preferable to a hundred fountains; a *yaga* is holier than digging a hundred wells; a son is greater than performing a hundred *yagas*; uncompromising truthfulness is greater than a hundred sons. You will see that it is not difficult to have many sons like me, but very much so to keep to truth on which the super-structure of this world really rests. I shall not therefore tarry longer. Be of cheer!"

So saying, the Prince quitted his father's presence and entered his mother's room. Prostrating before her, he comforted her saying: "Mother! you know very well that, for women, it is not their parents, brothers or even sons who contribute to their happiness and glory. Their husbands alone can fetch them. I am confident therefore that you will continue to care for the happiness and love of my father!"

Taking leave of the sobbing mother, Ratnamandana went to the room of his wife, Pushpagandhi. Embracing her fondly, he said: "My love, what the astrologer had said on the day of your

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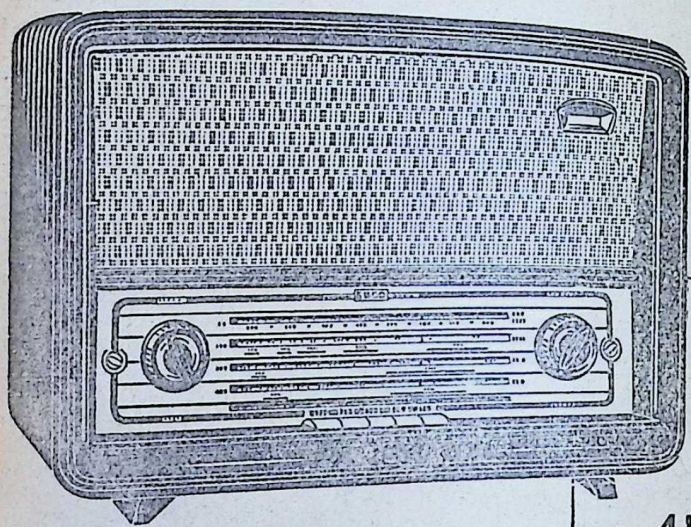

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has come true today. The Brahmarakshas is awaiting my return. Give me leave!"

Pushpa: "My lord! You are learned and I have heard great say that when a dangerous situation arises a wise man does not rush into the jaws of death but thinks and does his very best to outwit that danger. It passes my comprehension why a lord who does not lag behind anyone in wisdom, intelligence and courageousness, should talk in this fashion."

Rama: You may be right in your conversation. But it is a fact that I have given my word to somebody to return at once. Would it be wise of me to break that pledge once it has been made? Do you call a liar's life a life at all?

Pushpa: Would my lord tell me the nature of that pledge?

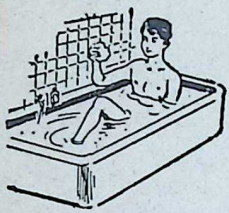
Rahmamandana explained to her in brief the circumstances and the nature of the plighted word.

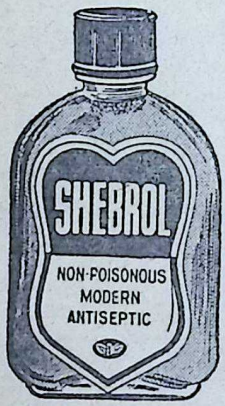
Wise men have observed that the intelligence of women is four times that of men. Pushpa gladly gave him leave saying: "You may return to the Brahmarakshas, but may the flowers on my head remain fresh till you return!"

Rahmamandana smiled at her naivety and after sporting a kiss on her forehead, walked away with a jauntiness in his steps.

The anatomy of the world is as strange as the minds of the creatures that people it. The amazing part of the thing is each considers himself as the last word in fair or correct judgement.

The people of the city who saw the parting of these two young lovers, commented: "Is the heart of the girl made of stone to say such words and feel so cheeky? One can understand her attitude if her husband had been a cripple, disabled, ugly or otherwise





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undesirable. What cheek should s
have to send such an exemplary h
band direct to the jaws of death w
not a tear in her eyes! The Prin
owes everything that is happen
now to himself and his own pighea
edness. When his parents objected
this marriage, he stood on one leg a
married the unlucky girl and today
rues his fate. Alas Prince! This g
should turn out to be your Yama!"

Ratnamandana returned to the D
bar like a bridegroom heading for t
wedding hall. He prostrated be
fore his father and holy Brahmins L
Chandra Sarma. Blessed by them a
Ratnamandana walked briskly alone
the direction of the forest and the ci
zens watched him with the same se
timents as did the citizens of Ayodh
watch when Sri Rama went into ex

But few noticed the heavily veil
female figure that emerged from t
palace and shadowed the Prince a
some distance. It was no other th
Princess Pushpagandhi.

Not finding Ratnamandana retur
for some time, the Brahmaraksh
started thinking: "The sun has almo
set and my hunger is mounting. I hop
the Prince has the sense not to d
bunk me; for as surely as I am,
shall devour the entire city."

Seeing Ratnamandana return hu
riedly, the Brahmarakshas descend
on the ground and extending its hand
caught hold of the Prince's pigtail a
baring its fearsome teeth was about
thrust the Prince's head into
mouth, when Princess Pushpagan
jumped before it and said *"Bhik*
dehi" meaning *"Give me alms!"*

The Brahmarakshas looked up

and asked: "What kind of
do you need?"
ood my husband as my alms!"
she.
Brahmarakshas could not help
surprise at the request.
it: "Isn't it uncanny that she
pay me in the same coin?"
win!" exclaimed the Brahma-
and left Ratnamandana.
angels gathered at the spot and
all the three for safeguarding
and receiving eternal benefit.
there descended an aerial
from heaven which lighted the
corners of the earth. The Brah-
has cast off its form and be-
an angel, took off to heaven
vehicle. While departing, it
the princely couple: "Permit
thank you heartily for giving
opportunity for performing a
dharma and thus helping me
liberation. May God bless you
long, happy married life," and
into the cloud, finally reach-
dra-Sabha.

princely couple returned to the
the aged King and Queen
mightily pleased at the way things
and were full of praise for
and His ways which were spot-
by *dharma*.
ndra Sarma observed: "The
of holy Brahmins can never go
ng."
said: "The good fortune of
connived at the Prince's escape
sure jaws of death!"
blessed by the people, the
lived a long and delightful life.

Sarpati philosophised: "Bhoja! Therefore, if an unexpected guest announces himself at the time of meals, one must share one's food even if he is actually eating."

Replied Bhoja: "Deva! I am greatly obliged to you for these interesting anecdotes. I now quite appreciate the need for parting with one's meals when another is in need of it. Now, can you enlighten me the full consequences of feeding an *athithi?*"

"With pleasure," replied Sarpati. Continuing, he said: "It is impossible even for Brahma to fully describe all the virtuous effects of feeding the *athithi*. Listen to this story."

[*To be continued*]

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Left: Sri M. B. Pimputkar of the Press speaking on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Press.

Right: Sri S. K. Patil, Chief Guest, speaking on the occasion.

3rd FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATIONS

HE Foundation Day celebrations which started from Saturday the 3rd December, 1960 till the 14th December, 1960, ...ing to the programme already ...ished in these columns.

...ER JUBILEE: THE PRESS

The function started on 3rd December with the Silver Jubilee of the Associated Advertisers & Printers, who ...tute the Printing Division of the ...n. On the evening of that day ...premises of the Press was tastefully ...rated and over 1000 guests at...ded the function. Kulapati Sri K. ... Munshi who presided over the ...ion, welcoming Sri S. K. Patil, ...n Minister for Food and Agri...re, who was the Chief Guest of ... day, and other invitees to the oc...n, delivered the following address:

I take this opportunity to thank ... S. K. Patil for his kindness ... accepting our invitation to inau...te the Silver Jubilee of the Bhavan's Press. As you know, it was Sri Patil who founded the Associated Advertisers & Printers and established this Press twenty-five years ago and in the beginning, for some years, took an active interest in its management, Sri Patil has also been a friend of the Bhavan from its inception, and whenever required, has given it unstinted help.

In 1950, when the Bhavan's publication programme was planned on an extensive scale, it was felt that it would remain unrealised without a printing press of its own. The Bhavan, therefore, acquired a majority interest in the share capital of the Associated.

First, Sri Dharamsey Khatau, then Sri Jasvantlal Matubhai, Sir Chunilal B. Mehta, and later Sri Shrigopal Nevatia, acted as its Chairmen. Sarvasri Jagjivandas, Dave, Krishnamurti and Ramakrishnan undertook the office of Directors. Ramakrishnan, then the Registrar, and Raman, then the Deputy

Registrar, spared no pains to build up the Press.

Above all, the workers of the Press felt the change. They were no longer employees; they were comrades in the great mission for which the Bhavan stands—the re-integration of Indian Culture. Everyone worked in a spirit of dedication. In this connection, Padval, Works Manager and Viswanath, Technical Superintendent, deserve special mention.

The workers, both honorary and stipendiary, were now a family, building up their common heritage. The Bhavan had acquired the interest in the Press not to run a business concern, but to convert it into an effective instrument of the Bhavan in its attempt to spread education and culture.

The Trustees of the Bhavan completely took over the Press in 1957.

Having begun my earning life, when a law student, as a proof-reader, I had looked forward to establishing an academy where poor and deserving students of the College can do part-time work to pay as they study. A Printing Academy was, therefore, established primarily to train college students to learn press work to supplement their income, and at the same time learn a trade.

During the years that the Press has been a part of the Bhavan, it has turned out educational and cultural works of the order of Rs. 20,00,000. It has printed five volumes of the *HISTORY & CULTURE OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE*, which has established a world-wide reputation; 800,000 copies of our Book University volumes, and BHAVAN'S JOURNAL in 3 languages, which have a sale of about 100,000 copies in a month. Above a the Press has established an all-Ind reputation in printing by its efficie and promptitude, its neatness and a curacy.

The pressure of work has led to e Press being expanded. It is now fu modernised. Plans have also been fr lised to expand the Academy of Pr ing into a College of Journalism Printing, which will start from Ju next year.

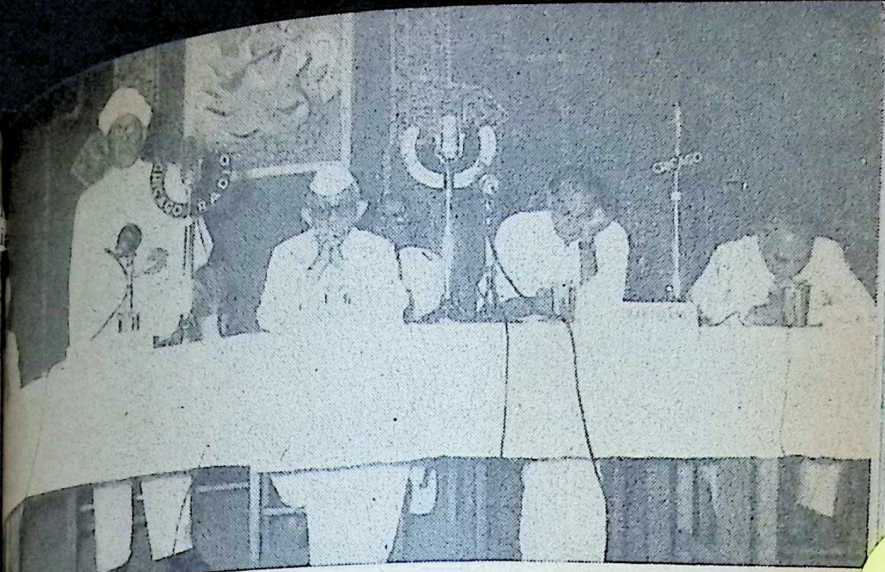
In the Bhavan, whether it is Sa krit Mahavidyalaya or the Kala Ke dra or the Colleges or the Press, the is no employer and no employee, n master and no servant; no one h rights, he has only duties. All th workers, whether honorary or stipe diary, knit together by a family bo inspired by the common zeal to ser the aims of the Bhavan.

The Bhavan can look back w satisfaction on the work the Press h done. The achievement is actually du to the fact that all workers bring t it the zest of private enterprise wi out the greed of personal motive an the efficiency of successful busin with a missionary spirit of dedicat

And to all the members of the Bh van's family, whatever work they d I express my thanks for the noble tr dition which they have built up.

In commemoration of this oc casion, the Bhavan has decided to g a special bonus of one month's sal to the staff and workers of the Pr and to give special awards to th who have completed 25 years of serv The awards will be presented t morrow at the Convocation.

I will now invite Sri Patil to inau gurate the Silver Jubilee of the Pres



Symposium: L to R: Sri Sriman Narayan, Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar (speaking), Sri Munshiji, Acharya Kripalani and Sri H. M. Patel.

Sri S. K. Patil who spoke next, recalled the early days of the press which himself had the honour to start. He particularly gratified that what he started 25 years ago in a humble way blossomed into one of the most leading presses of India and could boast of printing several major works of quality and quantity to its credit. He paid a tribute to the memory of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel who had helped him with money and parental care in the building of this press in its initial stages. He narrated some of the difficulties which the press had gone through during those years. He praised the workers of those years who had put their heart and soul in their work. He felt that the same spirit was continuing even today. He praised Sri K. Munshi for his manifold activities particularly for making the Bhavan take over the Press and build it up to such huge proportions. He wished the Press many more years of useful service to the country.

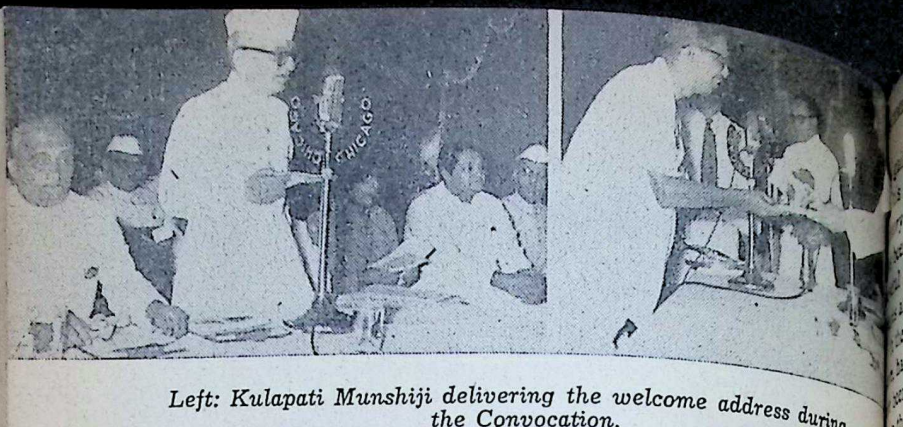
Sri Pimputkar of the press spoke on behalf of the workers of the press and garlanded Sri Patil, Sri Munshiji and other authorities of the press.

The party of guests was taken round the press where they were shown the streamlined automatic machines newly installed, the composing rooms and the rest of the organisation.

After the meeting was over, the guests were hosted by the Press at a brief tea party.

CONVOCATION

On Sunday, the 4th instant, the Fourteenth Convocation of the Bhavan was held at which, again, Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Food and Agriculture, was the Chief Guest. After the usual ceremonial procession of the office-bearers and the Heads of the Departments into the auditorium, there was Vedic invocation, recited by Acharya Venkateswara Dikshitar,



Left: Kulapati Munshiji delivering the welcome address during the Convocation.
Right: Sri S. K. Patil presenting to Sri D. R. Padwal, Works Manager of the Pr the silver plate for meritorious service in the Press for over 25 years.

after which H. H. Sri Shankaracharya of Dwarka gave his benedictions. Sri K. M. Munshi thereafter welcomed the Chief Guest and other invitees to the function in the following words:

I am happy indeed to welcome Sri S. K. Patil amongst us today. Though I welcome him as the chief guest, he is no stranger to us. He is one of us, ever solicitous of the welfare of the Bhavan.

For over three decades now, Sri Patil has served Bombay in several spheres. As an outstanding Bombayite, he led its war of freedom in the thirties and later presided over its civic affairs. Today he fills the high position in the Central Government as Food Minister —a position of great responsibility. But more—there has not been a noble public cause to which he has not extended his support in this country.

With these celebrations we begin the twenty-third year of the Bhavan. During these years, it has travelled far. Beginning as a humble institution for the study of languages, it has grown into a national institution with international contacts. It has a membership of 475, with 6 branches in the cou and 13 institutions; a publication o put of roughly 2 lakhs volumes p year and over 50,000 copies per is of its journals; an annual budget Rs. 51.5 lakhs; dozens of honora workers and 628 stipendiary worke This success is due to the spirit of those who worked for it with sing minded enthusiasm.

The Bhavan can look back wi satisfaction on the work it has don It has been due only to the fact th all workers bring to it the zest of p vate enterprise but without the gr of personal motive, the efficiency o successful business but with a missi nary spirit of dedication. And to these members of the Bhavan's fam whatever work they do, I express m thanks for the noble tradition wh they have built up.

This year the Bhavan has made p gress in several directions.

The Academy of Printing, which goes by its familiar name Associ Advertisers & Printers, the Sil Jubilee of which we celebrated yes day, is now considerably expanded

ed an all-India reputation.

year, the sixth volume of the *k Culture of the Indian People* been published, and so have been volumes of the Singhi Jain and the Book University.

College, the shibir, its cultural has come to stay, though it has been very effective. This year we the annual Endowment Lectures dian Culture and the Birla Enment Lectures on History. The of Languages conducted by the Branch, which is fairly popular, Sanskrit, German, Russian and languages. The Madras Kenhas now begun its work in right

project of an Engineering Colwill soon be implemented. Its foundstone is proposed to be laid uary 1961. This College will be a rial which the Bhavan proposes to the great Sardar Vallabhbhai who, under Gandhiji's guidance, battle of national freedom, and for whom India would never have what it is—integrated as it was before. He was closely asd with the Bhavan, and we hope memorial will remind Bombay—the country—of what he was and what legacy he left us.

project of the College of Journ and Printing is taking shape. Sometimes I stand afraid at this expansion of the Bhavan lest many such attempts it might be a mere educational society, of its sense of mission to reIndian Culture. There are too elements floating in the atmosin which stifle ethico-spiritual motives of such institutions. Luckily, however, we have men and women amongst us dedicated to the Bhavan's aims. My prayer to God has been always to give us more and more of them, not merely efficient workers and high-browed academicians. Without them, Bhavan will lose its soul.

God, in His inscrutable wisdom, has deprived the Bhavan of some of its valuable friends, without whom it could not have grown so fast. Among them were Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, who was the first to give encouragement to the Bhavan idea; Sri Mungalal Goenka, whose generous donation first gave it shape; Dewan Bahadur Krishnalal Jhaveri, its guide, philosopher and friend; Sri Babu Bahadur Singhi, Sri Megji Mathuradas, Sri Pranlal Devkaran Nanji and Sri Gordhandas Sonavala, all of whom helped it grow by their whole-hearted co-operation; Principal V. N. Bhushan who, to his last breath, worked to build up the college.

In this connection I may also mention a valued friend of the Bhavan—Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, who never stinted help whenever he was approached for it.

Recently Bhavan has lost a very valuable worker in Srimati Sarayubala Khandwalla, who had devoted herself to build up the Stree Seva Sangh—its women's wing—with unceasing enthusiasm.

The Bhavan, like many such institutions, stands confronted with the crisis through which our culture is passing. Materialism is casting an increasingly sinister shadow over our land—as over many lands. In trying to secure economic advance in breath-

less hurry, we do not count the cost in terms of higher value. A generation of Indians, therefore, is springing up whose roots in the soil on the one hand stand weakened by the cult of crime and sex popularised by the West, and on the other, are denied nourishment by a blind neglect of the ethico-spiritual inspiration of our ancient values.

However, I see a change coming over the world. Material values, so far deified by the West, are leading to cultural decadence. A new awareness of the need for moral reconstruction of humanity is dawning among Western thinkers, though it has not yet come to some in this country who have a pathetic belief in the dogma that external change suffices to change the man.

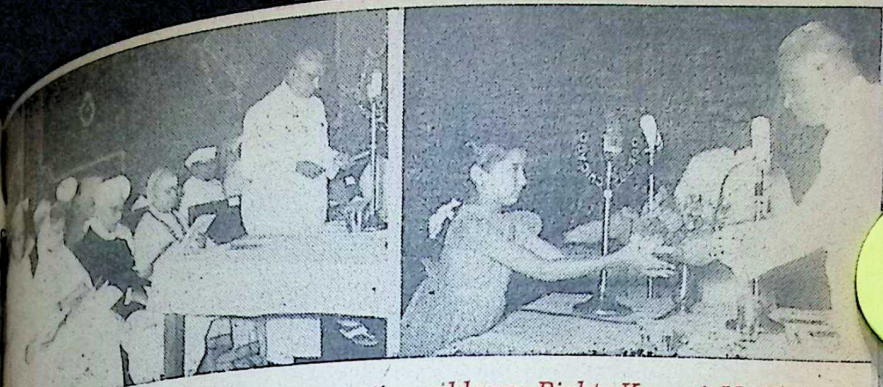
It is, therefore, essential that we should extricate our religious attitude on life and culture from outmoded forms and outworn superstitions; that we should realise more clearly that the supremacy of the Spirit over material values and demoralising environments alone will enable man to fulfil himself. This implies a new outlook, a new awareness, a new sense of dedication to Truth, Beauty and Love, —a new vitality to the age-old but ever new message *tena tyaktena bhunjithah*—By giving up the lure of life alone can we enjoy it.

To work for this object, however humbly, is the aim of the Bhavan; it is the work of God, and in this noble mission, we should all join hands if man has to be rescued from the decadent values which have made life in modern times a nightmare.

Report

Sri J. H. Dave, Honorary Direc then read the Annual Report, in w he described the various activitie the Bhavan during the year just p ed. Here are a few points from t Report:

From the Mumbadevi San Mahavidyalaya 29 students qua for the Acharya Diploma and 59 the Shastri Diploma. In the Saral S skrit section 31,752 candidates a peared for the different examinat from 357 centres. 43 text-books h been published for these examinat in Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, S Tamil, Kannada and English. 1 students appeared for the Higher S skrit Examinations. 635 students t the Gita Examination. 15 students w working for the Ph.D. degree in t Research and Post Graduate Dep ment. Volume VI of the *History o Culture of the Indian People* was r leased. There were 65,000 volume the Library and its membership st at 1056. The Children's Library h 7500 books. 30 Colleges had ent this year's Inter-Collegiate Dram Competition with 72 One-Act plays 7 languages. 21 candidates from t Sangeet Sikshapith appeared for t Sangeet Examination of Bhatkha Sangeeth Vidya Pith, Lucknow, all whom had passed successfully, securing first class. This year the W tern Staff Notation was introduced this section with suitable adaptatio Indian music, as a result of the ef of Mr. Howard Boatwright of U.S. who worked in the Siksha Peeth u the American Fulbright Scholar Scheme. 127 Students were unde ing training in Classical Dances u



Sri S. K. Patil, delivering the Convocation address: Right: Kumari M. Chokshi with the medal for being first in the Kathak division of the Nartan Siksha Pith.

the Nartan Shiksha Pith. So far 47 volumes have been published in the Singhi Jain Series. 9 new titles were released in the popular Book University Series with reprints. Over half a dozen books in the General Series were also published. The number of students in the Meghji Mathradas College of Arts & Narrondass Manordass Institute of Science was 2962. 210 students lived in the Hostel. A platoon of the NCC is attached to the College. A special feature of the College is their regular morning prayers and the periodical 'Shibir', where Kulapati, Upa-Kulapatis, Principal, staff-members and students met and discussed matters of general importance for three to four hours at a stretch and had common lunch or dinner. The Delhi Kendra progressed satisfactorily. The public school attached to that Kendra coached students for the Overseas Certificate Examination. There is also an Academy of Languages teaching Sanskrit, French, German, Russian and Spanish. The School of Indian Culture at this Kendra held 30 lectures on Indian culture by eminent scholars. The Madras Kendra moved into a bigger premises in Tyagarayanagar. Regular classes for teaching Saral Sanskrit as also *Bhagavad Gita* were conducted. The Bangalore Kendra had now a regular, well equipped office in Residency Road. The U.P. Government had allotted a plot of land in a central locality for a building for the Kanpur Centre. Periodical lectures on cultural subjects by scholars were among the regular activities of the Allahabad Kendra. A Music School is also being run by them. The Stree Seva Sangh conducted various cultural and social activities for the benefit of women and children including the looking after of the children's library.

After the reading of the Report, the Heads of the different Departments presented the successful candidates and prize-winners to the Chief Guest, who awarded Diplomas, Medals and Prizes:

Summary of Prize-winners, etc.

(a) Sri Ramashankar Tripathi won the Kulapati's Gold Medal for being adjudged the best student of the Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya. (b) Sri B. A. Nanavati and Sri N. I. Joshi, students of the Bombay Astrological Society, were awarded the Society's Certificate of Merit. (c) Principal C. D. Nagarkar was awarded the Maganlal Dress-

wala Gold Medal for his outstanding contribution to the cause of Indian Classical Music. (d) Sri Shambhuram Joshi was awarded a Tambura as the best student of Bhavan's Sangeet Shikshapith. (e) Kumari Sumati Rao was awarded the Kulapati's Silver Medal as the best student of Bhavan's Nartan Shikshapith in Bharata Natyam. (f) Kumari Minal Chokshi won the Kulapati's Silver Medal in Kathak. (g) 11 workers of the Associated Advertisers & Printers were awarded Silver Plates for having completed 25 years of service in the Press. (h) Kumari H. H. Shah was awarded the Kulapati's Gold Medal as the best student of the Bhavan's College. (i) Kumari Kunda Nabar won the Kulapati's Silver Medal as the best lady student of the College. (j) Sri R. B. Deora was awarded the Kulapati's Silver Medal as the best student of the Arts Section of the Bhavan's College. (k) Sri R. M. Kamath won the Kulapati's Silver Medal for the best student of the Science College. (l) Sri Dhirubhai V. Patel won the Kulapati's Bronze Medal as the best student of the Hansraj Morarji Public School, Andheri. (m) Sri D. N. Hodar won the Kulapati's Bronze Medal as the best student of Bai Kabibai High School.

After the Upanishadic Exhortation in Sanskrit by Acharya T.A.V. Dikshitar, Sri S. K. Patil delivered the Convocation Address, which is as follows:

I am grateful for the opportunity which has been given to me for addressing this formal academic function in an atmosphere somewhat unusual from the one I am accustomed to from the public platforms in my home city of Bombay. It is not so easy to imbibe the peaceful atmosphere of an academic function but I realize what place such an occasion has, not only in the academic life of an Institution but also in the career of its students.

Today many of you would be crossing the thresholds of this Institution to make your mark in the wider sphere of life. For others, this function constitutes the shape of things to come and it fills them with a feeling of reverence and affection for the Institution in which everyone of them attempts to make his mark in preparation for the years to come.

The inmates of this Institution are very fortunate in having at its head such illustrious personalities as Sri and Srimati Munshi. Between themselves they constitute a synthesis in domestic life which should serve as an inspiration to others. They have been able successfully to impart that synthesis not only into the life of this Institution but also into many spheres of activities outside. In them, I think, you have a pleasing combination of a healthy respect for salutary traditions and lessons of the past and the good that the modern age has offered us. Their breadth of vision, their lofty idealism, and their sense of art and culture are typified in the life and syllabus of this great Institution which is making such a signal contribution to the art of life, letters, and other matters of aesthetic value in this great city. Not being content with their achievements in this city, they have established, undoubtedly with the same sense of extra-territoriality, a blissful domain in the capital city of India itself.

them and these Institutions
success in the great and glorious
seeking that harmony between
and the new, between art and
between culture and traditions
the true meaning of life can
found.

students, from this pleasing,
formal and academic atmos-
this hall and this great gather-
would like to take your mind
great expanse of the country in
we are all proud to live and to
perity of which it is our boun-
as loyal citizens to make our
humble contribution in what-
sphere of life we may be. I do
because in the field of politics
always been my endeavour to
things in an all-India perspec-
also because today we can
ourselves of that perspective
our peril. When we think of
narrow loyalties to the city we
, or to the village in which we
our normal vocations, or to
to which the city or village
belongs, or when we think
caste and community of which
be a part in the distribution
lation, or when we think of
in our own intimate groups
, we are apt to lose sight of
that all these are matters of
ative insignificance at a time
we must, above all, regard our-
as units of a vast organism, that
country itself.

we were struggling for our
whether in the latter decade
19th century when we were pass-
our premier political organisa-
resolutions at our annual
, or a decade later when,

carried away by a wave of discontent, we took more active measures for expressing our discontent and misery, or later still when under the inspiring leadership of a great humanitarian soul, we were pursuing the path of peaceful and non-violent struggle against British imperialism, we did so not as members of those narrow parochial groups but as the citizens of the Motherland in whose service neither life nor property seemed to acquire any particular significance. Unfortunately, in the latter phase of our struggle, we were submerged again by those narrow loyalties of religion and creed and we had to pay the penalty of a surgical operation that cost us an important limb.

When we secured Independence more than thirteen years ago, we were still a jigsaw puzzle of pieces, each with its own loyalties and attachments, though some of us were wedded to the concept of a united India that remained with us. It was the vision and statesmanship of the late Sardar Patel that obliterated the different shapes of the jigsaw puzzle and gave to this vast country a unity, an integrity, and a sense of security which it had not witnessed for thousands of years in the past. Few of us realize what dangers we then avoided, what obstacles we then removed and what foundations for the future we laid merely by achieving this unity and integrity. The strength that we thus acquired enabled us to settle down to our tasks of peace and nation-building almost immediately after the great holocaust of post-partition developments. Since then we have constantly engaged ourselves in devising means for increasing the pres-

tige and prosperity of the country, both in national and international spheres and in planning and achieving the country's economic progress.

It would neither pay us nor profit us to belittle either the significance or the difficulties of the great tasks in which we have been engaged during this short period of thirteen years since Independence. Considering the shortcomings and unfortunate legacies of the centuries of slavery and foreign domination, and bearing in mind that many other countries in the world stole a march, over us, of decades and centuries, this task of nation-building is a stupendous one. Its magnitude can be realized only by those who are devoted to the goal of prosperity and have grappled with difficulties, obstacles and handicaps which appear to defy, many a time, human ingenuity and exertions.

All of us, I hope, are agreed atleast on one thing that this country must occupy a place of honour not only in the polity but also in the economic life of the comity of nations. If so, is it too much to ask that we should also realize what is involved in trying to achieve that position in the shortest possible measure of time with all the handicaps and difficulties to which I have referred and of which we become painfully conscious, not only every day but practically every moment of our lives? The first requisite obviously is that we should all feel Indian first and Indian last and subordinate our petty jealousies, parochial loyalties and the narrower attachments to the passion of patriotism and devotion to country's interests which are, in any context, supreme and, in the present context, more so.

To my way of thinking, such lousies, loyalties and attachments an anathema. I cannot describe to the mental anguish that I feel I take into account the barren wasted efforts of so many of my trymen in the pursuit of courses are the very negation of nation or in adherence to policies which anti-national in the sense that they mote activities and tendencies distract our minds from the pat nationalism and patriotism and us into courses which are harmf the interests of the country. If is one thing that is needed above thing else, it is that great revival upsurge of a sense of patriotic and obligation which permeated when we were still struggling for dom.

This great country of ours has nessed such revival and upsurge a ber of times in the past. One of great lessons of the *Gita* is that in times of distress and misery, we not deserted by God who al comes to our rescue when the misery is full to the brim. We w ed the great hand of Providence groping in the dark for truth, Vedas descended upon us under inspiration. We have witnessed resurrection whenever we made the world a sadder place in.

In our own known history wh ills of Hinduism had gone limits, we found amongst our the great Buddha who gave us the Dharma. Humbled by a foreign der, we saw the great age of M and Asoka ; harassed by the in

...s of tribes from the North-West, ...got relief through the efforts of ...maditya who ushered in a golden ...of prosperity and promotion of ...and culture in a measure seldom ...in history. This was followed ...a great religious revival brought ...by the dominating genius of ...aracharya. Nearer our time ...the country was rent by com- ...al and religious divisions, we had ...this very country an age of saints ...promoted a *bhakti* movement, the ...ts of which we find even today ...many lines of religious thought in ...h we have secured a synthesis of ...y religious precepts in our country. ...hilst we may derive some comfort ...these pages of history which I ...briefly unfolded before you, we ...not forget that each age of re- ...has been the culmination of years ...isery and depths of degradation ...hich our country landed itself due ...the faults and weaknesses of its ...ren. A poet has said that self- ...ence, self-knowledge, and self- ...rol lead to sovereign power. It is ...axiomatic truth about which there ...be no controversy. Can we pre- ...e our self-respect if we succumb ...the weaknesses which are repeated ...disastrous consequences to our- ...s in our history? Have we any ...ce of knowing ourselves when we ...de ourselves into an attitude of ...dom without being conscious of its ...gations and responsibilities? Can ...control ourselves when we give our- ...s over to the passing narrow loy- ...s and attachments and place in ...ordination higher aspirations which ...only must dominate us but which ...must ultimately prevail if we have to achieve the declared goal of our lives?

When I look round our great country to survey our present material with a view to assessing it in terms of the future to which we have set our course, I sometimes wonder whether we are truly laying the foundations for our promised achievements. Intellectually our young men are in no way inferior to those who inhabit many advanced countries of the world. Our children, either in their intellect or in their desires and ambitions, yield to none in any other country. Still when we assess the potentialities of those young men or qualities of those children, we find that they do not have those equipments of life which alone can make them useful instruments of a new order. It is because we are either teaching them a contempt for the old, whether it is healthy or unhealthy, or keeping them ignorant about the good in the past that has gone before us. We are not giving them the moral influence whether in their homes or in their schools and colleges wich are such an asset in building them up for their allotted future. Even our educational courses in schools and colleges, our methods of instruction and the life we give them, generally leave much to be desired from the point of view of building up of their intellectual and moral fabric.

I recognize that in the field of art, we are now making considerable progress and we are bringing up our children and youth in an atmosphere where art and culture are beginning to have more and more place in their lives, but the average quality of that instruction is still far behind the best that is need-

ed and their attainments in the field of sport, athletics and other fields of physical well-being are still very low as compared with many other countries in the world. Technically and scientifically, there is no doubt that the average young man of today is yielding better results and we have made astonishing progress in departments and activities where technical and scientific talents are required. But we have yet to go a long way in rising above individualism and securing progress on well-coordinated and smoothly functioning lines. The defects to which our children and young men are exposed acquire an elongated shape when they settle down in the wider spheres of life with the result that despite the numbers of human material at our disposal, we are unable to invest its wealth and achieve the full dividend to which we are entitled.

It is clear, therefore, that in order to fulfil the aims and objectives of a free country, namely the enrichment of our lives through democratic thoughts and practices, we have to take further bold ventures in the sphere of nation-building. In this great endeavour, it is not only the learning that one acquires in the University or schools and colleges, but also the attainments that one obtains in Institutions like Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, which play their part. Art, literature, science, ethics, philosophy, languages, fine arts, sports, athletics, physical games, extra-curricular activities, and a right type of moral instruction have all to be blended into a harmonious whole with a view to give our youth and children the best opportunities of building themselves up as useful citizens.

I am convinced more than ever that the poet who said that the child is the father of man, has transmitted to generations a truism which needs to be repeated almost every day of our life. It is our sense of pride in the virtues of our past and in the equipment of the present that alone is going to give us an outlook in life which would promote such harmonious blending. So far as the past is concerned, we must separate the good from the bad, the healthy from the unhealthy, the gold from the brass, and the grain from the chaff. It is then that our respect for the past acquires a substance which enables us to mould it to our present needs. So far as the present is concerned, we have to develop a sense of discrimination of values which would enable us to judge between what needs to be imbibed and cultivated and what needs to be shunned as harmful or undesirable. It is only in this approach to the past and present that we can build up healthy foundations for the future. The future life must follow the course of a broad river which moves steadily to its allotted destination.

If life is to acquire any shape and meaning, it must have a noble purpose, and no nobler purpose can be conceived for a useful life than that it should make a solid contribution to the build-up of this great country of ours.

Fellow students, it is in that spirit and devotion that I would ask you to approach the responsibilities that are going to devolve on you in the wider spheres in which you would soon be moving out. In the open spaces of life it is essential that you cultivate a broad

As the saying goes, in the ded city, you cannot clearly see, n the open spaces one sees in- It would be an ill service to the y and an ill return to yourself o involve yourself in narrow and outlook.

is so full of contradictions and patibilities that only a broad can secure that harmony which ential to make it pleasant and

ge, therefore, that in your future will conduct yourselves with a of catholicism and tolerance and e those refinements and liberal ts which would enable you to life not so much as a tragic im- but as a happy interlude. In ting this attitude of mind, you d perhaps find that a sense of hu- combined with realism is a use- d helpful aid to one's existence ility.

nds, one word more and I shall done. May I ask you not to take I have told you in the light of a n or construe it in terms of plati- I am neither qualified to ser- e nor am I habituated to indulge titudes. During my own life as son of some outlook and intelli- I have learned many a lesson. I wanted that on this occasion I d share with you some of those s. After all, it is only through lessons gained from experience e field of life that we can make lives sublime and in the words of poet:

Departing leave behind us
Footprints on the Sands of Time".

Let me conclude with the blessings e Upanishads: Let thy means be noble so that the end may become glorious.

शुभास्ते पन्थानः।
सफलास्ते मनोरथाः॥

●

Thereafter a Vote of Thanks was proposed by Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice President of the Bhavan. The function came to a close with 'Jana Gana Mana'.

OTHER FEATURES

Among the other activities of interest during the celebrations, these events may be mentioned:

Swami Akhandanandji's Pravachanas on the mornings of 5th, 6th and 7th.

Symposium on "Disintegration—How to avert it" on the 5th in which Sarvasri C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Acharya Kripalani, Sriman Narayan and H. M. Patel participated. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided. (The text of their speeches will be published serially in the *Bhavan's Journal* soon.)

On the evening of 5th a Gujarati Drama "Baduti Pati" directed by Sri Adi Marzban was put on board.

The Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar on three days. The subject of the first lecture in this series on the 6th was "Philosophy & Culture" with Shri K. M. Munshi in the chair. The second, on the 7th was on "Science and Culture"; Dr. H. J. Bhaba, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, presided. The third lecture on the 8th was on "Dravidian & Sanskrit Cultures". Dr. P. V. Kane, National Professor of Indology, presided.

On Friday the 9th, the Parents' Day was celebrated in a joint programme

by the Bhavan's College, Sangeet Shikshapith, Nartan Shikshapith and Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya.

On Saturday the 10th, in the afternoon, a meeting of the workers of the Bhavan was held when Kulapati Munshiji addressed them.

The same evening, a symposium on "Sugam Sangeet" was held in which a number of leading Gujarati writers participated. At night, a cultural programme, the Gujarati Drama "Dasyo Phasyo Khasyo" directed by Sri Adi Marzban was staged.

On the morning of Sunday the 11th, a programme of light music—"Sugam Sangeet"—was held. Most of the leading poets and lyricists of Gujarat took part in it.

On Sunday, the 11th, the 5th College Day was celebrated in the College Campus, Andheri. Sri Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan, Maharashtra's Minister for Health, Tourism and Small Savings, was the Chief Guest. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided. There was a contribution dinner at night.

Earlier in the evening, there was a Past Students Convention, at which Srimati Lilavati Munshi addressed the students. The following is the text of her speech:

The first meeting of the past students of the Bhavan's College was held in the month of August and as promised by me then, we have called the Past Students' Convention today. The first meeting was attended by about 300 past students. But at that time we had not called the Science students as the circulars had not gone to them. Subsequently the circulars were sent to the Science students as well and about 700 fresh replies were received. So, for this Convention have sent invitations to all the dents who have replied to the lars. Many of them are scattered side Bombay and some students in foreign countries.

Some of you may be thinking do we hold the Past Students' vention. What is the purpose be it? I feel it is worth while to re what I said at the first meeting.

The idea of renewing our co with the past students occurred to when we were in U.P. As Sri Mu was the Chancellor of many Uni sities in Uttar Pradesh we were b invited every year to them. On them was Roorkee University, w every year during the University W the past students also were inv Roorkee being the oldest Enginee University, many of its past stud are holding very high positions as gineers all over India. So many them, who are highly placed pers take special trouble to come and tend the University Week and to new their contacts with their Al Mater as well as to make acquaint with the present students from am whom they selected engineers often.

Again, when we went out on tour in 1958 we had occasions to many foreign Universities. Th found that they were keeping co with their past students. If any dent or a member of the staff or one connected with the Univ went to any part of the world, approached the University office, took the trouble to write to the students residing in that part of world about the person's arrival

gave letters of introductions to person concerned who was travel-. Very often these letters prove helpful to them.

We also met during our tour many ers of the Bhavan or U.P. Uni-ts who were members of the ellor's Camp. Sri Munshi, as the ellor, was organising such a every year where the best boys every University were invited. of them were pursuing higher ies in foreign countries. As soon Bhavan's students or U.P. Univer-students came to know that we there, they found us out and to meet us. It is a great thing when one travels either in country or abroad to have some-at the other end who could re-him or render him some help if ded. This can only happen if there common bond of having studied the same University or college.

ing through the list of the past ts of the Bhavan, I have found many of them have settled down are occupying good positions.. of them are still studying in n countries, and some are out in many walks of life.

For today's function, we wrote let-to those whose replies had been ved. Many are not residing in bay. But if those of you who are approve of the idea of keeping contact with the Bhavan and with other, much can be achieved.

You will ask me what will be the pose of such contacts. I consider Bhavan and the Bhavan's mem-s as well as students as members one family. By frequently meeting, can create a closer bond between the past and the present students and the Bhavan itself. The past students can help the present students in many ways. For instance, such of you who are well-placed can help the present students when they pass out to get employment or you can even get or extend yourselves some help to the poor students while they are studying. At least each one of you can help one such student either by yourself or through your influence. If you do that, it will be a very great thing. Another thing that those who are either in Bombay or staying outside Bombay can do is that if any of Bhavan's students or members meet you or write to you through the Bhavan, you can at least guide him in a new place. The Bhavan can be a link between the past and the present students. The past students can have the satisfaction of helping a student of the same college. The guidance and the help that you can give to the present students will be invaluable to them.

Now I shall come to the Bhavan itself. The booklet distributed at the time of the 23rd Foundation Day Celebrations is before you and therein you will find the report which will give you an idea of the Bhavan's various departments and their activities. I am sure, as a past student of the Bhavan you will be proud of the achievements of the Bhavan. I would like that you should all be a part of this movement and make it a mighty stream of progress, encompassing every branch of life. I am certain that all of you will wish it, but wishing is one thing and achieving the aim is another thing.

First of all, you should think out how the Bhavan can come into con-

tact with so many past students, in what way Bhavan can help them and what help they can offer the Bhavan. If you become the members of the Past Students' Association and run it actively I think the above purposes can be achieved. That way you can frequently meet each other and further the activities of the Association. For instance, you can arrange lecture series. You can contact distinguished foreigners who come here from abroad and invite them to speak and this way you can develop contact with the outer world. You can also help us in spreading the message of the Bhavan by helping us to have larger circulation of Bhavan's books and journals. You can help us in Kala Kendra activities of Dance, Drama and Music. Our Inter-collegiate Dramatic Competition is another annual event in which you can continue to take interest. You can develop pen-friendship with other students. You can even organise special trips, or any social or cultural programmes which will bring many of you together.

You must make it a point to meet at least once a year in a Convention. There are various ways in which you can cultivate each other's acquaintance and be of help to each other by creating a friendly bond.

Personally I shall be very happy if any of you can come and call on me with the members of your family. I would like to know them. If we meet in this way we can know each other better.

Today is the Bhavan's College Day in which you are all participating. You will notice that the Andheri campus is getting more and more beautiful every year. Now there is a temple where even outsiders come in numbers for worship.

I thank you very much, friends, responding to our invitation spending this evening with us. I this will not be the only one even but there will be many such even when we will be able to meet and with each other.

Birla Lectures

The celebration came to an end the Birla Endowment Lectures Dr. R. C. Majumdar, held on 12th, 13th and 14th, on "Three Ph of India's Struggle for Freedom". the first day Smt. Lilavati Munshi sided. Shri G. L. Mehta presided the second day and Principal T. Advani, former Vice-Chancellor Bombay University presided on third day.

Our Bookshelf

COMMUNISM IN INDIA. By Gene D. Overstreet and Marshall Windmiller. Published by the University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles. 1959. Price: 10 Dollars.

THE MODERN INDIA PROJECT was established at the University of California, Berkeley, in the spring of 1958 to encourage research on Indian political parties, leadership and issues. Since then it has published (1) *A Checklist of the writings of M. N. Roy*, compiled by P. Wilson (1st. Ed. 1955; 2nd revised Ed. 1957); (2) *Government and Politics of India and Pakistan: 1885-1955: a bibliography of works in western languages*, compiled and edited by P. Wilson (1956, out of print) and (3) *Communism in India* by G. D. Overstreet and M. Windmiller. The first is a work of sound scholarship which obviously has helped the writing of the book under review, but the other two are major contributions to the history of modern India. If the publications of the California University maintain this standard, as we sincerely hope them to do, their series will become as famous as the Harvard

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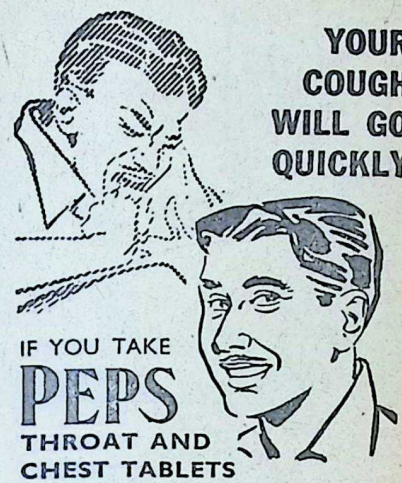
Oriental Studies, with greater practical value, both for Americans and Indians.

The book under review deals with the history of the Communist Party of India from its inception in the early twenties to the formation of the Communist Ministry at Kerala. From the beginning the CPI had only one aim in view: to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat in India under the leadership of the Communist Party. This policy has been put to shape by a band of able political workers with ruthless fanaticism which has enabled them to build up the most efficient party organization in India. More than once they have acted against the interests of the nation, still even now after the China Incident became public knowledge, their position in the country seems to have suffered little.

In the Statement of Policy of the Communist Party of India (1951) it was stated that "all action of the masses in defence of their interest to achieve liberation is sacrosanct. History sanctions all that the people decide to do to clear the lumber-load of decadence and reaction in their path to progress and freedom." (p. 522-3). This of course means that the CPI as the leader of the masses can do anything to achieve their desired end. Does it include a secret pact with Chinese comrades to stage another Telingana in the tea-gardens of Assam? It seems very probable. For as we shall see, the CPI is eager for guidance and help from outside. Also, one of the avowed tactics of the CPI is to divide India into as many parts as possible and disrupt national unity, so that they alone can survive as the only all-India organization. They would therefore pose as the champions of the Nagas, and help them in their so-called struggle, just as they have taken the lead in Maharashtra and to some extent in Gujarat also to divide the State of Bombay.

This brings us to the subject of other parties co-operating with the Communists. Such activities, however laudable the object may be, end by destroying the other parties.

ith their better party organiza-
on and do dominate the alliance
emerge stronger than before
their allies are usually crip-
by the experience, or the Com-
s capture the organization,
did with the A. I. T. U. C.
All-India Kisan Sabha, and
India Students Federation. The
tactics, namely, to weaken the
party in an United-Front was
in its treatment of the Congress
Party, which in January 1936
Communists to join it. By
of Communists had to be re-
dmission and by the beginning
the alliance was broken. But
this short period the Commu-
ped enormous benefit. "By the
half of 1936, reports began to
the CSP National Executive that
unist fractions were disrupting
anization; they were converting
ers to communism maneuvring to
e local CSP units, or competing
Socialists in such mass organiza-
as trade unions. The Executive
ded with no more than a word
ction to the provincial CSP Com-
s. In some cases this warning
wholly futile, for certain provin-
CSP units were already in the
of Communists or their sympa-
s. In South India, Socialist affairs
largely directed by E. M. S.
odiripad, Joint-Secretary of the
and leader of the Kerala provin-
nit; by the end of 1936, he had
the Tamilnad organization
the direction of P. Ramamurti
P. Jeevanandan, and within a short
all three of them had openly es-
communism. The Andhra pro-
unit fell under the control of
known Communist P. Sundarayya.
ough the influence of these leaders,
provincial units were gradually
into branches of the CPI. Simi-
cases occurred in labour centres in
India where, open or secret, Com-
ts took over the leadership of
units. An important unit dealing
labour organisations in Bombay
example, was controlled by the
unist, Soli Batliwala, who later



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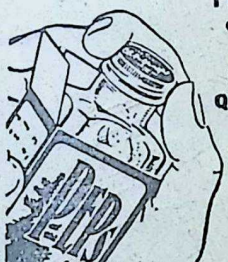

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became a member of the CPI Co
Committee." (p. 163).

This aspect of the Communist ac
vities has been described with d
from personal experience by Sri
Masani (*The Communist Par*
India: A Short History, London,
Prof. N. G. Ranga (*Kisans and C*
munists, Bombay) as also by Sri
Batliwala, (*Facts Versus Fo*
Bombay) mentioned above, after
expulsion from the CPI.

There is, however, another asp
the CPI, namely its affiliation
one might say subservience to
international communism. From
ception the CPI was under foreign
trol, and after the expulsion of
Roy, it functioned practically as
colonial organization of the Comm
Party of Great Britain. After
pendence the CPI shook off its B
connections, but Russian tutelage
mained as strong as ever, and
dicta from that Socialist country
hailed with deep reverence. Then
the Chinese revolution, and a se
of the CPI attached itself to the
riot-wheel of the new gods, Mao
Chou. In 1950 the CPI sent gre
to the Communist party of Chi
the occasion of its twenty-ninth
versary, declaring that "the Comm
parties in the colonial world are
ing upon the Communist Party
China as their model." (p. 298) S
after, Ajoy Ghosh, the General Se
tary of the CPI, declared in a spe
"Today the reality is that nobo
the Indian Party can solve this
It was the international comrades
pointed out our mistakes. Since
not agreed.....only they can
us. We must, therefore, contact
international leaders." (p. 302-3, I
by the reviewer). These state
set in their proper perspective
preted with a background know
of international communism, which
authors possess to an unusual de
show the CPI in its true colours

The two young authors deserv
sincere congratulations for their
tive study. They have produced a
which will be read with profit by

For students of modern Indian this is an indispensable guide.
—*Dr. A. K. Majumdar.*

HANDBOOK ON STAFF NOTATION FOR INDIAN MUSIC. By Howard Boatwright. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. 56 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

have been many in the past have invented or modified existing systems in an endeavour to put music down on paper. Orthopractitioners of Indian classical insist that our ancient music (should not?) be put down on But, curiosity is a difficult to contain and the world grows more curious.

those who made successful attempts to put Indian music down in staff notation, the most notable were Fox Strangways, Coomaraswamy, Mudaliar, Eleazer, Popley and Pandyan. I had the privilege of associated with the last-named thirty years ago, and believe I right in claiming that his way was only the most practical of those mentioned.

all these systems were created the same purpose. Every single of them attempted to put down music for the benefit of a who might be interested in something about Indian Howard Boatwright, on the hand, has based his attempt on need for the Indian musician to a practical system of notation will enable him not only to down his music quickly and accurately, but also to make it possible some other musician who knows system to be able to read what has written down equally accurately swiftly. Boatwright's system is close western staff notation. One needs bear in mind the fact that western notation is now known and throughout the world and that because of that universality, a Chinese play the music of German composers and American can conduct a concert of symphonic music by Japanese composers. What is more, neither the German nor Japanese compositions suffer by such performance. In other words, while each composer writes music after his own artistic image, what he writes down is immediately available to all who are able to read the staff system of musical notation.

In our country, the tendency has been otherwise. Musicians—at least the less educated of them—have not been very ready to let others into their secrets. Discipleship—which obtains to this day—is a long and laborious process and even Jacob grew impatient.

And of course, there is the fact that Indian music leaves practically everything to the performer's creative moods. In that aspect, Indian music can never be written down—for no performer's rendering of *todi* (shall we say) should be similar to his own earlier performance except in essentials that concern the *raga*.

But there is a revolution going on in our music. Radio began the unpleasing task of cleaning up and trimming a garden overgrown with weeds. Air-travel has brought the west to our doorstep. Modern needs and changing tastes and a wider interest—all make this a most suitable moment for the publication of such a book as Howard Boatwright's *Handbook on Staff Notation for Indian Music*. Professor Boatwright has written this book primarily for Indian musicians—and I hope that the English edition is mere preliminary to the book's publication in at least Bengali, Hindi and Tamil.

Boatwright makes use of Indian letters and the five-line staff, and has not forgotten the domination of the tonic and the vocal element in our music. He has made no attempt to squeeze Indian music into nineteenth century western rigidity as so many of us who worked on this problem earlier did. He has not deluded himself into believing that his system will not be opposed by vested interests—and Heaven knows they are extremely powerful in India!

I am making no attempt to review this fine book in detail. I am making a statement that Howard Boatwright's system of notation for Indian music—based on western staff notation—is both practicable and worthwhile.

I believe that every genuine music-lover should possess a copy of this remarkable work, for it is a soundly built bridge between Western and Indian music. Dr. Boatwright's preface to the book is a masterly assessment of the difficulties he has had to face and overcome and also of the arguments that will be brought up both for and against his work. This preface alone is worth the price of the book.

The thanks of every thinking Indian must go both to Dr. Boatwright and to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan for this book. Conservative musicians will almost certainly resist the implications of their art being set down and made readily available to the world, but any art that is worthwhile has never lost its charm because more people become familiar with its beauty. Also there are the new vistas which radio and the films and the concert halls have opened for our music. It is perhaps here that Boatwright's system will first be found most useful. Time and outside pressures must make the system acceptable to musicians who deal with our classical system. Growth is inescapable in all true art and one needs to be grateful to a genuine lover of Indian music—even if he is an American and not an Indian—for having proved that the impediments against musical literacy are purely imaginary. I for one cannot see why we should not—at the same time—have a completely written-out music and our traditional music that lives and has its being on creative improvisation. Frankly, I do not think I exaggerate when I say that Howard Boatwright has shown the way for Indian music to come out of purdah.

—*Sri Victor Parcival*

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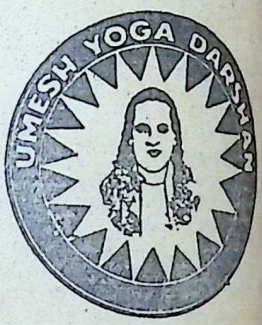

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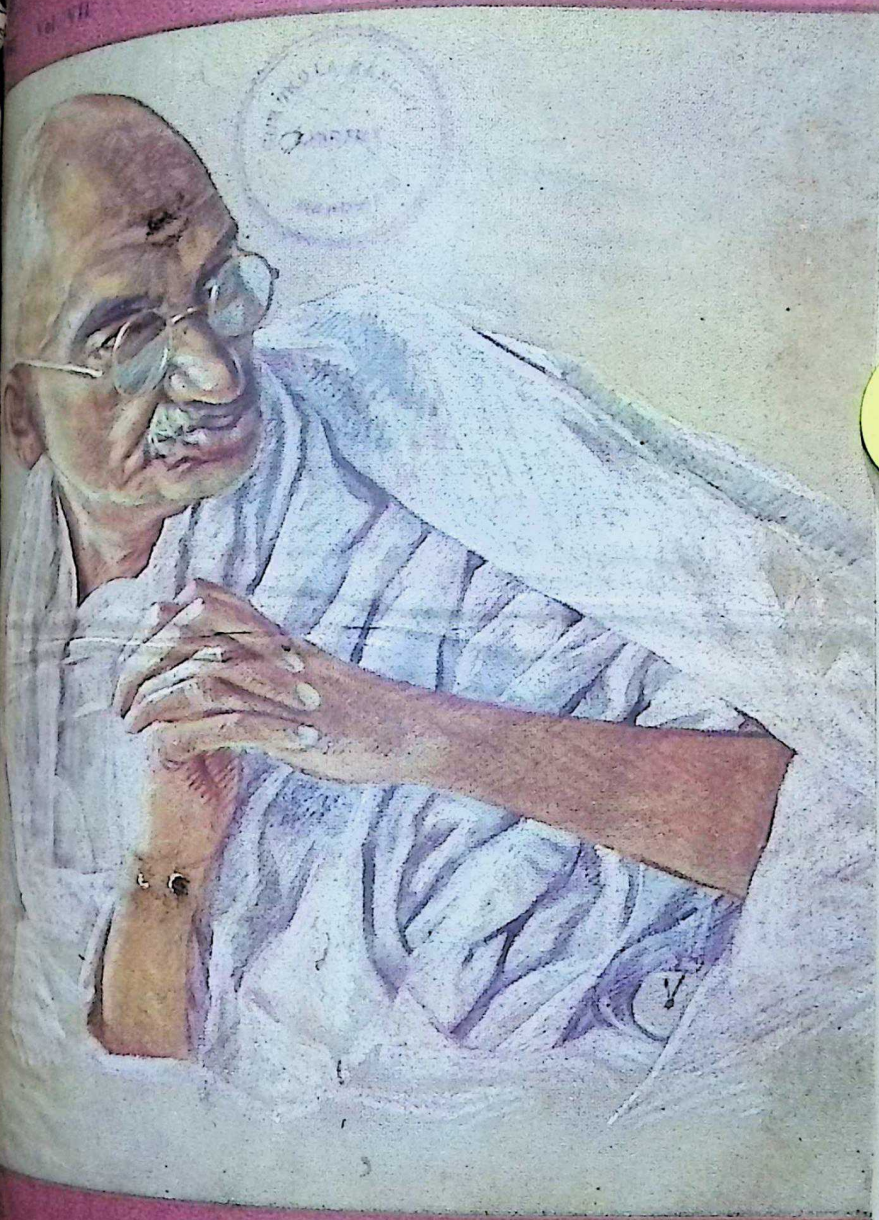

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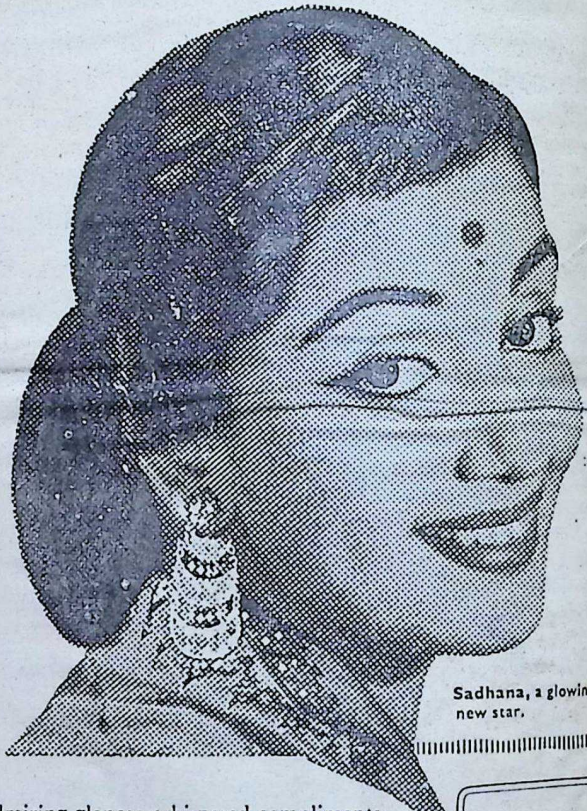

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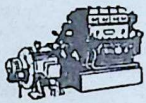

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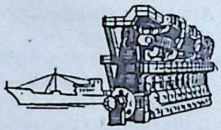

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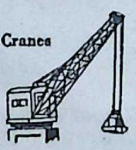

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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OCTOBER 2, 1960 No. 5

Vol. VII

TRUTH

सत्येन वायुरावाति सत्येनाऽऽदित्यो रोचते दिवि,
सत्यं वाचः प्रतिष्ठा, सत्ये सर्वं प्रतिष्ठितं
तस्मात्सत्यं परमं वदन्ति।

The Wind blows on account of Truth; the Sun shines in the sky on account of Truth; the Word is established on Truth; everything is established on Truth. So, Truth is the highest and Truth is God.

Taittiriya Aranyaka

अमृतं तु विद्या

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 215

★ *MUSSOORIE* ★ *NIMKAROLI BABA*
★ *AVADHOOT HANSDEVJI*

Bharatiya Vidya Bh
Bombay,
October 2, 196

My Young Friend,

MUSSOORIE has several advantages. It is motorable from Delhi in four hours and a half. It has a very convenient hotel run by an old friend, Captain Kerparam. And thirty-four years ago we had spent our honeymoon days there. So there we went, this May, for a holiday.

Modern Indian hotels try to reproduce the life of Western hotels; it is a *must*, if money is to be made. Luckily our rooms shut us out from the merrymakers, bridge players, ballroom dancers, the rock & roll experts as also the raucous jazz band, with which the modern holiday maker makes night and day hideous.

The Mall in Mussoorie is not a street; it is a drawing-room, where in the evening everyone meets everyone else. So I found myself at home. Quite a few dozen persons whom I met every evening had friendly contacts with me when, for five years, I lived in Uttar Pradesh as its Governor.

The climate was good. But I f the water heavy, and had to get from the Ganga collected at Ri before my stomach could main normal working strength. So af old revered Malaviyaji was rig never drank anything but G water even in England!

I met Sri Dube from Mora a retired District Judge. He is a p sical miracle. He is eighty-se claims to perform 500 *dands* i morning; walks two hours i morning and in the evening boyish jumpiness; plays two se tennis every day. He is an expe naturopathy and swears by bandage treatment as did Ga He tried to induce me to take his blandishments were unsucce

I would like to narrate another incident—you may miraculous or accidental.

On returning from tea, to w

been invited by Sri Dube, I de-
to walk down to the hotel by
of the two roads which led to it.
way an elderly gentleman
ed me.
bhiji, see, this man insists on
down here,' he said and intro-
himself as the father of Sri Tri-
I.A.S., who lived in the bun-
nearby.
saw a blanketed heap lying near
roadside to which Trivedi senior
referred. I thought some ailing
had collapsed there.
hat is the matter?' I asked of
does not go back to the house.
lying here by the roadside for
an hour,' Trivedi said.
ho is he?' I asked.
the blanket-covered heap moved,
peeped out.
nshi, you are here!' said the
from the heap.
ked at the face, and recognised

Karoli Baba! You here!' I ex-
ed in amazement.

● ● ●

Karoli Baba wanders about,
only in a blanket. He fre-
y visits Naini Tal, where he
at Hanumangadi. No one knows
where he comes or where he
to. Unexpectedly he arrives at
e and with equal suddenness
it. No one knows what his name
t it is interesting to know how
e by the name by which he is
known.
e years ago a train stopped at
roli station. A conscientious
checker found a blanketed tramp travelling without a ticket and pulled him out of the train. The tramp quietly sat down on the platform, picking his beard and jerkily telling the guard: 'You want the train to leave the station! Oh, well.'

The tramp continued squatting. The whistle blew. The guard flew his signal. But the engine would not move. Something went wrong with it. The engine-driver fiddled with the lever. Nothing doing.

Then someone told the station-master, 'Baba is a miracle worker. The train will not leave unless he is taken on the train.'

So the officers came to the Baba and begged of him to board the train, ticket or no ticket. And when he did so, the train moved out of the station.

Since then Baba is 'Nimkaroli Baba' to all who know him.

Baba has a wonderful memory. He never forgets a man once introduced to him. He enquires about him, his wife, his children and he never forgets anything about anyone of them.

But his way of foretelling events is uncanny. Walking on the road he spots a man, walks up to him, picks at his beard and says to him: 'Listen, such and such a thing is going to happen to you', and without a further glance at him walks away. I have met a dozen people who have vouched for the correctness of such prophecies.

But there is no way to win Baba's heart by worship, flattery or insistence. I have seen lots of people who invite him to their house without evoking any response. He just would not accept any invitation. It is the Baba who decides to whom he would go

and to whom he would indicate his future and when.

In 1951, when I was Food Minister, he went up to Pandey, the Assistant Secretary to the Governor of U.P., the office then being occupied by Sir Homi Mody, and said: 'Munshi is going to be your next Governor'.

At the time I had no intention of not seeking the elections in 1952; the Prime Minister never knew whom he will offer the governorship; I was then sure that governorship was an office for which I was not fitted.

When in U.P. I was told about the Baba and heard about his powers of prophesying, I wanted to pay my respects to him. So once when he had strayed to the Hanuman's temple near Naini Tal and I happened to be there, I went to him with my family. He enquired about all of us and said a few things to us.

Then a year afterwards he suddenly presented himself at the Government House at Naini Tal. He wanted to meet me. He came, had a cup of milk, enquired about all members of the family and left.

Then another summer I learnt one morning that he had come to the Hanuman's temple. I decided to go and see him immediately.

I reached the temple at about 10 a.m. Every one told me that since the morning, Baba had been saying that the Governor would soon come to see him in the morning!

● ● ●

So at Mussoorie, in May last, I was surprised—taken aback is the proper word—at being accosted by the Baba.

'Baba, when did you come here?'

'You go, finish your walk and come to me,' he said.

'But you go to Trivedi's hou I will come there', I said.

'Shrimati has left?' he asked.

'Yes, Baba, she has return Bombay', I said.

He got up, enveloped himself blanket and left.

'No sooner he came to Mus he began to enquire about you Trivedi senior. 'I telephoned t Savoy, but could not contact you would they tell me whether you left the station.'

'But how did he come to lie by the roadside?' I asked.

'We were sitting together on a b on the road. He suddenly got up us and lay down here by the r side', said Trivedi.

If Baba had not decided to lie d by the road and refused to go int house, if I had not decided to re to the hotel by this particular we would not have met. Did he down on the roadside because wanted to see me going by the r Knowing Baba as I do, I am not p pared to be positive that it was accident.

So I went into Trivedi's bung and talked to the Baba. In his j sentences he asked how the mem of my family were doing.

'Have you built the temple? said you would', he asked.

'Yes, I have done it', I said.

'I will come sometime to se he said.

'But how am I to know when would be coming to Bombay', I s

'I will come all right', he said

at his beard he turned to my leave. The next day early he left Mussoorie.

●●●

we were at Mussoorie, we the death of Avadhoot I had met him only a months before in Bombay; his health was then crumbling, as cheerful as ever.

s one of the most striking per- I ever came across in my an earlier Kulapati's Letter I have written about my with him in detail.

his death he was anything be- 16 to 120 years of age. He had that when the Great Revolt broke out, he was a boy of years. In his life he had at- the Kumbh 8 or 9 times thus a span of 96 to 108 years.

remarkable thing about him in spite of the large follow- commanded, he never made a miraculous powers. He said were possible but performing was a waste of time; it was just ing at a wayside station when destination was far away. Once I him as to whether he had me across anything in the of miracles. He said that in all covering over a century, he me across only two incidents he would call miracles.

Once when I was wandering as avadhoot without any com- I met an old sadhu. I did know where I could stay for a days.

The sadhu said: 'You will know where you will stay. On approaching the town you will meet a man of a particular description (the description was given). He will ask you certain questions (questions were mentioned). He will invite you to come to his house and the first meal he will offer to you will consist of particular food (the description was given)'. And so it happened. Travelling from place to place when I was approaching a town, a man of the above description met me, asked me the questions indicated, invited me and gave me the very food, the description of which had been given by the old sadhu."

The next miracle would easily be taken to be a freak of imagination if I had not known Hansdevji's practical outlook and his disregard of miracles. He said:

> "In early years when I was travelling from place to place alone, I went and slept under a tree in a cremation ground", he said. "It was midnight. A funeral pyre was burning nearby. Near it were seated some men and women without clothes performing some rituals. I could see that they were Aghories. Though afraid of them, I continued to watch them at a distance. Some time after midnight, I saw an aerial car, in which Siva and Parvati were seated, hovering over them. I heard them offering prayers to the gods. Then the aerial car disappeared. It was not an illusion nor even a dream. It frightened me considerably."

Hansdevji came into our life in 1937. When he visited us first, my son was

almost sinking and, as we believe, his presence helped him in his recovery. Thereafter whenever he was in a place where we happened to be, we used to pay our respects to him. And his cheerful talk and smile lifted us into an atmosphere of purity and peace. He was great at telling stories to indicate his theme. I wish somebody had collected the numberless stories with which he illustrated moral dicta.

Once I asked him the secret of his longevity.

> "I attribute it to *pranayam*, he said. Every day I performed *pranayams* for a considerable time. I believe that each one of us is destined to draw a certain number of breaths in his life and if one can hold one's breath for a long time, to that extent he would live longer. He cannot die before the appointed number of breaths are drawn."

In a way one secret of longevity he had. He was never worried; he was never in a hurry; he knew no anxiety and no regrets. He had complete faith in God and was never ruffled.

●●●

Talking about men with extraordinary powers, I must mention Bhavani Shankar. He is a devout worshipper of Amba Mata, and sometimes, spends days in *sadhana*. Then he comes to you always unex[illegible] He asks for no money, would n[illegible] with you unless he wishes to. B[illegible] he starts talking, he goes on [illegible] quaint, picturesque Gujarati [illegible] noitring your subconscious [illegible] and saying things which are [illegible] deep in it. Sometimes he [illegible] casts things accurately, though [illegible] ways. His talk is highlighted b[illegible] tations, anecdotes and illustrati[illegible] a graphic character, but withou[illegible] pretensions. He offers advice to [illegible] you solve your problems suppor[illegible] some apt anecdotes. He is a [illegible] shrewd observer of men and th[illegible] but how he probes into your char[illegible] and problems so accurately can[illegible] explained by attributing the fe[illegible] mere shrewdness.

●●

I had a great mind to visit H[illegible] war and Rishikesh once again. B[illegible] got a setback to my health and d[illegible] like to cut short my holiday by [illegible] four days.

Anyway I had not had such a [illegible] day since 1946.

Yours sincerel[illegible]

K. M. Munshi

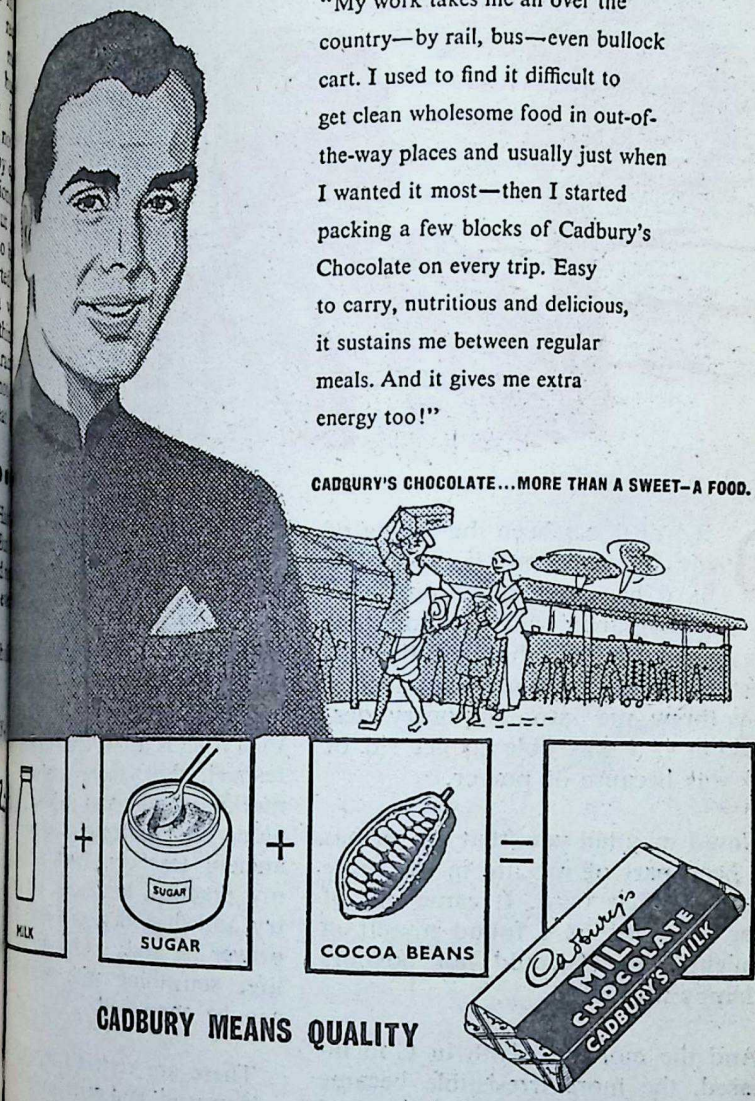
No nation belongs to itself. Every nation belongs to the world. I want my country to become free, so that, if necessary, it might die to serve the cause of humanity.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

YOU AND CADBURYS

"My work takes me all over the country—by rail, bus—even bullock cart. I used to find it difficult to get clean wholesome food in out-of-the-way places and usually just when I wanted it most—then I started packing a few blocks of Cadbury's Chocolate on every trip. Easy to carry, nutritious and delicious, it sustains me between regular meals. And it gives me extra energy too!"

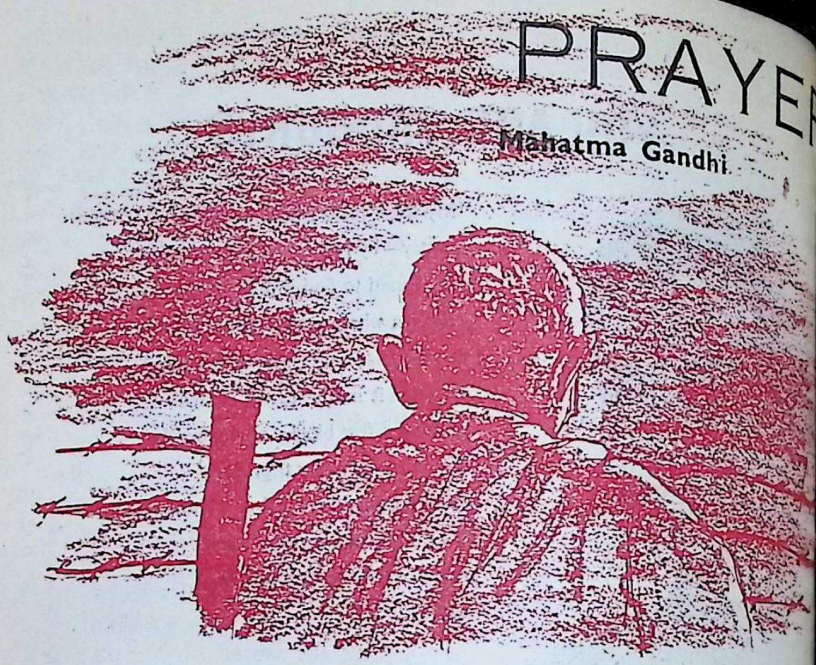
CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE...MORE THAN A SWEET—A FOOD.



CADBURY MEANS QUALITY

PRAYER

Mahatma Gandhi



PRAYER has been the saving of my life. Without it, I should have been a lunatic long ago. My autobiography will tell you that I have had my fair share of the bitterest public and private experiences. They threw me into temporary despair, but if I was able to get rid of it, it was because of prayer.

Now I may tell you, that prayer has not been part of my life in the sense that Truth has been. It came out of sheer necessity, as I found myself in a plight when I could not possibly be happy without it.

And the more my faith in God increased, the more irresistible became the yearning for prayer. Life seemed to be dull and vacant without it.

I have never lost my peace. In fact, I have found people who envy peace. That peace, I tell you, c from prayer. I am not a man of le ing, but I humbly claim to be a of prayer.

I am indifferent as to the f Everyone is a law unto himself i respect. But there are some marked roads, and it is safe to along the beaten tracks, trod by ancient teachers. Well, I have my practical testimony. Let every try and find, that as a result of d prayer he adds something new to life, something with which n can be compared.

There are certain things which self-proved, and certain which are proved at all. The existence of G is like a geometrical axiom. It be beyond our heart-grasp. I shall

f an intellectual grasp. Intellec-
ttempts are, more or less, falla-
as a rational explanation cannot
ind the faith in a living God.
is a thing beyond the grasp of
. It transcends reason.

uld have you brush aside all
l explanation and begin with
the child-like faith in God. If
God exists. With me it is a
y of my being, as it is with

e you accept the existence of
the necessity for prayer is inesca-
Let us not make the astounding
that our whole life is a prayer,
erefore, we need not sit down at
ular hour to pray. Even men,
ere all their time in tune with
finite, did not make such a claim.
lives were a continuous prayer,
t for our sake, let us say, they

offered prayer at set hours, and renewed each day the oath of loyalty to God.

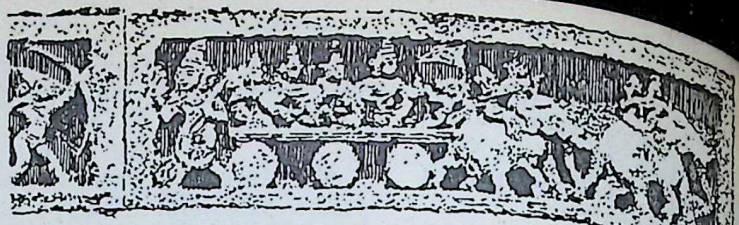
More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For, what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For, so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by golden chains about the feet of God.

—*Tennyson*

[*Courtesy:* Navajivan Trust.]

I have no desire for the perishable Kingdom of the earth. I am striving for the Kingdom of heaven which is spiritual deliverance. For me the road to salvation lies through incessant toil in the service of my country and Humanity. I want to identify myself with everything that lives. In the language of the Gita *I want to live in Peace with friend and foe. So my patriotism for me is a stage on my very journey to the land of eternal freedom and peace. They subserve my religion. Thus, it will be seen that for me there are no politics devoid of religion. Politics bereft of religion are a death-trap because they will kill the soul.*

—Mahatma Gandhi.



ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

NARADA REMINDS RAMA

Now Ayodhya Kanda starts.

One day Sri Rama was chatting pleasantly with Sita in the zenana. At that time Sage Narada announced himself unexpectedly. Seeing him Rama rose from his seat and along with Sita offered him all respects, and said:

संसारिणां मुनिश्रेष्ठ ! दुर्लभं तव दर्शनम् ।
अस्माकं विषयासक्तचेतसां नितरां मुने ॥

"O, great among sages! It is difficult for householders to have your Darsan. It is more so, O Sage, in the case of people like us whose minds are full with pursuit of pleasure."

अवाप्तं मे पूर्वजन्मकृतपुण्यमहोदयैः ।
संसारिणामपि मुने ! लभ्यते सत्समागमः ॥
अतस्त्वद्दर्शनादेव कृतार्थोऽस्मि मुनीश्वर ।
किं कार्यं ते मया कार्यं ब्रूहि तत्करवाणि भोः ॥

"It has been made possible to me by the ocean of Punyas collected by me in my previous lives, which alone enable householders, to come in contact with virtuous souls. Therefore, O Great Sage, I consider myself fortunate by your very Darsan. Please let me know what I can do for you and I shall have it done."

अथ तं नारदोप्याह राघवं भक्तवत्सलम् ।
किं मोहयसि मां राम वाक्यैर्लोकानुकारिभिः ।

संसार्यहमिति प्रोक्तं सत्यमेतत्त्वया किल ।
जगतामादिभूता या सा माया गृहिणी तव ।

Hearing this, Narada addressed Raghava, the beloved of his devotees: "O, Rama! Why do you fool me with common worldly words? O, Lord, truly indeed that you have described yourself as a family man. Is not the Universal Mother Maya your wife?

त्वत्सन्निकर्षाज्जायन्ते तस्यां ब्रह्माद्यः प्रजाः ।

त्वदाश्रया सदा भाति माया या त्रिगुणात्मिका ।

सूतेऽजस्रं शुक्लकृष्णलोहिताः सर्वदा प्रजाः ।
लोकत्रयमहागेहे गृहस्थस्त्वमुदाहृतः ॥

"By virtue of your company

ANA

AMA

a in the
nnexpec-
with Sita

भक्तवत्सल
वाक्यलोकानु
रिणि
मेतत्त्वया दि
या गृहिणी त

a address
his devotee
fool me
O, Lord, tru
scribed you
not the Un
r wife?

यां ब्रह्मण
प्रजा
या या त्रिपु
त्मिका
सर्वदा प्रजा
मुदाहृतः ॥
compa

Like Brahma are born to Her.
Maya who is made up of three-
—Sattva, Rajas and Tamas
shines by virtue of Your
She produces intermittently
the three worlds children of
black and red colour depending
the *gunas*. In that sense You are
a family man.

त्रिगुणानिकी लक्ष्मीः शिवस्त्वं जानकी
शिवा ।
वा त्वं जानकी वाणी सूर्यस्त्वं जानकी
प्रभा ॥
त्वं शशांकः सीता तु रोहिणी शुभ लक्षणा ।
त्वमेव पौलोमी सीता स्वाहाऽनलो
भवान् ॥
त्वं कालरूपश्च सीता संयमिवी प्रभो ।
नितस्त्वं जगन्नाथ तामसी जानकी शुभा ॥
त्वमेव वरुणः भार्गवी जानकी शुभा ।
त्वं राम सीता तु सदागतिरितीरिता ॥
त्वं राम सीता सर्वसंपत्प्रकीर्तिता ।
जानकी प्रोक्ता रुद्रस्त्वं लोकनाश-
कृत् ॥
स्त्रीवाचकं यावत् तत्सर्वं जानकी
शुभा ।
वाचकं यावत् तत्सर्वं त्वं हि राघव ॥
लोकेषु देव युवाभ्यां नास्ति किंचन ॥

are Vishnu and Janaki is Lak-
You are Siva and Janaki is Par-
You are Brahma and Janaki is
You are the Sun and Janaki is
You are the Moon and Ja-
the beautiful Rohini ; You are
and Sita is Powlomi ; Sita is
and You are Agni ; You are
and Kala, and Sita is Samya-
O Lord! You are Nirriti, Oh Lord
world, and auspicious Janaki
Lamai. O Rama! You alone are
and auspicious Janaki is Bhar-

gavi. You are Vayu, O Rama, and Sita is said to be Sadagati. You are Kubera, O Rama, and Sita is all the wealth. Janaki is known as Rudrani and You as Rudra, the Destroyer of the world. Indeed whatever feminine word there is in the world, all that constitute auspicious Janaki and all masculine words constitute you, O Raghava! Therefore, in all the three worlds there is nothing except you two.

त्वत्पादभक्तियुक्तानां विज्ञानं भवति क्रमात् ।
तस्मात्त्वद्भक्तियुक्ता ये मुक्तिभाजस्त एव
हि ॥

"Those that are devoted to your feet attain *vijnana* in due course. Therefore, they alone who are devoted to you attain Moksha.

अहं त्वद्भक्तभक्तानां तद्भक्तानां च
किंकरः ।
अतो मामनुगृह्णीष्व मोहयस्व न मां प्रभो ॥

"I am a humble servant of those who do service to your devotees. Therefore, please don't fool me, but protect me.

त्वन्नाभिकमलोत्पन्नो ब्रह्मा मे जनकः प्रभो
अतस्तवाहं पौत्रोऽस्मि भक्तं मां पाहि
राघव ॥

"Oh Lord! Brahma grew out of the lotus of your navel. I am Brahma's son. Therefore I am your grandson. Protect me, O Raghava, your devotee!"

इत्युक्त्वा बहुशो नत्वा स्वानन्दाश्रुपरि-
प्लुतः ।
उवाच वचनं राम ब्रह्मणा नोदितोऽस्म्य-
हम् ॥
रावणस्य वधार्थाय जातोऽसि रघुसत्तम ।
इदानीं राज्यरक्षार्थं पिता त्वामभिषेक्ष्यति ॥

यदि राज्याभिसंसक्तो रावणं न हनिष्यसि।
प्रतिज्ञा ते कृता राम भूभारहरणाय वै।
तत्सत्यं कुरु राजेन्द्र सत्यसन्धस्त्वमेव हि॥

Praising in this manner in many words, Narada prostrated before Rama while tears of joy ran down his cheeks. Said Narada: "I have come here being sent by Brahma, O great among Raghus! You are born for the destruction of Ravana. Now Your father will coronate you on the throne for the protection of the State. If you get coronated, you will not kill Ravana; but Rama, you have given an undertaking to lighten the burden of the earth. Oh Great King! You are the protector of truth. Please therefore keep your word."

श्रुत्वैतद्गदितं रामः नारदं प्राह सस्मितम्।
शृणु नारद मे किञ्चित् विद्यतेऽविदितं क्वचित्॥
प्रतिज्ञातं च यत्पूर्वं करिष्ये नात्र संशयः।
किन्तु कालानुरोधेन तत्तत्प्रारब्धसंक्षयात्॥
हरिष्ये सर्वभूभारं क्रमेणासुरमण्डलम्।
रावणस्य विनाशार्थं श्वो गन्ता दण्डकावनम्॥

चतुर्दश समास्तत्र ह्युषित्वा मुनिवा[illegible]
सीतामिषेण तं दुष्टं सकुलं नाशयाम्य[illegible]

Hearing Narada's words, R[illegible] smiled and said: "Listen, Narad[illegible] there anything that I do not k[illegible] Have no fears about me! I shall [illegible]tainly carry out my promise. But [illegible] you know that time is the de[illegible] factor? After allowing Destiny [illegible] work itself out for some time, I [illegible] gradually rid the world of the [illegible] of Asuras. I shall be going to Da[illegible] forest tomorrow for the destru[illegible] of Ravana. After living in the [illegible] of a sage for fourteen years the[illegible] shall kill the wicked demon a[illegible] with his brood using Sita as my t[illegible]

एवं रामे प्रतिज्ञाते नारदः प्रमुदि[illegible]
प्रदक्षिणत्रयं कृत्वा दण्डवत्प्रणिपत्य [illegible]
अनुज्ञातश्च रामेण ययौ देवगतिं [illegible]

Narada was greatly pleased by [illegible] reassurance of Rama. Going r[illegible] Rama thrice, he prostrated b[illegible] him and with his permission retu[illegible] to his heavenly abode.

[To be contin[illegible]

RITESHARP
Pens
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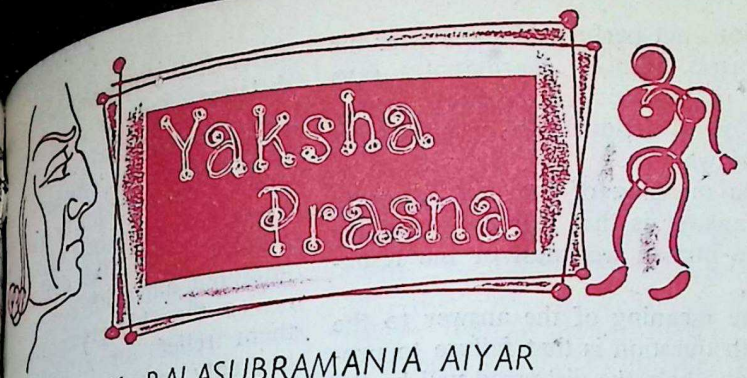

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from issue dated September 4, 1960.*]

e next four questions and answers ...ained in the following stanzas:

...विप्राणां देवत्वम् ? कश्च धर्मस्सता-
... कश्चैषां मानुषो भावः किमेषाम-
...त्वं ?

...t constitutes the divineness of ...riyas or warriors?

...t is their quality similar to that ...ness? (i.e. what is their virtue?)

...t constitutes their humanness?

...t is their quality similar to that ...l men?

...त्रमेषां देवत्वं यज्ञ एषां सतामिव।
...मानुषो भावः परित्यागोऽसतामिव ॥

...rows and missiles constitute their ...nce.

...gnas or sacrifices are their good ...ss.

...ir humanness consists in fear.

...ndonment of the afflicted is ...bad quality.

...e questions and answers are of ...same pattern as the previous ones ...Brahmanas or learned men. ...the use of the word 'devata' ...in the case of Kshatriya, the true ...of the word devata becomes clear. Devatva does not mean in this context the status of a *deva*. It only means excellence or the quality like that of a *deva*. It is *divineness*. The word *deva* occurs in the following sukta of the *Rigveda*.

अग्निमीळे पुरोहितं यज्ञस्य देवमृत्विजम्

Sayana in his *Bhashya* says as follows:

देवशब्दः दान दीप द्योतनानां अन्यतममर्थं आचष्टे।

It means that quality which makes the possessor to shine brightly. Therefore devatva in the context means the quality that gives lustre to the Kshatriya. It is his military prowess that is indicated by the words i.e. arrows and missiles. Therefore the import of the question and answer is that it is military prowess that gives lustre to the warrior.

The performance of *yagnas* like Aswamedha, Rajasuya, etc. constitutes the virtue or good conduct of the Kshatriya. While, by his military prowess. a Kshatriya ruler may establish an empire, still the performance of Aswamedha or Rajasuya sacrifice is a me-

ritorious act performed soon after his conquests. Hence, Dharmaputra says that performance of *yagnas* constitutes good conduct of the Kshatriya or the warrior.

The meaning of the next question and answer is that fear or cowardice is the human weakness of the Kshatriya.

The meaning of the answer to the fourth question is that failure to protect and help the distressed will be the dark spot in his nature. The very word Kshatriya has been interpreted by Kalidasa in *Raghuvamsa,* 2nd canto in the following *sloka*:

क्षतात् किल त्रायत इत्युदग्रः क्षत्रस्य शब्दो भुवनेषु रूढः ।

"He who protects one from injury" is the well-known import of the word Kshatriya. The greatness of this quality is beautifully illustrated by a story in the *Markandeya Purana.* There was once a king named Vipaschit Maharaja. He ruled very wisely and well. He observed all the religious duties enjoined on a Kshatriya. On his death, he attained heaven as reward for his virtue. But there was one remissness on his part amounting to a sin which had to be expiated by his stay in Naraka for 3¾ *nadigas*. Accordingly, Maharaja Vipaschit went to hell and his very presence was a source of alleviation of the suffering of the denizens of hell. The fragrance proceeding from his body was soothing to all of them. A well-known Vedic saying may be quoted here:

यथा वृक्षस्य सुपुष्पितस्य दूरात् गन्धो वाति एवं पुण्यस्य कर्मणो दूरात् गन्धो वाति ।

"Just as the fragrance coming from a tree full of flowers can be smelt distance, the 'fragrance' from *punyakarma* of a person is felt e from a distance." As soon as the lotted time passed, king Vipaschit to depart from hell to his heav abode. But all the denizens of implored him with one voice to on so that his presence would them relief for a long time. heavenly messenger insisted that king should come away soon. It i that time that the king gave expres to his resolve to abandon heaven to stay in hell only for the purpose relieving the distressed. All the de and *rishis* acclaimed his selfless and virtue, and they said that prot tion of those who seek it is a gre virtue than even the observance of religious duties enjoined by the sa So Dharmaputra declares that the tection of the weak who have so refuge is the greatest duty of Kshatriya.

The next four questions and wers are contained in the follow stanza:

किमेकं यज्ञियं साम किमेकं यज्ञियं यज् कां चैकां वृणुते यज्ञं कां यज्ञो नातिवर्त

What is the Sama which is benef for the sacrifice?

What is the Yajus which is benef to yagna?

Which among them is chosen for yagna *itself?*

What is that which the sacri cannot be without?

Dharmaputra answered as follow

प्राणो वै यज्ञियं साम मनो वै यज्ञियं यज् ऋगेका वृणुते यज्ञं तां यज्ञो नातिवर्तते

Prana or vital energy is the S

is most helpful to the sacrifice.
mas or mind is the Yajus which
most helpful to the sacrifice. It is
Rik which chooses the yagna for

the Rik alone which yagna or
cannot do without.
the questions and the answers
reference to matters connected
yagna. It is the Vedas that are
timately connected with yagna.
is well-known, in the *yagna* there
ree sets of Ritviks or Priests who
, namely, the Hota, Adhvaryu
Udgata. The Hota is the person
recites the Rik *mantras* invoking
spective *devatas* in the sacrifice.
Rik *mantras* recited are also
n as *sastra.* The Adhvaryu
e person who is concerned
the procedure in the sacrifice, es-
y the *homa* or the oblation in
re. He recites the Brahmanas,
s in connection with that. The
a is the person who sings the
s in praise of the gods. All the
are necessary for the perfor-
e of the *yagna. Yagna* has always
considered the most important
by the performance of which
ountry as a whole attains wealth
prosperity. By the performance
agnas, timely rains will result,
able for agriculture.

यज्ञात् भवति पर्जन्यः।

the *Bhagavat Gita.*
a himself says:

यज्ञाहुतिः सम्यक् आदित्यमुपतिष्ठति
यज्ञाज्जायते वृष्टिः वृष्टेरन्नं ततः प्रजाः।।

This is the reason why though the
were strongly against *himsa,*
they permitted the sacrifice of
s in *yagna.* Hence the question

of the Yaksha which is about *yagna* refers to the Sama and Yajus which pertain to the *yagna.* The Yaksha asks, assuming that the Sama is necessary for the *yagna,* the question: what is the Sama which is most helpful? The question is a trifle searching one and really requires a careful answer as all Samas are helpful to the *yagna.* Hence the answering person must really seek to find out the intention of the Yaksha in asking the question.

Apart from the physical performance of the *yagna,* the Upanishad describes upasanas based on the Sama, Yajus and Rik.

त्रयो वेदा एतएव वागेवर्ग्वेदो, मनो यजुर्वेदः प्राणस्सामवेदः (बृ-५-९)

The Brihadaranyakopanishad requires the upasaka or the person in meditation to think of Rik as Vak or speech, the Yajus as manas or mind, and the Sama as prana. The Chandogyopanishad also refers to the Rik being considered as Vak and the Sama as prana. It also mentions the reason for looking upon the Sama as prana on account of the connection between the two.

स्वरात्मकत्वात् साम्नः (१-८)

indicates that the utterance of the Sama depends on swara and swara depends upon prana. It is therefore clear now why the upasaka is directed to look upon Sama as prana. While in the karmakanda, *yagna* is looked upon as ritual for the propitiation of the gods, the very same *yagna* or the component parts of it are utilised for the purpose of upasana and the mental processes necessary for it.

The Yajus used for the purpose of the *yagna* may be contemplated as

manas or mind. A thinking mind and retentive memory are necessary for the purpose of seeing that the procedure of the *yagna* is strictly followed in its performance. Hence the upasaka is directed to contemplate the Yajus as mind. The Rik *mantras* are most essential in a *yagna* for the purpose of invoking the grace of the gods, Indra, Varuna, Agni etc. Hence it may be said that it is the Rik alone that really forms the effective *yagna*. This speech has taken the form of Rik; hence, it follows that Vak is essential for *yagna*. Therefore it is that Dharmaputra says that Vak chooses the *yagna* for its own. In this context, it is necessary to quote the reference from Satapathabrahmana to understand the form which the answer of Dharmaputra has taken.

यज्ञ। इयं वाक् योषा। त्वं तु पुमान्। तस्मात् तां उपामन्त्रयस्वा (शतपथ ब्राह्मण ३-२-१)

It is said there that the Vak co[illegible] the *yagna*, Vak being looked upon a[illegible] lady and that is why Dharmap[illegible] uses the word which means also [illegible] court. Dharmaputra also adds that [illegible] cannot do without the Rik or Vak [illegible] a *yagna*.

Yagnas are of two kinds, one [illegible] external *yagna* and the other inter[illegible] Neelakanta, the commentator, here [illegible] explained the meaning of ab[illegible] stanzas as relating to the inter[illegible] *yagna* which is known as *gnanayag*[illegible] By *gnanayagna* is meant the attainm[illegible] of gnana of the Brahman or the s[illegible] reme. For this purpose the control [illegible] the breath or prana and the contr[illegible] of the mind are both necessary. Th[illegible] the understanding and the rea[illegible] tion of the truth of the Mahavak[illegible] indicated by the word Vak is nece[illegible] sary and without this, the knowle[illegible] of the Brahman cannot be obtain[illegible]

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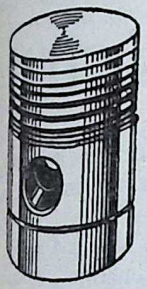

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PART II

5. AS A BRAHMACHARI

ARJUN and you lie side by side, talking far into the night. He tells you of all that was happening to them at Hastinapur; their triumphs and trials, of the humiliation to which they were subjected, of the affection in which they were held by Grandfather Bhishma and the venerable Veda Vyas. He also tells you as to how, years before, he and his brothers had been invested with sacred thread; how they had led the hard life of a *brahmachari*—celibate student; how their teachers were more than satisfied with their self-imposed discipline.

'But I was a small boy then. You are now past sixteen, Krishna,' remarks Arjun. 'You will find it hard to undergo the rigour of that hard life.'

'Not a bit,' you answer. 'I must undergo the rigid discipline of a *brahmachari*. I can't be true to *Dharma* if I don't prepare myself for standing for it.'

'But you have led a free and easy life in Vrindavan,' Arjun raised a doubt. He is a great fellow for raising doubts and asking questions.

'That is all the more reason that I should make up for lost time,' you say. 'And I am determined to do it—do it thoroughly. I cannot enjoy life unless I know how to enjoy it and where to stop, so that the enjoyment never ends in gluttony.'

'We have no enjoyment worth the name. And if Duryodhana succeeds in depriving us of our patrimony, I don't know where we will have to migrate in search of a place to live in,' says Arjun sadly.

'Why should you be denied your rightful patrimony? You are five bro-

Haven't you faith in yourself?' ask. You find it difficult to un- stand how such clever young men faith. You never do.

I have got some faith after you. You know, I never so strong as when we swam to- ' says Arjun.

we shall swim together—all lives—till we have fulfilled our ' you assure him.

do you always talk about as if you know all about it, ?' Arjun asks timidly.

laugh. 'It is so simple. I can where my *Dharma* lies—every mo- ' you say.

That is more than I can do,' says modestly.

Arjun is very modest, never brags believes in you; that is why you him so much.

● ● ●

The day after, the ceremony of in- g you with sacred thread begins. celebrations have stopped, for we still in mourning over Uncle's

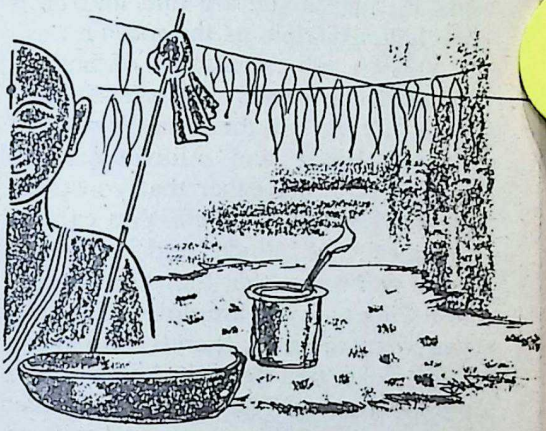
Two days later, the ceremony es its final stage. The heads of e three of you were shaved ex- for the sacred tuft; the sacred were lit; you ask permission of er and Mother, and uncles and and of Gurudeva Gargacharya, you wear the sacred thread to the of *mantras*.

Each of you was given a deer skin wear over your suspenders by day to lie on by night; also a staff, *mandalu* (bowl hewn out of) and a pair of sandals.

Now you are 'reborn' as the *shas-* say: that is, you are a full *Arya* charged with sacred duties; you have entered the stage of *brahmacharya* (celibate studenthood), when you are expected to observe strict discipline.

As a *brahmachari*, you have to beg your food. So you stand before Mother with bowl in hand and utter the formula *'Bhavati, bhiksham dehi'* (Lady, give me food by way of alms).

You are happy that you are a student now. You are to live with Guru Sandipani, to serve him, to carry out his wishes. You are now to forego all pleasures and be worthy to fulfil your *Dharma*.



It is a very enjoyable life, though it is different from the gay and easy life that you led at Vrindavan. But this studenthood is *Dharma*; you are now to prepare for developing *Brahma tej* or *Kshatra tej*. Perhaps you may develop both, why not?

You leave Father's palace and go and live with Guru Sandipani. He has a sweet smile, but his eyes are very expressive. He can command by a look.

You have now entered studenthood —the stage of *brahmacharya*, you

think as you lie on the ground in a garden where Sandipani and his pupils have put up. You have now to be a perfect *brahmachari*. You have, for the moment, to forget what you were and what you like: Govardhan, the cows, the *gopis* whom you love; even Father Nanda and Mother Yashoda, Father Vasudeva and Mother Devaki; even the memory of your exploits and of the love of people—even of Radha, your goddess of joy.

Guru entrusts Balaram, Uddhava and you to his nephew Shvetaketu. He is a handsome young man and looks like his uncle. You are told that he is the ablest disciple of the master.

You are now a member of Shvetaketu's batch, which consists, besides three of you, of the twin Princes of Avanti, Vinda and Anuvinda, who look so like each other that you often can't say which is which. You can see at once that Vinda and Anuvinda never can forget that they are the sons of a king and you are not. Every time you want to make friends with them, they make you feel that you are a cowherd's son. They wear their deer skins in a fastidious way and will go only to the princesses to beg their food. Poor things, you have to suffer these vain boys cheerfully.

You have no such vanity; it is wrong to be so snobbish. You promptly accept Trivakra's invitation to go to her the next day for collecting food. She is not a princess, but has a nobler heart than any woman's. And when you go to her quarters in the palace, she has cooked the nicest food with her own hands and offers it to you when you hold out the bowl to her.

But wherever you go for food these

few days, Rukmi's sister is sure to there—of course with Trivakra. She will also insist on putting a fine morsel in your bowl, whoever be lady giving you the food. And ev time she does so, she smiles and sho sly glances at you. She is very pre but very forward too.

You do not like her brother, i true; but she is different. She has eyes. Her nose is straight. Radha different—she was sweetness i bubbling with spontaneous joy. T Princess is dignified—and perhaps clined to be domineering. But no, are wrong to think of girls when y are a *brahmachari*. You have to forg them.

•••

The seventh member of the batch eighteen-year-old Sudama or Kuch as some call him, lean and we but very intelligent. He tells about himself straightaway. His fat came from the distant shores of t sea, somewhere near the sacred Pr bhas Tirth, where he says all of u have to go on a pilgrimage. His fath was Guru Sandipani's friend and co league, and knew the chanting o Sama Veda music to perfection. H was now dead and Sudama is now con tinuing his studies till they are com pleted.

Sudama himself can chant the Sa Veda hymns to perfection. You hea him with admiration the day after y had joined the Guru. He has been go enough to agree to your proposal t teach you the Sama music.

Big Brother is a problem. He h already begun to find the life of *brahmachari* hard. He misses th wide spaces of the forest. He is

ppy that he cannot roam at will, about at people, nor get angry and serve one. He finds life mono- s, and constant recitals and dis- ons boring.

ll, you have to help him over- his disgust of the new life. You always to be nice to him with- ting him know that you are do- on purpose. You have to pre- that you have forgotten the *man-* and ask him to correct you—just ke him memorise them correctly. have to ask him every time you to perform a ritual as to what correct way, just to refresh his memory of it. He knows that you mber things all right and that this ly your trick to help him. He r forgets that compared to him are very intelligent, and he is d of what you are. But he never alous, for he loves you and you him. And he continues to master the things that you want him to, to please you.

After five days, Uddhava, your friend, returns from Vrindavan. tells you how all in Vrindavan, old young, were eagerly awaiting you ; they wanted your exploits to be d again and again ; how they have fond messages to say how they d the banks of the Yamuna de- e without you ; how even your urite cows, when Uddhava patted m, felt disconsolate.

You feel unhappy when you learn Mother Yashoda shed tears when ing to the events that had hap- ed in Mathura, that waking and ping she only calls upon you.

You feel more unhappy when you hear how absent-mindedly Radha heard the message you had sent. You had sent her a message: 'Radha, you are my goddess of joy. You are always in my heart ; so will you remain. And let me know, when I return from the *ashram,* whether you would like to be with me, and I shall bring you here.'

And with a choking voice, Uddhava tells you what reply she made. She took him to the favourite grove where you used to be with her and asked him: 'Isn't my Kahn here?' Then she took him to the tree under which you sat with her and asked him: 'Don't you hear his flute?'

Uddhava says he was nonplussed, for she was as happy as ever. Then she turned to him and said: 'You are blind, Uddhava, and also deaf. He is here, my Kahn ; he lives and moves with me ; he is with me wherever I am ; what more do I want?'

Uddhava confesses to you that he is unhappy at seeing her talking this way. But he found her very happy, wandering on the banks of the Yamuna and playing your flute.

Uddhava can't understand her. You can. She lives only in you. You may be a Krishna to others ; to her you are 'my Kahn' who lives with her all the time.

And your heart becomes pure and joyous as you think of Radha's devotion, which has transmuted your relations with her into a thing of exquisite beauty.

[*To be continued*]

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'APU

Jawaharlal Nehru

INETEEN-SIXTEEN. That was when I first saw Bapu, and an age has gone by since then. ...ly one looks back and memo-...ed in.

...a strange period this has been ...'s history, and the story, with ...ps and downs and triumphs ...feats, has the quality of a ... and a romance. Even our ... lives were touched by a halo ...mance, because we lived ...gh this period and were actors, ...ter or lesser degree, in the great ... of India.

...s period has been full of wars and upheavals and stirring events all over the world. Yet events in India stand out in distinctive outline because they were on an entirely different plane. If a person studied this period without knowing much of Bapu, he would wonder how and why all this happened in India.

The surprising thing about India during this period was not only that the country as a whole functioned on a high plane, but also that it functioned more or less continuously for a lengthy period on that plane. That indeed was a remarkable achievement. It cannot easily be explained or understood unless one looks upon the astonishing personality that moulded this period. Like a colossus he stands astride half a century of India's history, a colossus not of the body but of the mind and spirit.

This little man of poor physique had something of steel in him, something rocklike which did not

> A more perfect ideal of *ahimsa* and love cannot be conceived. Gandhiji utilised every evil happening to test his inner purity.
>
> Whether in the form of judicial punishment while dealing with internal crime or in the form of war while dealing with foreign aggression, *himsa* is inevitable in political life. But our apostle of *ahimsa* tried to transform even that unavoidable *himsa* into *ahimsa* by completely eschewing hatred from it.
>
> —*H.H. Sri Sankaracharya of Sri Kamakoti Peetham.*

yield to physical powers, however great they might be. And in spite of his unimpressive features, his loincloth and bare body, there was a royalty and a kingliness in him which compelled a willing obeisance from others. Consciously and deliberately meek and humble, yet he was full of power and authority, and he knew it, and at times he was imperious enough, issuing commands which had to be obeyed. His calm, deep eyes would hold one and gently probe into the depths; his voice, clear and limpid, would purr its way into the heart and evoke an emotional response. Whether his audience consisted of one person or a thousand, the charm and magnetism of the man passed on to it, and each one had a feeling of communion with the speaker. This feeling had little to do with the mind, though the appeal to the mind was not wholly ignored. But mind and reason definitely had second place. This process of "spell binding" was not brought about by oratory or the hypnotism of silken phrases. The language was a ways simple and to the point, and dom was an unnecessary word It was the utter sincerity of the and his personality that gripped; gave the impression of tremend inner reserves of power. Perhaps it was a tradition that had grown about him which helped in creating suitable atmosphere. A stranger, norant of this tradition and not harmony with the surrounding would probably not have been touch by that spell, or at any rate, not the same extent. And yet one of most remarkable things about Gandhi ji was his capacity to win over, or least to disarm, his opponents.

He was humble but also clear and hard as a diamond, pleasant soft-spoken but inflexible and terrib earnest. His eyes were mild and deep yet out of them blazed a fierce energy and determination.

His voice was quiet and low, yet it could be heard above the shouting of the multitude; it was soft gentle, and yet there seemed to be steel hidden away somewhere in it; it was courteous and full of appeal and yet there was something grim frightening in it; every word used was full of meaning and seemed to carry a deadly earnestness. Behind the language of peace and friendship there was power and the quivering shadow of action and a determination not to submit to a wrong. We are familiar with that voice now; we have heard it often enough during the last fourteen years. But it was new to us in February and March 1919; we did not quite know what to make of it but we were thrilled. This was something

> He stopped at the thresholds of the huts of the thousands of dispossessed, dressed like one of their own. He spoke to them in their own language. Here was living truth at last, and not only quotations from books. For this reason the Mahatma, the name given to him by the people of India, is his real name. Who else has felt like him that all Indians are his own flesh and blood? When love came to the door of India, that door was opened wide. At Gandhi's call India blossomed forth to new greatness, just as once before, in earlier times, when Buddha proclaimed the truth of fellow-feeling and compassion among all living creatures.
>
> —*Rabindranath Tagore.*

great as he hoped for. One carried away the impression that he could not really fail in anything that he attempted. According to the teachings of the *Gita,* he laboured dispassionately without attachment to results, and so results came to him.

During his long life, full of hard work and activity and novel adventures out of the common rut, there is hardly any jarring note anywhere. All his manifold activities became progressively a symphony and every word he spoke and every gesture that he made fitted into this, and so unconsciously he became the perfect artist, for he had learned the art of living, though the way of life he had adopted was very different from the world's way. It became apparent that the pursuit of truth and goodness leads among other things to this artistry in life.

Who is this Gandhi and why is it, today, that he represents the supreme moral force in the world? Throughout history, age after age, in every country, there have been very distinguished men and great men—kings, warriors, lawgivers, poets — men whose fame had rung through the corridors of their own periods. Their names have survived, and they are fresh today in their radiance, as they were in their own times. Buddha, Jesus Christ and Mohammed, and a few others, whose gospel was an exaltation to the spirit of man. Today, there is Gandhi, a tiny man, a fragile man, a man of no worldly importance, of no earthly possessions, and yet a man, greater than the emperors. The emperors have passed in processions, through the streets of their own cities and provinces, and crowds have applauded them, out of duty, sometimes tinged with affection, and sometimes tinged with fear, but because it was a convention. But this man, with his crooked bones, his toothless mouth, his square yard of clothing, or of cloth rather, that just covers his nakedness, where nakedness must be covered, he passes meekly through the years, he faces embattled forces, he overthrows empires, he conquers death, but what is it in him that has given him this power, this magic, this authority, this prestige, this almost godlike quality of swaying the hearts or minds of men?

It is a quality he shares with that small band of great teachers of the world, who inaugurated great religions. He shares with them the quality of bringing hope to the hopeless, of bringing courage to those who are afraid, of uplifting those who have fallen.

—*Sarojini Devi.*

As he grew older his body seem to be just a vehicle for the mighty s rit within him. Almost one forgot body as one listened to him or lo ed at him, and so where he sat came a temple and where he trod hallowed ground.

Our memories of him will be of Master, whose step was light to end, whose smile was infectious, whose eyes were full of laughter, shall associate no failing powers him of body or mind. He lived he died at the top of his strength powers, leaving a picture in our and in the mind of the age that live in that can never fade away.

That picture will not fade. B did something much more than for he entered into the very stuff our minds and spirits and cha them and moulded them. The G dhi generation will pass away, but stuff will remain and will affect succeeding generation, for it has come a part of India's spirit. Just we were growing poor in spirit in country, Bapu came to enrich us make us strong, and the strength gave us was not for a moment day or a year but it was somet added on to our national inherit

Bapu has done a giant's work India and the world and even for poor selves, and he has done it tonishingly well. And now it is our not to fail him or his memory b carry on the work to the best of ability and to fulfil the pledges have so often taken.

[Collated from his speeches & writ

THE DAY FOR SELF-AUDIT

JAIRAMDAS DOULATRAM

THE second of October should, every year, be a day for a national self-audit.

It is the day on which one of the great souls in human history took birth in our land. That soul, after a hesitant stumblings, walked firmly and steadily on the narrow path of principles. It was for these he suffered and toiled, and died!

Mere principles, however good, can have no effect on human affairs, unless they are action patiently and persevering. It is action which makes them prevail, in the end, over all obstacles. Human will is the medium through which such principles operate and win success.

Mahatma Gandhi ever supplied this psychological basis for each principle which he believed. His fate was partly cast in the midst of the people of India. They constituted nearly one-sixth of the human race. He found them in bondage, not knowing how to become free.

He saw, with his clear vision and experience in South Africa, that it would have to be a moral revolution among the people before the chains of bondage could be broken. The masses were lying emasculated by fear and inertia. He shook the nation out of its slumber and worked it up into a mood of fearless action. Inertia and fear were gone for the moment and he achieved results which nobody thought possible, when his soft but vibrant voice first rang in India's ears.

He wrought this moral revolution not by simply believing in high principles. He worked for them tirelessly and, literally, from hour to hour, all his life. He gave himself up completely to the attainment of his selfless objective. There was an intensity in his action of which his calm exterior gave no evidence.

With many other contemporaries, I also had the privilege of observing, at close quarters, how he functioned in life. He never lived even a moment for himself. Even his sleep was meant for regaining freshness and vigour to pursue further his objective the next day. He worked like a machine which is given rest only to fit it for resuming work. He believed that God had given us mental and physical powers only to use for righteous causes. Every ounce of his own energy was for the people's service.

He worked as few have worked. That is why he was able to deal with so many men and so many matters, big and small, national and individual. To each of them he gave his utmost attention. For each of them, he did the deepest thinking. In the midst of such heavy pressure and continuous travel in train or car, through the towns and villages of India, sometimes for twelve months on end—he was able to maintain, with clock-like regularity, a constant flow of editorial matter for his three great weeklies, in English,

Hindi and Gujarati, while simultaneously, every day, addressing a dozen meetings, giving interviews to scores of men and women and writing, with his own hand, twenty to thirty letters to various persons on problems of all types, public and personal. And when the right hand was tired out, he would write with his left!

He never knew what it was to sit and do nothing even for a moment. If a minute or two happened to intervene between one interview and another, he would use it to dash off a brief reply to one or other of the letters on the pending file, always at hand. Even when he took his food, he felt he must also do some work and so, quite often, interviews, discussions, dictation of replies to correspondents, listening to news from the papers—something or other went on, while he ate his meagre meal. Even in the midst of momentous debates in the Congress Working Committee affecting the fate of millions, he did not cease to work: he plied the Charkha to preach silently to all that India's salvation lay in serving the masses.

He took things to a climax when utilized spare minutes even in the bathroom for reading the day's business of correspondence, so as to be able deal with it the moment a gap in engagements could be available. morning and evening stroll was not merely to keep fit, but was also occasion for walking-interviews to manner of men on all kinds of subjects. Even while having his daily massage of the body, he gave urgent interviews or dictated letters that could not wait. And so also when the was over and his forehead was being massaged to relax the brain into sleep, he would give time for very special interviews, till he dosed off and body claimed him for the nightly recuperation.

Work, hard work and *efficient* was the daily lesson he taught. He preached it by practising it, in presence, every moment he lived. We revere his name, and seem to adore him, adore him, but on this day self-audit, can we, truthfully, say we follow him?

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ri Aurobindo

RISHABHCHAND

absolute silence sleeps an absolute
Power.
waking, it can wake the trance-
bound soul
and in the ray reveal the parent
sun:
can make the world a vessel of
Spirit's force,
can fashion in the clay God's per-
fect shape.
free the self is but one radiant
pace;
here to fulfil himself was God's
desire."

—*Savitri.*

RI AUROBINDO once wrote to a disciple: "No one can write about my life because it not been on the surface for men see." Indeed, as Emerson says: Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing except to the Shakespeare in him. If that is true about poets and men, how much more true it must be in regard to yogis and mystics, the greater part of whose lives is really lived within rather than without? They explore and conquer the inner realms before they ever think of the mastery of the outer. Their outer achievements are but a reflection of their inner sovereignty.

But still biographies of yogis and mystics are written. They are our loving tribute to greatness, a sacramental act of hero-worship, which ennobles and exalts us. We cannot see the sun except in the light of the sun; and, though our eyes are blear today, we can always hope for the film of ignorance to clear away and the splendour of the sun to be revealed in its naked reality.

Three things stand out in Sri Aurobindo's life:

His consuming love of God and his passionate will to realise Him and

manifest Him on earth. Union with God for personal freedom and fulfilment was never his aim. He yearned to be one with God in order to bring the Divine Consciousness down into Matter, and help mankind to live the Divine Life here, in the material world, in the human body. And he realised God, united himself with Him, and lived and moved and had his being in Him. He recovered the integral vision of the Vedic Rishis and, disdaining the ascetic escape from the world and its evolutionary progress towards God, proved by his experience and example that a total and active union with the Divine is quite possible even in the midst of the full flood of life's activities, and that to manifest God in human life, individual and collective, is the purpose of the soul's descent into Matter, and the glorious end of Nature's evolutionary travail. Human nature can be changed into the Divine Nature, Apara Prakriti into Para Prakriti, and human life into the Divine Life, even in the material world, *ihaiva,* as the Upanishad says. That was, in fact, the ideal of the Vedic Rishis, though mankind was not ripe then for its full realisation: "Be man, create a divine race".[1] We can, indeed, say about Sri Aurobindo, in the words of the Upanishad: "He drew out the lustre of the heavenly fire and filled the earth."

The second ruling passion of Sri Aurobindo's life was his love for India. He looked upon her as the Mother, the Divine Mother, the ageless guardian of spiritual Light, the leader of the world in the ways of the Spirit. It was he who first preached in the post-partition days in Bengal the burning gospel of spiritual nationalism. India must shake off foreign yoke so that she may rise to her full spiritual stature, recover and replenish her spiritual and cultural heritage, and shed the light of the Spirit upon the benighted world of today, as she has done so often, from age to age, in the pre-history and history of mankind. It was he whose inspired writings, at first in the *Induprakash* of Bombay, and later in the *Bandemataram* and the *Karmayogin* of Bengal, quickened the whole country into an intense yearning for freedom, Swaraj. India must be free, India must rise not for herself, but for humanity. She must rise because the world needs her guidance today. She must rise because she alone possesses and is destined to impart to mankind what it sorely requires in its present cultural crisis. Indian culture[2] is nothing if it is not theo-centric, geared to spiritual values, attuned to the rhythms of the Eternal.

Sri Aurobindo's nationalism was, therefore, not at all confined to the geographical boundaries of India—it was trans-national, it was universal. In the seclusion of his Alipur gaol, he heard God's voice speaking to him: "Something has been shown to you in this year of seclusion, something about which you had your doubts, and it is the truth of the Hindu religion. It is this religion that I am raising up before the world, it is this that I have perfected and developed through the Rishis, saints and Avataras, and now it is going forth to do my work among

1. *Rigveda.*

2. For an authentic account of the greatness of Indian Culture, read *The Foundations of Indian Culture.*

nous and blissful Supermind or the Vijnana of the Upanishads.

For convenience of treatment, I shall divide Sri Aurobindo's life into four periods: his education in England; his life at Baroda—a life of intensive self-preparation; his political and educational work, always leavened with a dynamic spirituality, in Bengal; and his long life at Pondicherry of concentrated Yoga for ascent to and descent of the Supermind. We shall glance at the main events of these four periods in a rapid survey, and try to bring into focus the mission and significance of Sri Aurobindo's life. The subject is somewhat difficult, because there is much that is original and revolutionary in Sri Aurobindo's thought and experience, much that is a striking and epoch-making departure from the beaten track and the traditional ruts, much, indeed, that is likely to shock the intellectual and religious world into new and more fruitful perspectives. The reader has to pause and ponder as he proceeds, welcoming what is new and original, for it is in them that lie the seeds of tomorrow.

BIRTH, CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

Sri Aurobindo was born in Calcutta on the 15th of August, 1872. His maternal grandfather, Sri Rajnarayan Bose, was a saintly man, and an eminent scholar and patriot of Bengal. His father, Dr. K. D. Ghose, who had been to England for his medical studies, held the post of a civil surgeon in some districts of the Province. He was generous to a fault, and very noble-hearted, but thoroughly angli-

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Sri Aurobindo was assured of freedom in 1908.

cised in his outlook and way of life. He was very particular that all his sons, of whom Sri Aurobindo was the third, should have an entirely English upbringing and education. He sent them to Loretto Convent School at Darjeeling. Sri Aurobindo as a child spoke only English and Hindustani, and knew no Bengali, though it was his mother-tongue. When he was seven years old, his father took all his three sons to England[4] in 1879, and placed them in the charge of an English clergyman and his wife with strict instructions not to let the boys come in contact with any Indian, or be in any way influenced by Indian thought or ways of life. Sri Aurobindo grew up in complete ignorance of "India, her people, her religion and her culture."[5]

Sri Aurobindo learnt Latin and Greek so well and within so short a time that he was sent from St. Paul's School with a senior classical scholarship to King's College, Cambridge, where he studied for two years. Besides his courses, he studied English poetry, fiction and general literature, French literature, history of ancient, mediaeval and modern Europe etc. He picked up a fairly good knowledge of Italian and German, and learnt some Spanish. He began writing English poetry from the age of fourteen. He won all the prizes in King's College in one year for Greek and Latin verse. At Cambridge, Sri Aurobindo passed high in the first part of the Tripos (first class). In 1890 he passed the open competition for the Indian Civil S vice, securing record marks in Gr and Latin, but, neglecting his lo in riding, failed in the last test. T fact of the matter is that Sri Au bindo, who had already develo strong nationalist tendencies and intense feeling of resentment ag the British rule in India that was s ing her life-blood and smothering urge for freedom, did not want to e ter the Civil Service. So, he del rately disqualified himself by turning up for the riding test. Besi when he was eleven years old, he a premonition of the great revolu nary changes that were coming u the world, and he felt that he had part to play in it. At Cambridge, as member (later he became secretary the Indian Majlis, he delivered f speeches against the heartless exp tation of his country by the Bri Government, and subsequently form a secret society, named Lotus a Dagger, vowed to overthrow the B tish rule in India. By an irony of fa he who was meant to be a docile p of the West, thoroughly westerni in outlook and manners, grew to b instead, a passionate lover of In and a staunch patriot. He read t Sacred Books of the East series, ed by Max Muller, and gained a reve ing insight into the immense cultu heritage of his motherland.

At the age of twenty-one, af having drunk deep at the fountains Western culture, Sri Aurobindo turned to India in 1893. A ve strange and significant thing happe as soon as he set foot on the soil his motherland at Apollo Bunder Bombay. A vast peace and calm s

4. The fourth son, Barindra was born in England.

5. *Sri Aurobindo on Himself.*

descended upon him and en-
him in its embrace. It was the
of his country, his beloved
India, upon his soul, welcom-
home. The peace and calm
with him for many a long

before his departure from
Sri Aurobindo had been in-
to the Gaekwar of Baroda
fered him a high post in the
Service. He lived at Baroda for
thirteen years, first as a Settle-
and Revenue Officer, next as a
of French and English, and
as Vice-Principal of the Baroda
During all this period he was
asked to act as the Maharaja's
secretary. He was held in high
not only by the Gaekwar, but
students and the elite of the
The years at Baroda saw Sri
do grow into an ardent natio-
He learnt Bengali, his mother-
Sanskrit, Marathi and Guja-
It was for him a period of in-
self-preparation for the great
waiting for him. With the same
with which he had drunk deep
fountains of Western culture,
now at the well-springs of
national culture, He learnt Sans-
well that he translated into
considerable portions of the
ana and the *Mahabharata*,
etc. Romesh Dutt was so
impressed by the quality of his
ions of the *Ramayana* and the
arata that he remarked that
not have published his own
ions of them if he had seen
robindo's translations earlier.
robindo wrote some English
also during Baroda life, and

began his great Epic, *Savitri*.

Though he held such high posts at Baroda, Sri Aurobindo's habits were extremely simple, and his nature gentle, reserved and unassuming. None ever saw him finding fault with anybody or complaining about anything. Indifference to heat and cold, honour and obloquy, and particularly to money, was not a result of self-discipline—it was ingrained in his nature. Once, when his watch was stolen, he said that the man who had stolen it must have been in need of it. He was a Yogi, not made, but born.

When he went to Kashmir with the Gaekwar, he had a realisation of the vacant Infinite, while he was walking on the ridge of the Takhti Suleman. On the banks of the Narmada, he felt the living presence of Kali in a shrine. Once again, when he was in danger of a carriage accident, he had the vision of the Godhead surging out from within him. Sri Aurobindo had started Yoga in 1904, without any help from anybody. It was in the beginning an assiduous practice of *pranayama*. Later, he met a Maharashtriyan yogi, Vishnu Bhaskara Lele, who taught him the secret of silencing the mind, which he was able to do in three days only. In that silence, he had the realisation of the indefinable Brahman, *Tat*, in which the whole universe seemed to appear as shadowy, unreal. This silence never left him afterwards, whatever he might be doing. Thought, speech, directions for action, all came from above, and all that he spoke and wrote afterwards—and he delivered many speeches and wrote bulky volumes of prose and poetry—came direct from the higher planes of

consciousness without his mind interfering in the least in the movement.

Along with Yoga, the writing of poetry, translating Sanskrit epics and classics etc., Sri Aurobindo carried on secret political activities, mostly of a revolutionary type till the Partition of Bengal, which made him give up his post and plunge headlong into the nationalist movement in Bengal. The letters that he wrote to his wife[6] from Baroda breathe something of his fiery patriotism and his intense aspiration to realise God and attain to a complete union with him. He had surrendered totally to the Divine and was being led by Him in all that he thought and did. There was no longer any personal will in him, nor any personal choice and initiation of work. This unreserved surrender amazed even Lele, but it opened to Sri Aurobindo the floodgates of spiritual experiences and carried him with lightning speed through various stages of progress and perfection.

In 1906 Sri Aurobindo finally went to Bengal and joined the Nationalist movement. He engaged himself in various nation-building activities. He became principal of the newly-founded National College, and gave to his countrymen a new ideal of national education. But the authorities of the College were wedded to the European system of education and could not see eye to eye with Sri Aurobindo, as a result of which he had to leave. "The system prevailing in our universit he writes, "is one which ignores psychology of man, loads the laboriously with numerous packets of information carefully with red-tape and, by the meth used in this loading process, dam or atrophies the faculties and in ments by which man assimil creates, and grows in intellect, hood and energy.... It is eighteenth century India, the which by its moral and intellectual ficiencies gave itself into the kee of foreigners, that we have to re but the spirit, ideals and methods the ancient and mightier India in yet more effective form and with more modern organisation." "W was the secret," he asks, "of that gi tic intellectuality, spirituality superhuman moral force which we pulsating in the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata,* in the ancient p sophy, in the supreme poetry, sculpture and architecture of Ind And he himself replies: "We shall the secret of their success in a p found knowledge of human psychol and its subtle application to the thods of intellectual training and c struction". "At the basis of the Aryan system was the all-importa discipline of Brahmacharya."[7] T more we increase and sublimate energy stored in our system, the we can develop the body, heart, and spirit.

Resigning his post at the Nat College, Sri Aurobindo joined the torial board of the *Bandemataram*

6. He had married Smt. Mrinalini, daughter of Sri Bhupalchandra Bose, according to orthodox rites in 1901. But he hardly ever knew what was worldly life. His whole life was consecrated to God and humanity.

7. Brahmacharya makes for C centration, and Concentration is key to success in every walk of life.

...er founded by Bepin Chandra ...d wrote most of its leading ... His inspired and brilliant ex... of the creed or rather the re... of nationalism, his scathing ... of the timid prayer-and-peti... ...cy of the Moderates, and his ...s bombardment of the steel ... of the predatory British ...racy, electrified not only Ben... the whole of India. There was ...er paper in the country that ...d such purifying fire, no other ... that spoke in the ringing accents ...oneer and a prophet. He preach... ...araj, complete and absolute inde... ...ce, as the goal of national ...ment, and "an increasing non-co... ...ion and passive resistance which ... render the administration of the ... by a foreign government dif... ...r finally impossible; a uni... ...unrest which would wear down ...ion and finally, if need be, an ... revolt all over the country."

...ain of work included a boycott ...ish trade, the substitution of ...al schools for the Government ...tions, the creation of arbitration ...s to which the people could re... ...stead of depending on the ordi... courts of law, the creation of ...er forces which would be the ...s of an army of open revolt"[8] ...It is interesting to recall that he ...d non-cooperation, though ...ased it as "no control, no co...ion". But he was no believer in ...violence.[9] His political philosophy was, in certain respects, akin to that of Tilak, with whom he had been on intimate terms from his Baroda days.

Sri Aurobindo's political life was cut short by his detention in the Alipur jail for a period of one year on a false charge of sedition. This imprisonment proved a God-send. He found God in the seclusion of his cell, and was vouchsafed a clearer perception of the mission of his life. After his release, which was in no small measure due to the brilliant and devoted advocacy of C. R. Das, Sri Aurobindo declared in his Uttarpara speech: "Sanatana Dharma is life itself; it is a thing that has not so much to be believed as lived. This is the Dharma that for the salvation of humanity was cherished in the seclusion of this peninsula from of old. It is to give this religion that India is rising....She is rising to shed the eternal light entrusted to her over the world. India has always existed for humanity and not for herself, and it is for humanity and not for herself that she must be great." These flaming words reveal the heart of the God-possessed lover of humanity. None before him nor after has seen so deeply into the spiritual truth of the historical mission of India, and none has shown the way to its perfect fulfilment, as he has done. The Indian youths of today who are dazzled by the glamour of the materialistic civilisation of the West and

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...Sri Aurobindo on Himself.

...Peace is a part of the highest ...but it must be spiritual or at the ...least psychological in its basis; ...a change in human nature it cannot come with any finality. If it is attempted on any other basis (moral principle or gospel of Ahimsa or any other), it will fail and even may leave things worse than before."—*Sri Aurobindo on Himself.*

easily led astray by its superficial, temporising ideologies, should hearken to what Sri Aurobindo says to them: "First become Indians. Recover the patrimony of your forefathers. Recover the Aryan thought, the Aryan discipline, the Aryan character, the Aryan life. Recover the Vedanta, the Gita, the Yoga. Recover them not only in intellect or sentiment but in your lives. Live them and you will be great and strong, mighty, invincible and fearless....For it is in the Spirit that strength is eternal, and you must win back the kingdom of yourselves, the inner Swaraj....There the Mother dwells, and She waits for worship that She may give strength. Believe in Her, serve Her, lose your wills in Hers...." Let these words sink into the hearts of the youths of India and become their Ishta Mantra, and the future of India will glow again with a glory greater than that of the past, and India will become again the Light of the world, and the world the happy home of a divine race.[10]

Describing his spiritual realisations in the jail, Sri Aurobindo said in his Uttarpara speech: "It was while I was walking that His strength entered into me. I looked at the jail that secluded me from men and it was no longer by its high walls that I was imprisoned; no, it was Vasudeva who surrounded me. I walked under the branches of the tree in front of my cell but it was not the tree, I knew it was Vasudeva, it was Sri Krishna whom I saw standing there and holding over me His shade. I looked at the bars of my cell....and again I saw Vasudeva. It was Narayana who was guarding and standing sentry over me. Or I lay on the coarse blankets that were given me for a couch and felt the arms of Sri Krishna around me, the arms of my Friend and Lover.... When he was taken to the Court for trial, he had the same vision and experience. "....I looked and it was not the Magistrate whom I saw, it was Vasudeva, it was Narayana who was sitting there on the bench. I looked at the Prosecuting Counsel and it was not the Counsel for Prosecution that I saw; it was Sri Krishna who sat there, it was my Lover and Friend who sat there and smiled...."[11]

In the light of his fast growing spiritual knowledge, Sri Aurobindo clearly saw that the political freedom of India was assured, and would be achieved without bloodshed by means of the very programme of action he had given to the country, and that a vaster field of a much more important work was opening before him—a work which "far exceeded the service and liberation of the country and fixed itself in an aim, previously only glimpsed, which was world-wide in its bearing and concerned with the whole future of humanity."[12]

His spiritual experiences were increasing in magnitude and universality, revealing to him realms of the Spirit, unexplored for countless centuries, and he knew that the two great reali-

10. In his book *The Ideal of Human Unity*, Sri Aurobindo has discussed at considerable length various aspects of the problem of unity, and suggested its solution.

11. The Uttarpara Speech by Sri Aurobindo.

12. *Sri Aurobindo and His Ashram*

as he had, one of the indefinable man and the other of Narayana beings and things and happen- were but the indispensable pre- to the supreme, completer reali- which would unite and harmo- the polar ends of existence, Spirit Matter.

sudden Adesh (command) from Divine made Sri Aurobindo quit for ever. He came to Pondi- where spiritual aspirants from parts of the country, began round him for practising his Yoga[13] of supramental trans- tion. Himself advancing with a steps, Sri Aurobindo ascended the Supermind or the supreme Consciousness, where he dis- the final solution to the riddle world. It was because spiritua- India, after the period of the and the Upanishads, had failed to the Supermind or the creative plane of Vijnana that vada made its appearance and world was regarded as unreal. And, rally enough, the nation that re- the world as unreal and insub- tial, or as a mere snare for the soul, but fail in life. India failed in her culture decayed, her vitality and she fell an easy prey to the hordes from beyond her fron-

In the Supermind, Sri Aurobindo the key to the meaning, des- and regeneration of the world, supreme solution of all life's pro- the secret of uniting Spirit and Earth and Heaven. If all is Brahman, life cannot be spurned as illusory. It, too, is Brahman, as Matter is Brahman and Mind is Brahman, according to the Rishis of the Upanishads. Brahman must be realised, not only beyond the universe but in the universe; not only in the soul but in the human body; not only as Spirit but as Matter. Life is the field for the progressive manifestation of God.

Sri Aurobindo saw that unless earthly life undergoes a radical transmutation, and the whole being and nature of man are converted into the divine being and nature by the Light-Force of the Supramental Truth-Consciousness, the manifestation of God on earth cannot be perfect. So, he strove for long years of unrelaxed concentration, in collaboration with the Mother, to bring down the Supramental Truth-Consciousness into Matter.

The Mother came from France in 1914 and, realising her identity with Sri Aurobindo in spirit and mission, decided to collaborate with him in the great work of supramental manifestation. She helped Sri Aurobindo in starting and editing the monthly journal, *Arya*. But the first world war broke out, and she had to return to France to settle her affairs there and come back to India for good. She came again in 1920, and in 1926 Sri Aurobindo gave her the entire charge of the Ashram and retired completely for carrying on his supramental work with a greater concentration. The Ashram is the creation of the Mother, and she has developed and expanded it into the huge institution it is at present. She has been the spiritual guide and teacher of the sadhaks who practise the Inte-

13. For an elaborate account of the Integral Yoga, refer to *On Yoga*, Vol. I by Sri Aurobindo.

The Great Path-finder

RAMMOHUN ROY *inaugurated the Modern Age in India. He was born at a time when our country having lost its link with the inmost truths of its being, struggling under a crushing load of unreason, in abject slavery to circumstance.*

In social usage, in politics, in the realm of religion and art, we had entered the zone of uncreative habit, of decadent tradition, and ceased to exercise our humanity.

In this dark gloom of India's degeneration Rammohun rose up, a luminous star in the firmament of India's history, with prophetic purity of vision, and unconquerable heroism of soul.

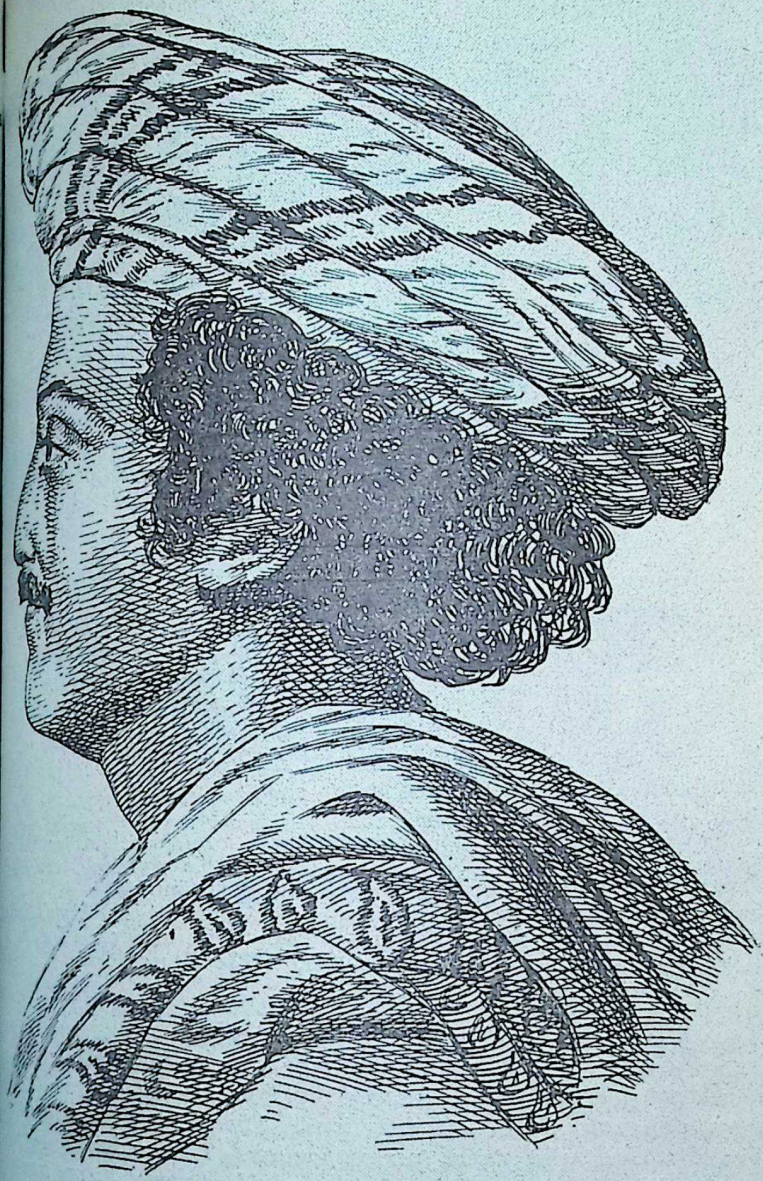
He shed radiance all over the land; he rescued us from the penury of self-oblivion.

Through the dynamic power of his personality, his uncompromising freedom of the spirit, he vitalized our national being with the urgency of creative endeavour, and launched it into the arduous adventure of realization.

He is the great path-maker of this century who has removed ponderous obstacles that impeded our progress at every step, and initiated us into the present Era of world-wide co-operation of humanity.

Rammohun belongs to the lineage of India's great seers, who age after age have appeared in the arena of our history with the message of Eternal Man.

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE



[Raja Rammohun Roy: *b.* May 22, 1772; *d.* September 27, 1833.]

gral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. After Sri Aurobindo's passing in 1950, she opened the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education where education is sought to be imparted in the light of Sri Aurobindo's teachings and hers. She is the Mother who is leading her thousands of children in India and abroad to the Kingdom of the supramental Light.

The descent of the creative Truth-Consciousness is, then, the greatest gift of Sri Aurobindo to humanity and the life of the earth in general. He has achieved what was never attempted in the entire history of the human race, because evolutionary humanity was not ripe for it before. All that now remains for man to do, in order to lead the Divine Life, a life of knowledge and bliss, peace and power, a luminous life of creative unity and harmony, is to follow the trail Sri Aurobindo has blazed for him with such infinite labour of love and compassion. We can now confidently accept the whole of human life with all its activities, fuse the vibrant, vitalistic, pragmatic message of the West with the spiritually dynamic message of the Divine Life[14] of the East, and march forward with firm steps towards the regeneration of man into a divine being, and a radical reconstruction of human society. This is the only way to meet the dire challenge of the Atomic Age.

This ideal of the Life Divine is not a figment of a rosy, spiritual idealism. It is implicit in the very logic of evolution.[15] If life has emerged from Matter, and mind from life, if the progress of evolution is a gradual emergence of consciousness, then evolution cannot certainly stop short at the twilit mental consciousness of man. The Vijnana and Ananda, which are involved in Matter, must also, like the other primal basic principles, emerge, and man must be able to live in the infinite consciousness and unity and bliss of the Supermind even as he lives now in the fumbling half-knowledge of his mind. A new race of supramental men, living the Divine Life and manifesting God's glory, the Kingdom of Heaven, on earth—this will be the final fruit of Sri Aurobindo's life-long yoga.

14. *The Life Divine* by Sri Aurobindo, regarded by many as his masterpiece, contains an exhaustive exposition of his philosophy and his gospel of the Divine Life.

15. For Sri Aurobindo's Theory of Evolution, refer to his *The Life Divine* and *The Human Cycle.*

The apparent multiplication of gods is bewildering at first glance, but you soon discover that they are all the same God in different aspects and functions. There is always one uttermost God who defies personification. This makes Hinduism the most tolerant religion in the world, because its one transcendent God includes all possible gods.

—George Bernard Shaw

NTH INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMATIC COMPETITION

M. Munshi Shield is being pre- by Kulapati Munshi to the of Bhavan's College and ment Law College who share the prize.

HE Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted annually under the auspices of the diya Vidya Bhavan has made y in the annals of the theatre ment of this cosmopolitan city. festival since its inception in 1951 ceived unprecedented welcome the budding artistes of Bombay e number is increasing year after

his year's competition which g a month-long festival has wit- d some of the finest performances the amateur talents of the dif- t colleges of Bombay concluded th of September, 1960. Judged ll standards the 10th anniversary his drama festival was a specta- r success. About 30 colleges had part in it. Of the 71 entries, 9 e English, 19 Marathi, 21 Gujarati, 12 Hindi, 5 Kannada, 2 Sanskrit and 3 Konkani. There were 25 sittings in all for elimination and finals.

The following are this year's winning teams in the different languages:

(1) *Sanskrit*: "Mrichakatikam"—G. S. Medical College. (2) *Gujarati*: "Scene from Shah Jehan"—Bhavan's College of Arts. (3) *Marathi*: "Vairyachi Ratra"—Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Arts. (4) *Hindi*: "Ibtidai Ishq Hai Rota Hai Kya"—Government Law College. (5) *English*: "One Bright Day"—Government Law College. (6) *Konkani*: "Sambhaji Lo Vadha"—G. S. Medical College. (7) *Kannada*: "Thai"—Government Law College.

There was a tie for the coveted Munshi Shield awarded to the best among the winning teams in the different languages. The Bhavan's College of Arts for the Gujarati drama "Scene from Shah Jehan" and the

Judges of the Hindi Drama Competition finals. (L. to R.): Sri Satyakam Vidyalankar, Editor, Navaneet; *Smt. Poornima Pakvasa, Member of the Film Advisory Board; Sri R. R. Saksena, Director, Eastern Shipping Corporation.*

(L. to R.): Smt. Lilavati Munshi introducing the chief guests; Mr. Robert M. Carr, American Consul-General in Bombay; Sri. D. S. Desai, Minister for Education, Government of Maharashtra; Dr. T. R. Naravane, Minister for Prohibition and Social Welfare, Government of Maharashtra; Sri. Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan, Minister for

Sri M. A. Master

Government Law College for the English drama "One Bright Day" will keep the prize by turns.

Presiding over the Trophy Day Function on the 19th September, Sri K. M. Munshi, Kulapati of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, said: "Performing amateur drama is the greatest school in life. It gives the participants strength of nerves, voice, ability to behave and talk gracefully and trains in expressing different moods and emotions of life. By rehearsing and staging a single play, you get more intence education than several years of education in the colleges. There is no higher form of art than the drama. Literature, art, behaviour, expression, all combine to produce the magic effect of drama."

The following is a statement of the entries for the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition yearwise:

1951: English-7, Hindi-10, Gujarati-5, Marathi-6; 1952: English-8, Hindi-12, Gujarati-10, Marathi-14; 1953: English-11, Hindi-13, Gujarati-14, Marathi-15; 1954: English-11, Hindi-12, Gujarati-17, Marathi-19; 1955: English-10, Hindi-12, Gujarati-21, Marathi-20, Kannada-3; 1956: English-8, Hindi-13, Gujarati-22, Marathi-20, Kannada-5; 1957: English-8, Hindi-

Health and Tourism, Government of Maharashtra; Sri Bhanushankar M. President, B.P.C.C.; Sri. Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff of Bombay, proposing a of thanks is Sri Navin Khandwala, Hon. Secretary of the Kala Kendra.

Gujarati-17; Marathi-20, Kannada-1958: English-10, Hindi-13, Gujarati-23, Marathi-14, Kannada-4, Sanskrit-2; 1959: English-10, Hindi-13, Gujarati-20, Marathi-13, Kannada-4, Sanskrit-1, Konkani-1 ; 1960: English-9, Hindi-12, Gujarati-21, Marathi-19, Kannada-5, Sanskrit-2, Konkani-3. During the ten years over 15,000 students took part and over 2½ lakhs of students witnessed them.

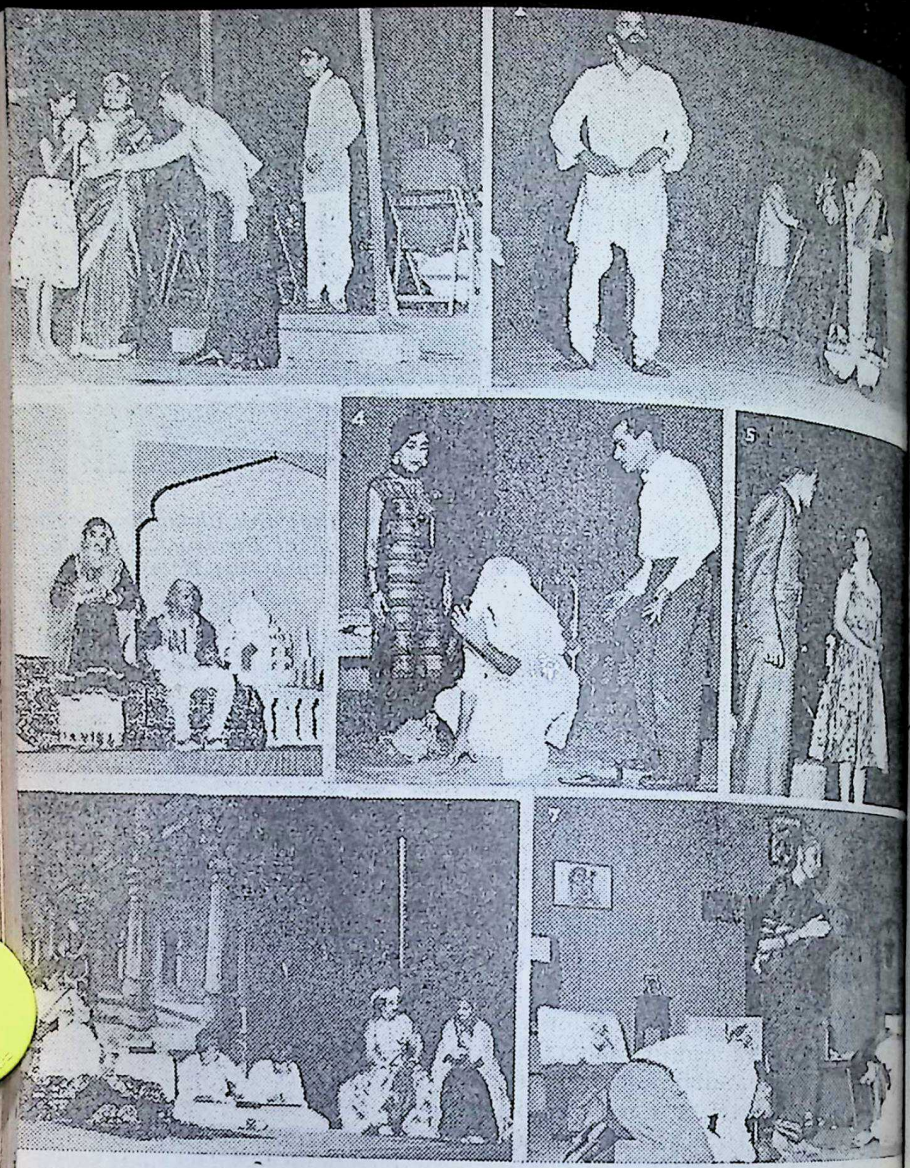
The following were the chief guests during this year's finals: Sri M. A. Master, Sri P. J. Chinmulgund, I.C.S., Sri Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan, Minister for Health, Government of Maharashtra, Sri Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff of Bombay, Mr. Robert M. Carr, Consul General for the U.S.A., Sri Bhanushankar Yagnik, President, B.P.C.C., Dr. T. R. Naravane, Minister for Social Welfare, Government of Maharashtra, Sri D. S. Desai, Minister for Education, Government of Maharashtra.

Gratified by the resounding success of this competition, the authorities of the Bhavan are considering the extension of this opportunity to other Indian languages like Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Sindhi.

This year's competition rounded off with an At Home to the various participants of the drama festival.

Thanking all present for their valuable contributions, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Chairman of the Kala Kendra observed:

"Dramas are the effective medium which gives a great deal of courage to the performers and pleasure to the audience. In a certain way it also influences them. This year the dramas were more varied and in some way better than those of the previous years. But I would venture to suggest one thing: Can we not select dramas with some ennobling purposes? Today the taste of the public is more for the farce and our young dramatists feel



(1) A Scene from the Marathi Play "Vairyachi Ratra". (2) A Scene from Konkani Play "Sambhaji Lo Vadha". (3) A Scene from Gujarati Play "Scene from Shah Jehan". (4) A Scene from Hindi Play "Ibtidae Ishq Hai Rota Hai Kyu". (5) A Scene from English Play "One Bright Day". (6) A Scene from Sanskrit Play "Mrichakatikam". (7) A Scene from Kannada Play "Thai".

ly by making the audience the success of the drama is as-. There is nothing wrong in . But if it is done with a du- expression bordering on vulga- is sometimes is done even by asoned dramatists, its purpose ted.

s brings me to the matter of the I understand that there will not censoring of the scripts by the a Board in future. But if you arch for the script during the n you will have a wide choice an be ready with your choice beginning of July. In order not erfere with the examinations we e competition by the middle of . But if we started early by the eek of August we could have d the whole thing by the end gust.

Students and teachers of the Saral Sanskrit section of Bhavan's Madras Kendra.

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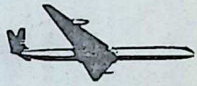

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"One other suggestion I may like to give is this: Why not form a dramatic club which all you belonging to different colleges can join. If such a club is formed, we shall try to help you as much as we can."

Smt. Munshi also paid tribute to Sri Navin Khandwala, Hon. Secretary of the Kala Kendra, for the successful manner in which the Competition was organised. She also thanked the staff of the Kala Kendra headed by Sri E. K. Warrier, Office Secretary of the Kala Kendra, for the very hard and devoted work put in by them to make the Competition a success.

NAVARATRI: RAS AND GARBHA

THE five-day festival of Gujarati folk dances—Ras and Garba—organised by the Kala Kendra and the Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was inaugurated by Sri V. N. Desai, Mayor of Bombay, on 21st of September. About a hundred girls of different age-groups participated in this festival which is an annual event synchronising with Navaratri. The direction was by Sri Yogendra Desai and music by Ishwar Pandya, Bindu Jhaveri, Nina Shah and 20 other musicians.

The Mayor praised the organisers of the festival and commended the part played by the Bhavan in keeping aloft the cultural heritage of India.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Chairman of the Kala Kendra and Stree Seva Sangh, welcomed the Mayor.

The following were the chief guests respectively on the following days: Sri Bhanushankar Yagnik, President, B.P.C.C., Miss Kapilabehn Khandwala, Deputy Municipal Commissioner; Sri Mohanlal Mehta (Sopan), Editor *Janmabhoomi*; and Smt. Lilavati Munshi.

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(Issue dated 16th October, 1960)

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—Editor.

THE TWO BIG BROTHERS

Kamala Subramaniam

NATURE had been lavish in her gifts there. The flowers had bloomed abundantly. It was a wonderful spot. The scenery could not be described by mere words. No language was adequate to describe the *Himavanta* and its surroundings.

One day Draupadi was sitting there looking at the beauty spread out in front of her. Suddenly a flower was blown towards her. It was enchanting. It had a maddening perfume. She took it in her hands and looked at it for a long time.

Bheema came there just then. Draupadi called him near and said: "Look, my lord, look at this flower. Smell it. What a wonderful perfume! I like it so much. Won't you get me some more of these flowers?"

Bheema was only too eager to do something to please Draupadi. He set out immediately in quest of the flower.

He followed the perfume like a hound followed in the wake of its quarry. Bheema went on and on, pursuing the teasing smell. He did not know how far he had gone. His mind was busy with a thousand thoughts. His feet were proceeding just mechanically.

He had come quite some distance. He realized it suddenly. He blew his conch and went further. The noise of

his conch roused all the lions that were sleeping in their dens. Bheema went further on.

In that forest dwelt the great Hanuman. He was sleeping. The noise of Bheema's conch woke him up from a deep sleep. He shook his tail and dashed it against the ground. The noise made by it resounded in the caves of the mountain. This was heard by Bheema. It sounded like a challenge to him.

Hurrying in the direction from where the noise came, Bheema found an old monkey sitting on a large slab sight. The monkey sat there coolly blocking his way.

Bheema went near him. At the noise made by his approach, the monkey half opened his eyes.

He said: "Young man, why do you make so much noise? Your conch woke me up from my sleep. All the human beings in these parts are kind to animals. You seem to be a stranger to this place. You are not considerate towards the inmates of this place. Where do you come from? Who are you? Beyond this spot this forest is impregnable. In kindness I am telling you this: kindness towards a fellow human being. I am sure you will listen to me. Here are some fruits. Eat them. Rest a while here and go back to where you come from. You cannot go any further than this. I tell you the truth".

Bheema spoke in reply to the strange monkey which could talk like a human being. He said: "May I know who you are? You are not an ordinary monkey. You must be some demi-god who has assumed the form of a monkey. As for me, I am the son of Vayu. My mother is Kunti. My name is Bheemasena: Bheema for short. I am one of the Pandavas who are in exile".

He told the story of the Pandavas and about Arjuna whom they were to receive in a short while.

The monkey smiled at the words of Bheema. He said: "I am in your way. I am not able to move. If you will take my advice you will return the way you came".

Bheema felt his temper rising. He was getting very impatient. He said: "I do not want your advice. I want to go on. I am in a hurry. Move out of my way. If you do not, you will regret it".

The monkey said: "As I told you before, I am too old to move. If you insist on proceeding against my advice you can do so by leaping across my body".

Bheema was getting disgusted with the whole thing. He frowned and said: "You are older than I. You are sitting in my way. It is not right to leap over your body. It is disrespectful to an elder. But if you insist, I will have to leap over you as the great Hanuman did when he had to cross the sea".

The monkey asked: "Who is this Hanuman you talk about? You seem to have some respect for him. I can see it by the way you pronounce his name. Your voice is so gentle and soft when you mention this Hanuman. Tell me, who is this Hanuman?"

The monkey turned his eyes on Bheema. There was a droll look in them which irritated Bheema.

He said: "You are a monkey and you do not know who Hanuman is?"

He smiled disparagingly at the

key and said: "Hanuman is the
st of all monkeys. He is my
ther. He is a great scholar. He is
d for his great deeds in the story
Sri Rama. When Sita, Sri Rama's
was carried away by Ravana, this
ther of mine leaped across the sea
carried Rama's message of com-
to Sita. I am just nothing in
of him, his prowess and his
ength. But I am strong enough to
you if I have to. I have got to
the heart of this forest. Please
way for me. If you do not, I am
d I will have to use my power
hurt you. I will have to kill you
gh I do not want to".

Hanuman smiled to himself when
saw the impatience of Bheema. He
"Please do not be angry with
I tell you, I am too old to move.
e take pity on my age. My tail
your way. If you push it to one
the path will be clear. You can
then".

Bheema smiled condescendingly and
his club he tried to brush aside
tail.

He could not do it: the tail refused
move! Surprised at this he used both
hands to push it aside. He could
He frowned at this unexpected
nt. He tried again and again. But
tail remained where it was! The
key was sitting still watching him
a faint smile of amusement in
eyes.

Bheema had to admit defeat. He
down his head in shame.

Bheema went to the presence of the
key. He prostrated before it and
"Please forgive me for my harsh words. In my arrogance I overreached the bounds of behaviour. You are old. I am younger than you. You must overlook the faults of one who is like your child. I am sorry for my rude words. Please forgive me". Bheema's eyes were wet. He continued: "You must tell me who you are. You are a king among monkeys. I want to know you".

The monkey smiled at him and said: "I am as anxious to tell you who I am. I am the son of Vayu. My name is Hanuman".

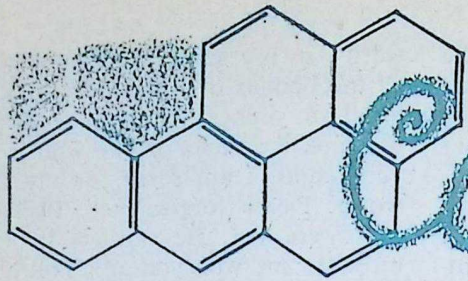
The moment these words left his lips they were clasped in each other's arms. Tears ran down the faces of both. Again and again Bheema said "My brother" and fresh tears would spring to his eyes. They spent a long time thus talking to each other. Bheema was thrilled beyond words at the thought that he had met his brother. It was a rare piece of good fortune that had come his way.

Hanuman said: "I want to grant you a boon as a mark of appreciation of your strength and in memory of these wonderful moments".

Bheema could not ask him anything. He said: "When I know that you are with us there is no doubt about the Kauravas being killed".

Hanuman said: "I will sit on the flag-staff of Arjuna's chariot when the war begins. With my shouts of encouragement, I will put new life into your army and frighten the enemies. I will always be with you. You must be very careful."

The brothers embraced each other once again and parted.



ALL ABOUT Cancer

JOHN WAKEFIELD

"CANCER" is no more than a handy label for a large and varied group of diseases—much as "fever" was in days gone by. Each cancer is unique, but all have certain features in common.

Normal growth in animals conveys the idea of increasing size, but to the biologist it usually means an increase in the number of cells comprising the body. Growth is at its most rapid from conception to birth, when the embryonic cells assume distinctive features to fit them for their various roles—as nerve, muscle, blood, bone cells, and so on; it stops at the end of adolescence, and in adult life occurs only in the replacement of damaged or worn-out cells. A characteristic of normal growth is that it is subject to controls of some kind which cause it to stop when it has served its purpose.

Cancerous growth involves *uncontrolled* multiplication of body cells that have become abnormal. These malignant caricatures of normal cells can invade surrounding tissues and become locally destructive. Later they may migrate to other parts of the body to set up secondary growths. They are similar in many ways to the rapidly dividing cells of the embryo, and malignant change seems to involve reversion to a more primitive type.

Much research is concerned with the nature of cancer and with variations in its occurrence and distribution. We know that cancerous growth is neither a disease of civilisation, nor exclusive to man: it is found in all forms of life from plants, fish and insects to birds and mammals. Some animals (budgerigars, domestic poultry, goldfish, mice and dogs) are more prone than most to develop cancer; others (guinea-pigs, rabbits and primates) are less prone. Some breeds of dog, such as retrievers, are very prone, but chows and pekinese rarely get it. And one odd fact: about 6 per cent of old horses develop cancer, but 80 per cent of old grey horses do.

Studies in many parts of the world have produced interesting facts about cancer in man. All races are equally susceptible to cancer, though there are marked differences in the forms of cancer most commonly found in different countries. Australian sheep-farmers exposed for years to intense

...ight frequently develop skin can-
... Kashmiris develop cancer of the
...omen through wearing charcoal
...ers inside their clothing; the
...ing of betelnut and of tobacco
...h lime in India seems to be asso-
...ed with mouth cancer; races which
...ctise ritual circumcision, Moslems
...Jews, rarely or never develop can-
... of the penis; cancer of the breast
...uncommon in Japan where women
...ast-feed their babies for a long
...; nuns rarely develop cancer of
... womb; Bantus on a deficient diet
... very prone to liver cancer; Peru,
...ance, Yugoslavia, Russia, and Scan-
...via have the greatest incidence of
...e stomach cancer; atmospheric
...ution and cigarette smoking in-
...ase the risk of developing lung can-
... All these are clues that point the
...y to profitable lines of study of the
...uences involved in the complex pro-
...ses of malignant change.

Fundamental research is concerned with the structure, behaviour and chemical constituents of the cell. It has become clear that something is lacking in the cancer cell, either in the substances responsible for restraining its power to proliferate or in the hereditary material responsible for synthesising those substances. Recent work suggests that uncontrolled proliferation alone does not account for the ability of malignant cells to migrate to other parts of the body. Changes in the surface properties of cancer cells apparently make them less adhesive and therefore more free to move to other tissues.

A considerable body of research is concerned with the hereditary material of the cell—the chromosomes and their complicated blueprint of genus that determine the limits of our hereditary potentialities. The key chemical component of chromosomes, and characteristic of all living things, is DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). Any variation in the highly complicated structure of the cell's DNA could interfere profoundly with the delicate chemical balance that governs its behaviour. Recent research on the role of DNA has been much influenced by the discovery by Crick and Watson in 1952 of the probable structure of this remarkable substance, one of the most important advances of recent years.

There is no sharp dividing line between the various lines of research, since cancerous change is the outcome of a number of inter-related processes. The nature of the cancer cell, for instance, cannot be studied in isolation from the mechanisms of malignant change.

One of the earliest attempts to find a single cause of malignant change followed the discovery of "germs" in the mid-nineteenth century. The hope of those who sought a "cancer-bacterium" was to produce a vaccine, as had been done for one infectious disease after another. But eventually it became clear that cancer was not caused by bacterial infection.

Interest has recently been revived however, in the possible role of viruses. Viruses that can transmit special forms of cancer have been identified in domestic poultry, mice, rabbits, and frogs. None has been found in man, but the invention of the electron microscope has opened up large fields of

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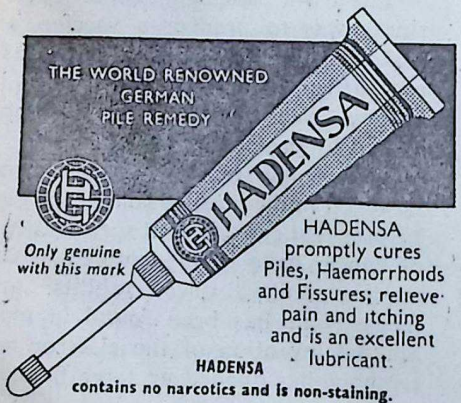

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inquiry into the part played by vir like particles (which Huxley has ca ed "paragenes") found outside th nucleus of the cell.

The lines of research so far de cribed are concerned largely with ho malignant change occurs. Geneticis look at the problem and ask: Wh do some people develop cancers, wh others do not? Is there some hered tary basis for this and, if so, is cann inherited like the probable colour o one's eyes or the shape of one's ear

Another major branch of research i concerned with chemical carcino genesis—the way in which cancer-pro ducing chemicals act on the body cell Since the earliest observation on ca cer causation, when Percival Pott in 1775 noticed that chimney-sweeps ex posed from boyhood to soot develop ed cancer of the scrotum, many tho sands of suspect substances have bee investigated.

Research into cancer causation ha provided information on possibl forms of treatment by drugs. The paradoxical ability of X-rays both to cause and to destroy cancer is shared by certain of the "radiomimetic" chemicals known to be capable of pro ducing cancer. The nitrogen-mustard derivatives, whose most important rol is in research into causation, have pro ved useful in temporarily controllin Hodgkin's disease, a cancer-like dis order, though they are by no mean the final answer. A group of drug called "anti-folics" and the antimeta bolite "blocking agents" such as mer captopurine have proved similarly useful in some forms of leukaemia Another drug, methotrexate, has been successful in controlling a very rare

of highly malignant cancer of
ch that was formerly quite un-
ble.

y of the role of hormones in
has led to several practical ap-
ions in treatment. Hormones
a group of chemical substances
d by the endocrine glands into
ood stream. They serve to co-
the work of the various or-
and tissues. Some control che-
processes (insulin, produced in
reas, controls our utilisation
ar); some, such as oestrone,
the development and function
e sexual organs; others control
, while the pituitary gland be-
the floor of the brain plays a
ating role.

cerous growths are of two types:
one-dependent" (which are
arily at least influenced by
hormonal environment); and
one-independent" (which are
under hormone control and
t be influenced by hormonal
ges). Hormone-dependence has
proved to be only part of a com-
ed set of inter-relationships.

e discovery of hormone-depen-
has led, for example, to the use
male sex hormone to treat suit-
cases of cancer of the prostate
in men. Sometimes the results
matically good, but not all cases
d. The reverse procedure—
male sex hormones to treat
ers of the female breast, some of
h seem to be hormone-dependent
sometimes effective, but again one
stress that not all cases are suit-
and the results are not uniformly

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GP

Surgery, which attempts to remove all malignant cells from the body, remains one of the two major methods of treatment. The introduction in recent years of blood transfusions, antibiotics, and new anaesthetics has made possible enormous strides in technique and achievement. The other major weapon is radiotherapy, by which ionizing radiations, whether from X-ray machines, naturally occurring substances like radium, or from man-made isotopes, are directed at the site of the cancer. Certain isotopes (radioactive iodine for thyroid tissue and radioactive phosphorous for bone-marrow) can also be used to irradiate malignant cells from *within* the body because they are attracted only to particular types of tissue. Radiotherapy relies f its effectiveness on its selective acti on cancer cells, some of which a more sensitive than normal cells radiation. Newer super-voltage X-ra machines such as the linear accelerat have proved to be highly effective treating growths seated deep in t body.

A high proportion of the so-cal "accessible cancers"—those on t skin and lips, in the mouth, brea neck of the womb, bladder, and re tum—is now cured either by surge or by radiotherapy or by a combin tion of both *provided that treatme is begun at an early stage of th disease.*

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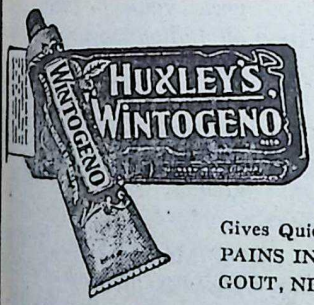

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ANSWERS by

K. M. Munshi

833

Sri P. N. Ranganathan, Thanjavur.

Q: *If the Swatantra Party gets elected to the Legislature, will it have a whip? Will there be freedom of vote?*

A: All parties have some common platform and members have to accept some discipline. The Swatantra Party will also have to have such a discipline through a whip. Outside such fundamental policies, members ought to be free.

834

Sri C. S. Hiremath, Mysore State.

Q: *What is the difference between mind, life and soul?*

A: Life makes physical activity in man possible. Mind is the stuff which cognises, thinks and reasons. Soul is the element from which aspirations for Truth, Beauty, Love, Calmness, Bliss arise and is not destroyed even after the body and with it the mind come to an end.

835

Sri H. V. Singiengar, Kolar.

Q: *What is 'soul?' Where does it go after death?*

A: Soul is the unmanifested spark of Divine Consciousness, which radiates fundamental aspirations of Truth, Beauty, Love, Calmness, Bliss in us. After death, it is reborn.

836

Sri R. Indu Sekhar Rao, Madanapalle.

Q: *What do you think of Sri Vinoba Bhave's mission in the Chambal Valley?*

A: I think it was a setback to the law and order situation in the state.

837

Sri K. Adisesha Reddy, Allur, Nellore.

Q: *Why don't you publish the* Bhavan's Journal, *which is of very great value to Indian people, in all Indian languages and at a low cost?*

A: We are publishing it in Hindi and Gujarati. Give me money and I will have it published in all languages.

838

Sri S. Madana Gopal, Masulipatam.

Q: *How is life beyond death? Can you suggest some books on this subject?*

A: (1) I believe in the Karma theory of rebirth, and have had no time

to look into the life beyond death other than rebirth.

(a) I have had some experience of calling spirits. I do not think the so-called spirits are disembodied souls. They are entities created by the will and imagintaion of those who call them and give responses as if they were independent centres of consciousness.

(b) Ask some spiritualist about books. Our *Garuda Purana* gives a detailed account of what happens to a man after death. But it is not wholesome reading.

839

Sri T. S. Krishna Iyer, Somanur.

(a) The Hindus believe the ultimate realisation is the Paramapurusha. That being so, why should there be conflicts between Saivism and Vaishnavism in the Puranas and one God superior to the other.

(b) Do you think the constant repetition of the name of one's Ishta Devata can help one overcome wrath, envy, evil passions, etc. and lead him along the correct path?

(a) Different Puranas were composed by members of different sects, and each one tried to show that the godhead of his sect was the highest form in which God manifested Himself. But all the Puranas give place of pre-eminence to Shiva and Vishnu.

(b) Yes. I have repeatedly explained the value of Japa.

840

Sri S. K. Sha, Guntar Dist.

Q: *Why don't you take steps to publish selections from* Koran *and* Bible *also, since there are many readers belonging to other religions who like your Journal?*

A: We must have competent men who could make appropriate selections from scriptures other than of Indian origin.

841

Sri Binod Bihari Dixit, Sambalpur.

Q: *How is it possible to agree with Lord Buddha's statement "What a man thinks, that he becomes"?*

A: We are always shaped by what we are thinking about. It is concentration which releases the creative activity in man. If appropriate creative activity is released, it will shape the man.

842

Sri S. Krishnamurthy.

Q: *For the last five years I have been resisting certain evil powers at work in my official work which try to put me wrong for personal benefit. My resistance involves sometimes a neglect of my duty to my parents too. It is quite possible that the other powers may try to risk my livelihood and even personal safety. Do you think I should put up fight to the end or give it up as hopeless?*

A: Never give up an honest fight.

JULIUS K. NYERERE

REGRETTABLE as are the post-Independence developments in Congo in the African Continent, the unanimous election of Julius K. Nyerere, TANU leader, as the first Prime Minister of self-governing Tanganyika is reassuring in that the pace of emancipation of Africa has not been and will not be affected by the Congo muddle. -The most level-headed and ablest among the new crop of rising African politicians, there is virtual unanimity of opinion that Nyerere will play a prominent role in the future shape of African politics. Given the chances, there is little doubt that the ghost of colour discrimination will be buried deep by him in the Sahara.

Respected for years throughout black Africa as a national leader, 38-year old Nyerere (pronounced *Nyuh-ray-ree*) is a small, spry, moustached, thoughtful man, with a quick smile and ready sense of humour. Incidentally he does not know the exact date or even the year of his birth: he is one of 26 children of one of the wives of a tribal chieftain!

After early education in local schools, he took an M.A. degree from the Edinburgh University with History and Economics. He said sometime back that his filed teeth which is a tribal practice was useful to him in his college days as an amusing gimmick. Nyerere is a devout Roman Catholic by faith and he started life as a school teacher in a missionary school.

Ambitious by nature, politics easily attracted him. Like all foreign educated colonial intellectuals, Nyerere too was a fiery radical in the first flush of education, but cooled down as he advanced in experience. Naturally, in the beginning, the missionary principal of his school asked him to stay away from politics, but Nyerere's conscience refused to accept the well-meant advice and so he threw up the sponge and took over full-time leadership of his Tanganyika African National Union, TANU for short, of which he is the chief leader. African Independence naturally is the party's objective.

Tanganyika was originally German territory; it became a U.N. Trust Territory and went to the British under

...ge from it. Technically it con-
...s to be a protectorate. It has a
...ulation of over 2½ million Afri-
...and less than 200,000 Europeans
...Asians put together and is ad-
...ered by a Governor. Bantus are
...ically the largest tribe and sisal
...country's chief crop.

...der the new reforms which give
...Africans majority in the Legisla-
...a fresh election took place last
...h which returned the TANU
...*en bloc*. It won 70 out of 71
...in the Legislative Assembly. In
...of the fact that his present minis-
...ntains two officials as ministers
...the Governor is vested with re-
...powers, Nyerere claims that his
...ry has already become indepen-
...although the reforms cover a
...year transition period. At all
...Tanganyika has become a self-
...ning country.

...yerere is a firm believer in multi-
...l amity. Indeed one of the first
...of his Government has been to
...sh segregation in schools.

...soft-spoken man, Nyerere is a
...rate and anti-Communist by
...ction. "Violence is unnecessary
...ostly; peace is the only way" he
... "The Africans must and will rule.
... unity is our weapon"—that has
... his motto in life.

...ter he has landed in the job he
... worked for, he feels "Our task
...y begins now. We have changed
... cry from *'Uhuru'* to *'Uhuru Na-*
... or 'freedom and work.' "

...yerere's sweeping success at the
... is a clear mark of the trust his people repose in him. He has since the elections successfully scotched the genuine apprehensions of the white farmers of Tanganyika that his Government might retaliate against South Africa's apartheid policy by sternly dealing with recalcitrant elements in his party.

Indeed his sense of nationalism goes much beyond a fair deal for minority communities in Tanganyika. He envisages the eventual federation of the East-African states of Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda provided, of course, the other two governments fall in line with him. He is not merely a stabilising influence in the politics of Africa, but its inspiration and hope too.

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Tapasvini

by

K. M. Munshi

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II Chapter 31

GANGI

My dear Uday,

Swamiraj has now taken me completely under his wing. Yesterday when the cows of the *ashram* filed before him to receive their daily feed of cocoanut and molasses from his hands, he inquired of the cowherd: "Where is Bhuri?"

"She is ill, Maharaj, and is unable even to stand."

"Is that so?" asked Swamiraj and gave into the hand of the cowherd Bhuri's share of the daily feed. We could still hear the medley of jingling noise emanating from the bells tied to their necks as the cows returned to their sheds.

Swamiraj could not contain himself for long as he said: "Come along, I would like to go and see how ill Bhuri is. She must be very unwell."

We went. Bhuri was indeed ill but evidently her complaint was that her share of cocoanut and molasses should have been sent to her through the cowherd, for she would not eat them. Now that Swamiraj offered them to her himself, she became quiet and looked at him affectionately as though asking: "Well, Swamiraj, you wanted me to eat my cocoanut from the hands of the cowherd. Did you?"

There seems to be some power about Swamiraj which makes men as well as animals grow fond of him. Indeed his charm consists in spontaneously attracting affection. I wonder why all of us cannot develop this charm to make ourselves liked by all.

The next evening, Swamiraj continued the story of Rajubhatt from where he had left it:

> Chandan's death affected Rajubhatt so much that for a time he almost appeared to have lost his senses. Ba Saheb, however, meticulously looked after him as if he were her own son. Her dutiful ministrations made one think that she saw in him her own son who had

...d in the Dhebaria affray come ...ck to life.

One day when Rajubhatt was ...a particularly dejected mood, Ba ...ugh related to him her own trials ...n life.

Her husband, Thakore Fatehsinh, ...ile he was heir-apparent, liked ...have a good time. In those days, ...e Jaghir was heavily in debt and ...order to pay off the debt, Fateh-...h's father, the then ruling Tha-...re, got his son married to Ba ...heb who was the only daughter ...a very wealthy Rajput Jaghirdar. ...Fatehsinh was a gambler, a wo-...-hunter, and a spendthrift. He ...reed to marry her in the hope ...at he would have plenty of money ...his disposal to do what he liked. He was, in reality, infatuated with a ...ace-attendant's daughter, called ...angili. Rangili too was fond of ...m and she went to the extent of ...mpting to poison Ba Saheb in ...der to secure her position.

After the death of his father, Fatehsinh ascended the *gadi*. Ba Saheb had by that time borne him ...o sons, but the Thakore showed ...le liking either for his wife or ...ns. He spent most of his time in ...aroda, drinking and gambling.

Ba Saheb was a pious woman. With the help of her father's money she redeemed her husband's lands and villages from encumbrances and administered the Jaghir herself. She brought up both her sons according to the best Rajput tradi-...ns. She bore her husband's in-...ference with stoic calmness.

When Fatehsinh left Barkantha and took up permanent residence at Baroda, he deserted even Rangili which almost brought the poor girl to death's door. When Ba Saheb came to know of it, she engaged Rangili as one of her attendants, knowing full well that she had been her ruin and because of her, her husband had disliked her from the day of their marriage. She also knew perfectly well that it was she who had attempted to kill her. Nevertheless Ba Saheb could not bear to see the girl feel unhappy.

Rangili was actually two years older than Ba but she had now to be looked after by Ba Saheb like a younger sister. Gradually, Ba Saheb persuaded Rangili to sit by her when she offered daily worship. Ba Saheb was at that time still quite young, twenty-two years old or so.

Thakore Saheb rarely came to Barkantha and whenever he did, it was only to get money. He altogether avoided Ba Saheb and did not even speak to her. Ba Saheb had known all along that the prince had married her for her money and that he had no love for her. Nevertheless, being young she had hoped that some day Thakore would change his mind and take her to Baroda when the two could live together happily.

Soon, however, she was disillusioned, but she did not allow her disappointment to embitter her outlook. Instead, she became more and more generous. She was virtually a grass-widow but instead of allowing that to worry her in any way whatsoever, she threw herself wholeheartedly in performing her duty,

as she understood it, towards her husband's house and her two sons. She looked after everything with great efficiency and devoted such time as was left to the service of God. There was one expression which was always on her lips, "May God's will be done".

Ba Saheb and Rangili soon became intimate friends. They shared all the work, the management of the house and the supervision of the estate; they used to meet the village-folk jointly, listen to their difficulties and did what they could to remove them. Gradually, Rangili became completely devoted to Ba Saheb. But that did not mean that she forgot Thakore Saheb, for she really loved him dearly and was often grieved at her having to live away from him. It became Ba Saheb's duty to console her at such moments.

Like Ba Saheb, Rangili too learnt to place her trust in God. They neither spoke ill of Thakore Saheb nor let an improper thought about him pass across their minds. Ba Saheb had given her all to Thakore Saheb: money, reputation, sons; so had Rangili given him her heart and her body. Neither had asked anything in return and neither complained openly or silently.

My dear brother, when I heard this narration, some lines of the poet Kalapi came to my mind:

"My dear Baban, there is joy even in learning to endure suffering."

Here in this case, it was not just for joy: to the two of them, suffering had become a source of deep satisfaction.

Swamiraj then resumed the story of Rajubhatt:

Having lost one son, Ba Saheb had replaced him by the man in whose company he had died. The Government of Baroda had issued a warrant of arrest for Rajubhatt. Search had been instituted all over the countryside for him. Feeling that Raju's safety lay in his leaving Barkantha, Ba Saheb decided to send him away. She gave him a hundred rupees and put him on a boat manned by trustworthy boatmen. Lest the people of Dhebaria should recognise him, she made him put on the robe of a Gosain. His hair and beard had already grown long and all she had to do was to pierce his ears and tag on the earrings. In this new garb Rajubhatt was completely unrecognisable.

The boatmen carried him as far as Jadeshwar near Broach. Raju stayed there in the *dharmashala* of the temple of Mahadev for a month and a half.

One day, while standing in front of his room, he saw a young woman running towards him, greatly agitated. She seemed anxious to find a place to hide herself. She was out of breath and beads of perspiration rolled down her face and forehead. She came near him and threw herself at Raju's feet, and said: "Maharaj, have pity on me. Please save me from these people who are after me and who are determined to kill me."

She was a pretty woman of about twenty or twenty-two years. Her *sari* was in tatters, and her blouse was torn. Her face was badly

scratched and her body and hair covered with manure which had evidently been thrown at her.

It was barely four months since Chandan had died. Her loss was still so fresh in Raju's mind that he could not even bear the thought of speaking to a young woman. His first instinct therefore was to run away, but he hesitated as he recognised the young woman. Her name was Gangli. She belonged to the caste of the oil-mongers. She had been brought from Broach by young Manohar, the son of Jora Patel, the headman of the village.

The women-folk of the village looked upon Gangli as a witch. They were convinced that she had occult powers. When she looked at a man in a certain way he immediately became her slave. Raju had himself heard that she could invest grains of rice with such efficacy by *mantras* that they would forthwith kill those who partook of them. People believed that she frequented the cremation ground in the dark hours of the morning and ate the unburnt remains of human skulls.

"Maharaj, these people are out to kill me. They will come up soon. They say I am a witch; I am not; I swear, I am not. O, father, I beg of you, protect me. I surrender myself to your protection."

By this time the shouts of the pursuers came very near. Gangli was terrified as she looked behind her like a hunted doe and then again fell at Rajubhatt's feet.

Rajubhatt raised her and instinctively pushed her into his room. Locking the door he sat in front of it. Hardly had he done so when the crowd came shouting, screaming, waving sticks and uttering vile abuses against the woman. There were women too in the crowd which was as excited as a party of huntsmen pursuing a quarry. The blacksmith Arjun, who led the crowd flaunted an axe in his hand; his eyes were blood-shot, and his face mirrored his hatred and violent intentions.

The sight of Arjun was repelling to Rajubhatt who muttered to himself, "I am sure even a tiger or a wolf would not look so fierce through hatred." Taking up his big staff in his hand, he stood up and asked: "What do you want, blacksmith Arjun?"

"Where is Gangli?"

"Gangli? Where is she?".

"The witch has possessed my daughter's son", shouted a woman and raised a big iron spoon.

"It is because of her evil eye that my cow has stopped giving milk" said another.

"And the wretched woman has enslaved my son" said a third woman.

"She has made Magan's father infatuated with her by making him eat enchanted cardamom seeds."

From all around there echoed charges of this kind as Arjun shouted: "I want to smash her head", while another said, "We want to seat her on a donkey and drive her out of the village".

Rajubhatt inquired quietly, "What is the matter with you, folks, that so many of you have turned out to beat a poor woman?"

But even as he asked, Raju realised that his words would have no effect on these people who were blind with rage. Even if he could persuade the men to spare Gangli, he was convinced that the women would not let her go alive.

He, therefore, said much against his will, "I have not seen any woman pass this way. She must have gone by some other route. I am sitting here for quite some time. She must have gone in that direction", and pointed to a direction away from the *dharmashala*.

Raju felt that if Yudhishthira considered it justifiable to indulge in an equivocation for getting Drona killed, it was surely not wrong for him to speak an untruth to save a woman. The crowd believed him and went away in further search of Gangli. There were some men in the crowd whom he knew to be intrinsically good and Raju was deeply shocked to see them too behave like wild animals.

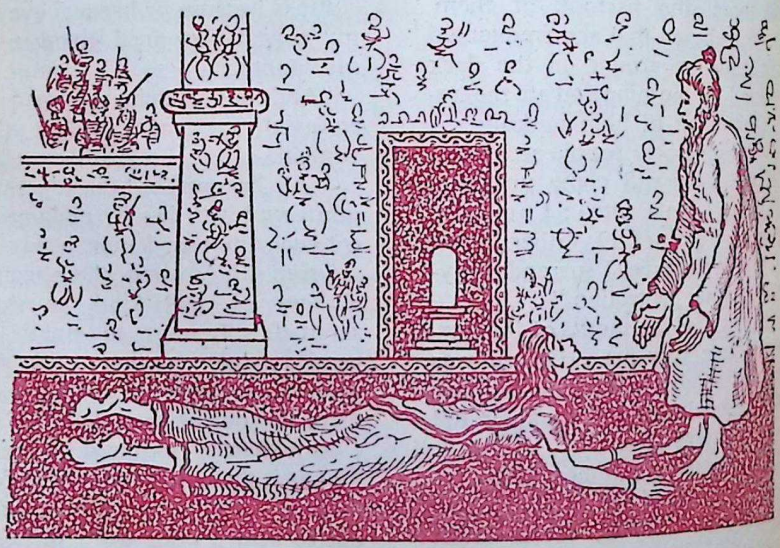
As soon as it was safe, he opened the door and stepped inside the room. Now that she was secure, Gangli had become bold and stood waiting for him. She had washed, done her hair up, and had put her clothes aright.

Raju told her, "The people have gone away; you had better run away in another direction".

Gangli looked down for a minute, then looked at him and smiled. Her smile had charm; Raju was not old enough to escape her, it said. But he was quick to see that she was trying to captivate him.

"Maharaj, what shall I offer you?"

From the way she spoke, however, Raju felt that there must be some good point in this woman and



said: "Young woman, I want nothing. You had better go away from here."

"Of course you must be wanting what all men want, don't you? Haven't you done me a great favour? Come, let me pay my debt."

So saying Gangli came near him, and threw her hands around him to embrace him.

Raju was embarrassed, puzzled and then frightened as he looked at Gangli. He moved a few steps back, but Gangli also followed him saying, "Maharaj, why, you are shy like a young girl!"

As Raju pushed her hands aside, his mind instinctively turned, for contrast, to Chandan's shy but unswerving devotion.

"Why do you feel so shy? You won't be committing a sin by touching me. Even Viswamitra was not afraid of Rambha!"

"Go away, you foolish girl, go away", shouted Rajubhatt as he moved towards the door.

Gangli burst out laughing: "Am I not pretty? I have read up to the seventh standard. Today all those people came to beat me up, but which of them did not sleep with me during the last four months?" she asked with pride.

"Shut up, you fool!" Rajubhatt was now angry. "Don't you know that I am a devotee of God Shankar?"

"Who is not? All these men in this crowd are also devotees of Jadeshwar Mahadev! And yet what have they been doing? Yes, maybe, their wives do not know of it. But even that is not correct. Otherwise, why should there be so many women wanting to burn me? You alone, Maharaj, seem to be unspoilt. Even God Shiva was enamoured of a Bhil woman. Or, can it be that you are after all not a man?"

While she was taunting him thus, Raju was moving backwards step by step until he reached the door. When he did so, he opened the door, came out and closed the door behind him. He was bathed in perspiration as he sat on the steps outside the room in deep dejection.

Swamiraj carried the tale no further. So I left him and came back to our rooms. We shall be staying here for three more days. If I had my way, I would stay with Swamiraj and learn from him the art of extracting good out of evil. We have, however, still to visit many other places before eventually reaching Pondicherry on the 10th of August.

Yours,
Raj.

[*To be continued*]

Why do rivers carry the waters? What for do cows give milk? For whom indeed do the trees bear luscious fruits? Are they for their own benefit? No; they are for sustaining others. Even so are the attainments of the great made use of for the benefit of others.

—Wise Sayings.

KUMBHI EXPOSED

WHAT distinguishes women from men, among others, is their greater control of mind. Although it was a fact that her heart longed to see her husband at once, Princess Hanumati framed her question look casual. However, the gardener-woman instinctively understood her eagerness.

"Yes, right now if you will," replied she.

Hanumati excused herself for a minute, went to her mother and taking her permission to go on a small *jatra*, followed the gardener-woman unknown to any other person.

Reaching the garden, Hanumati's heart pounded fast. The old woman took her by the hand to the hut occupied by her cripple son and when Hanumati saw him, her whole being was aflame with remorse, grief, joy and what not. She threw all precautions to the winds and cried: "O, lord! How is it that you happened to lose both your limbs? From being the greatest warrior on earth, after killing the *rakshasa* who was a thorn unto earth, how are you now quiet like a lamb, unknown like an orphan? How dare Brahma inscribe this fate on your illustrious head? Alas! Believing that he was a friend, you left me in the care of Kumbhi. That cad betrayed your faith and consistently double-crossed you and ultimately harmed you thus. I am grateful to God that I am able to see you at least now!" And she threw her hands about the cripple and embraced him.

The Queen who had accompanied her daughter stealthily was dumbfounded at this development. Concluding that her daughter was getting off her head, she went near her and said: "Hanumati! What are you doing? How possibly can this cripple be your husband? Do not be crazy. Come away. If Kumbhi hears about this, he may kick up a row!"

Hanumati sharply turned towards her mother and replied: "Mother! Is there no scope for honesty and truth in this land? What rule is it that believes in the wretch Kumbhi and ignores a leonine Kshatriya here in a crippled state? Don't you know that by the consistent flouting of justice and truth your husband has brought calamity on me? When I told him that Kumbhi was an impostor, he would not listen to me. Truth does not appeal so well as untruth these days. Believing in the sinner Kumbhi, the King let *dharma* go by the drain. A kingdom without honesty, a society without learned men, the arguments of an incapable minister—these are to be abhorred. Let that go. Whatever is fated to come will certainly come. Perhaps I am fated to have my husband in this condition. Why should I blame my parents? This is my world. Mother you can return!"

When the Queen-mother saw and heard what her daughter did and said,

...re frame shrunk in shame. She ...d to the palace and reported ...g to her husband.

...e Ajavaksha on hearing them ...d to the garden of the old wo... and meeting his daughter ad... her: "Is it proper for you to ... in this manner? Don't you ...ou are earning infamy not only ...self but to your parents also? ...at have you found in this ...e that you don't find in the able... Kumbhi? Are you mad? Desist ... and return home."

...ess Hanumati facing her father ... "Father! You are my superior ...y respect, and yet it does not be... you to speak in his manner. For ...an, her husband is her only ... She is happy in his company ... It is immaterial whether he be ...blind, dumb or maimed. May I ...ou one thing? This Kumbhi of ...n you are speaking is the greatest ... mankind has ever known. He is ...: he has betrayed his friend who ... him like his own brother, and ...by speaking in his favour, are ...prejudicing your own title to vir... Don't you know the wise saying ...the sins of a people will visit the ...the sins of a king will visit his ...: the sins of a woman will visit ...husband and the sins of a disciple ...st the guru? Please, therefore, ...from dragging me away from the ...s path and let me not hear any ...r which I have no liking. You ...kindly return home!"

...g to dissuade his daughter, ...Ajavaksha addressed the cripple: ...dear man! Who are you? Who ...r parents? Do you know this ...Kumbhi? How did you happen to know my daughter? As I am in a fix, will you kindly explain to me these things in detail?"

Pavakaroma felt very sad to find himself in a situation where he had to vouch his own identity.

He replied: "I am the son of King Ambhira. This man Kumbhi is my servant. This woman Hanumati was won by me in the Swayamvara you had set and therefore she is my lawful wife."

Continuing this revelation, Pavakaroma related in detail all that had happened to him since the time of the Swayamvara up to the moment of talking.

When he concluded the narration, King Ajavaksha's anger knew no bounds. He gnashed his teeth and shouted: "Bring the cad Kumbhi before me."

As soon as his officials heard this order they ran helter-skelter to bring Kumbhi in chains. When he was brought, the King addressed him: "You cad and betrayer! What made you cut the hands and feet of this noble Prince?"

Kumbhi replied: "Uncle, this man is my born enemy. He must thank himself that I left him alive. Let that go. Why do you vex me with these questions? True indeed is the statement that all Kings tend to become fools. Otherwise why should you suspect that I should torture an innocent man?"

Saying this Kumbhi tried to walk away from the King's presence. But the King ordered him to stop and thundered: "You devil! After doing havoc to this innocent Prince's life, you dare to address me as your uncle! Know that your antics will not fetch

a pie henceforward. I now know all your betrayals. Know that the hour of your end is at hand. At least now tell the truth."

When the King threatened him in this manner, Kumbhi tried to wriggle out of the hands of his captors. But the latter caught hold of him firmly. People assembled demanded: "Cut him into two ; send him to the gallows ; peal his skin away ; dash his head against the pole," etc, etc.

When Pavakaroma sensed the frenzy of the people, he decided to intercede and nearing Kumbhi, said: "Have no fears about your life. I give my word that I will protect you. All that I want you to do now is, if at any time in your life you have misbehaved towards me, say so and admit them before this King."

On hearing Pavaka's assurance, Kumbhi broke down before him and falling at his feet, cried: "Oh, blessed one! You are the innocent. I am the great sinner. I have been your betrayer. I know, I can have no emancipation from the sins I have committed against you and your dutiful wife."

On hearing this admission, Hanumati turned to her father and said: "Father, now look at your supposed son-in-law. How you believed him and all his words till some time back. Now, are you satisfied that he is the betrayer and this noble man is my real husband?" Ajavaksha smiled.

Calling his aides, the King ordered: "Take this Kumbhi right away and make him embrace the red-hot iron pillar. That will give him solace and probably emancipation from all the mountain of evil actions he has perpetrated against this gentleman and my daughter."

Pavakaroma interceded and requested King Ajavaksha: "I have given my word to protect his life. May I therefore, request you to revoke that order? I think it is unnecessary for us to punish him ; none of our punishments can equal those he is sure to get at the hands of Yama. In my view, it is wrong for us to elect to become arbiters in matters of crime and

(Continued on page 74)

Danseuse Becomes A Baboon

WHEN the younger Prince descended into the courtyard of the danseuse's house, the first ...e him do so was the maid-servant ...e house. As soon as she saw him, ...an to her old mistress and whis...d in her ear that the prodigal had ...ed.

The old woman was surprised to ...r it because she was almost sure ...t the Prince would have reached ...'s abode by that time. Soon, ...ever, she neared him and finding ...n peering at her, smiled at him and ...: "Welcome, my son, welcome! ...u see, when you took that purgative ...other day, your condition became so bad that I really became afraid. You know we are alone here and there is no male help. Thinking that we were helpless to you, we placed you outside the house all the while praying that some better soul would come to your help. How happy am I now to find that God had answered my prayer! I hope you will not entertain any ill-will that might possibly have suggested itself against us and continue to live with us as before."

The Prince replied: "Don't worry, aunt! I have never at any time thought ill of you and I shall not do so and I am happy to accept your invitation to live here as of old."

The Prince gave the mango fruits.

The Prince started living in the company of the old woman's daughter as of old.

One night, however, when all had slept, he willed, with the help of his magic implements, that a large mansion rise at the back-yard of the danseuse's house. And so did one rise instantaneously! Next, he willed that the mansion be furnished charmingly. The same was accomplished in no time. Thither then the Prince repaired and slept far into the day.

Early in the morning, as soon as the young danseuse saw the new building behind her house, she was surprised. Out of curiosity she went inside it and was charmed by its beauty and opulence. When she went further inside, she saw her paramour, the Prince, sleeping soundly on a cosy bed! Surprised at the sight, she ran back home and reported to her mother all what she saw. The old woman too went inside the new building and saw for herself that her daughter had said the barest truth. Then she concluded that the Prince was no mean person and that he had more powers than she had ever thought of. She therefore wanted all the more to take full advantage of his stay in her home.

As soon as she saw the Prince come, she asked him: "How is it, son, that you have suddenly constructed a mansion down there?"

The Prince replied indulgently: "Oh, that is nothing. You know I have these things: this turban, *kurta,* cane and sandals? These were vouchsafed to me by my guru. With their help I can accomplish many things of which the construction of this house is a flea-bite."

The Prince then related to the old lady the circumstances (with appropriate modifications) in which he came into possession of those four precious gifts and explained in detail the properties of each and how one should operate them.

The moment she heard these things the old lady decided that those four gifts were really meant for her and her daughter. She wanted to device a plan by which the Prince could be disposed of quickly to the other world.

Following the plan, she came on the next day to the Prince and said: "My dear son! What shall I say? My daughter has suddenly taken ill. I consulted the astrologers. They say that she should propitiate a deity which is near the sea. I do not know how I can get there alone and perform the *pooja.*"

"Aunt! Why do you worry? When I am here, you have little to fear. Look! Are you ready?"

The old woman said she would be ready in a few minutes. Soon she came carrying a basket full of flowers, fruits and the rest of the things that were meant for worship.

As soon as she came out, the Prince put on his sandals and holding her by the hand, willed "Let me go to the sea-shore". Within the twinkling of an eye the old woman and the Prince found themselves standing on the coast of the sea.

The danseuse pointed out the temple whereto the two walked. After bathing in the temple-tank, the old woman wanted to prepare *neyvedya* for the deity. But there was no firewood.

Said she to the Prince: "My son, what a fool have I been? I have for-

to bring firewood. Would you
me by breaking some twigs from
wood trees yonder?"
The Prince nodded and left in search
firewood.
When he did so, he inadvertently left
the four magic weapons in a bundle
which the old woman was waiting.
As soon therefore as she saw his
disappearing, she opened the
, took out the sandals, jumped
them and took hold of the other
implements and willed to return
her home. Even so, she walked into
home jubilant that she had out-
the Prince at last.
She completely went under the be-
that the Prince would never be able
those things back from her.
all our thoughts could be trans-
straight into actions!
When the Prince returned to the
with the firewood, he was sur-
not to find the old woman there.
Nor was there any trace of the
of flowers which she had car-
with her. He made an extensive
of the place, fearing she had
into the sea. But there were no
prints. It was not before quite
time that he suddenly recollected
own package which he had left at
of the temple and which had
the precious magic imple-
When he went there, he was
to find it lying open and all
contents missing from it. It then
on him that the old woman
once again pulled a fast one on
Chagrined at this thought, he
consoled himself that even as
came to him, they had left him
as such, he had no right to com-

Musing thus, he trudged on towards the city with his hands clasped behind his back.

On the way he had to cross a wooded part to reach the city.

Half way up there, he felt so hungry that he could not proceed any further before eating something.

He looked about and saw right before him a giant mango tree which had four sturdy branches. All those branches were bent with luscious ripe fruits. Thanking God for the timely help, he climbed up one of those branches and plucking the nearest fruit, ate it avidly. But the next moment he found himself transformed into a baboon! In the new form it was not difficult for him to hop on to the next branch which he did and from which also he plucked another fruit and ate. When he did so, again, he found himself transformed into an aged man! Descending along the branch, he caught hold of the third branch from which too he plucked another fruit and ate it since his hunger had not yet subsided. But this time he became the sturdy young man he was. Becoming curious, he ate the fruit of the fourth branch also, when lo! he found himself transformed into an eagle!

He now came to the conclusion that that tree was a miracle tree and that its four branches had those four different properties. In order to confirm his findings, he ate another fruit from the third branch, when, from an eagle he again became the young man that he was. Confirmed in his findings, the Prince now thought of a plan, how with this new finding he could wreak vengeance on the deceitful danseuse and her daughter. Striking at a plan of ac-

tion, he collected some fruits from those branches which could convert their eaters into baboons and eagles respectively.

Wrapping them into a bundle he walked vigorously towards the house of the danseuse. Reaching it, he comfortably seated himself on a stool outside the mansion. In the evening the danseuse and her daughter came out of the house as usual to watch the crowd. But to their surprise they saw the young Prince outside sitting with a bundle by his side.

Although the old woman had been sure that she was the winner in the war of wits against the Prince, she was now puzzled why he should return and sit in her verandah. This troubled her as she suspected that the Prince had some more tricks in his bag.

As though she saw him for the first time, she went near the Prince and said: "Oh my son! What shall I say? When you went in search of firewood a big tiger appeared from nowhere and started chasing me. I shouted for you and was afraid it might harm you. So I ran and ran and ran in search of you and failing in it, managed to come home. All the while I was worried about you. I cursed myself that I was not born a man. I am so happy to see you safe. Please come in. What is it that you carry in that bundle? More tricks?"

The Prince on hearing her words laughed disarmingly and said: "Aunt What tricks can I play before you On my way I saw some good fruits on a mango tree. Knowing your taste I plucked some of them thinking you would be delighted to eat them."

"Oh, is that so? Let me see, let me see."

Then the Prince untied the bundle and showed her the fruits which were inviting.

Without even waiting to be given she pinched one from his bundle and ate it. Simultaneously the Prince took out another fruit from the other bundle and gave it to the old woman's daughter. When both of them ate the mangoes, one became a baboon and the other an eagle!

[*To be continued*]

KUMBHI EXPOSED—*Contd.*

abuse sinners. Indeed I have heard it said that if we abuse a sinner, that sin leaves him and takes possession of us. Your majesty would not like to take up that position. The best course would be to extradite him from this country."

King Ajavaksha agreed to the suggestion and issued orders banishing him from his country.

Later on King Ajavaksha took his daughter along with the maimed Pavakaroma to his palace where he had them duly married with usual pomp. The couple lived happily.

One day, however, the Queen said to her husband: "My lord! My heart becomes sick at the thought that while all beautiful girls of the land have faultless husbands, our daughter alone should have a cripple for her husband."

When the King heard this, he smiled and replied: "My dear! What you feel is natural. But I think we can do nothing about it. It is her destiny and she alone must work it out. I shall tell you a story in illustration of this point."

[*To be continued*]

Our Bookshelf

THWAY TO GOD IN KANNADA LITERATURE. By the late Dr. R. Ranade. Published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7 in collaboration with the Karnatak University, Dharwar. pp. 344. Price: Special Library Edition Rs. 6; Popular Edition Rs. 2.

This excellent volume under review is the substance of the late sage-professor R. D. Ranade's planned twenty lectures on Karnatak mysticism, of which seven were delivered between the years 1954-57. The remaining six lectures remained undelivered in the form of brief notes. After the death of Professor Ranade, the dynamic Vice-Chancellor Sri D. C. Pavate, with his great zeal and drive to promote research and the cause of learning, entrusted the humble task of completing the work of Sri Ranade to an editorial board with Sri R. R. Diwakar, Prof. N. G. Damle and a few others. The present volume is the result of the editorial board's work of devotion and discernment. Thanks for the unstinted efforts of the Vice-Chancellor and his abounding love and admiration for the philosopher-saint Ranade, the book would not have seen the light of the day.

Prof. Ranade has already distinguished himself as an expert on the subject of mysticism. He produced the volume on Maharashtra mysticism, the *locus classicus* on the subject in 1933. *Pathway to God in Hindi Literature* was published in 1954. He was not only pre-eminent as a Professor of Philosophy for over four decades but also lived a spiritual life and had first-hand spiritual experience as the result of the grace of his guru, Bhausaheb Maharaj of Umadi's grace and his intense unremitting spiritual *sadhana*. His influence had a wholesome effect on the religious-minded men who rushed to him in large numbers. Unlike the pure speculative philosopher, he believed in a way of life. He set up a spiritual centre in Nimbal called the Adhyatma Vidya Mandir. Every year people met there and had religious discourses and meditation. Ranade speaks from spiritual experience and not merely from book-lore. He understands the mystics

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best and has culled for us the universal religion of the mystics. It is his profound faith in the universal religion of the God-lovers that made him present to us a non-sectarian, rationalistic, non-dogmatic spiritual religion. He recognised the heart-unity of the mystics, no matter to whatever religion, caste, sex, nationality and the country they belonged.

In the volume under review he has given us a clear picture and a moving account of the chief mystic saints of Karnatak, Saiva and Vaishnava. He writes (taking the important songs and *vachanas* of the mystics for his data) about the mystical works of Prabhudeva, Basaveshvara, Channabasavanna, Siddharama, Mahipati, Sarpabhushana, Sarvajna, Sarifsaheb, Purandaradasa, Kanakadasa, Jagannathadasa and Nirguna Shivayogi. The treatment is throughout comparative. The detailed comparisons instituted by Professor Ranade between the Karnatak mystics and the mystics of other lands and religions is summarised for us by Sri R. R. Diwakar in the valuable introduction to the book which gives the reader an insight into the plan of the book.

The different chapters of the book cover all the topics that are discussed in connection with the philosophy of mysticism in general. The chapters on the Incentives to Spiritual life, Moral Preparation for the Mystical Life, the Functions of the Spiritual Teacher, and the Relation of the Spiritual Teacher to the Disciple are of special significance. Almost on the lines of William Jones we have a chapter on the Characteristics of Saints (chapter IX). The treatment of the nature of God and the place of Japa or the taking of the name of God are the special doctrines of Ranade. With great psychological insight the learned professor gives us an inside picture of the mystic's supernal experience with astounding details. The last two chapters deal with the effects of God-realisation. There are four appendices to the volume dealing respectively with transliteration, key to pronunciation, glossary of Sanskrit words and bibliography. The volume

is a just assessment of the rightful
of Karnatak mysticism in the
of mysticism in general. Dr.
's volume is an invaluable addi-
to the study of Indian mysticism.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

*NISHADS IN STORY AND DIA-
GUE.* By R. R. Diwakar. Pub-
ed by the Bharatiya Vidya Bha-
Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7.
150. Price: Rs. 2.

Upanishads are the highest and
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ation of all religions and philoso-
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form of dialogues, some in prose,
in verse, some informal, others
. They are in varying length.

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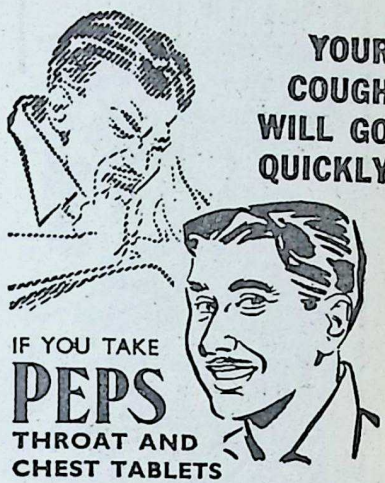
out losing its power. There is no
rtant philosophical dialogue left



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out from the Upanishads. The volume is representative in every sense of the term. It carries four illustrations and a useful glossary of terms. In the Foreword to the volume Dr. S. Radhakrishnan has with his characteristic insight described the essential qualities of Diwakarji's presentation i.e. "his conspicuous ability and earnest conviction". This volume should be in the hands of all who love and desire to know the spiritual genius of India.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS. By B. N. Pal. Published by Kitab Mahal, 56-A, Zero Road, Allahabad. pp. 752. 1959. Price: Rs. 18.

THE agricultural sector is the most important sector of India's economy. In recent years a number of detailed studies have appeared having a bearing on the working of this sector in the context of the national economy. In the United States, systematic study of agricultural economics occupies an important place in economic studies. In this comprehensive volume Prof. Pal has made a massive effort to present a detailed analysis of the various economic problems besetting agriculture in India. The book consists of 33 chapters. The author intended that the present work would provide some background to the student and the layman. Though this is perhaps the first systematic effort in this direction in India, the book suffers from an inadequate presentation of background statistical data in respect of Indian agriculture. Again, in the context of the special problems of economic development, a number of modifications are necessary in the application of economic principles to underdeveloped countries in general and to agriculture in particular. All this calls for the need for more work. However, the author has to be congratulated on the accomplishment of what is certainly a Herculean effort. It is hoped that in later editions he would bring about the needed integration between the economic theory relevant in underdeveloped countries and the economic problems of agriculture in India. In view of the diverse nature of the problems dealt with, a subject

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s would have been very useful.

—*Dr. P. R. Brahmanand.*

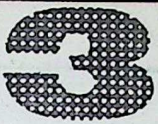
TERN TRENDS IN INDIAN DEMOCRACY. By V. V. Giri. Published by Harold Laski Institute of Political Science, Ahmedabad. pp. 16. Price: Re. 1.

This booklet which comprises the Memorial Lecture delivered by V. V. Giri at the Harold Laski Institute, Ahmedabad, provides a interesting and thought-provoking analysis of the conditions essential for the maintenance of democracy and the advance of world peace. Sri Giri has viewed the problems in the wider context of promoting international peace and security. While examining the salient features of the Indian Constitution and reviewing the recent political trends he rightly denounces the dissiparous tendency developing amongst the people and feels that the objectives of democracy cannot be achieved just by laying down legal enactments but through a proper understanding of the rights and duties of the citizens, through a spirit of co-operation. He also advocates democratic decentralization at both political and economic levels for this purpose. He feels that the present nationalistic tendency would disappear and the world would ultimately be governed by internationalism; then only the ideal one world would be realised. As he has observed, India is the one country that is keeping up the flag of internationalism and democracy in the East, and the Institute has done well in publishing this lecture and helping people to understand national and international implications of the challenging issues of the present-day.

—*Prof. C. L. Gheevala.*

ECONOMICS OF GROWTH. By Ramnu Pandit. Published by Harold Laski Institute of Political Science, Ahmedabad. 1960. pp. 80. Price: Rs. 3.

This monograph is a brief theoretical survey of the contributions made to the economics of growth. In the last one decade the study of economics of growth has assumed importance, with particular reference to the underdeveloped countries. There has been con-



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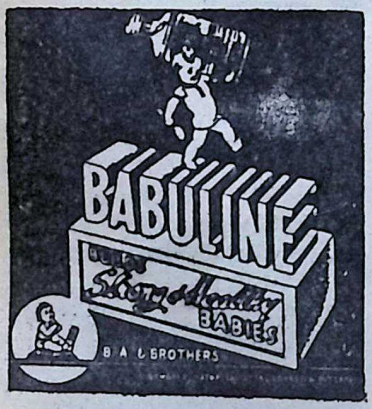

siderable progress in the contribution to this area of research and study. The author is to be congratulated for attempting to provide a critical summary of the contributions to these theories.

Section I deals with the theories derived primarily from the experience of developed countries. The author has given a succinct summary of the theories in classical analysis, Marxian analysis, neo-classical analysis, Schumpeterian analysis and post-Keynesian analysis. The treatment of Schumpeter may be said to be most illuminating. Section II concentrates upon theories of underdevelopment which have exclusive bearing upon underdeveloped countries. The author could have devoted more space to a discussion of these theories. However one could not also expect that the treatment of the most essential problem of the growth of underdeveloped countries would be anything but cursory. Within the compass of 79 pages, the author has done well to present in capsule form the various theories of growth in the historical perspective of development of economic thought. It would serve as a well compiled and lucidly written Introduction to the study of economics of growth.

—*Prof. C. L. Gheevala*

PURUSHA SUKTA. (Text in Sanskrit with notes and commentary in Tamil). By "Anna". Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4. Price: Popular Edition Re. 1. Calico-bound Re. 1.50 nP.

THE Purusha-sukta *mantras* constitute an important set of hymns that occur in all the four Vedas, of course with slight variations. They are chanted during the worship of deities from time immemorial. Apart from it, their Vedantic content have been commented upon by great seers and Acharyas. The present author has therefore done great service to the Tamil-reading public by bringing out this work, with elaborate notes and translation, based on the works of great Acharyas like Sayana and others.

—*Sri Mahalinga Sastri*

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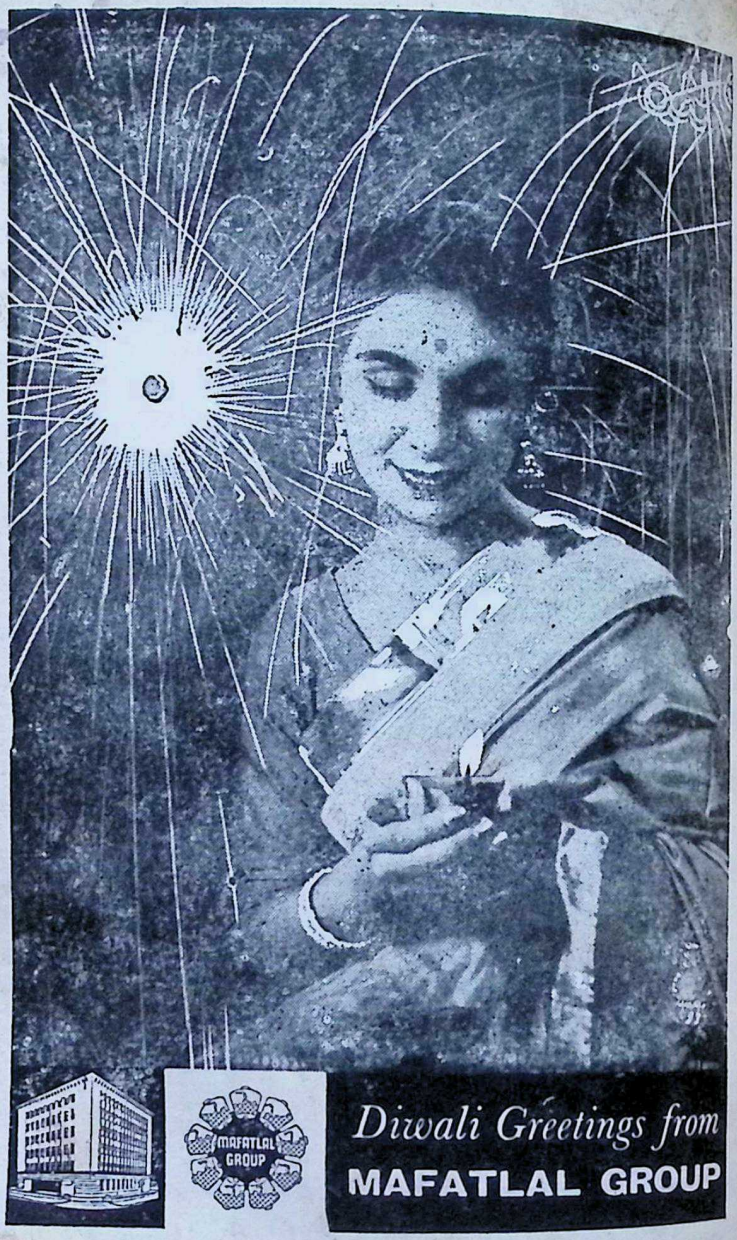
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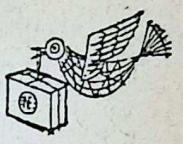

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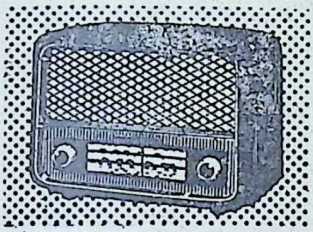

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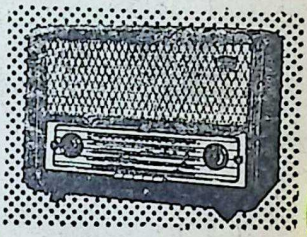

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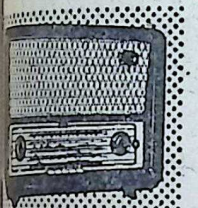

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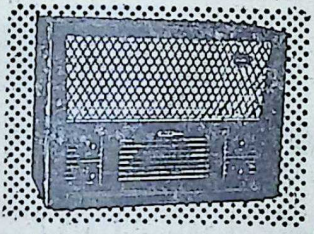

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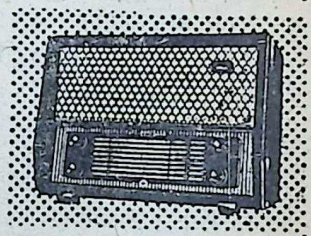

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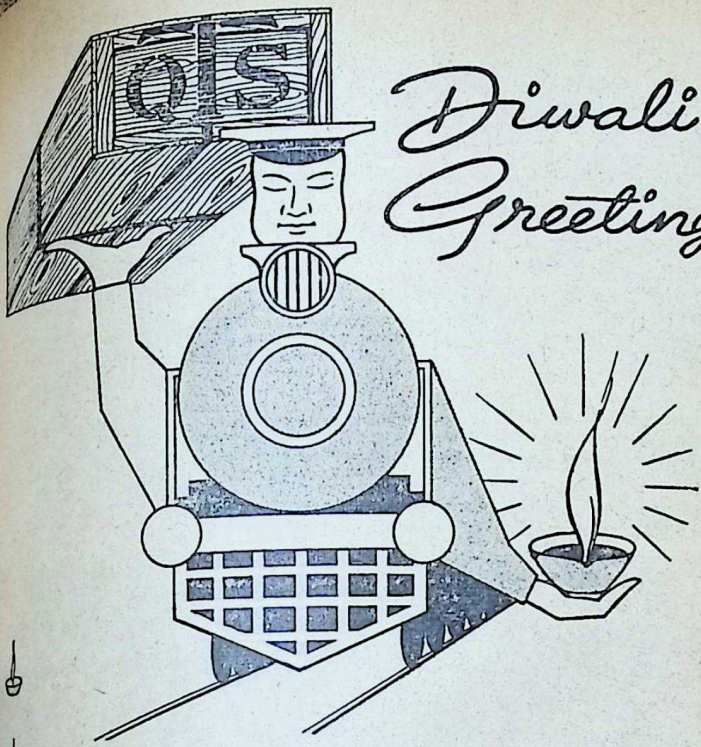

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—Rigveda, I-89-i

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OCTOBER 16, 1960 No. 6

Vol. VII

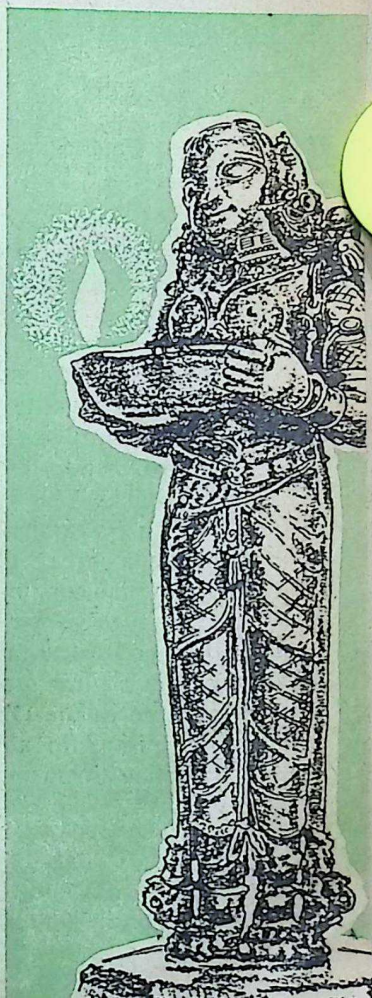
MAHALAKSHMI

दिग्घस्तिभिः कनककुंभमुखावसृष्ट-
स्वर्वाहिनीविमलचारुजलप्लुतांगीम्
प्रातर्नमामि जगतां जननीमशेष-
लोकाधिनाथगृहिणीममृताब्धिपुत्रीम् ॥

I offer my obeisance each morning to the Mother of this Universe, dutiful wife of Lord Vishnu) the sole Protector of the worlds, daughter of the Milky Ocean, and whose body is exhilarated by the pure and lovely water of the divine Ganga poured from out of golden pots carried by the Elephants guarding the Directions (Diggajas).

[See front cover]

—Sankara Bhagavatpada.



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 216

DANGERS OF LINGUISM ★ DISINTEGRATION STEP BY STEP

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.
OCTOBER 16, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

AN objective study and experience of linguism has led me to the conviction that disintegration is growing in the country at a fast pace.

Soon after the Constituent Assembly was convened, the whole of the South was thrown in the vortex of a bitter controversy by the advocates of linguistic States. The Dhar Committee, of which I was an associate member for the Bombay City, drew the attention of the country to the dangers of 'linguism', a word which perhaps happened to be first used by me and which has since become common.

In my note to the Dhar Committee —later published in a book form—I tried to define linguism. It is a group sentiment based on the affinity of language, seeking expression in terms of power politics. It identifies language with culture and equates cultural with political frontiers of a region. In this sence, it is not a cultural force, for the boundaries of culture are never confined to any single language group or an area occupied by such group nor in reality has it any inherent relation to political ends; it is a form of intolerant, aggressive nationalism.

Experience in Europe has shown that a purely cultural movement is seldom more than a first stage; almost everywhere it has been inspired by political ambition. By the very logic of its formative principle, it tends to treat all other language groups with

particular language area as Such nationalism, in the words Professor Schuman, "implies ship with the members of the up' and hostility towards mem- of all 'out-groups'. The 'in-group' focus of all social life...'stran- usually enemy and foreign cul- are strange and hostile."

political ambition of a linguis- up can only be satisfied by the on and discrimination of other tic groups within the area. No ards and no fundamental rights ve them from the subtle psycho- exclusion which linguism im- As Macartney puts it in his book *al States and National Mino-* "In such a case, the rule of the ity, exercised most often under ple of democracy, is a true ..."

1947 we had just emerged from ion-wide struggle for freedom. of the members of the Consti- Assembly had been freedom- under Gandhiji and were emo- integrated to India. Though rtition had shaken our faith in tionhood as we conceived it 1947, most of us took Indian lism as an irresistible force.

our struggle for national free- from alien rule we never fully ated the play of forces in his- which had prevented us from ing national unity through a n political consciousness. The hesive bond, before the rise of modern Indian nationalism in the nineteenth century, was provided, firstly, by Hindu religion and culture; secondly, by the Hindu law texts and the social institutions sanctioned by them and accepted throughout the country; and lastly, by Sanskrit being accepted as the predominant language of culture throughout the country. But this bond was never so powerful as to produce, much less to foster, the will to political unity or to nationhood in the way we understand it. Akbar and his immediate successors imposed political unity on many parts of the country through an imperial structure founded by force of arms. The people played no conscious part in it.

Old religious bonds have grown weak. The sanctity of Hindu law and of the institutions which it sanctions, have disappeared. Sanskrit has receded into the background. Educationists have begun to look upon it as a dead classic, not a living parent language. We have seen to it that its study brings neither career nor prestige. And governments are denied the capacity to see it as it is—a vital binding force

if properly nourished. The old cohesive bond has lost its strength considerably.

Modern Indian nationalism is the product of several forces: first, of the political unity created by the British occupation; secondly, of the uniformity and continuity of political and judicial institutions established by the British through all-India services; thirdly, by the use of English as an all-India medium of education and official intercourse; and lastly, by the militant nationalism inspired by great leaders to rid the country of foreign rule.

With freedom come, the British occupation has gone. Our inferiority complex has given us the urge to displace English from its position without its place being taken by a common Indian language. The services somewhat lost their all-India character by caste and regional prejudice in the States. Having got rid of foreign rule, the motive power behind nationalism has run out.

Those who sponsored Hindi as the official language in the Constituent Assembly—I was one of them—thought that the Government of India would take energetic steps to foster the spread of Hindi, and English would be displaced from higher education and official intercourse only as Hindi, developing into an effective medium, progressively took its place. We were woefully mistaken. For over ten years, the Centre did nothing to promote Hindi in the Universities; English, the victim of an indefinite policy, receded; the vacuum began to be filled by the regional languages.

Then came the rise of militant linguism. Neither the Report of the Dhar Committee nor the Report of the J.V.P. Committee could offer successful resistance, simply because, after Sardar's death, there was no one in the Central Government strong enough to stand firmly against the militancy of this disintegrating force.

One fast unto death brought down resistance to linguism, and with the emergence of Andhra, national unity began to slide down an inclined plane. The claims of linguistic chauvinists gained validity. Some States began to resist even the allotment of all-India service men not of their own region.

The States Re-organization Commission also yielded to linguism, but the process of disintegration could have been partially halted even if a firm stand had been taken on its Report. But when its Report was published, the Prime Minister was the first to be 'surprised' and thereby to destroy its finality. Then the question of the Bombay State was tackled on a trial and error basis, or rather on the basis of popularity hunting. The Bombay riots, directed against a linguistic minority, controlled by the firm handling of Sri Morarji Desai, was writing on the wall. But none had the perspicacity to heed it.

Linguism, as a divisive force, continued to assert itself in different forms. The Centre will not, and the State Governments dare not, take a firm stand on English, and a generation has now grown up which finds itself incapable of following English studies at the University stage. And now, with thoughtless cheerfulness, higher studies in many States are sought to be conducted through regional languages

their present state of deve-
are not capable of doing jus-
the task to which they are called.
the Centre seems to be pledg-

Hindi-speaking States natural-
advantage of Hindi being ac-
as all-India language, to deve-
tolerance towards other regional
ages. Other regions reacted by
ing resistance to Hindi 'impe-
The South revolted against it.
Centre, for a long time, would
a firm stand. Recently when
ted English as a second all-
language for official use, it did
er circumstances which made
ceptance look like helpless sur-
to the South, leaving North
to switch over to Hindi if it so
The seed is thus sown to divide
from South India.

ism has now reached the
which, in 1947 I feared, it would
It is now an unabashedly politi-
ce of sinister potency. Univer-
are going in for regional lan-
even for higher studies. In the
national consciousness is becom-
in the mind of the intelligent-
educated class in the coun-
ch gave to the country a com-
medium, a common scholarship,
al and collective all-India con-
ess, will, in a few years, be frag-
into regionally divided groups
would not have the command
common medium. The impor-
of a centrally-sponsored lan-
for a people, essential for form-
sustaining a national outlook,
we see in operation in coun-
the U.S.A., Soviet Russia and
not understood by those who

frame our policies.

Gujarat is an example in point. It fought against linguism throughout. But once the Bombay State was bifurcated, its Congress wing has become more fanatic in its desire to force Gujarati even in spheres of official intercourse, higher studies, and even law courts, than many other State Congress wings in the country. Soon Gujarat will be a linguistic island. The only move that provides some relieving feature against this unhappy background is the recent decision of its legislature to have Gujarati and Hindi both as State languages. This is an example which might usefully be followed by other States.

In Punjab, linguism has assumed a more dangerous shape by being inextricably associated with religion. And whatever the merits or demerits of the Punjabi Suba, the Hindus and Sikhs, if truth be told, today face each other in distrust as hostile religious units.

The Assam-Bengal tension is the culmination of the processes started by linguism. The Assam happenings proved, if it were necessary, how sinister is the implication of current linguism in the country. And Bengal, naturally indignant, has been roused to a frenzy of bitterness, which has converted purely a regional affair into an inter-regional war. And the Central Government, instead of being the national government of plenary power as it is under the Constitution and as it should be, has been reduced to the position of a conciliator unable to take drastic action and which dares not make a judicial probe for fear of exposing the claim of the

ruling party to national character.

Thus linguism is developing slowly to a tragic end. This has resulted from the incapacity of the Congress, in spite of 14 years' rule, to release such psychological forces as would maintain national unity and foster emotional integration. It has rejected the spiritual appeal of Indian nationalism, which it had in the days of Dayanand, Surendranath, Sri Aurobindo and Gandhiji. It has neglected several occasions when regional chauvinism could be undermined and national emotion could be evoked. It has not stimulated the forces of unity represented by Sanskrit, English or Hindi by intensive effort. On the other hand, it has always retreated before the strength of disintegrating urges. When Tibet was raped or part of Ladakh occupied, it failed to channel national indignation into constructive channels.

Divisive forces are growing. Nationalism is slowly coming to depend, firstly, upon constitutional and institutional unity, which at regional level will fall apart no sooner regional languages are adopted as State languages; secondly, upon the financial pressure of grants and loans given by the Centre to carry out centrally-sanctioned plans; lastly, upon the army (as we saw it in operation in Assam). None of these factors are likely to encourage emotional integration.

It is not too late to retrieve the situation. The sanctity of the Constitution could be restored by not amending the Constitution to suit the ruling party's policies, but to adjust the policies to the Constitution, and further, by restoring to legislatures the vitality, denied to them by over-whipping party-men to uncritical obedience.

The institutional unity could be strengthened by firmly maintaining the *esprit de corps* of the all-India services; by transfer of highly-placed officers, who are experts, from State to State as the need for expert guidance arises; by insisting that all-India communications and high-level inter-course, post-graduate studies and studies for higher services, should be in English, till Hindi is accepted by the whole country as the all-India national language.

Economic programmes, even under a planned policy, have no unifying force by themselves. They have to be supported by a strong psychological bond inspired by an emotional sense of identity. By themselves, they only increase parochial greed. But our Plans have no such support.

However, parochial outlook could be combated if the States, for the purpose of Plan projects, are combined in zones, decided on purely economic factors like river basins or natural boundaries. This proposal has, off-and-on, been considered, but never enforced with appropriate Constitutional sanctions. Even Article 263 of the Constitution provides the necessary machinery for setting up of a Council for specific purposes. This would mean that Plan projects could be drawn up and submitted zone-wise; that, for the purpose of determining projects and implementing them, the Zonal Council consisting of some Central Ministers and the Chief Ministers and Planning Ministers of each component State, would be the implementing machinery. As a corollary

residing in the zone should be employed for working out the projects, irrespective of State lines.

This is not done, linguism will take forward and lay claim to re- autoarchy. Each State will in- being economically and indus- self-sufficient, bringing political on the Centre to secure this The symptoms are already in evi- In one State, all its representa- Parliament were urged to bring on the Centre to give it new lines, irrespective of whether they profitably located there or not. other State, a claim has been put that the State should have a sector industry of its own.

These claims look harmless now, they are a step forward in State Today. If once economic self-suffi- is the goal of each individual competition between the States conflict with the Centre will fol- Even during the control days of when the surplus States were against the deficit States, this evidence. Negation of the eco- unity of the country will neces- follow. The only answer is there- zonal planning and zonal per- wherever Central aid is But the answer will be feeble the popular will to national is strengthened by cultural and bonds.

of the most important step in national integration of the coun- establish one Central Univer- each zone, if not in each State, education could be imparted in India medium. It may start advanced studies, but with power state colleges. And the N.C.C. training should be made compulsory for all students in all universities, may be for one year, preferably the junior B.A. year when the pressure of studies is not high.

Whatever the steps taken, the time has come when the tide of disintegration, proceeding apace, has to be resisted firmly.

Yours sincerely,

Kim Mun Shi

Many people in India are opposed, on principle, to linguistic States, having regard to the peculiar circumstances of India. Her population is a mixture of races and creeds and this very diversity may go far to ensure the stability of our new democratic institutions. The component States too should conform to this pattern as far as possible, if India is to remain an integral whole. The linguistic pattern would mean creation of a number of States inclined towards mutual hostility, besides creating a minority problem in each State. This would result in ultimate disruption and disaster.

Piecemeal and insufficiently considered action is not wise. Statesmanship consists in the anticipation and guidance of events, not in waiting upon them. It is necessary to consider systematically, and at once, the whole question of Indian administrative units, and in this problem language is only *one element*, and *not the most important.*

—*Sir Mirza Ismail.*

MATRU-VANDAN

सागरालिंगितां लक्ष्मीं जगज्जनककन्यकाम् ।
स्थितां हिमनगस्यांके पार्वतीमपरां भजे ॥

Adoration unto Bharata-Mata, Creator's own daughter, who is embraced by the oceans (on three sides) and reclines on Himavan's lap like another Parvati!

शुभ्रं धर्मध्वजं मातुः किं वा राशीकृतं यशः ।
रौप्यं वा मकुटं दिव्यं वन्देऽहं तं हिमालयम् ॥

I bow to Himalaya who shines bright like Mother India's banner of Dharma! Or is it Her accumulated glory? Or else, is it Her divine Crown made of silver?

जाह्नवी यमुना सिन्धु ब्रह्मपुत्रा शतद्रुभिः ।
भूदेवीं पञ्चधाराभिः सततं सोऽभिषिंचति ॥

The five great rivers Ganga, Yamuna, Sindhu, Brahmaputra and Satadru by their unceasing flow, eternally consecrate Her by five dharas!

नगाधिपं धारयन्तीं मस्तके रत्नमद्वयम् ।
काश्मीरं च ललाटे भ्रूमध्ये नेपालिकां शुभाम् ॥

On her head she wears the king of mountains. On her forehead she wears the unrivalled jewel Kashmir. Between her brows she wears blessed Nepalika (as tilak*).*

नर्मदातपतीविन्ध्य सप्तपीठकमेखलाम् ।
पूर्वापराचलोरुं च मलयं पादपीठके ॥

The Vindhya Hills carrying the Narmada and Tapti constitute Her seven-jewel-studded belt. The eastern and western ghats are her thighs. Malaya Hills are her foot-rest.

द्रष्टारश्चोपनिषदां गीताशास्त्रप्रवर्तकः ।
षड्दर्शनप्रवक्तारः भगवान् पाणिनिर्मुनिः ॥
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महार्घाण्यद्वितीयानि रत्नान्येतानि भूतले ।
जननी भारती तेषां रत्नगर्भा कथं न सा ॥

The great seers of Upanishads, the propounder of the Gita, *the creators of the six systems of Indian philosophy, the (grammarian) sage Panini, the great poets Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidas, (astronomer) Aryabhatta, Bharata Muni, the Lion of Advaita—Sankara; warriors like Bhishma, Parashurama and Arjuna; kings like Rama, Yudhishthira; (great women) like Savitri, Draupadi, Sita, Damayanti and Taraka—these priceless gems are the children of your soil. Aren't you, Mother Bharati, a mine of precious gems?*

कैलासद्वारकाधीशौ रामेश्वरपुरीश्वरौ ।
द्वारपाला बभूवुश्च सौभाग्यं मातुरद्भुतम् ॥

What wonderful fortune is yours, Mother, to have the Lords of Kailas, Dwaraka, Rameshwara and Puri stand guard on your sides?

पोषयन्ति सदा मातुः पर्वतस्तनमण्डलात् ।
निस्सृताश्च पयोधाराः सन्ततीनां परंपराः ॥

Mother, from your mountainous breasts flow incessant streams of sweet water which can support your children for generations together!

मरणे जन्मकाले च मुमूर्षुर्नवबालकः ।
त्वदंके चैव संशेते अहो वत्सलता तव ॥

Oh, how great is the affection between you and your children? At birth as well as death, your children choose to lie on your lap alone!

(Continued on page 16)

ॐ नमः शि

OM *means what fulfils the desires and liberates man, and is, therefore, always meditated upon by the Yogis.*

NA *stands for* namanti, *what is bowed to with respect by sages, nymphs and gods.*

MA *signifies Mahadeva (great God), Mahadhyani (great meditator), and Mahasakti (great power).*

SI *means what is* santa *(peace), and Siva (good).*

VA *signifies Vahana (the great bull on which God Siva rides), Vasuki (the serpent that adorns God Siva and that supports the earth).*

YA *stands for the Omnipresent God.*

—Adi Sankaracharya.

मशिवाय।

OM You would know its meaning only if you have realised its source (omkarabija) and the Reality from which it sprang forth.

NA signifies nirahankara (absence of egotism).

MA stands for marma, the secret of the fourteen worlds.

SI signifies akasa, and akara, the main forms seen therein.

VA means vayu (air) and other elements such as fire, earth and water.

So the letters Si and Va together stand for all the five elements; of which all things in the world are constituted.

YA signifies that nobody has been able to know God's real nature, or that He alone knows Himself.

—Sadaksari Muni.

God's Name is

Let anyone accept any sadhana, *he is free*
follow its pur
But to me Thy Name is the granter of all bo

The various paths outlined in the Vedas for
emancipation from karma, upasana *and* gyan
all go
But I seek only one shelter and that is Thy Na
I seek nothing besid
Alas! I had wasted all these years on other thi
like a dog rushing from one place to anoth
But now, having enjoyed the sweet bliss of T
Name, I cast not my glances elsewhe
It is the fulfiller of my wishes here and in
world to co

Has not Thy Name, O Lord, made the very sto
swim in the ocean and also helped the monke
to cross the water
A man may have his affection revetted anywh
as also his fai

But I recognise only my relationship with
NAME—Rama—It is my father and my moth
I swear by Shankara and state the Truth with
hiding
That Tulsidas sees all good accruing to him o
by repeating Thy Na

TULSIDAS

reater than God

ould I care for you, Oh God! when Thy powerful enough to save the devotee from rity in life?

he elephant king, caught up by the , was sending up its prayer to God, was Thy primordial name that saved it from

Prahlada was being harassed by his father ways, was it not the name of Narahari ected him?

he young lady, Draupadi, was being of her clothes in the open assembly Kauravas and Pandavas, was it not the Krishna that saved her honour?

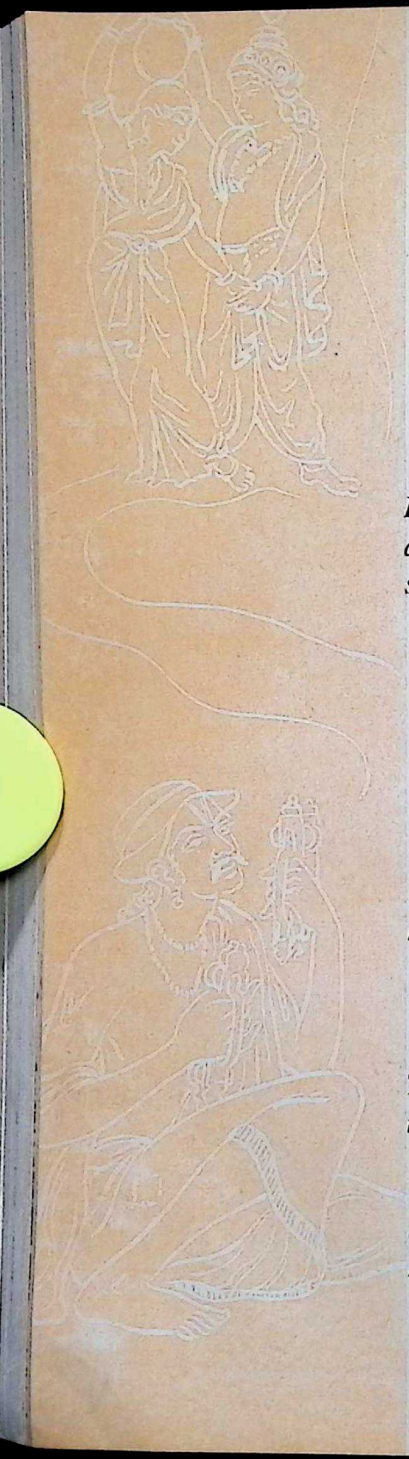
he messengers of death were dragging the ful Ajamila, was it not the name of a that saved him?

Valmiki, the sinful and barbarous dacoit ring 'this Mara and that Mara' (this tree), was it not the inverted order of his es, embodying the name of 'Rama', that his help, and saved him?

the young child Dhruva was entering the performing penance, was it not the Vasudeva that saved him?

s no parallel, nothing in the world equal name, Oh, Purandara-Vithala! Your really greater than yourself.

ANDARADAS



Nam Sankirtan

"Krishna! Krishna! Sweet Beloved Krishna!
chanting these sweet names, steeped in nectar
you awake from your bed, O devotee!

All else, besides the Lord's name, is a phantom
and as mere dust.

Krishna dwelleth in Gokul and fulfilleth my wishes
and desires. Ah! how glorious are His exploits,
steeped in compassion, and filled with His Grace!

He reclaimed Ganika, a common woman, and
enacted the story of Ahalya who ascended the
celestial regions.

I am making offering to His sweet name.

Krishna is my father, my mother, my kinsman,
my kith and kin. Remember that in the end thou
shalt depart alone with only Krishna following
thee.

The name of the Lord and He Himself are One in
their efficacy and no difference exists between the
two.

Repeat it and believe Narsi and you will easily
become an heir to His Vaikuntha and reach His
Lotus Feet.

me of the Lord is the seed and also the
ich springs therefrom.
e highest religion, the good deed and the
.

e essence of all religious practice.
hes all trouble, for where the Lord's
, sings His name and performs the Nama
on all virtues combine and dwell there.

the Lord enters the heart and ascends the
, all that is good makes its appearance there,
a result of His entrance pain of
gration ends for the devotee.

not fear to follow the tenets of the faith
ch you are born, all that is necessary is to
the name of Lord Vithal constantly.

many names, the Vedas call Him the
ial Being, the Yogis call Him the Formless
nd the emancipated ones call Him the
t Omnipotent Atman.

m, however, knows Him as Bal Krishna,
as for our sake adopted the beautiful
ing human Form (shape).

MATRU-VANDAN—*Contd.*

पद्मालया त्वमेवासि त्वमेव च सरस्वती ।
अन्नपूर्णा त्वमेवासि त्वमेव च शिवा सती ॥

You are in truth Lakshmi (wealth), you are in fact Saras-wati (wisdom). You are in fact Annapoorna (Universal Feeder) and you are Sati Parvati (valour).*

त्वद्वृक्षाः कल्पवृक्षाश्च चिन्तामणिशिलाः शिलाः ।
त्वद्वनं नन्दनं साक्षात् साक्षात्त्वं स्वर्गदेवता ॥

Your trees are verily Kalpavrikshas, *the stones that lie about your surface are Chintamanis; your gardens are verily* Nandana (Indra's garden) *and you are heaven incarnate!*

प्रतिजन्मनि मे वित्तं चित्तं देहश्च सन्ततिः ।
त्वत्सेवानिरता भूयुः माता त्वं करुणामयी ॥

O, Compassionate Mother, bless me that we may, in every birth, serve you with our wealth, heart, body and our progeny.

---

*Not only to her own children but also to all others who come to her.

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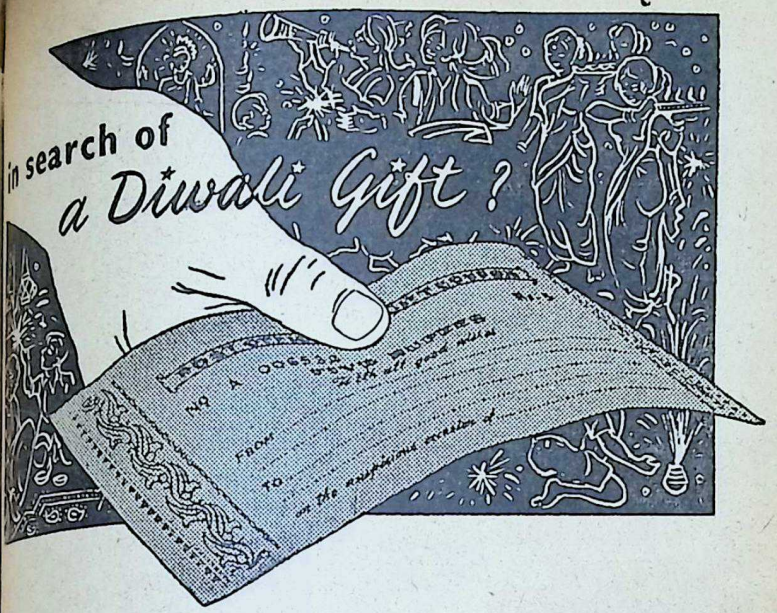

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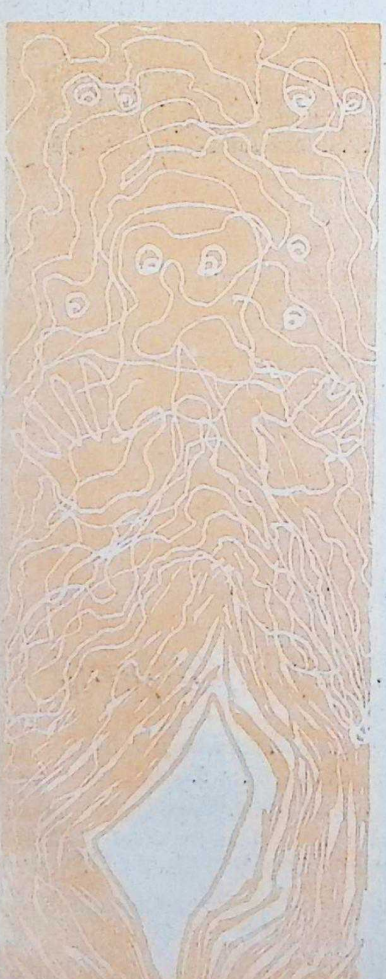
WHAT VEDANTA SAYS

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA



IN the winter, sometimes a thunder-cloud comes up; it roars and roars, but it does not rain; in the rainy season, the clouds speak not but deluge the world with water.

So those who are really workers and really feel at heart the universal brotherhood of man, do not talk much, do not make little sects for universal brotherhood; but their acts, their movements, their whole life, show out clearly that, in truth, they possess the feeling of brotherhood for mankind, that they have love and sympathy for all. They do not speak, they do and they live.

So, do your work, says Vedanta.

It first advises us how to work—by giving up—giving up the apparent illusive world.

What is meant by that? Seeing God everywhere. Thus do your work. Have the desire to live a long life of happiness, of blissfulness and activity on this earth.

Thus working, you will find the way out. There is no other way.

...गंगाशशांकौ करचरणतले कोम-
लांगा भुजंगाः
...भागे दयार्द्रा हिमगिरितनया
चन्दनं सर्वगात्रे।
...शीतं प्रभूतं तव कनकसभानाथ
वोढुं क्व शक्तिः
...निर्वेदतप्ते यदि भवति न ते
नित्यवासो मदीये॥

On your head you wear the ...ool) Ganga and the (cooler) ...on; on your hands and feet ...tle serpents (which are quite ...l to the touch); on your left ...f you keep the daughter of ...e Snow Mountain; and your ...ire body is smeared with cool ...dal paste. O, Lord Nataraja, ...w are you able to bear all this ...? Is it not proof that you ...e eternally in my heart which ...literally baked by the heat of ...rrows?

—*Appayya Dikshitar.*

...d if a man curses the world, goes ...a forest, mortifies his flesh, and ...himself little by little by starva-...n, makes his heart a barren waste, ...s out all feeling, and becomes ...h, stern, and dried-up,—that man ...has missed the way.

So work, says Vedanta, putting God ...everything, and knowing Him to be ...everything. Work incessantly, hold-...g life as something deified, as God ...mself, and knowing that this is all ...e have to do, this is all we should ...k for.

God is everything, where else shall ...e go to find Him?

God is in the wealth that you enjoy. He is in the desire that rises in your mind. He is in the things you buy to satisfy your desire. He is in your beautiful attire, in your beautiful ornaments. This is the line of thought. All will be metamorphosed as soon as you begin to see things in that light.

If you put God in your every movement, in your conversation, in your form, in everything, the whole scene will change, and the world, instead of appearing as one of woe and misery, will become a heaven.

I never read any more beautiful conception of God than the following: 'He is the great Poet, the Ancient poet; the whole Universe in His poem coming in verses and rhythms, written in infinite bliss.'

If this room is full of darkness for thousands of years, and you come in and begin to weep and wail, 'Oh the darkness,' will the darkness vanish? Bring the light in, strike a match, and light comes in a moment.

So what good will it do you to think all your lives: 'Oh, I have done evil, I have made many mistakes?' It requires no ghost to tell us that. Bring in the light, and the evil goes in a moment.

Strengthen the real nature, build up yourselves, the effulgent, the resplendent, the ever pure,—call that up in every one whom you see. I wish that every one of us had come to such a state that even in the vilest of human beings we could see the God within, and, instead of condemning, say: 'Rise, thou effulgent One, rise, thou art always pure, rise, thou birthless and deathless, rise, almighty, and manifest your true nature.

'This is the highest prayer that the Advaita teaches.

'This is the one prayer; remembering our real nature.

'Assert it and manifest it—not to become pure; you are pure already; not to become perfect, you are that already.'

Every good thought which you think or act upon is simply tearing the veil, as it were, and the purity, the Infinity, the God behind, manifests itself—the eternal subject of everything, the eternal witness in the Universe, your own Self.

Knowledge is, as it were, a lower step, a degradation.

When we have given up desires, then shall we be able to read and enjoy this universe of God. Then everything will be deified: nooks and corners, byways and shady places, which we thought dark and unholy, will be deified.

They will all reveal their true nature, we shall smile at ourselves and think that all this weeping and crying has been but child's play, and we were only standing by watching.

This little separate self must die.

Then we shall find that we are in the Real and that Reality is God, and He is our true nature, and He is always with us and in us.

Let us live in Him and stand in Him. It is the only joyful state of existence.

Life on the plane of the spirit is the only life. Let us all try to attain to this realisation.

[Courtesy: *Advaita Ashram*]

Thought Seeds

Paramahansa Yogananda

Nurtured in the soil of consciousness by daily meditation, watered with showers of the heart's devotion, may these thought seeds blossom into divine realizations.

* * *

Let me not dope myself with the opiate of restlessness. Behind the throb of my heart may I feel the presence of God's peace.

* * *

Within the soul is the joy that my ego is seeking. I suddenly become aware of His bliss honeycombed in the hive of silence. I will break the hive of secret silence and drink the honey of unceasing blessedness.

* * *

I will fill my heart with the peace of meditation. I will pour heartfuls of my joy into peace-thirsty souls.

* * *

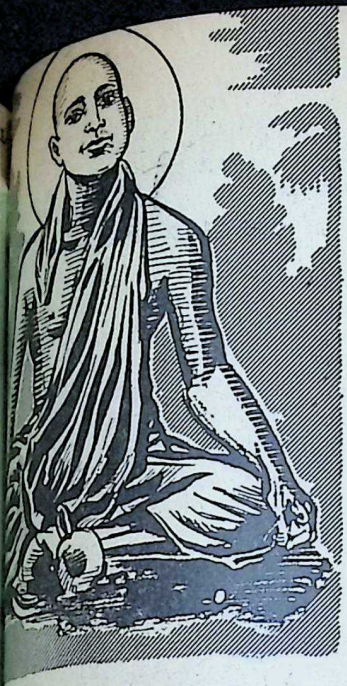
The kingdom of the planets and all the riches of the earth belong to Thee, my Divine Father. I am Thy child; therefore I am the owner of all things even as Thou art.

* * *

O immortal Love, unite my love with Thy love, unite my life with Thy joy, unite my mind with Thy cosmic consciousness.

* * *

O Lord! make my heart big enough to hold Thee, that it throb with the Christ Consciousness in everything. Then shall I enjoy the festivity of Thy birth in my mind, my soul, and in oneness with every pulsing atom.



. . . you gain immense strength. Most of your diseases leave you: consumption, stomach trouble, blood diseases; almost every disease will leave you if you practise . . .

PRANAYAMA

Swami Rama Tirtha

•

RANAYAMA literally means "control of breath". The Hindu books on Yoga give eight prin- l methods of controlling the th. But Rama will lay before you one method known as *Pranayama,* ry important method of control- the breath.

ou will put the question: what is use of controlling the breath? In er to that Rama simply says, arn this method of controlling the th and put it into practice, and r own practice will show that it is remely useful, highly beneficial."

Whenever you feel dizzy, whenever feel in dumps, in blues, dejected, t-fallen, whenever you feel put out, ctise *Pranayama,* which Rama is g to lay before you, and you will see that immediately you are rested. You will find the immediate use of this way of controlling the breath.

Again when you begin to write on any subject, when you begin to think on any subject, and you find that you

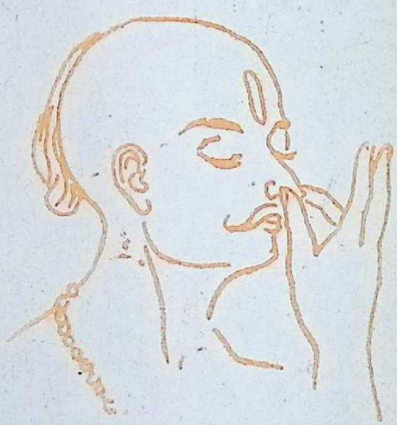
cannot control your thoughts, practise this *Pranayama* and immediately you will marvel at the powers you attain. Everything is in order. Everything is put in the most desirable state. These are the benefits of *Pranayama*.

It will cure you of many physical diseases. You will be cured of stomachache, heartache, headache by *Pranayama*. We will now see what is that.

In order to practise *Pranayama* you must sit in a most comfortable, easy position ; to sit cross-legged is the most comfortable posture.

You may sit in an easy-chair.

Keep your body straight, back-bone stiff, head up, chest out, eyes front. Place the right-hand thumb on the right nostril, and inhale the breath slowly through the left nostril. Go on inhaling slowly, until you feel at ease, go on inhaling as long as you conveniently can.



While inhaling, let not the mind be vacant. While you are inhaling, let the mind be concentrated on the thought that all omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent Divinity is being inhaled, that you are drinking Divinity, the Godhead, the whole world, the whole universe.

Well, when you think you have filled in the air to your best, then close the left nostril, through which you were inhaling, by finger ; thus when you stop both nostrils, let not the breath escape through the mouth ; keep the inhaled breath within you in the lungs, in the stomach, in the abdomen all the cavities being filled with air the air which you have inhaled, and when the breathed air is in you, let not the mind be vacant, let the mind be centred in the idea, in the truth that you are Divinity, the Almighty God that fills, permeates and pervades everything, every atom and molecule in the universe. Feel that. Put forth all your energies to realize that idea apply all your strength to feel your Divinity.

Just as the breath fills your body, so realize and feel that you are the truth you are the power Divine that fills the whole universe. Feel that. You try to concentrate your mind on that.

When you think that you cannot hold the breath any longer, then keep the left-hand nostril shut, open the right-hand nostril and through the right-hand nostril, slowly gradually exhale. There let the mind not remain at rest, let it work, let it feel that just as the breath goes, the impurities of the stomach are being driven off. so is all impurity, unchastity, all that was unclean, all that was wicked savouring of wickedness, all ignorance is exhaled, driven off and deserted. All weakness is gone ; no weakness, no ignorance, no fear, no anxiety, no pain, no worry, no troubles, all ceased, have gone, left you.

When you have exhaled, when you

breathed out so far as you most iniently can, go on exhaling so as you conveniently can, and you think that you cannot ex- any longer, then try to keep all shut out with both nostrils open. Take off the hand from your nose, t allow the air to come in for time, for so long as you can, and by your efforts the air is not al- d to enter the lungs through the trils, let the mind be again at work let it feel, let it be exerted to its power and ngth in realizing this is the un- ited Divinity. All e and space is ught by me—as own real Atman, . Feel that this vinity is beyond e, space and cau- on, is not limited anything in this rld. It is beyond agination, beyond ought, beyond all t, beyond every- ng, not limited, ything is contained in it, every- ng is limited by it, the Atman or f cannot be limited. Feel that.

Thus you mark that in this *Prana-* ma there are four processes, both ysical and mental. The first process s inhaling. The inhaling part was e physical process, and the idea, the y of feeling and thinking and ap- ing your mind and exerting your ergy to realize that Divinity, that Di- ity am I, Divinity is Me—this idea s the mental process connected with

Again, while you kept the breath in your lungs, there was a double process, the physical process of keeping it in your lungs, and the mental process of feeling that you were the whole universe, and in the third process you exhaled through the right nostril and threw off all weakness; firm determinations to keep yourself rooted, established, seated in the Divinity, never to allow any weakness or any demon temptation to approach you, and then there was the fourth process of keeping the breath outside. Thus the first half of *Pranayama* is done so far up to this fourth process. One half is finished.

After going through this fourth process, you may take a little rest. Then allow the breath to fill your nostrils, as it may. Inhale and exhale just as you inhale and exhale rapidly after taking a long walk. This natural inhalation and exhalation which will go on very rapidly is *Pranayama* by itself. That is the natural *Pranayama*.

So after taking rest this way, after allowing your lungs to inhale and exhale for some time, begin again. Now begin, not with the left-hand nostril but with the right-hand one. Mental process is the same as before. Only the nostrils are changed. Inhale through the right-hand nostril, and while inhaling, feel that you are inhaling Divinity, and after inhaling to your fill, so long

as conveniently you can, keep the breath within you, and again, when the breath is within you feel that you are the breath and life of the whole universe, you fill and enliven the wide world, and after that exhale through the left-hand nostril, exhale through the nostril through which you inhaled in the first half of *Pranayama* and feel that you are driving off, just as the sun drives off the mist, fog, cold, darkness; so feel that all weakness, all darkness is being driven off from your mind. No mist, fog, darkness or cold. And then keep the breath outside your nose, and try to elongate and lengthen every process.

Altogether we have got eight processes in this. The first four processes form one half of the *Pranayama*, and the last four form the second half of the *Pranayama*. Try to lengthen every one of these processes as long as and as much as you can. Here is harmonious motion; just as a pendulum has got double oscillation, so here you have to make a pendulum of your breath, harmonious motion. You will see by your own experience that you gain immense strength. Most of your diseases leave you; consumption, diseases of the stomach, blood diseases, and almost every disease will leave you if you practise that.

Well, Rama finds that when people begin to practise *Pranayama*, most of them fall sick. The reason is that they do not adopt the natural course. They begin to inhale and exhale for such a long interval that makes them sick. Be natural in every part of this breathing process. Make efforts, do your best to lengthen every process, but do not fatigue yourself. Do not work much yourself. If, after performing only the first two processes, say, the inhalation and keeping the breath in your lungs, you feel tired, stop. Stop, you are under no obligation. The next day be more considerate, and while performing the first process or the second process, try to keep your energies reserved, so that you may be able to continue the remaining processes; be judicious.

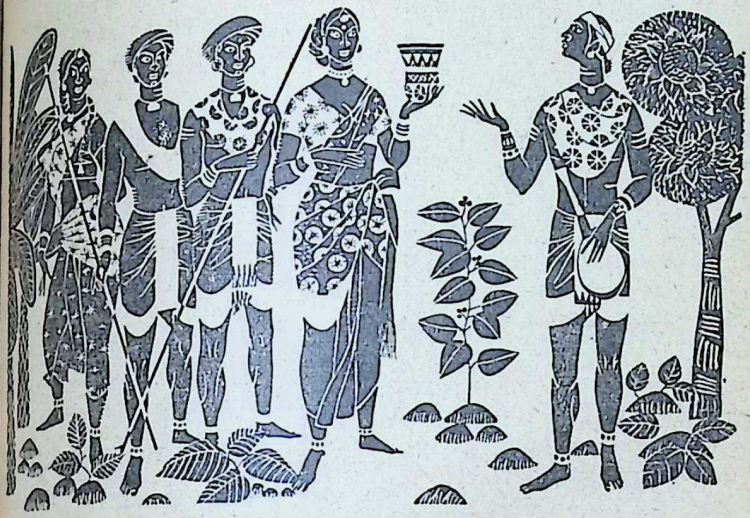
When you begin to inhale or exhale, keep your abdomen, the lower part of the body, drawn in. That will be of great use to you. Again when you inhale and exhale, let the breath reach and fill all your belly. Let not the breath simply go down to the heart and no farther. Let the breath go deeper down. Let every cavity of your body, all the upper half of your body be filled. Well, this will do for *Pranayama* and those who want to concentrate their minds on Vedantic lines, will find it a wonderful aid.

Gold alone becomes malleable by contact with fire. We are able to make wonderful jewels by that quality. Even so men of character are only chastened by their anger. Instead of harm, it will end in benefit to the other. Men of base character, however, are like straw. Anger in their case will end like a spark of fire in a haystack.

—Wise Saying.

The age-old custom of ceremonial tree-planting is much more than a colourful ritual. It is an expression of faith in a worthy enterprise—no matter how modest the beginning. It symbolises faith in the future—faith in growth.

Everything which is vital grows—a seed into a tree, an idea into an enterprise, a school of thought into a way of life. Each adds to it carefully with the passage of years. Often, the transformation of an idea into reality can be accelerated by deliberate direction and effective planning.



Standard-Vacuum's Executive Development Programme is a case in point. It began as an idea more than fifteen years ago to increase the number of Indians in management positions. At the time there were only three Indians of this category with the Company. How quickly the idea has developed into reality can be seen from the fact that at the end of last year in Stanvac's Marketing Organization alone there were 897 Indians in management positions. Another 113 Indians were holding similar positions in the Stanvac Refinery. Adding the number of Indians in management positions in the Indo-Stanvac Project, the total for 1959 came to 1040.

As more and more Indians qualify for management positions, the number of overseas personnel (who at one stage held an over-whelming majority of senior jobs) continue to decline.

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ATMAJYOTIS

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

THE following is a verse known as *Ekasloki* written by Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada.

By the method of questions and answers, he explains in it the nature of *Atmajyotis* which is the essential and eternal substance of every individual.

किं ज्योतिस्तव भानुमानहनि मे रात्रौ प्रदीपादिकं
स्यादेवं रवि दीपदर्शनविधौ किं ज्योतिराख्याहि मे।
चक्षुस्तस्य निमीलनादिसमये किं धीर्धियो दर्शने
किं तत्राहमतो भवान्परमकं ज्योतिस्तदस्मि प्रभो॥

Q: *What is the light by which you perceive the things of the world?*

A: It is the light of the sun by day and of lamps etc., by night.

Q: *Well; but tell me by what are you able to see the Sun, the lamp, etc.?*

A: The eye.

Q: *When the eye does not function due to the eyelids being closed or from other causes?*

A: The intellect.

Q: *How is the intellect known?*

A: "I" am the 'seer' of the intellect.

Q: *So, are you not the most supreme* jyotis?

A: Verily, it is even so. I am that *Jyotis* in truth.

In this dialogue between a Teacher and his pupil, Sri Sankara brings out the Vedantic characterisation of the *Atman* and *Jyotis*.

On this *dipavali* day, when the innumerable lights that will be lit fill the whole world with dazzling brilliance, let us turn our minds for a short while at least, in adoration of the light of lights, the *jyotisham jyotis*, the Supreme Being who is our innermost *Atman* and dwells in the bliss of that contemplation.

Dipavali is a universal national festival observed by Hindus of all asramas. The *Dharmasindhu* declares that even Sannyasins should observe it. They must take a ceremonial bath before dawn on that day directing their minds to this *atmajyotis*.

MOKSHA:
The Advaitic Concept

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri

RI BHAGAVATPADA did not found the Advaita system of philosophy. Advaita is en- d in the Upanishadic texts and Sri Sankara did was to establish the elaborate commentaries that ain teaching of the Upanishads the Advaitic truth that Brahman and that It alone is real.

Sankara himself has in un- guous terms declared that any nta which has for its basis the gence and ingenuity of man only not stand the test of time as it ain that at a future date it would hallenged and overthrown by an dual of greater intellectual at- ents.

ther if we do not rely on the mony of the Vedas in matters h are absolutely transcendental, will be a number of conflicting contradictory systems each de- g its authority and exposition an individual. The ordinary man be left wondering what the truth

a matter of fact, at the time Sankara was born, the world of on and philosophy was in a state ter confusion. A number of Avai- and Nastika systems of thought d their heads and for the time eclipsed our Sanatana Mata. had been led astray. They were ly unable to find any purpose or meaning in life, and did not know what was the right path for them to follow. They were profoundly disturbed and unhappy. Sri Sankara came bearing in his hand the torch of that knowledge which was to lead the people out of the abysmal darkness of *ajnana* (ignorance) in which they were plunged.

Sri Sankara was born of rich parents. But early in life he sacrificed all his personal happiness in order that the world might be happy. At a time when travelling was a slow process he traversed the entire country from Cape Comorin to Himalayas delivering the great message of the Upanishads. He vanquished all opponents of Vedic religion and restored the latter to its former position of glory and unchallenged supremacy.

Not only that, he has left behind him for the eternal *shreyas* of humanity his great *bhashyas* and a number of *prakaranas*—all of which have the one aim of bringing home to the people the central teaching of the Upanishads—that Brahman is *Advitiyam*.

Among his *prakaranas* the *Viveka Chudamani* is truly celebrated. It is verily the crest-jewel of wisdom. Within the compass of about 600 verses Sri Bhagavatpada expounds in lucid and colourful language the philosophy of Advaita.

Advaita is formulated on the basis of the triple testimony of *shruti* (scripture) *yukti* (reasoning) and *anubhava* (realisation).

The scripture is the source and basis of Advaita. As Sri Sankara says in the *Viveka Chudamani "Brahma Advitiyam srutyuktapramanam"*.

But the truth that the scripture propounds should not be regarded as a dogmatic assertion which we are expected blindly to accept. The place of reason in the formulation of Advaitic doctrine is not denied. On the other hand full use is made of reasoning in reinforcing and establishing the statements of the *shruti*.

A deep knowledge and reflection of *shruti* texts helps to remove the *abhavana* regarding the fundamental postulate of Advaita of *Brahma Satyam* and *Jagan Mithya*.

This mortal body which we falsely identify with the Self is the result of *ajnana* or nescience. Enshrouded by *moha*—by virtue of which we regard the transient and the unhappy as eternal and blissful—the *jiva* undergoes untold suffering. Out of *moha* are born *raga* (desire), *dvesha* (hatred) and a host of other evils. Unless we purify our mind and get the better of the nescience and realise our *atma swarupa* release will not be possible.

How does *yukti* help us in establishing the true nature of the Self and its absolute difference from the non-self which is our body?

The human body consists of three important divisions called the *sthula sarira* (the gross body), the *sukshma sarira* (the subtle body) and the *karana sarira* (the causal body). It has also a five-fold division as the *pancha koshas* or the five sheaths of matter (*anna maya*), life (*prana maya*), consciousness (*mano maya*), reason (*vijnana maya*) and bliss (*ananda maya*).

The gross body corresponds to the sheath of matter, the subtle body comprises the three sheaths of life consciousness and reason and the causal body corresponds to the sheath of bliss.

By an analysis of the three states of waking, dream and sleep as also the state of samadhi it is easy to establish that the Self is different from the mortal frame and that It only is the reality and the eternal witness.

In the waking state the self dwells mainly in the subtle body and its experiences are those pertaining to dreams.

At this time the gross body is at rest and hence it is clear that the Self is different from the gross body, and is active independently of it.

In the state of deep sleep the self dwells only in the causal body and enjoys its bliss freed from all distractions. The Self not only experiences this bliss but also continues after sleep as testified by the statements 'I slept

...ndly, I never knew anything. ...e state of *samadhi*, the Self ...elf from the causal body also ...oys bliss consciously unlike in ...e of sleep which though blissful ...ant state of *ajnana*.

...ugh the three states and also the ...of *samadhi* are different from ...ther, connecting all like a thread ...holds together different kinds of ...s—in them yet out of them, ...t from them, unchanging, eter- ...d blissful witness, the light that ...ss the states and gives meaning ...experiences of the phenomenal ...is the self and that is the only ... This is beautifully expressed ...following verse of *Viveka Chu-*...*ni*:

...न्मसुषुप्तिषु स्फुटतरं यासौ समुज्जृंभते
...नया सदाऽहमहामित्यंतः स्फुरन्नेकधा ।
...स्थाविकारभाजिन इमान्पश्यन्नहंधीमुखान्
...न्नविदात्मना स्फुरति तं विद्धि स्वमेतं
हृदि ॥

...at the scripture postulates, reasoning confirms but the actual realisation of *advaita* is achieved only by intuitive experience (*anubhuti*). People who have had this *aparoksha anubhuti* are the blessed and they are the *deshikas*.

The existence of a long and authentic tradition in this behalf is proof positive of the possibility of realising this state of blessedness even in this very life.

This state of *jivan mukti* finds sublime expression in the following verse:

शान्तो दान्तः परमुपरतः क्षान्तियुक्त समाधिं
कुर्वन्नित्यं कलयति यतिः स्वस्य सर्वात्मभावम् ।
तेनाविद्यातिमिरजनितान्साधु दग्ध्वा विकल्पान्
ब्रह्माकृत्या निवसति सुखं निष्क्रियो
निर्विकल्पः ॥

To the *advaitin*, *moksha* is not a destination away from him in time and space, but is here and now when the shackles of ignorance have been broken in the realisation of the eternal bliss of the inner light.

FROM DARKNESS UNTO LIGHT

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharya of Dwaraka

पापान्धकारार्कपरम्पराभ्यां तापत्रयाहीन्द्र-
खगेश्वराभ्याम् ।
जाड्याब्धिसंशोषण बाडवाभ्यां नमो नमः
श्रीगुरुपादुकाभ्याम् ।।

I pray repeatedly at my Guru's feet which are verily a Sun unto the layers of darkness; the Garuda for the mighty snakes of threefold pains; and the Great Fire that vaporises the ocean of my inertia.

ALL our seasonal festivals have been designed for propitiating God, imparting culture, increasing piety and generally helping us enjoy our life better by making us forget the small sorrows and setbacks of life.

Chief among these festivals are the Sravani (Upakarma), Vijayadasami, Dipavali and the Holi. They have been enjoined specially for observance by the Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shudras respectively. Yet people belonging to all classes participate in the general enjoyment of these festivals. For that reason on the Dipavali day when Dhana Lakshmi is specially propitiated by Vaishyas, Brahmanas worship Her as Gyana Lakshmi, Kshatriyas worship Her as Shaurya Lakshmi, etc.

Lord Krishna killed the wicked, power-mad Narakasura who was a thorn on the flesh of the people, and rescued the world from the darkness of his fear. Dipavali came to be celebrated in commemoration of that act.

That act has an inner meaning. It means that the world is surrounded by a terrific demon called Maya. To overcome it one has to enkindle Atmajyotis or the light of Self.

Maya is coeval with creation. Yet in this Kali age, it has grown to alarm-

proportions. From its blinding have risen greed, hatred, sel- and other evil propensities have pervaded the entire world. equal measure have grown lack anxiety, sorrow and other ills. only way out of this frightening lies in the enkindlement of me of Gyana in the temple of heart. The festival of Dipavali year after year only to remind this secret.

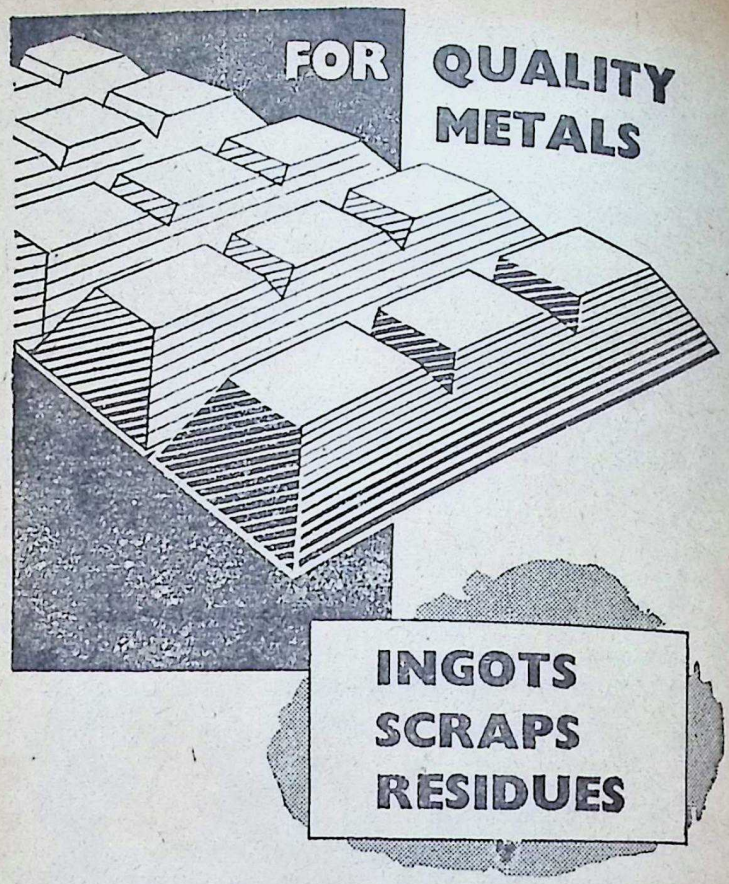
physical lamp can drive phy- darkness for a short while only. Lamp of Self or *atma-jyotis* drive away the thickest layer of ss accumulated through several together. At the same time it bring the light of eternal bliss!

luminosity of physical bodies Sun, Moon, Agni, etc. is but or manifestation of God. is no other *tej* or light that could bestow God with luminosity.

Srutis and *Smritis* proclaim:

न तत्र सूर्यो भाति न चन्द्रतारकं नेमा विद्युतो भान्ति कुतोऽयमग्निः ।
तमेव भान्तमनु भाति सर्वं तस्य भासा सर्वमिदं विभाति ॥
न तद्भासयते सूर्यो न शशांको न पावकः ।
यद्गत्वा न निवर्तन्ते तद्धाम परमं मम ॥
ज्योतिषामपि तज्ज्योतिः तमसः परमुच्यते ॥
यदादित्यगतं तेजो जगद्भासयतेऽखिलम् ।
यच्चन्द्रमसि यच्चाग्नौ तत्तेजो विद्धि मामकम् ॥

Following the Vedic prayer "Lead me from darkness unto light", may Sri Krishna Chandra, Lord of Dwarka and Lord Chandramaulishwar, being the Cosmic Light, drive away the darkness called evil and ignorance from this world. May the Almighty bless us all with happiness, peace and prosperity.



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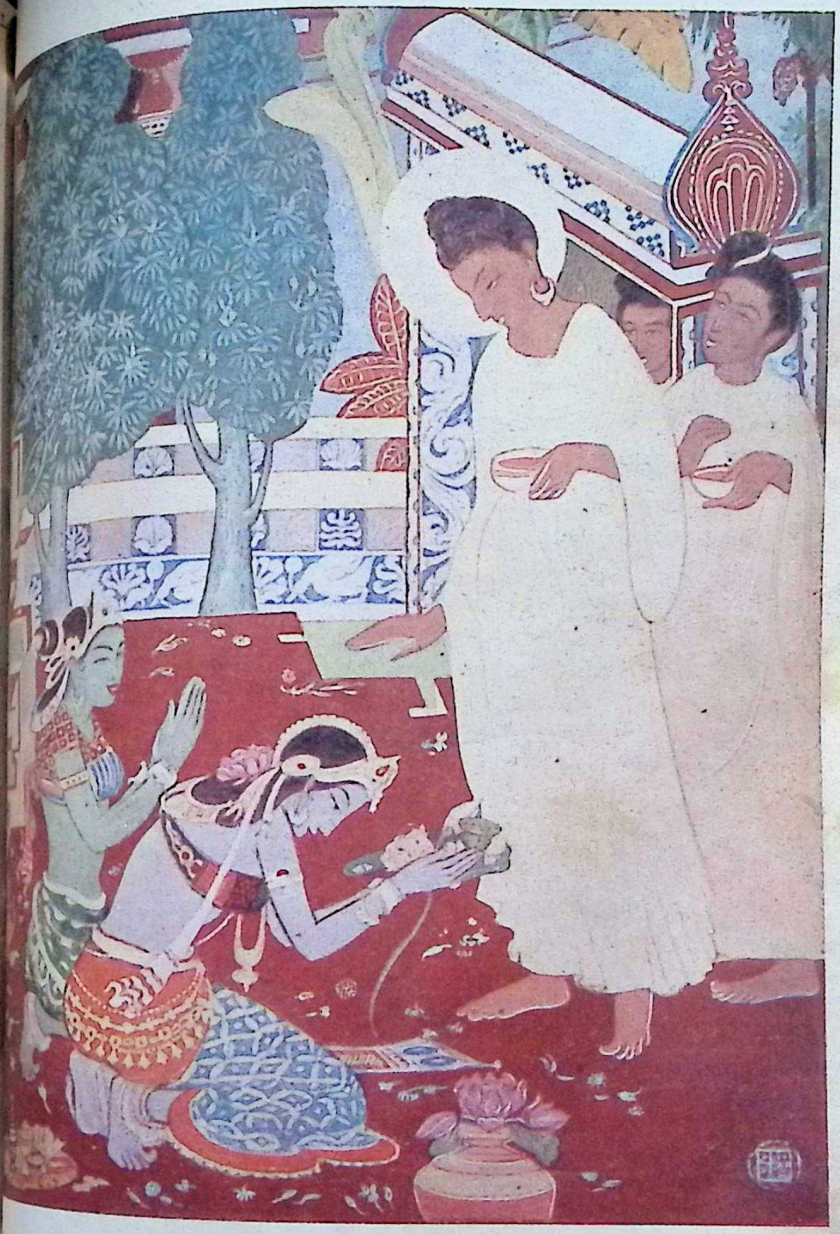

BUDDHA AND SUJATA

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ASHRAMAS: THEIR CONCEPT AND PURPOSE

SWAMI SIVANANDA

IFE has been conceived in India as a progress of the individual from matter to pure

division of human values into , Artha, Kama and Moksha d on an exhaus- nalysis of situa- n life and a broad tanding of duty ation to a univer- ety.

basic idea behind ncept of Dharma the universe is family, a single and that its inha- , therefore, can- ip abiding by this whether they know ntly or not. Any breach of this called Adharma, that which to division and rupture within nic whole.

harma is like disease, any counter- directed towards the disintegration of the body, by bringing about ill-health in the system. In one word, Adharma is *selfishness* in any form or intensity. It is a disruptive tendency —call it illness, unhappiness, unrest, disturbance, transformation or death.

Dharma, in this comprehensive sense, is said to support the universe. Dharma is law, not of any country, society or nation merely, which are all the outcome of special necessities, customs, manners, conventions and prejudices, but rooted in the principle of the sustenance of every speck and atom in perfect harmony with the Whole.

Artha, Kama and Moksha are attained as determined and regulated by Dharma. This means that not even Moksha or the final salvation of the soul can be in contravention of the

law of the co-extensiveness and co-eternality of beings in the one Supreme Existence. What to speak of Artha and Kama! They are bound to be governed by Dharma, if only they should survive or have any meaning in them.

The whole life of man is, broadly speaking, a pursuit of Artha and Kama—material prosperity and vital satisfaction. But these cannot be, if they go counter to Dharma, for thereby they would be violating the principle of the integral system of the organism, and would consequently be doomed to destruction.

Law reigns supreme. It is eternal (*Sanatano Dharmah*), though its applications under particular circumstances may vary, due to different methods having to be employed to set differing situations in tune with the Infinite. Life is a systematic working out of Dharma through Artha and Kama, for the ultimate aim of life, viz. Moksha, which is the regaining of one's nature in the highest sense.

The four Ashramas of life, as prescribed in Hindu Law, are meant to provide occasions and means for the fulfilment of this grand scheme of human existence—Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha. These Ashramas are four: Brahmacharya, Garhasthya, Vanaprastha and Sannyasa. The duties of the Ashramas are described in great detail in the Smritis or codes of law, such as those of Manu, Yajnavalkya and Parashara, as well as in the *Mahabharata* and the Puranas.

Brahmacharya is the life of probation of a student who lives with a learned and morally perfect preceptor, and who undergoes training in the

arts and sciences, and the religio lore in particular, leading a life strict celibacy.

Discipline is the watchword of Brahmacharin. He entirely dedica himself to the service of his Gu never tells a lie, never hurts any cre ture, does not accept gifts or preser maintains perfect continence thought, word and deed, and does covet objects of normal human d sire. He resorts to the great auster of self-abnegation and conservation energy for a higher utilisation of in the later periods of his life. The a of a Brahmacharin spreads a spe splendour (*Varchas*), and his per nality becomes radiant (*Agni-ma vaka*).

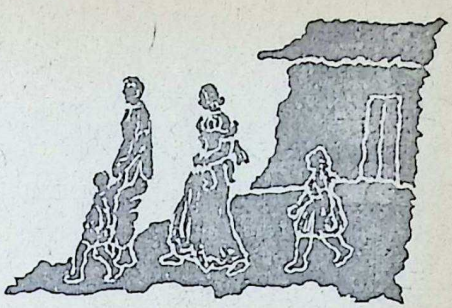
This is the first stage of one's l intended not to acquire any mater gain but to preserve the vital, men and spiritual force intact, with co plete self-control in honour of the g rious Dharma. The teacher in the Up nishad instructs the Brahmacharin:

"Speak the truth. Practise Dharm Neglect not study. Let there be negligence towards truth. Let there no negligence towards Dharma. L there be no negligence towards (one prosperity. Let there be no negligen of duties towards the gods and t fathers. Let mother be your god. L father be your god. Let the teach be your god. Let the guest be y

acts which are irreproach-
ld be done, not others. Give
h. Give in plenty. Give with
. Give with fear. Give with
." (vide, *Taittiriya Upani-*
1 11).

second Ashrama is that of the
ha, the householder, the family-
who puts into practice the learn-
the sacred lore of the Brah-
in and directs his energies to
suit of Artha and Kama based
rma, as a support to the other
Ashramas, and as a training for
the life of the contemplative
holy mystic.

Grihastha, in one sense, is the
of the Ashrama life, not only
of his being the source of help
enance to the remaining stages,
so as his life exemplifies a
balancing of forces—a har-
among divine aspiration, social
and personal desire. His Dhar-
bodies at once the attempt of
to spring from the lower clog-
matter, an adjustment of persona-
the other individuals in the
and a sublimation of desire
disciplined fulfilment and res-
He overcomes material life by



obeying its law and abiding by its dictates insofar as it does not violate the highest rule that life is unitary and that the goal of all beings is one.

The stage of the Vanaprastha is one of preparation for Sannyasa, just as Brahmacharya can, in a way, be said to be a preparation for the life of the householder, notwithstanding the exceptional fact that certain highly equipped Brahmacharins are allowed to observe Naishthika-Brahmacharya or life-long continence in dedication of self to Guru or God, or are permitted to embrace Sannyasa directly if they are found to be morally and spiritually ready for it. The Vanaprastha reduces social contact to the minimum, refrains from assuming the usual responsibilities of the Grihastha, and spends his time in religious worship and contemplation. This period is one of a probation for the consummation to be reached in the magnificent ideal of Sannyasa which promises for man, when strictly followed, the knowledge of the way to the Supreme Beatitude.

The view of moral life is inseparable from a philosophy of life based on a concept of the structure of the cosmos. Geniuses in India had long ago discovered a single purpose in the

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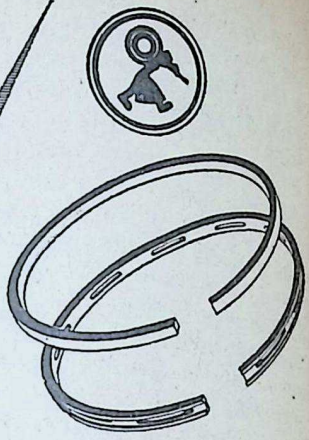

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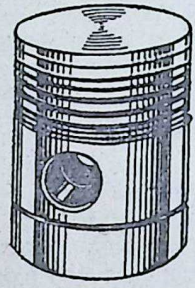

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ion of the universe. The his-
of man is the history of creation.
growth and improvement of creat-
ings in this history is judged
the extent to which Spirit has
ded in winning victory over the
rrent of matter and in absorb-
into phases of Consciousness.
highly significant meaning of
ion is brought out in different
the concepts of the four Yugas
the four Ashramas.

arma is portrayed as capable of
se and decrease according as the
ials are in consonance or dis-
ce with the environment of the
se. The highest Dharma is re-
ted by the conditions of Satya-
or Krita-Yuga when people are
ed to have been not in need of
governmental or social restric-
asmuch as each knew and prac-
Dharma without the least viola-
of it, and by the Ashrama of
sa in which the mind is freed
all bondages of attachment, con-
n and anxiety and the common
s of duty and responsibility. It
state in which the soul aspires
thing short of the Infinite, and
mind vibrates in unison with
less existence.

arma decreases gradually as con-
ness gets externalised more and
But even in its externalised state
ht not to operate in a way that
contradict fundamental being
law which the Veda terms *Rita*
Satya, the law of integration,
love, brotherhood, concordance,
ony, stability and peace every-
e.

hmacharya is the foundation,
hastha the superstructure and

the last two stages the crowning spire, as it were, of the edifice of human life. The higher is not reached without fulfilling the demands of the lower, and the freeing of the spirit from enmeshing flesh requires an intelligent conformity to the clamourings of the latter. The three basic cravings, which the Upanishads call *Eshanas,* and which modern Depth-psychology understands as the primal urges, are comprised in the craving for wealth, fame, power and sex. The Grihastha overcomes them by penetrating through them with the strength and will acquired by Brahmacharya and Dharma. When he rises above these, he becomes fit for the highest spiritual freedom.

The plan of life as chalked out in the four Ashramas is a highly methodical arrangement for the preservation, direction and transfiguration of human energy—vital, mental, moral and spiritual—for the liberation of the self from the thraldom of localised and mortal existence. This is achieved by degrees.

That the goal of life is Self-realisation will be borne in mind by everyone who finds in the fourfold order

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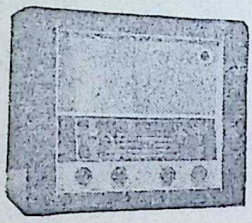

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a way of life that not only bears out a social necessity, but becomes meaningful only when a universal purpose is recognised in it.

It may perhaps be said that times have changed a great deal and the rules, too, ought to be altered. But this is a thoughtless comment, for however difficult of realisation an ideal may be, it should not be lowered to suit our desires and conveniences. Once the human mind tacitly subscribes to the lowering of any lofty ideal, then the undesirable precedent is set up. The ball is set rolling, that will ultimately end in all-round degeneracy.

One should rather accept and confess one's weakness and inefficiency than seek to pull down the high goal from its pristine seat. The indomitable spirit of man has a strange fascination to strive for the attainment of seemingly unattainable ideals. It is the Everest Peak that the adventurous mountaineer struggles to climb, and not some foothill. Peaks are to tower over the plains, or else they are no peaks at all. Nor do we try to shorten the stature of the Everest if its peaks are difficult to scaling, and yet wish to obtain the glory of that enviable achievement.

There is no amending and altering the conception of Godhead to something conveniently attainable by the limited attempts of average minds. Rather, finite man has, through patient hard, earnest and prolonged endeavour, to make himself Infinite, and thus know and realise the Infinite.

Dharma may be difficult of understanding and practice; but it has to be done, and there is no other way.

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Diwali greetings

Let myriads of Deepabali lights dispel darkness and usher in rays of hope for an effulgent and prosperous future in the minds of country's millions whom we are privileged to serve.

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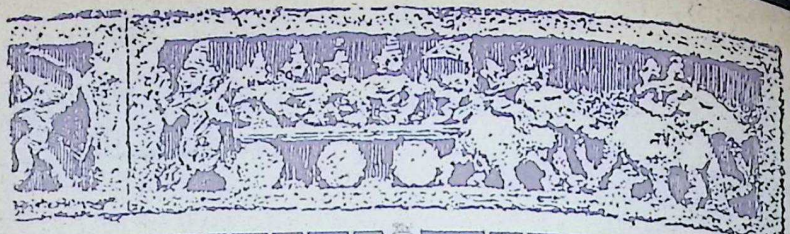

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

VASISHTHA'S PLEA TO RAMA

When King Dasaratha asked Sage Vasishtha to prepare Rama for the coronation, the Sage directly went to the palace of Sri Rama. On seeing him enter Sri Rama accompanied by Sita received him, seated him on a bejewelled seat, washed his feet and sprinkled that water on his head and said: "I am blessed indeed by the water that has washed your feet."

At this Vasishtha replied:

इदानीं भाषसे यत्त्वं लोकानामुपदेशकृत्।
जानामि त्वां परात्मानं लक्ष्म्या संजातमीश्वरम्॥

"Rama, you speak thus merely to instruct the world (as to how to behave towards one's *guru*). Do I not know you as the Paramatman born in this world in the company of Lakshmi?

देवकार्यार्थसिध्यर्थं भक्तानां भक्तिसिद्धये।
रावणस्य वधार्थाय जातं जानामि राघव।
तथापि देवकार्यार्थं गुह्यं नोद्घाटयाम्यहम्॥

"I know also that you have descended (on this earth) for destroying Ravana and fulfilling the *bhakti* of your devotees. I shall not however publicise this secret since the task of the Devas has to be fulfilled.

यथा त्वं मायया सर्वं करोषि रघुनन्दन:
तथैवानुविधास्येऽहं शिष्यस्त्वं गुरुरप्यहम्॥

"O delighter of the Raghu race! Even as you have chosen to play with the aid of your Maya, I shall fall in line with you. In that play I shall take the role of your *guru* and you become my disciple.

गुरुर्गुरुणां त्वं देव पितॄणां त्वं पितामहः।
अन्तर्यामी जगद्यात्रावाहकस्त्वमगोचरः॥
शुद्धसत्वमयं देहं धृत्वा स्वाधीनसंभवम्।
मनुष्य इव लोकेऽस्मिन् भासि त्वं योगमायया॥

"Aren't you the *guru* of *gurus*, the grand-*pitru* of all *pitrus*? As the indweller of all objects, you are the unseen vehicle of the world's *jatra*. By virtue of your *yoga-maya*, you have with your pure *sattva*-body been born at your own will as a human and shine as such.

पौरोहित्यमहं जाने विगर्ह्यं दूष्यजीवनम्।
इक्ष्वाकूणां कुले रामः परमात्मा जनिष्यते।
इति ज्ञातं मया पूर्वं ब्रह्मणा कथितं पुरा।
ततोऽहमाशया राम तव सम्बन्धकांक्षया॥
अकार्षं गर्हितमपि तवाचार्यत्वसिद्धये।
ततो मनोरथो मेऽद्य फलितो रघुनन्दन॥

"I know that priesthood is despi-

livelihood but knowing from long ago that the Lord will as Rama in the Ikshwaku line, empowered by the love of your accepted this accursed priest-Today my dream has come true, ghter of the Raghu race!

महामाया सर्वलोकैकमोहिनी।
मोहयेन्नैव तथा कुरु रघूद्वह।
कामस्त्वं यदि देहयेतदेव मे॥

Maya is your dependant. deludes all the worlds. Please great among Raghus, that she not delude me too (into feeling I am competent to be your *guru* If you wish to pay me any *guru-* please fulfil my above re-

एवमप्युक्तं न वाच्यं कुत्रचिन्मया।
राज्ञ्येनाहं प्रेषितोऽस्मि रघूद्वह॥
त्वामामन्त्रयितुं राज्ये श्वोऽभिषेक्ष्यति राघव।
अद्य त्वं सीतया सार्धं उपवासं यथाविधि॥
कृत्वा शुचिर्भूमिशायी भव राम जितेन्द्रियः।
गच्छामि राजसान्निध्यं त्वं तु प्रातर्गमिष्यसि॥
इत्युक्त्वा रथमारुह्य ययौ राजगुरुर्द्रुतम्॥

"I have said these things to you only; I shall not breathe a word of it elsewhere. O, great among Raghus, King Dasaratha sent me here to prepare you for being anointed tomorrow on the throne. Today along with Sita observe fast in the prescribed manner. Be pure. Sleep on the floor. Overcome your senses. I am presently returning to the King's presence; but you will be leaving (*where to?*) tomorrow morning!" After speaking thus, Sage Vasishtha boarded the chariot and hurriedly left.

[*To be continued*]

K. M. Munshi

Krishnavatara

PART II

6. THE WALKING SCHOOL OF SANDIPANI

ON the twenty-fifth day after the death of Kamsa, Acharya Sandipani and his walking school took the road along the banks of the Yamuna.

In the morning, long before dawn, Sandipani and his pupils took their dip in the Yamuna, performed their *sandhya*[1] on her banks and started for the outskirts of Mathura to wait for the others.

Soon the royal guests, accompanied by Ugrasena, Akrura, Pradyota and other Yadava chiefs of the higher rank, came there, for the Princes were also to set out for their respective capitals at the same time as Sandipani. Their chariots, horses and the carts which carried their belongings, followed them at a distance.

The guests had belonged to the group of princes who, under Kamsa's leadership, had accepted Jarasandha's hegemony, and all the efforts of Vasudeva and Akrura to bind them into closer alliance with the Yadavas had failed. The cordiality between the guests and hosts had been formal and correct, but the purpose of keeping them had been frustrated mainly due to the hostility of Rukmi, the son of Bhishmaka, the powerful King of the Bhojas of Vidarbha.

Vasudeva, Devaki, Rohini and his other spouses, together with members of the families of some chiefs, also came there to bid good-bye to Krishna and Balaram. Trivakra was there with her inseparable box of scents and unguents to offer them to the Princes

1. Ritual to be performed thrice a day, in which the principal item is the repetition of the famous Gayatri *mantra*.

d a loving farewell to Krishna. townsmen had already begun to on the spot and soon a huge surrounded the departing cara-

ki's eyes were fixed on Krishna. as happy to have regained her of whom she had dreamt for the teen years; miserable, to have with him for a considerable But things had to be so.

was very glad that her son re- the rulership of Mathura; more than ever that under a master Sandipani, his education, neglec- far, would be complete.

the golden rays of the not-yet- son spurted in the sky, Sandi- blew his conch. The auspicious for beginning the journey had Then, with head bent and eyes the Guru took water from his and offered *'arghya'*—worship— Sun.

Ugrasena applied *kumkum* the forehead of each of the royal placed in his hands the auspi- gift of a cocoanut, and spread shoulders a gold-embroidered

deva, Devaki and Rohini sniffed ds of the three boys—for Ud- as the inseparable companion rishna, had been like a son to smeared sandalwood paste on foreheads and placed cocoanuts hands.

kra, not to be behind, smiled ery royal guest and sprinkled on their hands. She could not the scents on the Guru, nor on ree *brahmacharis*, for the rules ipleship forbade celibate stu- the use of scents and unguents.

Then she fell at the feet of Krishna, restraining sobs with great difficulty, for it was inauspicious to shed tears when bidding farewell.

King Ugrasena finally blessed the three boys by placing his hand on the head of each boy. Then he touched the feet of Guru Sandipani—and so did all the chiefs.

After the farewell had been bidden, the caravan, led by Sandipani, staff in hand, took to the road which skirted the banks of the Yamuna.

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The walking school of Sandipani was regulated by strict discipline, though quite a few of the pupils were princes, including Vinda and Anuvinda, the twin princes of Avanti.

The school always camped for the night near some village which had a river or a stream within easy reach. So, before the morning star rose, the master and his pupils rose from their deer-skins which served as bed by night and clothing by day, and protected them against inclement weather.

Then they went to the river or the stream nearby for their bath; offered worship to God Sun in knee-deep water; came out to practise the chanting of the Vedic *mantras* in the accents in which the Venerable Veda Vyas had cast them.

After the chants had been duly recited, the school partook of milk if the residents of the nearby village chose to offer them, and started on their journey. The pupils walked in batches of five or six in charge of a senior student who, as they walked together, taught new pupils the Vedic chants and the rules of grammar. Each group

was usually accompanied by some senior disciple who taught, as they walked, the canons of *Dharma Shastra* or the tenets of some new school of thought or the ways of war or polity.

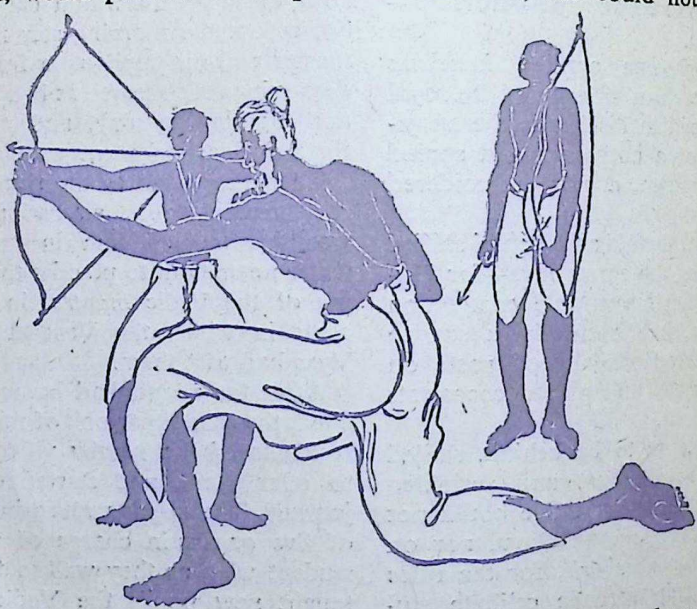
The Guru and his pupils walked on till the sun rose high and the heat became unbearable. Then they encamped under a banyan tree or a clump of other trees. If a village was nearby, the pupils, with bowls in hand, went to beg for food, while Sandipani sat offering oblations to the sacred fire installed for the purpose.

So long as the Princes followed the same route as the school, they rode in their chariots or on their horses in advance and selected the site for a camp. Their retainers would then prepare their food for them as well as for Sandipani and his pupils.

The pupils then, each with a bowl in hand, would proceed to the place where the Princesses would be sittin and recite the formula: *'bhavat bhiksham dehi'* (Lady, give me foo by way of alms.) No more words we they allowed to speak. And the Pri cesses would respond by putting foo in each bowl.

Rukmini had no idea how stric Sandipani's school behaved. S thought at one time that travelling i the same caravan she would have a better chance of meeting the dar skinned young man, after whom sh had been mad. When the journe started and she climbed on to th chariot in which she was to travel, sh had a glimpse of Krishna. How diffe rent he looked, she thought, with h beautiful curls shaven off, his bod wrapped in a deer-skin and a staff an a bowl in his hands!

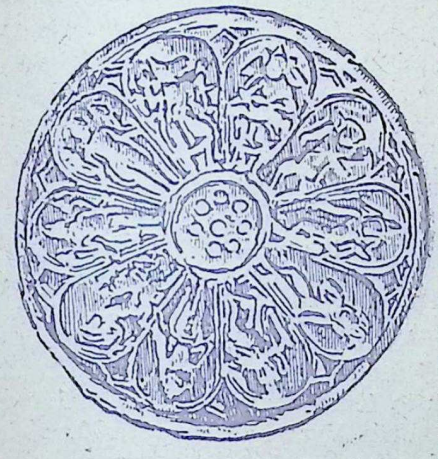
However, she could not resist th



..under the direction of the Guru they practised archery..

...on of seeing him as often as ...ld. Whenever the pupils of ...ni came to ask for food, she ...push everybody aside and be ...the front to drop the food in ...l of Krishna. Other princesses ...giggled and exchanged mean... glances at this forward, head... princess of the King of ...ha. But there was no resisting ...ter brother's wife had sunk into ...hostility; she and her husband ...und it impossible to keep this ...and forward girl in check. She ...cunning; she ...bad tempera... she found a ...for every re... administered ...t. There was ...making scenes ...many princes ...rincesses about

...ever Ruk... came forward ...e him food, ...looked ...y at her. He ...t respond to ...mile. His eyes only told her that ...d understood her infatuation; ...e was out to go through the dis... of studentship with absolute ...ghness; that for the moment he ...sworn laughter and joy.



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...r the morning meal, the school ...d take a siesta. When the heat be... bearable, it would begin its ...y and with it its educational ...y. When the evening came, the ...l would camp again under the ... of a clump of trees. Wrestling would then start, after which the master and his disciples would take their bath, offer their prayers, partake of food, and then spreading their deerskins on the bare earth, retire for the night.

Krishna kept his love of beauty, of flowers and feathers, of song and dance under strict control. His body and mind were attuned to the new discipline which he loved with overpowering zest. Shvetaketu, the leader of his batch, had never seen a pupil with such a receptive mind. Once a *mantra* was chanted, Krishna would reproduce it with meticulous accuracy. If a canon of conduct was once explained to him, he would never forget it, would enter into its spirit and follow it up in minutest detail. His education had been neglected so far, and he appeared to be determined to make up for it with passionate intensity. And everything which the discipline enjoined, he did with a cheerful alacrity.

But there was a quality in his relationship with the members of his batch, which even Sandipani had never seen before in any other pupil. He could establish friendship with any one who came in contact with him. He did it with such sincerity that no one could help loving him. He served all with a cheerfulness which made even the proud Princes of Avanti feel small.

No one could match Krishna and Balaram in running and wrestling. But wrestling with Krishna was not a battle with skill and strength. It was a struggle in which the wrestling skill of a champion was always pitted against a powerful mind which foresaw every one of his mood and move and took advantage of his every physical and mental weakness.

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Soon a close friendship sprang between Shvetaketu and the members of his batch. Only Vinda and Anuvinda struggled their hardest to stand on their royal dignity. But they stood in fear of Balaram and began to behave themselves no sooner the young giant gave them a look.

The caravan slowly travelled along the banks of the Charmanavati (modern Chambal). The Princes, one after the other, parted from the walking school and went their way. After a month and a half, Sandipani and his pupils arrived at the *ashram* in Avanti.

Every year, Guru Sandipani made two pilgrimages—one to Kurukshetra where the Venerable Veda Vyas had his *ashram,* and other to the holy Prabhas Tirth on the shore of the sea, as a dip there, where three rivers meet the sea, on the full-moon day, was considered most sacred. However, the time to depart on this journey to the seashore had not yet come, and Krishna and Balaram were put to an intensive training in the use of arms.

Day after day, morning, noon and evening, under the direction of the Guru himself, they practised archery and wielded the mace and the battle axe in the way the master taught them. Balaram, with his great height and power of muscles, soon excelled in wielding the mace. He had the temperament of a tornado when he was roused, and loved the weapon which would enable him to smash his way through a crowd of hostile warriors.

On the other hand, of all the arms Krishna liked the *chakra.* From his boyhood, he had the unerring eye and accuracy of aim for throwing the noose round the neck of an obstinate bull.

He had lassoed the Kaliya Snake under impossible conditions. And he could easily master the art of whirling the discus round his forefinger, speeding it by giving it a circulatory twist which, after cutting the target in two, would return to him. Few experts known to Sandipani had mastered the use of this very tricky weapon. But to Krishna it was a weapon of weapons.

For sixty-four days Krishna and Balaram underwent training in arms. Then Sandipani and his walking school started for Bhrigu Tirth, from where they took boats for Prabhas Tirth.

[*To be continued*]

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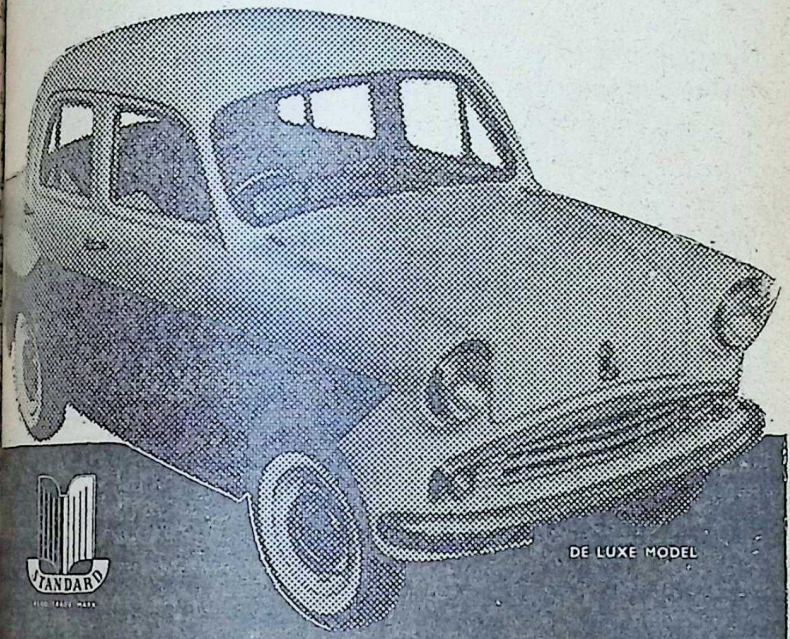

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K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[Continued from last issue]

The next four questions are

किंस्विदावपतां श्रेष्ठं किंस्वित् निवपतां वरम् ।
किंस्वित् प्रतिष्ठमानानां किंस्वित् प्रसवतां वरम्।

What is the best among those that shower?

What is the foremost among those put into the ground?

What is the best among the four-footed animals?

What is the best among those that are begotten?

Dharmaputra replies thus:

वर्षमावपतां श्रेष्ठं बीजं निवपतां वरम् ।
गावः प्रतिष्ठमानानां पुत्रः प्रसवतां वरः ।।

The rain is the best among those that shower.

Seed is the foremost of those that are put into the ground.

Cows are the best among four-footed animals.

The son is the foremost among those that are begotten.

The word Prathishtamananam is understood as four-footed beings.

This is explained in *Sankarabhashya* as referring to the quadrupeds or four-footed animals.

"पादाऽयां हि प्रतितिष्ठति"

The Yaksha asked:

इन्द्रियार्थान् अनुभवन् बुद्धिमान् लोकपूजितः
संप्रतस्सर्वभूतानां उच्छ्वसन् को न जीवति ?

Who is that, enjoying the objects of senses, endowed with intellect, respected by the world and accepted by all beings, though breathing, does not live?

Dharmaputra replied:

देवतातिथिभृत्यानां पितॄणां आत्मनश्च यः
न निवेपति पञ्चानां उच्छ्वसन् न स जीवति ।।

"He who does not propitiate by offerings, the Devas, guests, dependants, pitris and one's own self, those five, though breathing does not live."

Both the question and answer refer to the well-known *Panchamahayagnas* enjoined by the Hindu Smritis on every grihastha or householder. In fact the question puts us in mind of the 72nd sloka in *Manusmriti*, Adhyaya 3 which runs on the same terms as Dharmaputra's answer. Hence the question is framed in the manner above mentioned. The Yaksha is extolling these fivefold yagnas by condemning a person who does not perform them and who, he says, though

ng does not live. The question answer clearly convey in what the Sanatana Dharma regards the duties of a Hindu grihastha, with the daily performance of which, the spiritual point of view, his becomes worthless, even though, the worldly point of view, he be a great and good man. Hence, Yaksha uses the laudatory terms *lokapujita, sammatassar-vajnan, lokapujita, sammatassar-vajnanam.*

ese five duties to the devas, the the guests, the dependants and e's own self enjoined on a house- are described by Manu as yagnas, while the srauta sacri- enjoined in the Karmakanda of Vedas are described as yagnas. another verse (Adh. 2. sloka 28) declares that the body of man es fit for the attainment of ality or the awareness of Brah- by the performance of maha- s and yagnas:

च यज्ञैश्च ब्राह्मीयं क्रियते तनुम्।

rein, the panchayagnas and yagnas are differentiated by e of the expressions, mahayagnas agnas. There is also authority in Veda for the five mahayagnas. Taittiriya *Aranyaka,* Prasna 2, as follows:—

वा एते महायज्ञाः सतति प्रतायन्ते।
संतिष्ठन्ते देवयज्ञः पितृयज्ञो
मनुष्ययज्ञो ब्रह्मयज्ञ–इति॥

e word yagna is derived from the यज् पूजने (to worship). It illy therefore refers to an act of p. Technically in the Karma-kanda it refers to the sacrifices mentioned therein as in the Vedavakya

स्वर्गकामो यजेत।

Here yagna is interpreted as the offering of *dravya* (material) owned by a person to the particular devata with a view to propitiate him, with the appropriate mantras. The meaning of the word yagna has been expanded from this technical sense to denote all acts of dedication to God in a spirit of worship and sacrifice. For example, the *atithiyagna* (अतिथियज्ञ), feeding of the guests, is regarded as a yagna as it is done in a spirit of sacrifice and worship. It is in this extended sense that it is used in the word Brahmayagna and in the most extended sense we have it in Gnanayagna. If we have this extended meaning of the word yagna in mind, the five mahayagnas can be clearly understood.

Devayagna means worship of the gods. *Pitriyagna* refers to the *tarpana* offered to the forefathers. The *atithiyagna* or manushya yagna means food offered to the guests in respectful worship. The *bhrityayagna* is the maintenance of those dependent on oneself and it includes family servants. If it is done as a duty in a spirit of sacrifice or worship, it becomes yagna. The *Atma yagna* otherwise referred to as Brahmayagna is the nourishing of one's soul or spirit.

In the sloka the verb निर्वपति is used as indicating यज्ञ or यजन while in the strict sense निर्वपति may be appropriate to the tarpana of the pitris. In its general meaning, it may be used in reference to the other forms of the yagnas also.

Both the Yaksha and Dharmaputra have taken their authority from the sloka 72 in Adhyaya 2 of the Manusmriti. But they have not used the phraseology of verse 70. I think there is some significance in this as they intend that the five duties should be made more general and applicable to all Hindus. While Brahmayagna may refer to the study of the Vedas only, the reference to Atma makes it applicable to all spiritual and religious literature. Instead of bhritya, some readings have bhoota. Bhoota and bhritya have more or less the same meaning in this context. *Bhoota* applies to all beings while *bhritya* refers to all those who are to be maintained. It comes to the same nearly as referring to all beings.

This is also further emphasised by the fact that the sage Valluvar, in his immortal work in Tamil known as *The Kural,* mentioned the same idea as is contained in verse 72 of Adhyaya 2 of the Manusmriti:

Tenpulattar daivam virundu
okkal tan yenrangaimbulattaru
ombal talai.

(Tirukkural — Arattupal — Adikaram 5)

[It is the supreme virtue, (of the householder) to fulfil his obligations to these five, namely forefathers, gods, guests, relatives and himself.]

The conception of the Panchamahayagna is really a grand and comprehensive one covering the entire gamut of duties of a man in civilised society. While deva and pitriyagnas refer to beings above him, the atithiyagna and bhootayagna refer to beings around him and below him. By atmayagna is meant the duty to one's higher self, that is the duty of cultivating spirituality and realising the Brahman in one's self. There can be no higher or more comprehensive enunciation of the duties of man than those which are denoted by the Panchamahayagnas.

Hinduism calls upon every Hindu to fulfil these five duties daily in his life, irrespective of caste or creed. It is this fundamental call of Hinduism that forms the true import of the above question and answer.

The next four questions of the Yaksha are as follows:—

किंस्वित् गुरुतरं भूमेः
किंस्वित् उच्चतरं च खात्
किंस्वित् शीघ्रतरं वायोः
किंस्वित् बहुतरं तृणात् ॥

1. Which is weightier than the earth itself?

2. What is higher than the sky?

3. What is swifter than the wind?

4. What is more numerous than grass?

Yudhishthira answered as follows:—

माता गुरुतरा भूमेः खात्पितोच्चतरस्तथा
मनश्शीघ्रतरं वातात् चिन्ताबहुतरा तृणात् ॥

The mother is weightier than the Earth.

The father is higher than the Sky.

The mind is swifter than the Wind.

Thoughts are more numerous than grass.

It is the earth that sustains and nourishes. When compared to the earth, one's mother sustains and nourishes one much more. Hence she is more precious than even the earth.

On account of rain, the sky is very beneficial. But the father confers greater benefits on his son. Hence he should be considered to be

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...ter value than even the sky. In ...the earth and the sky (Dyava ...Prithvi) are often compared in ...Vedas to one's father and mother. ...great Hindu culture puts para... ...value on the devotion to one's ...s. This is most brilliantly exem... ...in the Ramayana by the un... ...ted devotion and obedience of ...to his father and mother. He ...'I shall even fall into the fire ...father says so.'' Without one ...of demur or one thought of un... ...ess, Rama went into exile in the ...and thus set an everlasting ex... ...to India's sons to follow.

...next two questions and answers ...concerned with another funda... ...aspect of our culture and re... ...namely, control of the mind ...the senses or self-control and aus... ...The Yogasutra of Patanjali des... ...the first step in yoga as *chittavri...dha* or the control of the ...tions of the mind. In the Bha... ...Gita when Arjuna said "the mind ...kle. It is violent, powerful and ...te. To control it is as difficult, ...s to me, as to control the wind." ...Lord answered "Doubtless, the ...is fickle and hard to curb; but, ...onstant practice and by detach... ...er control of the senses it can be ...d. The Yogasutra also refers to ...rodha of the mind by constant ...ce and detachment.

...re have been in former times in ...Tamil country great saints known ...dhas who have given expression ...thoughts in simple cryptic songs ...h have a deeper spiritual signi... ...e than the apparent simple mean... One such Siddhapurusha was Ku...siddhar. He has been known by this name, on account of the refrain, kudambai occurring frequently in his songs. One of his songs is as follows:—

Veham adangiye
vilangum mai olikku
yogamdan edukkadi Kudambai

"Does a realised soul who shines by the control of the force of the mind, need yoga?'' What he means by this is the best yoga consists in the control of the mind and forms the sure step to the realisation of Truth.

The next four questions of the Yaksha are as follows:—

किंस्वित् सुप्तं न निमिषति
किंस्वित् जातं नचोपति।
कस्यस्विद्धृदयं नास्ति
किंस्वित् वेगेन वर्धते?।

1. What is that which does not close its eyes while asleep?

2. What is that which does not move after birth?

3. What is that which is without heart?

4. What is that which swells by its own force?

Dharmaputra answered as follows:—

मत्स्यः सुप्तो न निमिषति
अण्डं जातं न चेङ्गते।
अश्मनो हृदयं नास्ति
नदी वेगेन वर्धते।

1. A fish does not close its eyes while asleep.

2. An egg does not move after birth.

3. A stone is without heart.

4. A river swells by the force of its current.

The first question refers to a natural phenomenon in regard to the fish.

Even though fishes sleep, their eyes do not close which is not the case with other beings. But there is a deeper spiritual import for both the question and the answer. The word 'matsya' refers to the Jiva. Just like the fish which swims from one bank of a river to other bank alternately, so the Jiva goes from the waking state to the dream state and becomes motionless when it goes to its own resting place. Simultaneously the Jiva moves to both these states and finally attains the state where it is oblivious of all sense perceptions and of the working of the mind. But it still shines with self-knowledge or pure consciousness. When explaining the nature of the *purusha* moving from the waking state to the dream state and dreamless state, the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad compares the Jiva to a mahamatsya or a big fish. The Upanishad says:

तद्यथा महामत्स्य उभे कूलेऽनुसंचरति पूर्वं नापरं च, एवमेवायं पुरुषः एतावुभावन्तावनुसंचरति स्वप्नान्तं च बुद्धान्तं ॥

By this illustration, it is made clear that the body and its organs together with their stimulating causes, desire and work are the attributes of the non-self and the self which is in its so-called transition from the waking state to the dream state and from dream state to the dreamless state is not in the least affected by these attributes of the non-self, but is distinct from them.

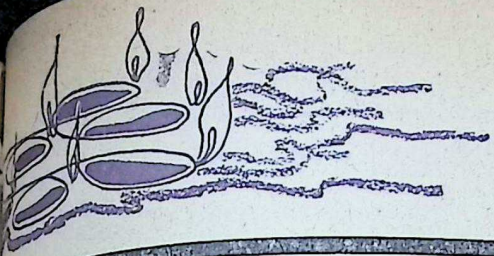
The next question and answer also apparently refer to a thing not moving after birth. But in its spiritual import it means that the jiva superimposed by its limiting adjuncts of the body still does not move i.e. it is not affected by them. Due to ignorance, when the body moves the self also is said to move. The word *chopati* is derived from the root '*chipu*' which denotes 'slow moving.' In one of his cryptic sayings in Tamil, the sage Tayumanavar asks "when shall I attain the state where, though asleep, I shall be awake and be happy."

Toongamal toongi sukham peruvadu ekkalam?

The next question and answer must have a deeper significance than a statement that stones are without heart. It does not require a Dharmaputra to make this pronouncement. The word *ashma* has now come in ordinary usage to have the restricted meaning, 'stone.' But its etymological import is that which is without a perishable body. *Shma* in *ashma* means 'the perishable body'. Hence the use of '*shma*' in *shmasana* or burning ground and *smashru* meaning 'whiskers' or 'beard'. Hence *ashma* etymologically means that which has no body. अशरीरं वावसन्तं नः प्रियाप्रिये स्पृशतः। says the Upanishad. "A person who is not affected by the body is said to be without a body, i.e. without feelings of attachment or dislike which are the ordinary impulses of the heart."

In the *Ramayana*, bemoaning her lot in the Asoka grove Sita exclaims: "Fortunate are those sages who are free from all impurities of the mind and are without attachment or dislike. In this world, attachment be-

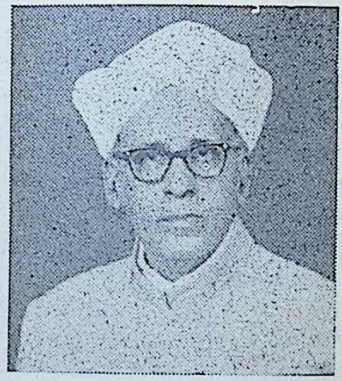
(Continued on page 64)



A Bird's-eye View of the Shad-darsanas

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

INDIAN philosophical systems are known as *darsanas*. Darsana means a vision. The Indian philosopher who propounded this system of thought was not merely a theoretical speculator trying to understand the mystery of the world by intellectual inquiry. His purpose was not only to know Reality, but to *see* it. He wished to obtain for the verities that he discovered by his own the certificate of realisation by a direct experience of the ultimate Truth. He aimed not merely at mental satisfaction, but also at a sight of the root of things of the ultimate principle in which the universe of matter and form, animate and inanimate lived, moved and had its being. In addition to *tattvajnana*, he wanted *darsana*.



This is because the urge for metaphysics in India arose out of a felt need to get over the ills of life and to attain to a state of enduring felicity without a trace of sorrow. To this end it was necessary to understand the predicament of human life, its origin, its nature and its destiny. Though arising out of a context of dissatisfaction, philosophical quest in India was motivated by a *divine* discontent which held an optimistic promise and showed the way to an experience of plenal bliss and abiding peace. Every system of Indian philosophy, therefore, not merely detailed a *view* of life, but also prescribed a *way* which pointed to a *vision* to which it led whoever accepted its principles and adopted its practices. The progenitor of every system has declared in unequivocal language that he has known the Truth and has 'seen' it. A Vedic *rishi* proudly proclaimed वेदाहमेतं पुरुषं महान्तमादित्य वर्णं तमसः परस्तात् 'I know the Supreme Person...who

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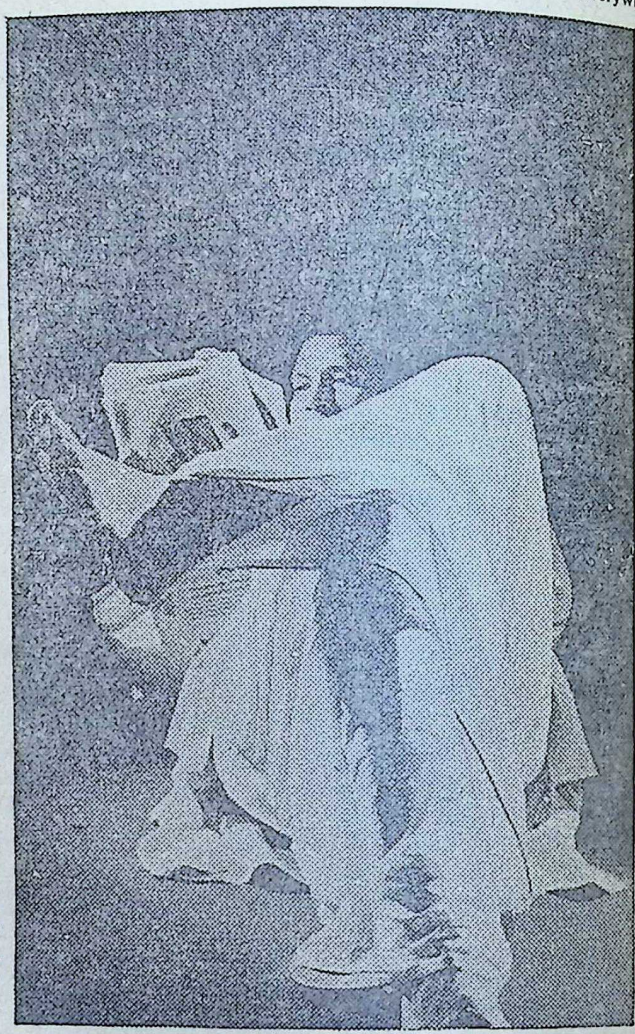

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d the darkness'. He has pierc- darkness of ignorance and ob- the vision of the Light beyond. (I know) here does not mere intellectual apprehension, ing' the Light, being face to with it, being enveloped by it. the possibility and the fact of *darsana* have been testified to Vedas which constitute the ancient literature of humanity, pedic in its contents relating knowledge secular and spiri-

Vedic passages are all *ipse* conveying the truths which were d and realised by the super- who were *rishis*. By themselves, ordinary intellect, these passages e mere dogmas unless justified bar of reason. Relating, as those do, to super-sensible facts, they be apprehended either by perception or by mere reason- ich, for a large part, is depen- the material provided by such tion. But though supra-ratio- the Vedic declarations are not tional and hence, attempts have made in the history of Indian t to expound the fundamental es in ways in which the mind mprehend and accept not merely *creed*, but as a *reasoned truth*. the Vedas do not apparently with one voice: अनन्ता वै वेदा— edas are infinite. They are not prolix, but they are also di- But this diversity is not at the of a fundamental and foun- l unity. एकं सत् विप्रा बहुधा 'What exists is One, the wise of it variously' is a Vedic dictum. Not only is the one Truth spoken of variously, but it is also understood variously due to differences of predilection and capacity, रुचीनां वैचित्रियात् and अधिकारि भेदात्. That accounts for the rise of various systems of philosophy all of which, however, are one in their allegiance to the Vedas and hence are called *astika darsanas*, orthodox systems in contrast to the *nastika darsanas* which do not trace themselves to Vedic origin.

Such *astika darsanas* are six in number consisting of two dual systems, namely, Nyaya-Vaiseshika and Samkhya-Yoga and two kindred, yet distinct systems known as Purva Mimamsa and Uttara Mimamsa or Vedanta. The philosophy represented by each of these systems was first set forth by its exponent (who did not claim to 'originate' that system) in the form of sutras or aphorisms characterised by brevity, absence of uncertainty, essentiality, universality and absence of confusion and of flaw. Thus, we have Gautama's *Nyaya Sutras*, Kanada's *Vaiseshika Sutras*, Kapila's *Samkhya Sutras*, Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*, Jaimini's *Mimamsa Sutras* and Badarayana's *Brahma Sutras*. The feature of brevity (*alpaksharam*) which is the primary excellence of the *sutras*, however, detracted from clear comprehension of their meaning and was also the cause of differences of interpretation giving rise to various schools leading to philosophical disputations always conducted, however, on a high academic level with remarkable fidelity and fairness and without ill-will or rancour.

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point of view, apart from its ance for religious endeavour, physical quest has been directed mining the nature of the ulti- in the universe. To put it in hadic language, its purpose has to discover 'that from which all things originate, that by which all subsist and that into which enter finally'. Co-ordinate with arch for the foundational Prin- of the universe has been the de- know the nature of man in re- to the world and to understand gin, nature and destiny. One of sistent problems of philosophy West has been whether, in the sort, the universe is to be ex- by one Principle, or by two many. Monism, Dualism and sm have been the dominant sophies in the West. It has been ne in India also. Nyaya-Vai- is a pluralistic philosophy. ya-Yoga is a dualism while ta, by and large, is monistic. se, philosophies have been on the basis of the status that gave to the external world, the s being those who affirmed that rld of perception has an inde- t reality of its own, while the s denied it and said that the of name and form is but an ap- ce of the One Ultimate which per-sensible. The Nyaya-Vai- is an extreme form of Realism, danta of Advaitic type is an form of Idealism.

darsana is important for its and theory of knowledge. A dis- in Nyaya is considered foun- to all philosophical studies is devoted to the elucidation of the *pramanas* of knowledge or the canons of the understanding. A clear analysis of the sources of knowledge, namely sense-perception or *pratyaksha*, inference or *anumana*, comparison or *upamana* and authoritative testimony or *Sabda* is the main thesis of *Nyaya-darsana* which, supplemented in certain cases by other *pramanas*, has been pressed into service by the expounders of other systems. From the point of view of metaphysics, like its sister *darsana* Vaiseshika, Nyaya is a Realism upholding the independence of the perceived world from the perceiving mind. Even Time and Space are objective realities. The self is the knower and enjoyer of the material world. Its bondage is due to wrong knowledge, and liberation is effected by right knowledge. The world whose material cause is the infinity of atoms as detailed in the Vaiseshika system has been created out of these atoms by God who is its efficient cause and who is also the moral Governor of the universe. Liberation known as *apavarga* is freedom from pain and is negative in conception. Rebirth with its attendant pain can be avoided by right knowledge of the soul aided by the Nyaya canons of understanding.

The *Vaiseshika* is the Indian counterpart of Democritan Atomism. The name is derived from *Visesha* which means difference or differentiating quality and the system insists that there is diversity, not unity, at the root of the universe. Like Nyaya, the Vaiseshika *darsana* too postulated the independence of the things of the world from the knower and from one another. It resolved external reality into seven categories namely, *dravya, guna,*

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samanya, visesha, samavaya *bhava*, i.e., substance, quality, generality, particularity, in- and non-existence. This list to substances; their qualities, behaviour and the various kinds tions into which they enter. It not merely a logical significance, also of ontological import. does not mean the gross mate- bstance, but the ultimate subtle ts which are primordial to the bjects. It is of the nature of an ly small atom, a *paramanu* being unbreakable, is eternal. mbination of the subtle atoms rious ways is the cause of the al objects. They combine as triads and in larger groups ined by the will of God. Crea- nd destruction alternate.

khya is a dualistic philosophy ding to which Reality is dicho- d into *Prakriti* or the primordial and the *Purusha*, the sentient set over against it. *Prakriti* is st cause of the universe. It is up of the essential characteris- f the objects which have evolved f it, namely *sattva, rajas* and which are *gunas* and are in a f equilibrium in *Prakriti* before evolve from it. *Sattva* stands hat is fine or light, *tamas* for what se or heavy and *rajas* is the le of dynamism. These three te the stuff of *Prakriti* like three wined into one. (*Guna* is Sans- 'rope'). The world is an evo- Prakriti and is implicit in it. It a new creation (an *arambha* as yaya-Vaiseshika would have it), a manifestation or *abhivyakti*. a thing cannot come out of nothing, the world is a changed condition (*parinama*) of what was pre-existent. Contrasted with the *Asatkarya Vada* of the Nayyayikas who maintain that the effect is unconnected materially with the cause, the Samkhya hold the theory of *Satkaryavada* according to which it is the cause that has become the effect. The system speaks of twenty-five *tattvas* including the self and they are in the order of evolution, Prakriti, Mahat, Ahankara, Manas, the five sensory organs (or *jnanendriyas*) the five motor organs (or *karmendriyas*), the five subtle elements (or *tanmatras*) of earth, water, fire, air and ether and the five gross elements coming out of them.

The self or *purusha* is sentience pure and simple and is different from the Prakriti and its evolutes. He is only a knower and enjoyer. He is, however, caught in the tentacles of Prakriti from absence of knowledge of his true nature and his imaginative identification with the forms of Prakriti, and, that is responsible for all his ills and sorrows. It must be his endeavour to detach himself from this wrong identification and realise his lone excellence. He becomes unattached or *kevala* and that state is known as *Kaivalya*. Not being then affected by the *gunas* of Prakriti, he is not bound by them and escapes from suffering. He attains *apavarga* or liberation.

Yoga is both a philosophy and a method. Its philosophic platform is predominantly Samkhyan with the addition of the concept of God who is the Supreme Purusha. The method deals with the process of acquiring the intuitive experience which is release from Prakriti. Starting with the Sam-

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khyan distinction between Prakriti and Purusha, Yoga maps out the path to the realisation of one's true nature as kevala Chit or lone sentience by detachment from Prakriti, and renunciation or *Vairagya* and by meditation on one's true nature. Yoga which literally means union, is a process tending to the merging of finite in the Infinite. The process has eight stages or *angas* (hence the name *ashtanga yoga*) namely *Yama*, having reference to the cultivation of negative virtues of restraint connoted by *ahimsa, satya, asteya* and *brahmacharya, Niyama*, the cultivation of positive virtues like *saucha* or purity, *santosha* or a sense of optimism, *tapas* or austerity, *svadhyayana* or learning and *Isvarapranidhana* or propitiation of God. The third *anga* relates to *Asana* or postures to be assumed in meditation. *Pranayama* or breath control is the fourth *anga*. *Pratyahara* which is the fifth *anga* is withdrawal of the senses from their objects. The psychophysical make-up resulting from the practice of the *angas* facilitates concentration which is called *Dharana*, and meditation or *Dhyana* which supervenes on it. Undisturbed and continuous meditation effects the last stage of *Samadhi* in which the sense of finitude and individuality is lost in the plenal bliss of objectless consciousness. This *Samadhi* itself is of two kinds, one, *samprajnata* in which the *buddhi* continues to function though absorbed in contemplation and the other, *asamprajnata* in which *buddhi* itself disappears. The former is like the reflection of a tree in a placid lake. In the latter, there is no reflection as the waters of the lake have dried up. That is the attainment of Kaivalya from which there is no return to world-consciousness.

The Vedas are divided into two parts, the earlier one called the *Karmakanda* dealing with the performance of ordained rituals and the later called *Jnanakanda* concerned not with ordinances of duty, but with the exposition of the nature of the world, the self and of the Supreme. The former is the prescriptive part of the Vedas, the latter is the descriptive part. In the *Jnanakanda* portion which is the Upanishadic part, there is a subordination of *karma* to *jnana* and *bhakti* as the way to liberation. The *Mimamsa darsana* is a vindication of the supremacy of *karma* in spiritual effort. Starting with the purpose of explaining the texts relating to ritual by enquiry into their meaning and

of performance, it ended with
ding a system of philosophy
on the primacy of the *Karma-*
over the *Jnanakanda*. Literally
means *inquiry* or examina-
of a statement. Since it arose in
ntext of rituals or *karma*, the
Mimamsa darsana came to be ex-
ly used for the philosophy of
. It is also called *Purva Mi-*
as it relates to *Karmakanda*,
arlier part of the Vedas as dis-
from the *Uttara Mimamsa* deal-
ith the Upanishadic later por-
Jaimini is the progenitor of the
mmsa school which upholds the
nt validity of the Vedic sen-
s (*svatahpramanya*), their self-
ation. The system does not
ate a God either as the creator
world or as the giver of deserts,
tributes this function to *adrishta*
rva, a potency which is the pro-
of *karma*. It is this *apurva* which
a performer of the prescribed
s to heaven, a state in which there
loyed bliss.

ra Mimamsa or Vedanta is in-
into the metaphysical problems
world, the self and the Supreme
y which form the subjects of
rses in the various Upanishads.
everal views held about these
brought together and compendi-
summarised by Vyasa otherwise
n as Badarayana into 555 *sutras*,
called the Vedanta Sutras since
deal with the subject matter of
final part of the Vedas. Sariraka
is is another name given to them
they expound the nature of the
n which, for the time being, is
ument of the *sarira* or the body.
the inquiry into the Atman with a view to the realisation of its true nature is not possible for one in the earlier three *asramas* due to preoccupations with worldly life, it is reserved for the sannyasi, who has renounced the world. Hence they are also called Bhikshu Sutras.

What is the nature of the world or *prapancha*, of man or the Jiva and of the Supreme known as *Brahman*, that is the subject matter of inquiry in the *Uttara Mimamsa*. The Brahma Sutras have been differently interpreted by different commentators, each claiming Upanishadic sanction for his view. That Supreme Reality is ultimately one without a second, that the world as it appears has no abiding reality in itself, but is 'real' only as an appearance of Brahman, that the Jiva or the individual man is only Brahman in

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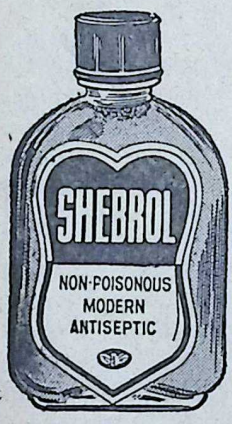

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essence though, as an *existent* with name and form, he appears different from Brahman and from other Jivas; that the Supreme Reality is quality-less, actionless, partless, that it is *nir-guna* and *nishkriya, niravayava*, that the cause for the appearance of the world is to be traced to a beginningless agency called *maya* whose operation can be annulled upon the dawn of right knowledge which alone, fructi-fying from antecedent *karma* and *bhakti* is the means to salvation, and that liberation in this life itself (*Jivan-mukti*) is both a possibility and a fact are the cardinal features of that inter-pretation of Vedanta called Advaita. That the Supreme Brahman is not *nir-guna*, but is *saguna* possessing count-less auspicious qualities, that the Jiva as such and the *prapancha* as such are not appearances, but have a reality subordinate to and in dependence on Isvara and are permeated and con-trolled by Him, and that the realisa-tion of this status is salvation which will be effected by the grace of God dowered after death on *bhakti* to which *karma* and *jnana* are ancillary are the tenets of Visishtadvaita. That there is a complete and final difference among God, Jiva and the world in five forms, between God and Jiva, between God and the world, between Jiva and Jiva, between Jiva and the world and between one thing in the world and another, that all Jivas and all objects have an abiding, indepedent reality of their own and that salvation is the gift of God after death for the *punya* earned by sanctified service and wor-ship are the doctrines of Dvaita Ve-danta. According to the Visishtadvai-tins and Dvaitins, their schools of

are absolute and admit of no
is or reconciliation with any
view. But the Advaitins look
their philosophy, which from the
of view of system-building is
logically the earliest as also
ally the highest, as having no
with the other schools since
form but stages in Advaitic rea-
n. Advaita Vedanta makes
tinction of truth into Vya-
ika relating to the world of
ence and Paramarthika which is
-empirical. The Saguna Brahman
is the highest among the Vyava-
realities is real for moral and
al endeavour and so, the other
chools of Vedanta, in so far as
peak of Him as the Supreme, are
ed, in general outline, apart from
differences, in the inclusive
a which transcends them.

e various *darsanas* signify the
s of human endeavour determin-
y human understanding to reach
al of liberation from the shac-
of the recurrent cycle of life and
. At the present day, Nyaya, Vai-
a and Samkhya have only an
mic interest and these systems do
influence the *mumukshu*, the
of salvation in any manner.
is significant more as a discip-
than as a philosophy. What is
today in the thoughts of men
n their practices, both as their
and as their conduct is Vedanta
diverse forms. Among us, one
n into a philosophy, inheriting
th from his parents. Forgetting
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ing our doctrinal differences and ignoring our allegiance to the great Original differently reflected in each system. In our quarrels we forget *Ekam Sat vipra bahudha vadanti*. Before the followers of each system begin to fight with the rest, they will do well to remind themselves of the following slokas which emphasise that the various *darsanas* are only different paths to the same goal:

यं शैवाः समुपासते शिव इति ब्रह्मेति वेदान्तिनः
बौद्धा बुद्ध इति प्रमाणपटवः कर्तेति नैयायिकाः।
अर्हन्नित्यथ जैनशासनरताः कर्मेति मीमांसका।
सोऽयं वो विदधातु वांच्छितफलं त्रैलोक्यनाथो हरिः॥

'He whom the Saivas worship as Siva, the Vedantins as Brahman, who is worshipped as the Buddha by the Buddhists, as the Creator by the Nayyayikas, as Arhat by the Jains and as Karma by the Mimamsakas, may that Hari endow you with the fruits you desire'.

त्रयी सांख्यं योगः पशुपतिमतं वैष्णवमिति
प्रभिन्ने प्रस्थाने परमिदमदः पथ्यमिति।
रुचीनां वैचित्र्यात् ऋजुकुटिलनानापथजुषां
नृणामेको गम्यस्त्वमसि पयसामर्णव इव॥

'The various schools of philosophy namely the Vedanta, Samkhya, Yoga, Pasupata and Vaishnava came to be formulated to satisfy different tastes of men. Though their directions may appear contrary, yet, as one pursues each school with the constancy ordained in it, after a shorter or a longer journey as the case may be, one will be led to the Supreme which is omnipresent even as all rivers flowing in different directions fall into the same ocean which appears at land's end everywhere and envelopes the globe on all sides'.

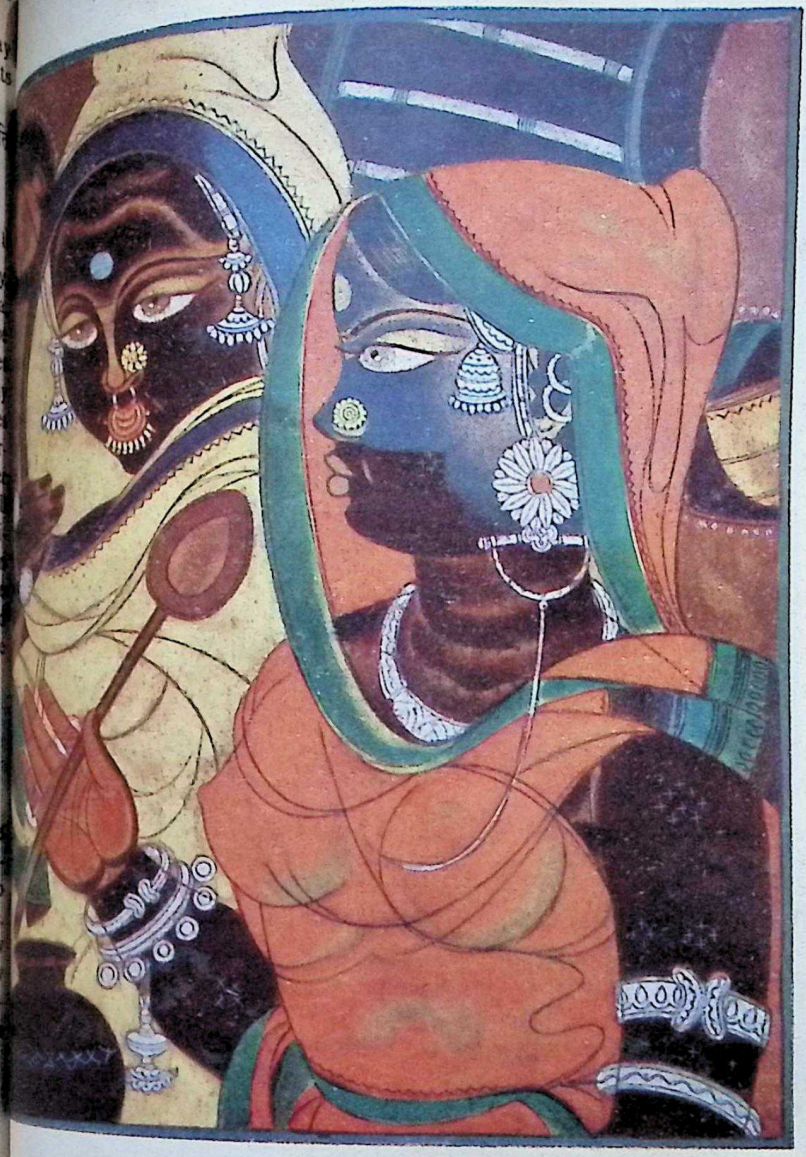
YAKSHA-PRASNA—(*Contd.*)

comes a source of sorrow and dislike breeds fear."

The next question and answer also apparently refer to the natural phenomenon of the swelling of the river by the force of its current. But it has a deeper spiritual significance. Having attained the dreamless state or Samadhi or trance, the jiva is still able to come suddenly to the waking state and imbibe the sense perceptions all around. It is able to do this of its own accord and impulse. The word *nadi* here refers to the flow of consciousness. When this flow takes place, the jiva comes to the waking state and perceives the objects in the world.

My goal is friendship with the world and I combine the greatest love for men with greatest opposition to wrong.

—Mahatma Gandhi



"SISTERS-IN-LAW"

Artist: Sri A. A. Almelkar.

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SRI AUROBINDO

on the STATE and STATESMEN

DILIP KUMAR ROY

HE Kulapati's Letter published in a recent issue of the *Bhavan's Journal* (dated 18-9-60) is not brilliant but makes refreshing in these days when mass-ism (with staring slogans) is . I hope it will be widely read ply pondered. Sri Munshi is to citated especially because there through his re-ble analysis of trends a distinct current of a insight and acu-than can possibly to so-called builders with the trick of mounting . In fact his ap-diatribes on the of the "world-rs" of today (to a Shavian term) us of an illu-g book Sri ndo wrote three s ago, entitled, *Ideal of Human Unity*, or rather er in it entitled *The Inadequacy State Idea*. I give below an ex-from this which, I trust, will be e to thousands groaning today the growing incubus of the mo-State led by "progressive" poli-s with the help of a State which great saint Vinoba Bhave has characterised so appositely as an "ill-fare State". (Can one question his definition after what has happened in Assam lately? To think that the Hindus can be refugees in a Hindu State, under a Hindu Raj! It had to be seen to be believed!!) But to quote the words of the great Sage:

"What, after all, is this State idea, this idea of the organised community to which the individual has to be immolated? Theoretically, it is the subordination of the individual to the good of all that is demanded; practically, it is his subordination to a collective egoism, political, military, economic, which seeks to satisfy certain collective aims and ambitions shaped and imposed on the great mass of the individuals by a smaller or larger number of ruling persons who are supposed in some way to represent the community. It is immaterial whether these belong to a governing class or emerge, as in modern States, from the mass partly by force of character, but much more by force of circumstances; nor does it make any essential difference that their aims and ideals are

imposed nowadays more by the hypnotism of verbal persuasion than by overt and actual force. In either case there is no guarantee that this ruling class or ruling body represents the best mind of the nation or its noblest aims or its highest instincts.

"Nothing of the kind can be asserted of the modern politician in any part of the world; he does not represent the soul of a people or its aspirations. What he does usually represent is all the average pettiness, selfishness, egoism, self-deception that is about him and these he represents well enough as well as *a great deal of mental incompetence and moral conventionality, timidity and pretence.* Great issues often come to him for decision but he does not deal with them greatly; *high words and noble ideas are on his lips, but they become rapidly the claptrap of a party.* The disease and falsehood of modern political life is patent in every country of the world and only the hypnotised acquiescence of all, even of the intellectual classes, in the great organised sham, cloaks and prolongs the malady, the acquiescence that men yield to everything that is habitual and makes the present atmosphere of their lives. Yet it is by such minds that the good of all has to be decided, to such hands that it has to be entrusted, to such an agency calling itself the State that the individual is being more and more called upon to give up the government of his activities. As a matter of fact, it is in no way the largest good of all that is thus secured, but a great deal of organised blundering and evil with a certain amount of good which makes for real progress, because Nature moves forward always in the midst of all stumblings and secures her aims in the end more often in spite of man's imperfect mentality than by its means.

"But even if the governing instrument were better constituted and of a higher mental and moral character; even if some way could be found to do what ancient civilisations by their enforcement of certain high ideals and disciplines tried to do with their ruling classes, still the State would not be what the State idea pretends that it is. Theoretically, it is the collective wisdom and force of the community made available and organised for the general good. Practically, what controls the engine and drives the train is so much of the intellect and power available in the community as the particular machinery of State organisation will allow to come to the surface; but it is also caught in the machinery and hampered by it and hampered as well by the large amount of folly and selfish weakness that comes up in the emergence. Doubtless, this is the best that can be done under the circumstances, and Nature, as always, utilises it for the best. But things would be much worse if there were not a field left for a less trammelled individual effort doing what the State cannot do, deploying and using the *sincerity, energy, idealism of the best individuals to attempt that which the State has not the wisdom or courage to attempt, getting that done which a collective imbecility would either leave undone or actively suppress and oppose.* It is this energy of the individual which is the really effective agent of the collective progress. The State sometimes comes in to aid it and then, if its aid

not mean undue control, it serves tively useful end. As often it s in the way and then serves as a brake upon progress or s the necessary amount of orga- opposition and friction always to give greater energy and a complete shape to the new thing is in process of formation. But we are now tending towards is an increase of organised State- and such a huge irresistible and r State activity as will either te free individual effort alto- or leave it dwarfed and cowed elplessness. The necessary cor- e to the defects, limitations and ency of the State machine will ear.

e organised State is neither the nd of the nation nor is it even n of the communal energies. It s out of its organised action and sses or unduly depresses the g force and thinking mind of nt minorities, often of those represent that which is best in sent and that which is develop- r the future. It is a collective much inferior to the best of which the community is capable. What that egoism is in its relation to other collective egoisms we know and its ugliness has recently been forced upon the vision and the conscience of mankind. The individual has usually something at least like a soul, and, at any rate, he makes up for the deficiencies of the soul by a system of morality and an ethical sense, and for the deficiencies of these again by the fear of social opinion or, failing that, a fear of the communal law which he has ordinarily either to obey or at least to circumvent; and even the difficulty of circumventing is a check on all except the most violent or the most skilful. *But the State is an entity which, with the greatest amount of power, is the least hampered by internal scruples or external checks. It has no soul or only a rudimentary one. It is a military, political and economic force; but it is only in a slight and undeveloped degree, if at all, an intellectual and ethical being. And unfortunately the chief use it makes of its undeveloped intellect is to blunt by fictions, catchwords and recently by State philosophies, its ill-developed ethical conscience.*"

We are all lamps and our life constitutes the flame of that lamp. When the supply of oxygen is cut off, this lamp will go out. The best we can do, therefore, is to keep the lamp clean.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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ics are mine.—D.K.R.

SOME LESSONS OF MAHATMA GANDHI'S LIFE

SRI PRAKASA

[*Governor of Maharashtra State*]

MEMORIES, sad and glad, of the country's Freedom struggle of the last four decades and more, would come crowding in the minds of many, with the great and gentle figure of Mahatma Gandhi dominating the scene all the time, on this the 2nd of October, when if the cruel hand of the assassin had not deprived him of life, he would have been just one and ninety years of age.

It was he who saw the light in the midst of the surrounding gloom of the early days of the century; and despite the adverse and menacing circumstances all around, beheld the torch of Freedom that would once again illumine the land. His unerring instinct also told him how the noble object could be attained.

With the strange and certain insight into human nature that he possessed in abundance, he took the masses in his confidence that no leader before him had ever thought it necessary or even feasible to do; and he adopted the outward habits of life for himself that would conform to those of the humble of the land; but still did not deny himself the resources put at man's disposal by the

of science in post, telegraph, e, motor car and the steam so that he could proceed to his goal with steady and assured

way we regained our liberty ke a miracle. History shows no t of a subject people gaining reedom in the manner that we one—gaining it without firing and continuing to maintain the friendship and goodwill of from whom we parted.

gh he is no more, his influence and if to-day nations do not in a global war, even though en on the brink of it, it is be- Mahatma Gandhi's teachings minate the thoughts of men w seek solutions of the most problems round a council table atmosphere of peace and good- f mutual sympathy and under- g.

s an unfortunate fact that we in ntry are inclined to be satis- y by offering obeisance to the and feel we have fulfilled our hen we have done so.

do not generally think that it rtant and necessary that we draw for the ordering of our ves some useful lessons from s of our heroes, so that we also be able to contribute our to the service of our fellow-

seem to think that that is none business; that as ordinary mor- e have to live in the ordinary hat great things must be done t folks alone who must myste- appear in our midst from time and to whom we should pay homage when they are with us, and to their memories—their statues and their portraits—when they are no more.

Let us, however, not forget that Mahatma Gandhi was intensely human; and though we cannot all be great as he was, nor do the great things that he did, we can imbibe many of his qualities, so that in our own limited spheres, we might be able to play our fitting part, and be to the people around us what he was to the world at large.

I remember how when beginning to address the Convocation of the Bihar Vidyapith at Patna in 1927, he beckoned one of the young boys in front of him to come up to him, and asked him: "What do you want to become in life?"

The fact was that in British days, the only Indian to become a Governor, was Lord Sinha, and he was assigned to Bihar.

A Governor in ordinary parlance is known as *"Lat"*—really a tall pole—and the boy not unnaturally feeling that a Governorship would be a fine distinction for himself, answered: "I want to be a *Lat*."

There was general merriment in the audience; but Gandhiji proceeded: "My boy, I cannot make you the *Lat* of the province—that is not within my power—but I can make you the *Lat* of your village".

That is a good instance of not only the way Mahatma Gandhi's mind worked, but also how every single one of us can be truly effective and useful in our own circles if only we sincerely want to be so.

It is indeed a pity that so many of us wanting to play a part on the world

stage are not able to achieve even the little that otherwise we could and would and should have done.

If we examine Mahatma Gandhi's life, we shall see that he had himself for long worked in an anonymous manner fulfilling the duties that he had undertaken without caring for any publicity or even for the appreciation of others.

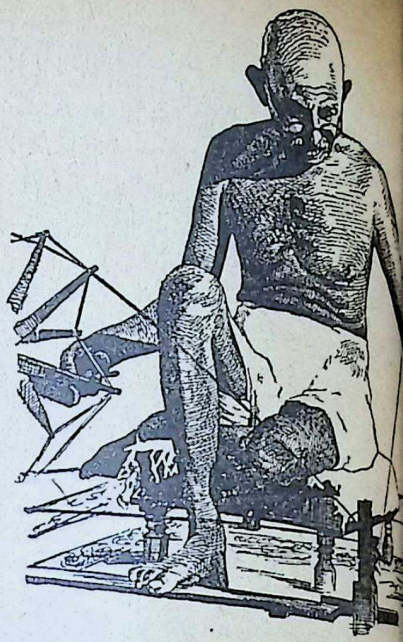
We may say that luck favoured him, and he rose to be a great and magnificent world figure. We cannot all become that—and it is just as well that we cannot!—but we can learn from his life the lesson of fulfilling our own tasks properly, and to be of service to our immediate surroundings, whether that leads or does not lead to further recognition.

Let us however not forget that when he took up any work, he applied himself to it with a determination that nothing could shake. Most of us feel disappointed, discouraged, frustrated when we meet the least little obstacle —as is inevitable in all work—and give up the struggle blaming for our failure everyone except ourselves. That was not Gandhiji's way. He stuck to his task with an iron indomitable will, and would never give up, whatever befall.

The story of our Freedom struggle is a saga of his unshaken and unshakable Faith—and has not that a lesson for us all for our own lives, however limited the circle of our activities?

Another thing that we can learn from Mahatma Gandhi which can be useful to us in whatever position we may be placed, is hard work.

It is truly said that "genius is only one per cent inspiration while it is



ninety-nine per cent perspiration". We cannot gain anything if we are not prepared to work hard—very very hard indeed. Mahatma Gandhi is a great example of this, for his average must have been eighteen hours of solid work from day-to-day.

And there was a method in whatever he did. He knew the value of occasional rest and sleep. He always kept his mind free from worry. He did his tasks in a detached manner, and left the results on the knees of the gods.

All who knew him and had seen him working, wondered how he could be at his labours so incessantly: speaking or writing; interviewing or negotiating; exhorting or spinning; advising individual men and women on their personal problems or taking decisions on public questions, all the

was also a very responsible per-
and when he undertook to do a
however small it might be, he
always do it, and nobody had
reason to doubt that he would
what he had undertaken to do.
me give an example. The
ter of a friend of mine was very
on having Mahatma Gandhi's
ure in her autograph book
she had entrusted to me. I gave
her book with a request that he
be pleased to sign it. This was
56. He said he signed only in
graph books of hand-made paper.
ked me to leave this book with
and offered to get an autograph
of hand-made paper prepared
his little girl, and sign on it and
it to me.

his autograph book I had given
in the midst of busy days when
had come for the Congress at
now.

ne weeks later, I received back
the original book, that my
's daughter had sent through me,
well as a new autograph book of
made paper that he had got spe-
prepared for her, and on which
d duly put his signature!

do not know how many of us
be as meticulous as he. In small
as in great, everyone could de-
upon him. Not many of us are
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ss rather airily, and forget them
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e can or does really trust any-
e; and it is time that we learnt

this important lesson from Mahatmaji's life, and followed him rather than worshipped him, both for our own good, and the good of society as a whole.

Mahatmaji's efficiency was unbounded. He used no expensive chairs or tables, no fashionable pens or inkpots for his work. As he travelled about, his files were tied up in a bundle ; but this bundle which he called his office—*daftar*—was a symbol of the perfection of the master's performance.

I remember his asking me to see him at Wardha in 1942 when he wanted me to proceed to Jodhpur on a particularly important and delicate political mission. I had no idea that I was to be entrusted with this task when I was summoned to his presence. As I arrived, he pulled out from this bundle a file, and gave me instructions regarding 'who's who' and 'what's what' in Jodhpur. He put me in the picture in a few minutes, passed the file to me, and before I could protest or say anything, asked me to be off. To my utter amazement, everything turned out exactly as Mahatmaji had foreseen!

I may add that this was at the time that he was preparing for his "Quit-India" movement when ordinarily he should not have thought of undertaking or asking anyone else to undertake anything else. He, however, thought of everything all the time, and did not allow any possible future difficulties in any direction to interfere with any of his many items of activity.

His knowledge of things was remarkable. When I was sent to Pakistan as High Commissioner, he spoke to me

(*Continued on page 74*)

Many Happy Returns

On a certain day in 1933, the gates of the Nasik Central Prison opened to discharge a tall and distinguished looking youth, on completion of his sentence of imprisonment. There is little doubt that when the historian of the future comments on our times, he will mark out that event as one of the significant happenings of the year 1933.

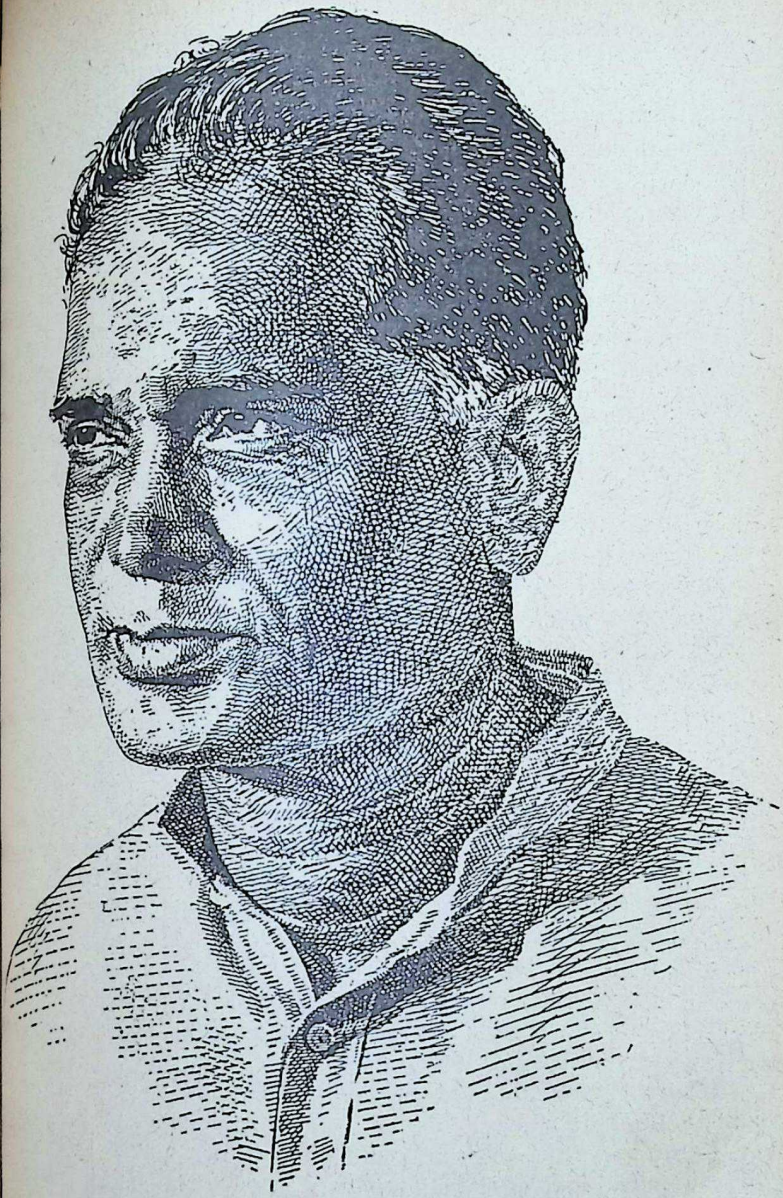
For, with his release, a new force had emerged in Indian politics. Jayaprakash Narayan came out of prison with an idea, a purpose and a vision.

He is today one of the most popular and respected names in Indian public life.

But few know what a magnificent personality it is that passes under the name of Jayaprakash.

Fewer still suspect the widely varied experience and adventures that have gone to the making of so fascinating a man.

—Yusuf Meherally



[Sri Jayaprakash Narayan: *b.* October 11, 1902.]

with much feeling regarding the condition of Hindus there in the wake of the tragic partition of the country. He said that the million and a half of well-to-do urban folk would all come away from Sind, but that I must take very great care of the two lakhs of the unfortunate peasants of Tharparkar who would be left behind, not knowing what else to do.

I knew no problems of Sind,—I had never heard of Tharparkar and its peasants—when I went there; but the facts were exactly as he had described. The urban population walked away not wanting to remain in Pakistan despite all my pleadings that they should stay on. The Tharparkar peasants, however, would not leave, for they had no other place to go to. They would go only if lands exactly like what they had been used to, could be given to them; and such lands were nowhere available. They remained back, and had been very often in my own thoughts. I may only hope they are well. It was truly amazing that Mahatma Gandhi knew all this.

People have often been surprised at his knowledge of the actual prices of things that were auctioned for his funds at his public meetings. He seemed to know everything about everything that was in the land. How he acquired all this knowledge and how he was able to retain it, is a mystery that only great men can solve. I am too small a person to think even of approaching the riddle.

Then there was his intense concentration of mind and effort on anything that was immediately in hand. This, I believe, is a characteristic of all persons who are truly great. When they are at some work, they put all their mind and heart in it, and do n think of other things while they a performing it.

I had occasion to be a good de with him during his tour in Ut Pradesh in 1929, on the eve of h starting the Salt Satyagraha movem I was the General Secretary of th then United Provinces Provincial Co gress Committee, and as such in-char of his tour.

He would sit down in the midst o an enthusiastically demonstrati crowd, to write out an article fo "Young India". He did not seem t hear or see anything as he put his min to his work for the moment.

Unfortunately few of us have th very useful and necessary power o concentration. We are very often in clined to think more of other thin than the work we are actually doin and worry over everything, thus spo ing our own work and ourselves a well in the bargain.

He could also sleep in impossib conditions; and not even the lou shouts and cheers of large crowd could disturb him as he took his fiv to ten minutes' nap in moving cars.

Mahatmaji was punctual to a fault and however late he might have kep up at night, he would rise at four in th morning for his prayers, even thoug he may go off for a short nap after performing this important part of h daily routine.

He very carefully fulfilled all h own engagements to the second—keep ing no one waiting at any time.

He was very considerate of the need and comforts of persons around him He kept close personal relations wit all, high and humble alike, who were associated with him in any of his

...ssions of Freedom—economic, ...d political. Messages of good... occasions of joy, and of ...y in moments of sorrow, ...be received by persons in dis... ...ces to their utter amazement, ...inarily they could not have ...agined that Mahatma Gandhi ...know of their personal joys and ...s, or would care to take notice ...

...s when my wife died in 1926, ...was his telegram of deep sym... When my daughter married in ...there was his message of felici... ...and good wishes. When my ...was dangerously ill in 1941, and ...ment sent me out on parole ...ail to look after him, I had his ...s telegrams of enquiry enjoin... ...me to keep him informed from ...day about the condition of my ...'s health. Many like me have ...son to be greatly touched by ...kind considerateness on his part. ...my mind, if we who are humble ...ave our own struggles to face ...r limited spheres of activity and ...conditions of existence would, ...unnecessarily breaking our ...in search of fame, greatness and ...ion, perform our tasks properly, never allowing obstacles to dishearten us; be punctual and methodical, ever working hard and in a manner that all with whom we deal, could absolutely be assured that we mean what we say, and that we could be trusted entirely; and if we would deal with our fellowmen with sympathy and keep them attached to ourselves and not abandon them when our own work is done;—we would be able to make our world a very different place to what we find it to-day.

And if these important lessons are grasped by us from Mahatma Gandhi's life, he certainly would not have lived and died for us in vain.

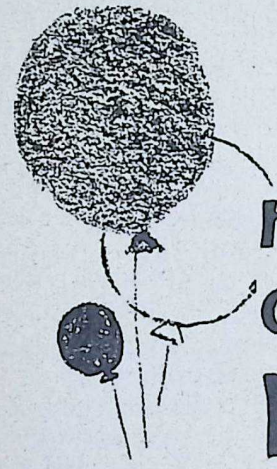
To-day as we celebrate his birthday and recall his memory with reverence and gratitude, let us ponder over these lessons from his life as he actually lived it; and by doing the tasks allotted to us or voluntarily taken up by us in life—domestic, social, professional or public—properly and well, prove ourselves truly worthy of him, and thus actively help to ensure the Freedom of our country that he has left to us as a sacred legacy for all time to come.

[*Broadcast Talk on Oct. 2, 1960. Courtesy: A.I.R.*]

Identification with everything that lives is impossible without self-purification; without self-purification the observance of the law of ahimsa must remain an empty dream; God can never be realized by one who is not pure of heart. Self-purification therefore must mean purification in all the walks of life. And purification being highly infectious, purification of oneself necessarily leads to the purification of one's surroundings.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

. . . The only real answer to inflation is increased productivity . . . Our goal does not appear to be productive efficiency but merely greater welfare . . .



reflections on INFLATION

H. M. PATEL, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THAT inflation has taken place and has not yet ceased is not now questioned by anyone. The kind of arguments which were used recently in the course of the Parliamentary debate to show that there is nothing unusual in this and that we are better off than most countries of the West because inflation has taken place in those countries to an even greater extent is quite irrelevant. What matters is the actual additional burden that the rise in prices constitutes for the average citizen of this country and viewed from that point there can be very little doubt that the rise in prices affects very seriously in particular a considerable section of the people of this country—the ill-defined middle class.

We must concede that if developmental activities are to proceed at all at a reasonable tempo, the inflation or rise in prices is unavoidable. Since we are all desirous of rapid development, we must reconcile ourselves to this measure of inflation. If inflation gets out of hand it may jeopardise our very existence as a free democratic country besides, of course, bringing untold misery upon the mass of our people.

What causes inflation? Quite simply when supply or production does not keep pace with the demand; or put differently, when there is more money in the hands of the people, and not enough goods of the kind they desire to buy with that money, goods of essential kind and consumer goods generally.

With us, our plans have deliberately

ation is loss of capital in its sense. The Latin word ss "blowing up"; in its nar- sense therefore it signifies lowing up of a currency.

* * *

e population must be made alize again and again that takings which fail to pro- a surplus will be compelled ose down and to dismiss . Furthermore, the popu- n must realize clearly that e is a fundamental connection een wages and output. re no surplus is achieved, no us can be distributed. The who produces more must re- e a higher remuneration than man who produces less. Li- y is not synonimous with ness. Freedom is not given it must be earned daily, in by force of arms, in peace the work of brain and hand. ever desires better housing, ing and food must work for That is God's law. But it is the essential condition of all omic progress in a country.

* * *

The State does not exist to e its citizens happy—that is citizens' own job. The State s to protect its citizens. s and acts of charity are bad ators: difficulties and hard- are the making of men.

—*Dr. Hjalmar Schacht.*

d into the economy large sums ney for the creation of what e described as economic over- which will enable us hereafter duce more consumer goods but at the moment, have created balance between supply of in the hands of the people and of the kind of goods they stand in need of. The plans have of course endeavoured to ensure an adequate production of essential consumer goods, and, had a full measure of success attended those efforts, the rise in prices of those essential goods would not have occurred at all or would have been of not a significant nature. Unfortunately our efforts there have not been adequately successful. A factor which has attributed to this situation has been the rather rapid rise in population. Here again our effort to get people to accept family planning has been hesitant and not adequate.

The Third Plan, it is clear, may accelerate the pace of inflation. Even though agriculture is given the highest priority, the emphasis on heavy industry is maintained. The rate of increase in population despite the growing popularity of family planning is likely to remain higher than the rate of development our production can afford. Not enough importance, nevertheless, is given in the plan to family planning. It is admitted that the plan will not be able to reduce even the existing level of unemployment, and indeed the possibilities are that there may be some slight increase in it. This growing unemployment is in a sense an important anti-inflationary force: its political significance, of course, is more sinister, just as its human and social aspects are serious.

The size of the Plan calls for large resources. Where are they to come from? Admittedly to a large extent from indirect taxation. And indirect taxation of the order that will be necessary cannot but lead to a rise in prices of consumer goods in the main.

The Government can keep the price level under control, if it can organise

successfully efficient machinery for the regulation of prices of a large number of goods, not merely essential goods but also certain basic materials such as steel, cement, timber, etc. The apprehension however is that Government will not be able to create this necessary machinery, or if it is created, to give it the requisite support and freedom from interference by interested parties.

It is clear that the only real answer to inflation is increased productivity. How is this increased productivity to be achieved? The past record does not warrant only undue optimism in this respect. Despite elaborate planning, the production of the three new steel plants will not even reach 50% of the target that should have been reached. This was due to the failure to co-ordinate the production and supply of coal, iron ore, etc. The target of increase in production of coal will again not be achieved and the short-fall in fertiliser production is, and will be of a significant character. The fertiliser factory at Sindri which had achieved its maximum target of production fell off considerably from it during the current year—by as much as a hundred thousand tons: this is said to have been due to short supply of coal! Then again the labour legislation has all been designed to improve the lot of the workers but not to the effect that simultaneously with increased emoluments and amenities, there is achieved satisfactory increase in productivity. The result, thus, tends to be, in many a sphere, unsatisfactory.

We appear to be great devotees of Parkinson's Law in most administrative spheres. Our goal does not appear to be productive efficiency but merely greater welfare.

Kubera

While controls and regulations may be necessary in certain spheres, the onus surely lies upon Government when it introduces control and regulation even in industries which are capable of producing as much as and indeed more than what is required by the consumers. The textile industry left to itself can produce all the cloth that the country needs and enough to spare for the export trade. And yet everything possible seems to be done to discourage production. In 1957 the production was over five thousand million yards and it fell in the following year by more than three hundred million yards, thanks to restrictive policies.

Pageant of Great Lives—13

APPAR

Designer Infinite!
Thou char the wood
Thou canst limn with it?

Appar

SAIVITE tradition in Tamilnad speaks of sixty-three saints. But this number is not to be taken as exact or final. Even of these sixty-three, we have group names like, 'Those without false allegiance,' and 'Devotees of the Lord-beyond'. 'Beyond' here refers to those beyond the confines of the land and times in which the saints referred to, lived. This is an indication of an undercurrent of

Dr. V. A. Devasenapathi

belief in Saivism (as for that matter, in Hinduism in general) that whoever worships the Lord (and whatever be the form of worship or the name by which the Lord is addressed) with sincerity and devotion is acceptable to Him and is to be considered a devotee.

Appar, Tirujnanasambandhar, Sundarar and Manikkavachagar are four of the Saivite saints whose names have become household words in Tamilnad. Though they belong to the highest spiritual level, they are considered exemplars *par excellence* of four steps in spiritual life, viz. Charya (cleaning the temple etc.), Kriya (gathering

things necessary for worship), Yoga (communion with the Lord) and Jnana (union with the Lord). Their spiritual lives are said to exemplify four kinds of relationship to God—relationship as between (1) master and servant, (2) father and son, (3) between two friends and (4) teacher and pupil (or lover and beloved).

Appar was the elder contemporary of Tirujnanasambandhar. His original name was Marulnikkiyar. Another name by which Appar is known is Tirunavukkarasu (Lord of the sacred utterance), a name given by the Lord in appreciation of the saint's poetic gifts.

'Appar' (literally 'Father') was the name by which Tirujnanasambandhar hailed him—a name which combines respect with affection.

Appar was born in the seventh century, A.D., in Tiruvamur in South Arcot District (South India). His parents were Pugalanar and Madiniyar. He had a sister by name, Tilakavatiyar. Tilakavatiyar was engaged to be married to Kalippagai Nayanar. It so happened that Kalippagai Nayanar who was the commander-in-chief of the King's army had to lead a military expedition to the north. He was killed in action. Though the wedding had not taken place, Tilakavatiyar considered herself bound to him and would think of marrying no one else. In the meantime, her parents also died. Grief-stricken, she wanted to put an end to her life. But the disconsolate condition of her brother made her decide to live for his sake.

Appar was an earnest seeker after

ism was prevalent at this the King's Court as well as the people. Appar felt the in- of Jainism so much as to give own faith and embrace Jainism. to a position of eminence the Jaina teachers and came to as Dharmasena. This course saddened the heart of Tila- who, becoming a recluse, a sacred place in the neigh- and engaged herself in service in the temple. Her to the Lord was that her should come back to his an- faith!

Lord chose to answer Tilaka- prayer in a peculiar way. Ap- stricken with a severe type of sche. All efforts of his ists to cure him proved un- whereupon he sent word to his She asked him to come to her. Appar went back to his sister, him the sacred ashes and to the temple. As he prayed Lord in the temple for forgive- cure, the disease was cured. blessed with the gift of sacred From that time on, Appar visiting temples in various the country and singing the of the Lord.

Jainas were upset by Appar's sion to Saivism. This would be their influence. So they told that Appar had feigned ill- making it impossible for cure him. They asked the King for Appar and punish him. King's messengers went to Appar refused to go to the King that he recognised none save as his master. In a verse which is widely known, he replied that he was subject to none, was not afraid of death, stood in no danger of going to hell, led no false life in the world, was confident that no one could hurt him, knew no (spiritual) disease, was subservient to none, had abiding joy and never any misery—all because as a bond slave of the Lord, he had sought shelter at His Feet.

The King's messengers pleaded with him to go with them as otherwise they would be visited with the King's displeasure. Appar went with them. Advised by the Jainas, the King subjected Appar to ordeals which remind us of those which Prahlada had to undergo. Appar was locked up in a limekiln for a number of days. When they opened it at last, expecting to find him dead, they found him 'calm and cool'. He had been contemplating the Feet of the Lord all the time!

> Like (the melody of) the faultless Vina, like the evening crescent,
> Like the soft southern breeze, like the Spring (conspiring to load and bless with its fruits),
> Like the fragrant flower-covered tank frequented by bees,
> Is the shelter of the Feet of my Father and Lord.

(It will be seen here that the senses of hearing, sight, touch, taste and smell could feast without satiety by being sublimated and attuned to divinity). As Appar sang this song, He who protects us from the 'fretful fever of life', protected His devotee from the heat of the limekiln.

Finding Appar alive, the King's men made him drink poison. The *Puranas* say that Siva drank poison to save the worlds from destruction. The blue throat of Siva is a perpetual re-

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minder of this act of mercy. It w
but natural for the devotee of S
to drink poison and feel no untowa
effects! The king's men set a w
elephant on Appar. As the elepha
rushed towards him, Appar sang t
as he was a devotee of the Lord (wh
name is potent to kill the mischief
not one—but five strong elepha
viz. our five senses and, Who is
Father of Vinayaka) he feared noth
and had nothing to fear. The elepha
went round him respectfully, turn
back and charged against the peo
who had set it against Appar. Find
all these efforts to kill him unsucce
ful, a final attempt was made. Th
tied him to a heavy stone and c
him into the sea expecting that
would be drowned. Appar started
tering the name of the Lord, the na
which helps one to swim across the
of *samsara*. The stone became a fl
for Appar to reach a neighbouri
shore, near Tiruppadirippuliyur. T
trials were over and Appar reco
menced his practice of worshipping
Lord at all sacred places. In a repenta
mood, Mahendravarma Pallava,
king who had persecuted him, went
the saint, and begged him to forg
him and take him back to Saivi
The Saint readily did so.

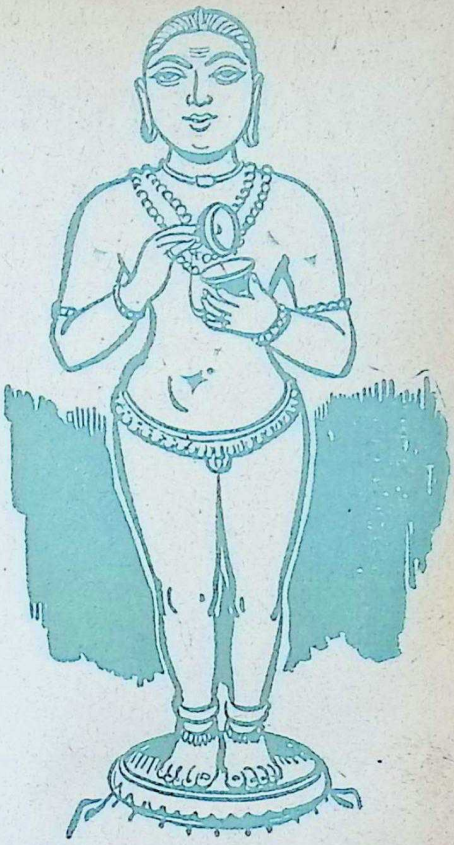
With a small spade in his hand
remove stones and thorns from
precincts of the temple, Appar w
from one sacred place to anot
singing the praises of the Lord. Thou
his songs directly and indirectly
flect his spiritual wisdom, Appar ne
claimed any wisdom. He consider
himself a humble devotee of the Lor
One of his verses runs thus:

ones worship You in their
...
capable of worshipping You in
...
the wise ones worship You in
...
One, I also join the wor-

Appar's life is a supreme ex-
of practical spiritual wisdom.
himself to do manual work in
ice of his Lord, by clearing
for worshippers. But his mind
t were wholly given over to
ation of the Lord. Like
who said he could pray with
and pans, Appar could pray
spade and shovel and prac-
presence of the Lord. He pray-
Lord to purify his body by
the marks of the sacred bull
trident on his arms. The Lord
this prayer.

went from one sacred place
er. Chidambaram was one of
es he visited. When he went
, he met Tirujnanasamban-
the boy-saint, and was affec-
addressed by him as 'Appar.'
prayed to the Lord to place
on his head. This prayer was
ted.

was a pious person by name
Adigal in Tingalur. He had
the greatness of Appar and
drawn to him that he called
and every possession of his
name Tirunavukkarasu (a
en to Appar by the Lord, as
earlier). When Appar went to
. Appudi Adigal was over-
see in person one whose very
s sacred to him. Arrangements
ade for a feast. Appudi Adi-
who went into the garden



Jnanasambandhar

to get a plantain leaf was bitten by a snake. He rushed back, gave the plantain leaf to his parents and collapsed. The parents were worried that this mishap might prevent Appar from taking his meal and so did not inform Appar about it. By the Lord's grace, Appar found out what had happened, prayed to the Lord to restore the dead child to life. The Lord was pleased to do so.

In the course of his pilgrimage he met Tirujnanasambandhar again and also three other saints, Siruttondar, Tirunilanakkar and Muruga Na-

yanar. All of them stayed together for some days. Then Appar and Tirujnanasambandhar started out together. It was a time of famine in the neighbourhood of the Cauvery delta. The saints prayed to the Lord for relief to the starving people. The Lord was pleased to give each of them every day a gold coin with which they were able to buy provisions for the starving people.

At Maraikkadu, the main doors of the temple were closed by the Vedas. Appar prayed to the Lord to have the doors opened. When the doors were opened, the saints went in and worshipped. On coming out, Sambandhar prayed to the Lord to close the doors again. The doors were closed again.

There was a difference in these occurrences. Appar had to sing for a long time before the Lord answered his prayer whereas Sambandh prayer was answered almost imm diately. Appar was filled with sorr that he was unable to understand Lord's will. As he slept that night, Lord appeared in his dream and ed him to go to Tiruvaymur. Ap went there but was not able to see Lord. Meanwhile, Sambandhar joined him. Appar prayed to the L to reveal Himself at least to his (Tirujnanasambandhar's life, we earlier, exemplifies the parent-c relationship with God). The Lord vealed Himself to Sambandhar showed Him to Appar.

Messengers arrived from the Q of the Pandiyan king and his c minister to request Tirujnanasamb dhar to go to Madurai to restore S vism. The Pandiyan king had c under the influence of the Jainas

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...ced Jainism. Appar was ... to let Sambandhar go, fear... ...ution by the Jainas and, ... go himself. Sambandhar ... this kind offer. Appar tried ...de him saying that the pla... were inauspicious for travel. ...ar sang a number of verses ...ntral theme is that if the ...ased to abide with us, noth... ...d go wrong with us. Planets, ... inauspicious days, wild ani... ...evolent spirits—all these ...e good to those in whose heart ...is pleased to reside. The mes... ...brief, is 'If you make your ... dwelling place of the Lord, ...shake the yoke of inauspi... ...rs.'' Perhaps it was Ap... ...re to tell the world through ...saint who spoke as one with ...rity of his divine Father, ...re the Lord reigns, there ...g would be auspicious.

...ar resumed his pilgrimage, ...he was overcome by hunger ...gue. Unmindful of these, he ...uing his journey. The Lord ...ed to appear in human form, ...t food and water and a cool ...rest in for some time. When ...sumed his journey, the Lord ...h him and disappeared as the ...w near a shrine. Appar rea... ...t it was the Lord who was ...to appear before him and give ...elp.

...g several sacred places, the ...t to Kalahasti, a place with ...e name of Kannappar is as... ...Kalahasti is called Southern ...This roused the desire of Ap... ...t Kailas in the north. This ...rduous journey. Appar was

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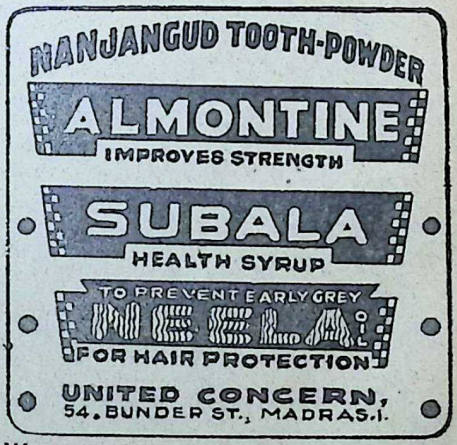

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...used in body and limb by ...cles on his way. The flesh ...ing but the spirit knew no ... and would not admit failure. ... saint was urging his broken ...sed body along the road to ..., he reached a condition of phy-...mobility. The Lord appeared ...form of an ascetic and told him ... should give up this humanly ...ble quest. But the saint said ... would not return without see-...Kailas. Pleased with his determi-... the Lord disappeared. Speak-... the skies, the Lord asked him ...up. The saint got up, whole in ...and limb. The Lord said that ...saint bathed in the tank near-... would reach Tiruvaiyaru in the ... where he would see Him ex-...as He was in Kailas. The saint ...the Lord, stepped into the tank ...appeared in Tiruvaiyaru. In ..., the Lord abides with His con-...What was the sight that greeted ... in Tiruvaiyaru? Every living ... to whatever species it belonged, ...ed with its mate before the ... This vision faded after a while. ...was a revelation of divinity in ...g beings. To the spiritual eye, ...le and female of every species ...g beings appeared as the Lord ...s consort. By the Lord's grace, ...t understood this as the real ...nce of Kailas.

...n Appar was staying in Tirup-...tti, Sambandhar returned from ...i after re-establishing Saivism ...King's Court as well as among ...ple. He came in his palanquin ... Appar. Unobserved by others, ... joined the palanquin-bearers. ...thar was surprised to find ... among his palanquin-bearers ...s deeply touched by the aged saint's humility. Appar was very happy to hear about the restoration of Saivism in Madurai. He went to Madurai and other sacred places in the South up to Rameswaram and returned to Tiruppugalur.

All his life, Appar had been an ascetic. He did not go the way of all flesh. He cared not for worldly riches. But was he well-poised in spirit? As the saint was plying his spade to remove stones and thorns, the Lord caused precious stones to appear among them. The *Periya Puranam* says that the saints treat gold and potsherd as alike matter. Appar exemplified this attitude. He threw away the precious stones along with the ordinary ones.

Now came a more irresistible temptation. Celestial damsels appeared before him and tried to distract his mind with their seductive charms. The saint spurned them as so many forms of delusion. They went away unable to divert his attention from contemplation of the Lord. What he preached to humanity, he practised to perfection. "Attune your minds to contemplation of the Lord. No harm will befall you," he said. In the face of temptations also, he displayed this attunement of the mind.

The saint had lived a long life—a life of intense search for Truth, a life of great suffering by persecution—but a life of great joy when he had discovered the Truth in his own ancestral faith. He now prayed for departure from this world so that he could be always in the presence of the Lord. The Lord was pleased to take him back to Himself.

The songs of Appar have a moving quality about them. Though based on intense spiritual experience of an ex-

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JWT-VT, 9[illegible]

they touch a sympathetic the hearts of common peo- rhaps, it is because the saint himself with the common we feel a kinship of spirit He is master of a special long verse. Yet, other verses ster in form, also are gems nd. All his verses have an iveness about them. Here is combines profundity of th brevity of expression.

(hidden) in fuel, like but- good milk,
ncealed He Who is like the ce of a (precious) stone;
e as churning rod and wis- the rope,
vigorously churn forth, He revealed.

ificance of this verse is thus : The three grades of hu- the dull, the buoyant and *amasik*, *rajasik* and *sattvik* comparable to fuel, milk shed precious stone respec- ly with long and vigorous fire be churned out of fuel ; ous effort, butter churned k; and with slight effort in brightness brought forth recious stone. Even so are to manifest divinity in the s of souls. What are the which help us to manifest divinity? A loving heart lightened understanding! is of two types, one where e measure of human effort where there is utter self- These are usually compar- way of the young one of and the way of the young at. The former's safety lies to its mother ; the lat- utter surrender to its mother. Appar gives two other parallels for these two types. They are the ladder and the boat respectively. The ladder helps us to go from a low to a high level. But we have got to do the climbing. The boat, on the other hand, carries us from one shore to another, without any effort on our part.

Human birth is frequently spoken of as an evil. This is because the high purpose of human birth is forgotten among the temptations of worldly life. But, says the saint, "If it enables us to see the sweet-smiling face of the Lord, even human birth is to be welcomed indeed!" He calls upon men to realise the value of human birth with opportunities for worship of the Lord it makes possible. Human birth enables us to become servants of the Lord. Yes, to the devotee, service to the Lord is perfect freedom. Why human life? Even the life of a worm is to be welcomed, *if* the Lord is pleased to abide with it.

Appar thinks of the commonfolk whose faith requires help in distress. Identifying himself with them, he sings, "People like me will not believe in your existence, if devotees are left helpless in distress." But his own faith is not a fair-weather one. It could withstand any storm, physical or spiritual.

What if the sky falls,
The earth quakes,
The mountain turns upside down,
The swelling sea dries up,
And the Sun comes down,
To one who has attained the perfect Lord!

What a message of hope and courage to mankind! Surrender yourself to the Lord. Neither global nor even cosmic catastrophe can have any terrors for you!

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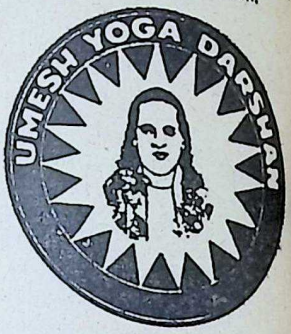

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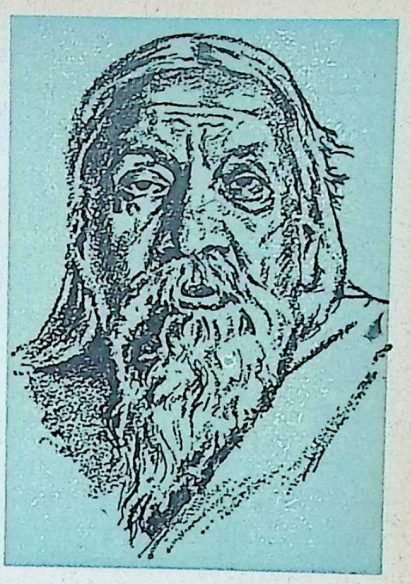
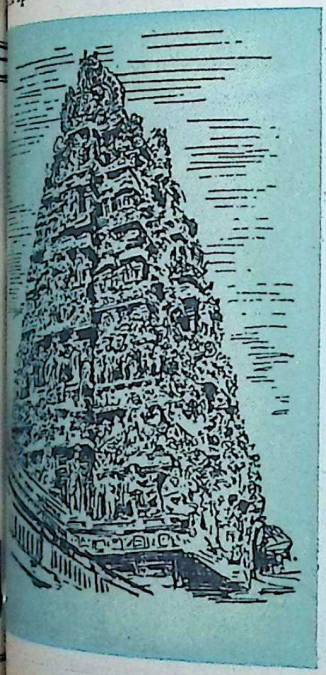


ARCHITECTURE, sculpture and painting, because they are the three great arts which appeal to spirit through the eye, are those



too in which the sensible and the invisible meet with the strongest emphasis on themselves and yet the greatest necessity of each other. The form with its insistent masses, proportions, lines, colours, can here only justify them by their service for the something intangible it has to express; the spirit needs all the possible help of the material body to interpret itself to itself through the eye, yet asks of it that it shall be as transparent a veil as possible of its own greater significance.... For the Indian mind form does not exist except as a creation of the spirit and draws all its meaning and value from the spirit. Every line, arrangement of mass, colour, shape, posture, every physical suggestion, however many, crowded, opulent they may be, is first and last a suggestion, a hint, very often a symbol which is in its main function a support for a spiritual emotion, idea, image that again goes beyond itself to the less

definable, but more powerfully sensible reality of the spirit which has excited these movements in the aesthetic mind and passed through them into significant shapes.

This characteristic attitude of the Indian reflective and creative mind necessitates in our view of its creations an effort to get beyond at once to the inner spirit of the reality it expresses and see from it and not from outside. And in fact to start from the physical details and their synthesis appears to me quite the wrong way to look at an Indian work of art.... Here the only right way is to get at once through a total intuitive or revelatory impression or by some meditative dwelling on the whole, *dhyana* in the technical Indian term, to the spiritual meaning and atmosphere, make ourselves one with that as completely as possible, and then only the helpful meaning and value of all the rest comes out with a complete and revealing force. For here it is the spirit that carries the form.... The striking phrase of Epictetus recurs to the mind in which he describes man as a little soul carrying a corpse, *psucharion ei bastazon nekron*....

But the seeing of the Indian mind and of Indian art is that of a great, a limitless self and spirit, *mahan atma,* which carries to us in the sea of its presence a living shape of itself, small in comparison to its own infinity, but yet sufficient by the power that informs this symbol to support some aspect of that infinite's self-expression. It is therefore essential that we should look here not solely with the physical eye informed by the reason and the aesthetic imagination, but make the physical seeing a passage to the opening of the inner spiritual eye a moved communion in the soul. A g oriental work of art does not e reveal its secret to one who com it solely in a mood of aesthetic c sity or with a considering critical jective mind, still less as the cul ed and interested tourist passing a strange and foreign things; but i to be seen in loneliness, in the sol of one's self, in moments when is capable of long and deep me tion and as little weighted as pos with the conventions of material That is why the Japanese with fine sense in these things.... have their temples and their Buddha often as possible away on mount and in distant or secluded scene Nature and avoid living with g paintings in the crude hours of d life, but keep them by preference such a way that their undisputed gestion can sink into the mind in finer moments or apart where t can go and look at them in a treasu secrecy when the soul is at leis from life. That is an indication of utmost value pointing to the nature the appeal made by eastern art a the right way and mood for lookin at its creations.

Indian architecture especially d mands this kind of inner study a this spiritual self-identification with deepest meaning and will not oth wise reveal itself to us. The secul buildings of ancient India, her pala and places of assembly and civic e fices have not outlived the ravage time; what remains to us is most something of the great mountain a cave temples, something too of th temples of her ancient cities of th

for the rest we have the shrines of her later times, situated in temple cities and of pilgrimage like Srirangam Chidambaram or in her great once towns like Madura, when the was the centre of life. It is most hieratic side of a hieratic remains to us. These sacred are the signs, the architec-self-expression of an ancient and religious culture. Ignore mal suggestion, the religious ce, the meaning of the sym-indications, look only with the and secular aesthetic mind, vain to expect that we shall true and discerning appre-of this art....

sacred architecture of what-style or dedication goes back thing timelessly ancient and side India almost wholly lost, which belongs to the past, it goes forward too, though rationalistic mind will not limit, to something which will upon us and is already begin-return, something which be-the future. An Indian temple, ever godhead it may be built, innmost reality an altar raised divine Self, a house of the Spirit, an appeal and aspira-the Infinite. As that and in the that seeing and conception it the first place be understood, thing else must be seen in and that light, and then there be any real understand-artistic eye however alert and and no aesthetic mind how-and sensitive can arrive at standing, if it is attached to a Hellenised conception of rational beauty or shuts itself up in a materialised or intellectual interpretation and fails to open itself to the great things here meant by a kindred close response to some touch of the cosmic consciousness, some revelation of the greater spiritual self, some suggestion of the Infinite. These things, the spiritual self, the cosmic spirit, the Infinite, are not rational, but suprarational, eternal presences, but to the intellect only words, and visible, sensible, near only to an intuition and revelation in our inmost selves. An art which starts from them as a first conception can only give us what it has to give, their touch, their nearness, their self-disclosure, through some responding intuition and revelation in us, in our own soul, our own self. It is this which one must come to it to find and not demand from it the satisfaction of some quite other seeking or some very different turn of imagination and more limited superficial significance....

This is the first truth of Indian architecture and its significance which demands emphasis and it leads at once to the answer to certain very common misapprehension and objections. All art reposes on some unity and all its details, whether few and sparing or lavish and crowded and full, must go back to that unity and help its significance; otherwise it is not art....

The greater unity that really is there can never be arrived at at all if the eye begins and ends by dwelling on form and detail and ornament, because it will then be obsessed by these things and find it difficult to go beyond to the unity which all this in its totality serves not so much to express in it-

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self, but to fill it with that whi
comes out of it and relieve its onene
by multitude. An original oneness, n
a combined or synthetic or an effec
ed unity, is that from which this a
begins and to which its work whe
finished returns or rather lives in it
in its self and natural atmosphere. I
dian sacred architecture constantly r
presents the greatest oneness of th
self, the cosmic, the infinite in the im
mensity of its world-design, the mult
tude of its features of self-expressio
laksana, (yet the oneness is great
than and independent of their totali
and in itself indefinable), and all i
starting-point of unity in conceptio
its mass of design and immensity o
material, its crowding abundance o
significant ornament and detail an
its return towards oneness are only i
telligible as necessary circumstanc
of this poem, this epic or this lyric
for there are smaller structures whi
are such lyrics—of the Infinite....

To appreciate this spiritual-aesthet
truth of Indian architecture, it will b
best to look first at some work whe
there is not the complication of su
roundings now often out of harmon
with the building, outside even tho
temple towns which still retain th
dependence on the sacred motive, an
rather in some place where there
room for a free background of N
ture. I have before me two prin
which can well serve the purpose,
temple at Kalahasti, a temple at Si
hachalam, two buildings entirely diffe
ent in treatment and yet one in th
ground and the universal motive. T
straight way here is not to detach th
temple from its surroundings, but
see it in unity with the sky and lo

dscape or with the sky and
und and feel the thing com-
both, the construction and its
ment, the reality in Nature, the
expressed in the work of art.
ness to which this Nature as-
her inconscient self-creation
which she lives, the oneness to
the soul of man uplifts itself in
scious spiritual upbuilding, his
of aspiration here expressed in
and in which so upbuilt he and
rk live, are the same and the
tive is one. Thus seen this
of man seems to be something
has started out and detached
against the power of the natural
something of the one common
ion in both to the same infinite
of itself,—the inconscient up-
and against it the strong single
of the self-conscient effort and
s of finding. One of these build-
limbs up bold, massive in projec-
upiled in the greatness of a
l but sure ascent, preserving its
and line to the last, the other
from the strength of its base, in
ce and emotion of a curving
to a rounded summit and crown-
bol. There is in both a con-
subtle yet pronounced lessening
the base towards the top, but at
age a repetition of the same
the same multiplicity of insist-
the same crowded fullness and
d relief, but one maintains its
e endeavour and indication to
the other ends in a single sign.
d the significance we have first
the oneness of the infinity in
this nature and this art live, then
thronged expression as the sign
infinite multiplicity which fills

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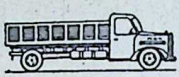

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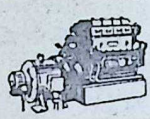

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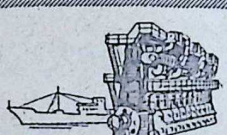

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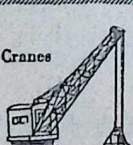

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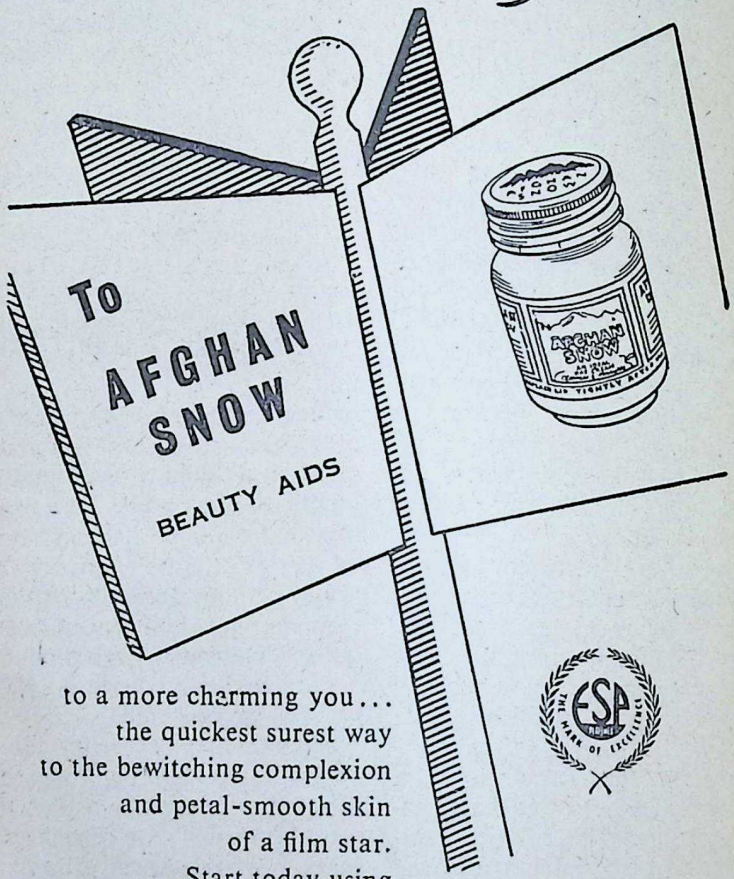
ness, see in the regular lessen-
ount of the edifice the subtler
ubtler return from the base on
to the original unity and seize
e symbolic indication of its close
e top. Not absence of unity, but
endous unity is revealed. Rein-
e intimately what this represen-
means in the terms of our own
al self-existence and cosmic be-
and we have what these great
ers saw in themselves and reared
ce. All objections, once we have
e this identity in spiritual experi-
fall away and show themselves
what they really are, the utter-
and cavil of an impotent misun-
nding, an insufficient apprehen-
or a complete failure to
To appreciate the detail of In-
architecture is easy when the
e is thus seen and known; other-
it is impossible.

This method of interpretation ap-
however different the construc-
and the nature of the rendering,
Dravidian architecture, not only
e mighty temples of far-spread
but to unknown roadside shrines
all towns, which are only a sligh-
ecution of the same theme, a
ed suggestion here, but the great-
ldings a grandiose fulfilled aspi-
The architectural language of
orth is of a different kind, there
other basic style; but here too the
spiritual, meditative, intuitive
d has to be used and we get the
result, an aesthetic interpretation
ggestion of the one spiritual ex-
ce, one in all its complexity and
ity, which founds the unity of
finite variations of Indian spiri-
and religious feeling and the realised union of the human self with the Divine. This is the unity too of all the creations of this hieratic art. The different styles and motives arrive at or express that unity in different ways. The objection that an excess of thronging detail and ornament hides, impairs or breaks up the unity, is advanced only because the eye has made the mistake of dwelling on the detail first without relation to this original spiritual oneness, which has first to be fixed in an intimate spiritual seeing and union and then all else seen in that vision and experience. When we look on the multiplicity of the world, it is only a crowded plurality that we can find and to arrive at unity we have to reduce, to suppress what we have seen or sparingly select a few indications or to be satisfied with the unity of this or that separate idea, experience or imaginaion; but when we have realised the self, the infinite unity and look back on the multiplicity of the world, then we find that oneness able to bear all the infinity of variation and circumstance we can crowd into it and its unity remains unabridged by even the most endless self-multiplication of its informing creation. We find the same thing in looking at this architecture. The wealth of ornament, detail, circumstance in Indian temples represents the infinite variety and repetition of the worlds,—not our world only, but all the planes,—suggests the infinite multiplicity in the infinite oneness. It is a matter of our own experience and fullness of vision how much we leave out or bring in, whether we express so much or so little or attempt as in the Dravidian style to give the impression of a teeming inexhaustible

leads the way



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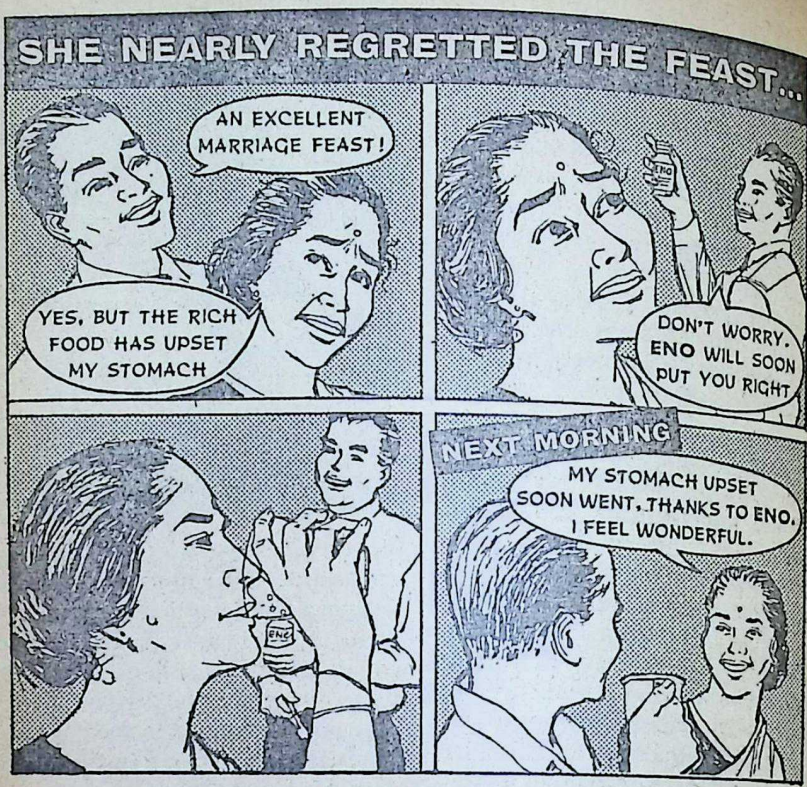
...de. The largeness of this unity ...e and continent enough for any ...structure or content of multitude. ...e objection that the crowding de- ...allows no calm, gives no relief or ...e to the eye, falls under the same ...ing, springs from the same root, ...ged from a different experience ...has no validity for the Indian ex- ...ence. For this unity on which all ...-borne, carries in itself the infinite ...e and calm of the spiritual reali- ...n, and there is no need for other ...ed spaces of tracts of calm of a ...er more superficial kind. The eye ...ere only a way of access to the soul, ...s to that that there is the appeal, ...d if the soul living in this realisa- ...n or dwelling under the influence ...this aesthetic impression needs any ...f, it is not from the incidence of ...e and form, but from the immense ...idence of that vastness of infinity ...d tranquil silence, and that can only ...given by its opposite, by an abund- ...ce of form and detail and life. As ...r the objection in regard to Dravi- ...n architecture to its massiveness ...d its Titanic construction, the pre- ...e spiritual effect intended could not ...given otherwise ; for the infinite, the ...mic seen as a whole in its vast ...nifestation is Titanic, is mighty in ...terial and power. It is other and ...e different things also, but none ...f these are absent from Indian con- ...ruction. The great temples of the ...rth have often...a singular grace in ...eir power, a luminous lightness re- ...ving their mass and strength, a rich ...licacy of beauty in their ornate full- ...ess. It is not indeed the Greek light- ...ess, clarity or naked nobleness, nor ...it exclusive, but comes in in a fine

blending of opposites which is in the very spirit of the Indian religious, philosophical and aesthetic mind. Nor are these things absent from many Dravidian buildings, though in certain styles they are boldly sacrificed or only put into minor incidents...but in either case suppressed so that the fullness of solemn and grandiose effect may have a complete, an undiminished expression...

The Indian thinking and religious mind looks with calm, without shrinking or repulsion, with an understanding born of its agelong effort at identity and oneness, at all that meets it in the stupendous spectacle of the cosmos. And even its asceticism, its turning from the world, which begins not in terror and gloom, but in a sense of vanity and fatigue, or something higher, truer, happier than life, soon passes beyond any element of pessimistic sadness into the rapture of the eternal peace and bliss. Indian secular



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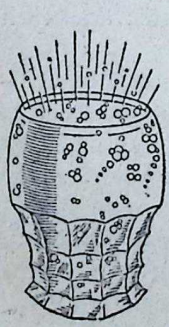

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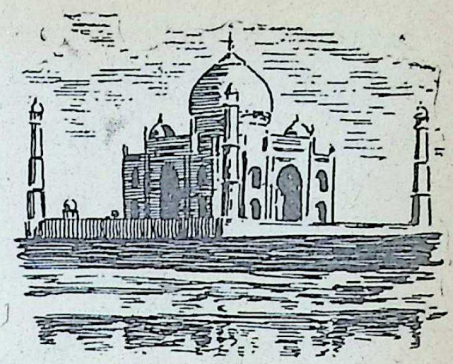
and drama is throughout rich, and joyous....It does not seem that Indian art is at all different respect from the religion and ture....Mark the curious mis- of the dance of Shiva as a of Death or Destruction, as anybody ought to be able who looks upon the Nataraja, presses on the contrary the rap- of the cosmic dance with the pro- ties behind of the unmoved and infinite bliss. So too the of Kali...is, as we know, the of the universe accepting this aspect of destruction in order to the Asuras, the powers of evil and the world....And as for strangeness or formidable aspect certain unhuman figures or the ption of demons or Rakshasas, must be remembered that the aesthetic mind deals not only the earth but with psychic planes hich these things exist and ranges among them without being owered because it carries every- the stamp of a large confidence the strength and the omnipresence the Self or the Divine.

have dwelt on Hindu and especially Dravidian architecture....But a too may be said about Indo- em architecture....It seems to that here the Indian mind has in much from the Arab and n imagination and in certain ques and tombs I seem to find an ess of the robust and bold Afghan Moghul temperament; but it re- is clear enough that it is still on whole a typically Indian creation the peculiar Indian gift. The ness of decorative skill and ima-



gination has been turned to the uses of another style, but it is the same skill which we find in the northern Hindu temples, and in the ground we see, however toned down, something sometimes of the old epic mass and power, but more often that lyric grace which we see developing before the Mohamedan advent in the indigenous sculpture,—as in the schools of the North-East and of Java,—and sometimes a blending of the two motives...

The Taj is not merely a sensuous reminiscence of an imperial amour or a fairy enchantment hewn from the moon's lucent quarries, but the eternal dream of a love that survives death. The great mosques embody often a religious aspiration lifted to a noble austerity which supports and is not lessened by the subordinated ornament and grace. The tombs reach beyond death to the beauty and joy of Paradise. The buildings of Fatepur-Sikri are not monuments of an effeminate luxurious decadence,—an absurd description for the mind of the time of Akbar,—but give form to a nobility, power and beauty which lay hold upon but do not wallow on the earth. There is not here indeed the

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spiritual content of the earlier mind, but it is still an Indian which in these delicate creations the West Asian influence, and stress on the sensuous as before poetry of Kalidasa, but uplifts a certain immaterial charm, rises from the earth without quite it into the magical beauty of middle world and in the religious mood touches with a devout hand the skirts of the Divine. The all-pervading spiritual obsession is not there, but other elements of life not ignored by Indian culture and gaining on it since the classical times are here brought out under a new influence and are still penetrated with some radiant glow of a superior lustre.

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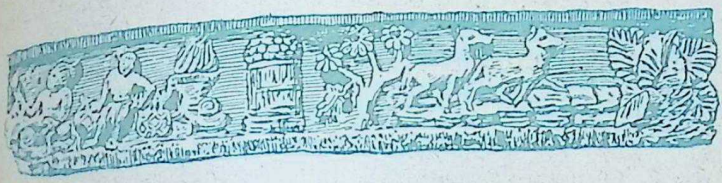

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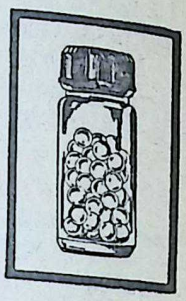

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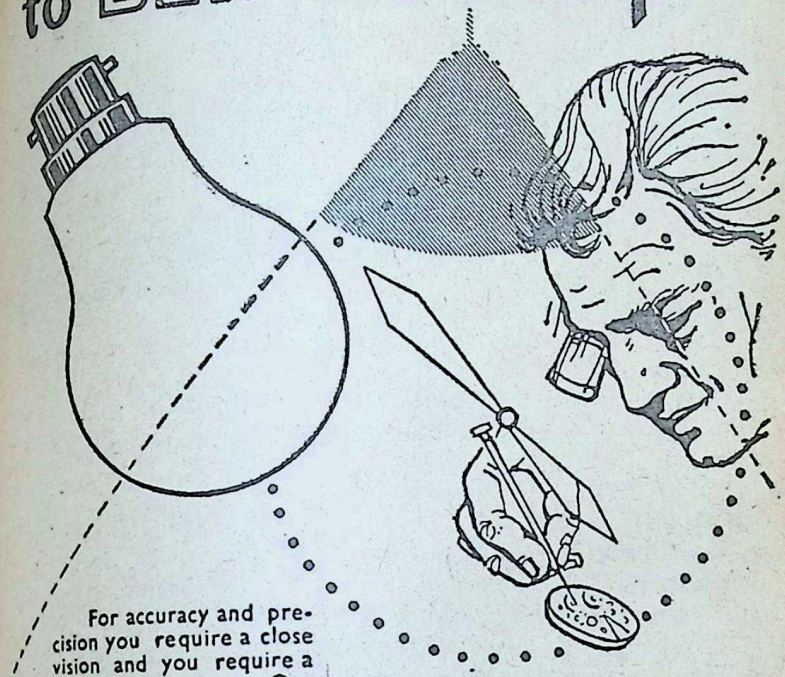

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The Long Leap of Man

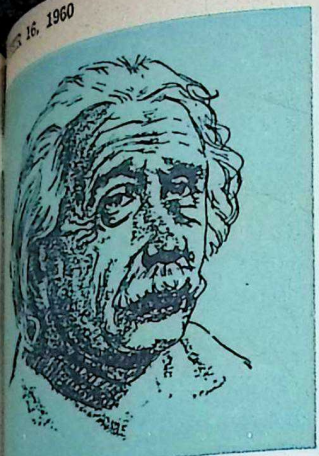
IN some inspiring passages of the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* we are instructed how everything in the cosmos including this earth of ours and its creatures are interdependent and interrelated in a sweet way and are all held together in the supernal embrace of Brahman, the Ultimate Reality. This section of the Upanishad begins with the words:

'This earth is the honey of all beings, and all beings are the honey of this earth. Likewise the bright immortal being who is in this earth and the bright, immortal, corporeal being who is in this body are both honey. These four are but this Self. The Knowledge of this Self is the means to Immortality; this underlying unity is Brahman; this knowledge of Brahman is the means of becoming all.' (II. V. 1)

Of this underlying unity, the Ultimate Reality, which is the basis of our life it is said in the *Taittiriya Upanishad*:

'In the beginning all this (i.e. the manifested universe) was non-existent. From it was born what exists. That (Brahman) described as own-existent created itself by Itself; therefore it is called self-made (sukritam). That which is self-made is flavour (rasa, essence or bliss); for truly on obtaining the flavour one becomes blissful. Who could perform their functions if this Bliss did not exist in the heart (within and without)?' (II. 7)

On this spiritual foundation of life, Brahman, man has functioned and evolved down millennia in the process of history. What has held him together as an entity, what has driven him across as a force, resulting in actions called good or bad in the ordinary parlance, what has bubbled up from within him as aspiration, what has blossomed forth from within him



ration and realization —all are manations from that essential of man which is bliss, the content imate reality.

m this undecaying and luminous of being have flowed all our y and song, love and joy, smiles ears, enjoyments and renuncia- The finest reaches of culture, the conceptualizations of philo- the profoundest intuitions of n—have all flowed from the sky and without, which is instinct the bliss of Brahman.

classical spiritual perspective of hich is so reassuring, stands to- challenged by a modern pheno- perspective which is instinct poison and fear in place of bliss y. From the seers of the Upani- the world seems to have taken leap to the nuclear physicist. man, thinking, knowing man, aghast at the problems that be- mmanity. It has been declared in certain terms by those who know

a) that as a result of nuclear explosions which have been going on, by now the sky is filled with floating poison which will continue to fall and fall and fall for years and years and will contaminate this earth, its air, water, vegetation and living beings;

(b) that as a result of intake of this poison fall-out in various ways our bones will become cancerous, our blood-streams will become affected by leukaemia;

(c) that the very seed and matrix of life will be contaminated making men sterile or women bear cripples, cranks, idiots or monsters;

(d) that one does not yet fully know all the possible details of the deadly immediate and remote perils of radiation, the strange cold invisible fire which has grown up with twentieth century scientific experimentations.

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One fine, foul morning humanity was shocked and horrified with the knowledge that a new power had come to man and a new poison had arisen in the world. It was the morning of August 6, 1945 when Hiroshima was atom-bombed.

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e implications of a possible ar war have been widely dis- ed by scientists, politicians, publi- s, and humanists. In that eventua- civilization will be nearly wiped having few problems for solution. formed people are aware of the cal issues associated with the opment of this new science.

ough this new power discovered ence has been put to destructive se and is fraught with danger, ar energy is not an unmixed curse. true:

) that when this energy is released on controlled basis in a reactor heat is produced which can be utilized for producing steam and run our electric generators to give us electrical energy and electricity. Our coal and wood reserve may last up to the end of this century or a little more time;

) that radioactive isotopes have come as a boon to medical and agricultural sciences;

) that radioactive isotopes are also being used in some industries.

hen the true nature of the nuclear gy will be fully known and har- d, we cannot just foresee what eaching changes it will bring in n civilization.

blems the **Power Poses**

ay way from what was known even 6, Albert Einstein could say:

A new type of thinking is essential if ind is to survive and move to er levels. Today the atomic bomb ltered profoundly the nature of world as we know it and the human race consequently finds itself in a new habitat to which it must adapt its thinking.'

This altered situation brought about by the new science has many implications, political, economic, even biological. The general human reaction to this situation was poignantly voiced by General Omar Bradley when he said:

'We have too many men of science, too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we do about peace, more about killing than we do about living.'[1]

Undoubtedly it is a blinding darkness into which science has led man. But now the great question is: Can science now again lead man out of this darkness so that he may survive and move to higher levels? The question is important and the answer to this should be pondered over by all thinking people of the world. The answer, however, is: Science cannot lead man out of this darkness. And why?

The reason for this categorical answer comes by implication from the following significant words of Albert Einstein:

'...the scientific method can teach us nothing else beyond how facts are related to, and conditioned by, each other. The aspiration towards such objective knowledge belongs to the highest of which man is capable...yet it is equally clear that knowledge of what *is* does not directly open the door to what *should be*. One can have

1. Quoted in *Facing the Atomic Future* by E. W. Titterton.

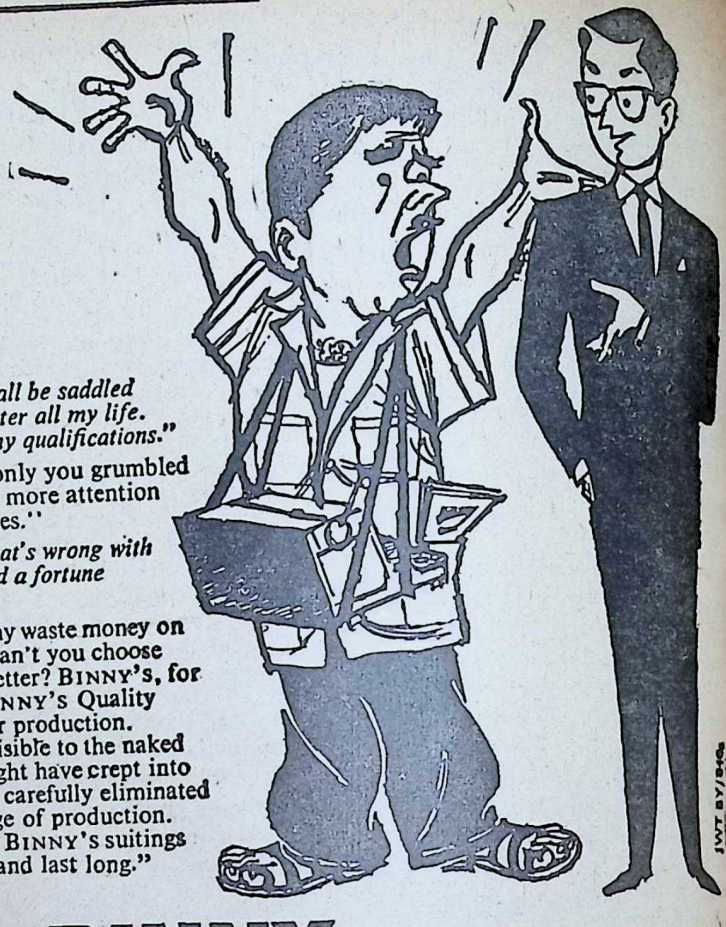
Scruffy and Smarty

Scruffy. "*I shall be saddled with a typewriter all my life. And look at my qualifications.*"

Smarty: "If only you grumbled less and paid more attention to your clothes."

Scruffy: "*What's wrong with them? I spend a fortune on them.*"

Smarty: "Why waste money on bad cloth? Can't you choose your cloth better? BINNY's, for instance. BINNY's Quality Control their production. Defects, invisible to the naked eye, that might have crept into the cloth are carefully eliminated at every stage of production. That is why BINNY's suitings look smart and last long."



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earest and most complete know-
of what is, yet not be able to de-
from that what should be the goal
r human aspirations. Objective
ledge provides us with the power-
nstruments for the achievement of
n ends, but the ultimate goal it-
and the longing to reach it must
from another source.'[2]

d what is that source? Einstein
lf indicates that source beyond
ubts:

make clear these fundamental
and valuations and to set them
in the emotional life of the indivi-
seems to me precisely the most
tant function which religion has
form in the social life of man.'[3]

ligion Is Challenged to Do This

we have here on the authority
great scientist the admission of
reat creative, curative and saving
religion is expected to play in the
d.

The question now is how religion
about this urgent task? There are
so many definitions of the word
gion'. And in fact there are so
religions too, with various con-
g and contradicting conceptions.
are also aware that detractors of
ons are many. And interreligious
culties are not also few.

t notwithstanding all these, reli-
today stands challenged upon to
rm a supreme and saving duty
an. The great task before religion
is threefold:

a) to construct a supranational cohesive humanity;
b) to give a purposive direction to the whole process of civilization;
c) to deepen spiritual consciousness of the individual.

If religion has to perform the above task effectively, it must have a perspective which is conducive to security, welfare and advancement of all.

Surprisingly enough such a modern necessity is fulfilled by a conception of religion given by the grandsire Bhisma, in the *Mahabharata*. The definition is as follows:

'*Dharma* (religion) was declared for advancement and growth of all creatures. Therefore what brings on advancement and growth is religion.

Dharma was declared for preventing creatures from injuring one another. Therefore *Dharma* is that which prevents injury to creatures.

Dharma is also so-called because it maintains all creatures. In fact all creatures are upheld by *Dharma*. Therefore *Dharma* is what is capable of upholding all creatures.

Some say that *Dharma* is the injunction of the scriptures. Others do not agree to this. I do not blame them that say so, for everything has not been told in the scripture.' (Santi-parvan).

It is by proceeding to act with this temper, perspective and objective that religion can render the greatest service to humanity. For in such efforts of religion, all the religions, materialist, atheist and agnostic all can unite. It is not a question of strategy, whether or not all could unite, the very duty of religion today lies precisely in this direction.

And it will be seen religion has the given genius to perform the three tasks before it. In this nuclear age the *svadharma* of *Dharma* must manifest itself in these triple streams of universal benefaction.

---

[2] Out of My Later Years.
[3] Ibid.

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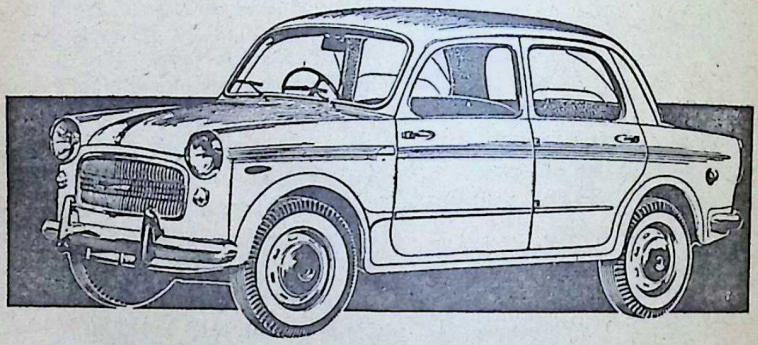

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ational Cohesive Humanity

ugh war and peace, struggles ails, nations of the world have slowly proceeding towards the ction of a supranational huma- Today economic, political, human entific necessities all emphasize gency upon us. The acute ques- of over-population is also press- d.

e past some religions of course to construct a sort of intra- al humanity, but that attempt t succeed because it was done wrong way, by imposing a reli- creed by the power of sword or anda.

today the religion has to go this business in a different way, s not by trying to impose a reli- creed but by trying to emphasize , that of spiritual solidarity of nity.

e *Katha Upanishad* says:

Whatever is here, that (is) there. ever is there, that too is here. ever perceives anything like ess here goes from death to .'

spiring words the *Brihadaran- Upanishad* emphasizes this truth:

d verily this self is the ruler of ngs, the king of all beings. Just the spokes are fixed in the nave the felloe of a chariot wheel, so l beings, all gods, all worlds, all s, and all these (individuals) es fixed in this Self.'

is is the spiritual sanction for em- ing the solidarity of humanity. emphasis on spiritual solidarity n may not in near future show pectacular results but gradually work on the motivation of hu- beings and result in the overall improvement of the human situation torn by tribal strifes of various sorts, religious, economic, political or otherwise. Lessening of these strifes will amount to what we call a gradual emergence of a cohesive humanity.

Purposive Direction

In giving a purposive direction religion must avoid dogmatizing any particularity of approach. It has to emphasize that such values and social patterns must be cultivated in society as are conducive to all-round welfare of all beings, physical, mental and spiritual, for the fulfilment of their lives.

Whatever fulfils this aspiration will be accepted and whatever prevents the realization of this aspiration will be rejected. In the process of progressive realization of this end of all-round welfare of all, there is wide scope for new experimentation as to the means but there is no mutability as to the end which is Freedom. To orient and organize all the affairs of society with a view to realization of that end is giving purposive direction to human civilization.

Gradually it will be found that a time will have come that all-round human welfare could be planned only on world basis. Unless religion worked for human solidarity it could not give a purposive direction to human civilization.

Deepening the Spiritual Consciousness

The greatest and the most fundamental work of religion in the ultimate analysis is with the individual. In a sense the solution of the entire human

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lies in deepening the spiritual sness of man. Today man n age which is pregnant with possibilities. Science has him unprecedented power, the e space has opened its closed to his genius. But if all this has turned to good account, for the d advancement of all crea- man must know how to use this and promise wisely. In other man is called upon in this com- d perilous age to manifest his intellectual and spiritual without which no sane living more possible in the world. As field of economics everywhere y is for production of more in the field of religion every- the cry should be for production e spirituality. Even if we can over-production of wealth, we ever have over-production of ality.

production of wealth can be d, so can be the production of ality. In fact the planning of the thorough-going type for production of spirituality was known to man much earlier than the planning for production of wealth. What is known as the systems of yoga in the Indian spiritual tradition are nothing but the various plannings for production of spirituality. No man can really be a modern man in the nuclear age, unless he performs his duty by himself by earnestly practising the suitable disciplines of yoga in his personal life.

It is also to be remembered that as production of wealth is meant for distribution for the healthy upkeep of the economy of the body-politic, in the same manner production of spirituality should also eventually get transformed to distribution of spirituality. Love of God must flow as service to man.

If religion can be brought to fulfil the triple task postulated above, man can very well look for the greatest millennium ever known in history. Otherwise man's future is sealed. The choice however is entirely ours, individually and collectively.

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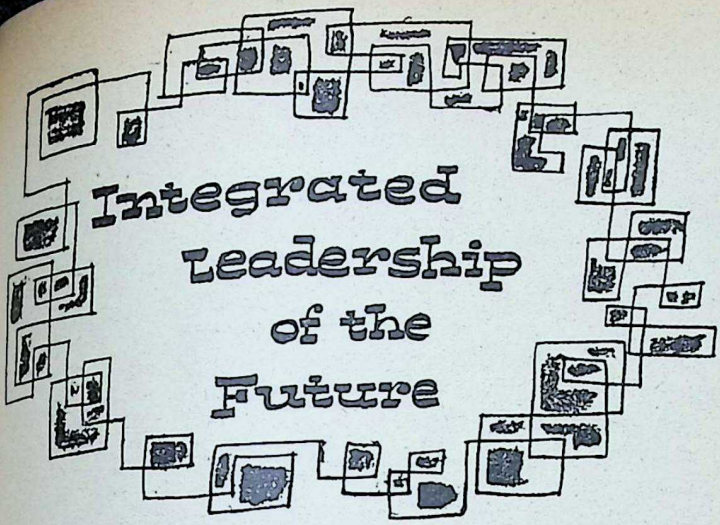

PITIRIM A. SOROKIN & WALTER A. LUNDEN

MANY of the top rulers of existing governments, corporations, and labour unions already largely figureheads rather self-willed, energetic rulers.

This is true even of such omnipotent groups as the Soviet government and the Politbureau, the government of the United States and the Pentagon elite.

To the superficial observer they appear to be forceful rulers determining the course of history by their deliberate decisions. A deeper investigation shows a notable part of their policies and actions to be merely the execution of the silent orders of recent scientific discoveries and inventions.

These discoveries and inventions have made obsolescent most of what the top rulers learned two or three decades ago in preparing for their ruling activities, as well as their plans even a few years ago. The top rulers are therefore executing policies which they do not themselves understand.

Their present preoccupation with nuclear weapons, missiles, sputniks, and with still more modern scientific inventions is a typical illustration of the above statements.

In their school and early professional work none of the statesmen and politicians received training for such military, diplomatic, and political activities.

Before 1940 neither the Truman nor the Stalin administration, neither Eisenhower nor Khrushchev, neither the supreme commanders, generals, and admirals, nor any of today's leading statesmen and politicians had the fuzziest vision of the atomic, hydrogenic, and outerspace policies which contemporary top rulers are now carrying on.

Each of the recent important scien-

tific advances has forced them to fundamentally revise their plans and replace them with new and quite different diplomatic, military, economic, educational, and other policies.

In this sense, today's ruling statesmen and politicians are increasingly becoming mere figurehead-executors of the silent orders of science and technology.

These "orders" are usually conveyed to them by their scientific experts, advisers, and committees.

The top-rulers of practically all existing governments have a number of scientific committees specially appointed to advise the rulers in their main policies.

Without the preliminary advice of a respectable scientific committee the rulers rarely venture to initiate any important policy.

Though the recommendations of these scientific committees are supposedly merely advisory, in reality they are much more regularly followed by the rulers than many an obligatory decision of the statesmen and politicians themselves.

Despite its free and advisory nature, any scientific truth is more compelling and authoritative than any command of the most autocratic ruler.

For this reason, the recommendations of the more exact physical and biological advisory committees are followed by the rulers more regularly than those of experts in the less precise social and humanistic sciences.

All in all, a large part of the governing activities of contemporary rulers already represents a mere implementation of the orders of science and technology, and there is reason to believe that this trend will increase rapidly until it embraces almost all policies and activities of the governments.

Such a trend portends the eventual withering of the hitherto existing "governments of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians" and their replacement by "governments of scientists and experts."

The politician-ruler is increasingly becoming a sort of puppet or robot, and there is no advantage in main-executing the demands of science better than the non-scientific, largely ignorant politician-rulers.

Most of the present statesmen and politicians are persons who have not had advanced scientific training in any field of science except, perhaps, a training in the applied art of law and a superficial training in the semi-scientific disciplines of economics and politics.

Many of them know little about even the applied art of law and sociological, psychological, economic, and political theories.

In the past, when science and technology were little developed, the governments of politicians were the only available governments.

At the present time, the enormous advances of the natural sciences and the more modest maturing of the social and humanistic disciplines have rendered useless the ruler-politicians who should know everything, but actually know very little.

When any government or political regime becomes so antiquated, its days of life are numbered; it is destined to fall into oblivion in a comparatively short time.

ry is already writing a thrilling *Death of a Politician,* similar well-known play *Death of a* on.

trend is pregnant with many s in the structure, personnel, nctions of the ruling elites of es, the corporations, the labour and other powerful organiza-

instance, the trend is likely to th basic changes in the consti- l laws defining hereditary rule, and self-appointment of the

d of property-race-nationality-religion-domicile and the other traditional qualifications for voting, being elected or appointed, or becoming heir to any ruling position, the new laws are likely to require from the voters and the candidates an adequate and ever-greater scientific knowledge in the field of their sought-after governing activity.

It is likely also that for election to many high offices, universal suffrage will be replaced either by appointment or voting of a limited body of scientific experts.

The increased requirements for scientific qualifications may eventually

exclude from inheritance of a throne or other top-ruling position all heirs who are scientifically incompetent, even though they may be otherwise entitled to inherit such a position.

As this trend grows, the structure, personnel, and functions of the governments will change radically.

In a government of scientists the traditional statesmen-politicians will have little chance to play the important roles they play now.

Charitably we may wish them the fullest possible enjoyment of their present governing positions as long as they may last.

A few decades from now the governments of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians are likely to be as rare as white elephants.

Their place will probably be taken by governments of and by scientists and experts. Whether such a government will also become the *oligarchic* government of scientists, by scientists and *for* scientists is the question to be discussed now.

Should such an oligarchic government "of, by, and for" scientists develop (as it did with the government of, by, and for politicians), such an oligarchy of scientists would hardly be durable, nor could it give to mankind the best possible regime.

Nor could it insure as against unlimited wars or be the most capable builder of lasting peace and harmonious order.

In their empirical forms, science and technology are morally and socially neutral.

Almost any scientific discovery or invention can be used for good or evil purposes. An airplane can be used for

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rbing of a peaceful population
a charity mission.
moral neutrality of science and
ds is also shown by the lack of
causal or statistical connection
an morality (or criminality) and
ic (school) education and in-
nce; and by the lack of causal
babilistic ties between the move-
of scientific discoveries and in-
ns on the one hand, and wars,
y revolutions, and crimes on the

s explains why among the mon-
and the chiefs of states the poli-
great and mentally bright rul-
re no better morally than the
ally poor and mentally dull

anything, the brighter and grea-
rulers tend to be slightly more
al and criminal than the poor
of states.

The same can be observed among
highest ranks of military rulers
executives of big corporations,
r unions, and other organiza-

That scientific and technological
gress does not decrease wars and
y revolutions or their destruc-
ess can be seen from the con-
ation of the movement of scien-
discoveries and inventions, and the
er of universities on the one hand
the movement of wars and re-
ions on the other from the twelfth
the twentieth century.

Moreover, with the increase in edu-
n, scientific discoveries, and in-
ns from the twelfth to the twen-
century, crime has not decreas-
If anything, in the recent decades,
least, it has tended to increase.

Furthermore, statistical data show that comparatively illiterate persons, nations, and groups are not more criminal than the literate, scientifically and technically advanced persons, nations, and groups.

The intellectual elite of the past few centuries, distinguished for their scientific genius and creativity, have hardly been morally superior to the less brilliant rank and file.

We live in the most scientific, most technological, and most intellectually educated century; and it is this same century which is the bloodiest, most turbulent, most inhuman, and possibly most criminal of all the preceding twenty-five centuries of Greco-Roman and Western history, so far as wars, revolutions, and crimes are concerned.

These considerations and their evidence show why the governments of scientists and experts are not necessarily more moral and less criminal than the governments of politicians.

Therefore, the government of scientists is hardly a better guarantee against world war and bloody civil strife than the hitherto existing governments of the politicians of wealth, military might, oligarchic big business, and elective machinations, or the hereditary governments by the grace of God, brute force, or good luck.

The governments of, by and for scientists can easily fail in the attempt to solve the gigantic tasks of our transitory period.

The knowledge of each of the scientific administrators is altogether too narrow and too specialized.

It needs to be supplemented by a much broader wisdom that can integrate a multitude of specialized skills

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unified system aimed at rea- of the best possible form of society on this planet.

by side with scientists the good ment of the nearest future to have at least a few sages to successfully this task of in- on of the narrow knowledge of of the scientific administrators.

amorality of science and scien- perts needs to be guided by uni- and perennial moral principles er to serve only the good and not ll purposes. These universal and l moral imperatives are subli- formulated in the *Sermon on the* , and in the essentially similar l commandments of all great re- s and ethical systems.

s moral control of scientific gov- nts can be achieved in several s and through diverse moral ies.

e of the scientists themselves ding scholars and philosophers) always been persons of eminent l integrity and leadership.

the present time, a notable por- of them is faithfully discharging scientific and moral duties by ing the universal and eternal l precepts, and refusing to deve- structive weapons and arms, and sing against war, internal strife, the misuse of nuclear power for ary purposes.

y are among the groups leading ight for a better realization of asic moral values, and against evils still operating in the hu- universe, including the evils of gressing the eternal moral pre- and the evils of false dogmas demoralizing ideologies.

As members of governing bodies, leaders, and shapers of public opinion, morally responsible scientists, scholars, and philosophers can and do contribute to the moral guidance of governments and the public at large.

The efficacy of their moral control may be notably increased by the scientific discovery of new effective methods of moral transformation of man and the man-made universe.

The number of such scientists is now increasing, and when they compose an overwhelming majority in the scientific and scholastic professions, they are bound to become one of the greatest agencies for the moral ennoblement of mankind.

Besides, morally responsible scientists, scholars, and philosophers, the discussed guidance and control of government can most effectively be performed by religious leaders and agencies, especially by the saintly heroes of spirituality and the sublime apostles of an unselfish, creative love.

Religious leaders and agencies have always exercised spiritual guidance and moral control of governments and rulers.

In the Ideational cultures the supremacy of spiritual over secular power is explicitly recognized and the theocratic governments of such societies are made up of religious leaders and agencies.

In Sensate and Integral cultures, the influence of the official religious hierarchy is lesser than in Ideational cultures, but it is still considerable.

The influence of the apostles of love remains great in Integral and even in Sensate societies.

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al force in the moral guidance
governments and ennoblement
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ir influence is not due to theo-
or ideological excellence, to
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society, nor is it due to the writ-
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and deeds.

ir influence comes from the same
which made Jesus, Buddha,
other apostles of Love possibly
st influential individuals among
leaders in human history.

ides the apostles of love, the
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r distort the eternal moral pre-
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ally, a great moral influence has
been exerted by the large groups
inary people who just live a moral life in their daily living and relationships with their neighbours and the cosmos at large.

These unsung cultivators of morality and spirituality neither pretend to lead anyone, nor claim moral superiority over their fellow men. They are, in fact, humble and self-critical. Many of them practise moral self-control spontaneously and effortlessly, as their second nature. Without hesitation, they take in stride all kinds of moral difficulties, solving them without violation of their moral convictions. Other good neighbours achieve moral self-control by strenuous effort, sometimes after suffering several failures; nonetheless, they succeed in this difficult task of moral self-conversion and self-control.

These grass-root cultivators of moral harvests are the real social foundations of morality and spirituality.

They can be found among practically all communities and all denominations. Their proportion varies from community to community, from period to period. But at all times, in all morally sound societies, they are the mainstay of moral order. They uphold it by their moral integrity, by living and practising genuine moral values.

Ascending governments of scientists of all nations, the United Nations, and the future World government can be enormously improved in their moral strength and wisdom by including in all governments these sages and moral experts.

Their presence can prevent the governments from committing moral blunders, can increase their wisdom and morality and reinforce the total

moral and spiritual order in the human universe.

Besides the moral guidance of governments from within, these creators, builders, and upholders of moral values can exert a decisive influence on humanity outside of government in their roles as: (a) living examples of heroic morality; (b) creators of new moral values; (c) upholders of moral order; (d) and as the most successful moral educators of themselves and the rest of mankind, through *free imitation* of their magnificent examples.

If all these and other leaders and grass-root upholders of universal and immortal moral values are even loosely unified into a perfectly *free* World-Federation, their ethical influence can become decisive in preventing many catastrophes and uplifting mankind to a new and higher moral order in the human universe.

If unification of the truly creative, scientific, wise, and moral forces in all the governments and in mankind at large is supplemented by inclusion into the governments of the foremost creative artists of the fine arts (literature, drama, music, architecture, painting, sculpture), and by the co-operation of the creators of Beauty with those of Truth and Goodness outside the governments, such a Union of the creators of the greatest values of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty on this planet would give to mankind the best possible government and social order.

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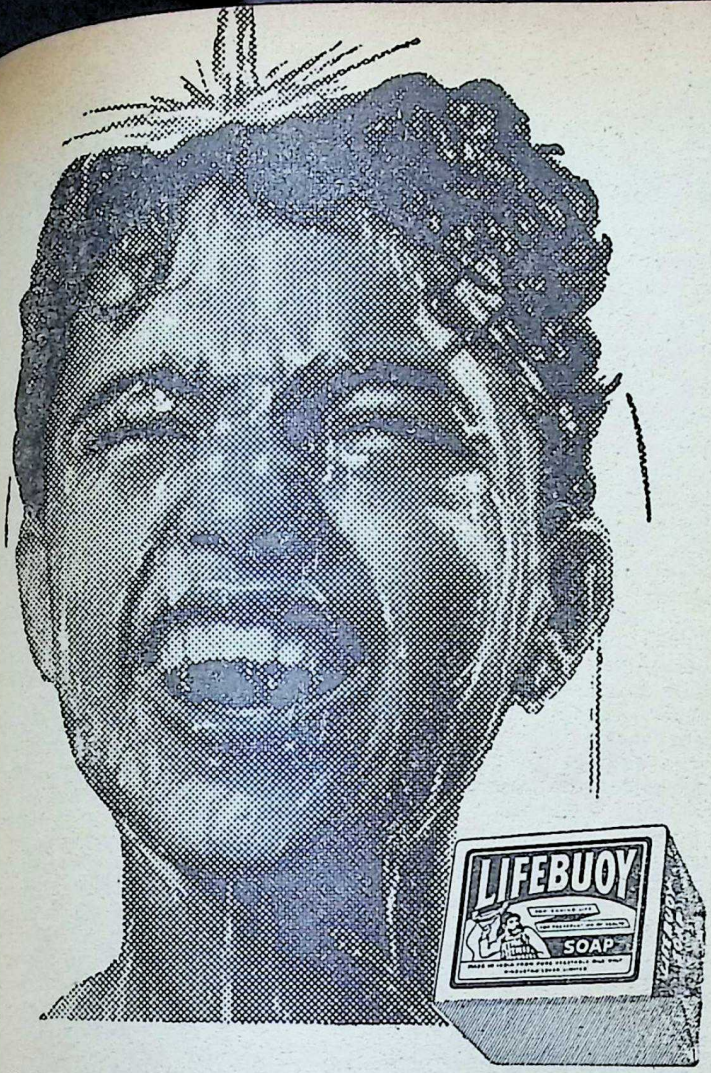

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PART II

To New Readers:

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHY (Ravi) :—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri) :— Rawa's grandfather, a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE :—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

SWAMIRAJ:—A famed *Sannyasi* of Dhebaria.

●

RAWA was living quietly, learning the Vedas from his grandfather, Ganapati Shankar Shastri. A car accident brought him into contact with Sheela who found Shastriji to be a man of principles when he refused to accept the compensation money offered by her husband, Radharaman.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England with his English wife Alice. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba, aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Sheela's meeting with Gandhiji proved a turning point in her life, and disgusted with Radharaman's errant ways, she preferred to live an austere life.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, however, started showing indifference to his feelings and constantly seeking the company of one Ramchandani. She ultimately returned to England and wrote to Uday seeking divorce from him.

Ravi Chudgar's assignment to the Matunga area enhanced his position in the Communist Party's hierarchy, but the arrival of Mona on the scene and her overforwardness raised doubts in Ravi's mind. Nevertheless, he resolved to adjust himself to his new surroundings. The two went on famously.

Rajba was becoming a problem. Whenever any evil came near her, she would fall into a hysterical fit and utter things which were heretical but nevertheless prophetic. Majiba was worried. Ultimately she in the company of Rajba undertook a pilgrimage in an effort to cure her daughter. Rajba kept writing to her brother who was held back by work. Mother and daughter were on a visit to a Swamiraj in Dhebaria near Karnali. Rajba was so taken up with the peculiar *sadhana* of Swamiraj that she had to completely overhaul her concept of good and evil, virtue and vice.

2. CHURNING OF THE OCEAN

ar brother,

uld not help thinking of Ba
and Gangli the whole of last
Today Swamiraj continued the

Rajubhatt remained seated on the
s of the *dharmashala* for a long
e, lost in thought. In his youth
had ruined Chandan. It was true
it was the result of mutual at-
ction. But Chandan's devotion to
was absolute. She was an angel
human form and he worshipped
as God himself.

Though he had heard of women
loose morals, he had never
amt that he would be confronted
one in this manner. He could
shake off from his mind the
sh manner in which Gangli had
ducted herself before him; the
thought of it sent the blood
hing to his cheeks. He had no
rage to re-enter the room. He
ld have left the place, but his
hes and whatever money he had
e in that room.

After a while, Gangli knocked at
door from inside, and called
in a repentant voice, "Maharaj,
haraj, come inside, your food is
g here."

Rajubhatt replied angrily, "Keep
t!"

Come in," said Gangli plaintive-
and moaned.

It was late in the afternoon and
re long it was dark.

Jora Patel returned with eight or
men, some of whom carried
hes. All of them carried long
s fastened with iron rings at one
end. Rajubhatt stood up on seeing them.

"Gosainji, we have not been able to find Gangli anywhere. It seems to us that you have locked her in your room. We want to open the door and see for ourselves."

Rajubhatt was at his wit's end. For a moment he felt that he should hand over this wild woman Gangli to Jora Patel, but he could not get over his own horror of the blood-thirstiness of the village people. Gangli was not a witch; she was a prostitute at the worst. For four months, when all of them had had their fun with her, no one had complained of anything. Now that she had antagonised Manohar, Jora's son, they were all out to harm this poor woman. He said that Gangli was not inside. He added:

"My wife is there. Don't you know that I am a worldly Gosain? She has taken a vow not to see another's face. There you are! If you force her to break her vow, well, she will commit suicide and if she dies, I shall fast unto death and die, Jora Bhagat, at your door-steps!"

"Maharaj, you may take away your *bawi*, your wife." Jora Bhagat had great respect for Rajubhatt.

He added: "Why should we make a sadhu break his vow? If you agree, I shall have another room opened, into which your *bawi* can move while my men will search your room."

Gangli had overheard Jora Patel, grasped the situation and quickly

oh!
so beautiful
in bright, white, det-washed clothes

det
PROUD OF YOUR WASH!

shilpi 732

ed her dress into a white-bor-
dhoti found in Raju's bundle.
en Rajubhatt went into his
she had removed her orna-
s and had put on all the out-
paraphernalia of a Gosain wo-
n white *sari*. Pulling the end
r *sari* heavily over her face, she
out with Raju, holding the
's bowl in one hand and a
of beads in the other and
into the other room that had
opened for her. The crowd
went into Raju's room to make
itless search for the non-ex-
woman.

ubhatt then walked down to
ver to have his bath and say
yers at the temple, after which
tended to leave the place.
at his prayers, his mind was
as usual to Chandan; but
at day it seemed to him that
dan, his god, was not in her
good mood. When he offered
food, she seemed to turn away
it. Raju was taken aback. Ap-
ntly Chandan was angry with
because she did not approve
s course of action. Wasn't he
ring to run away, leaving a
less woman to positive death?
Gangli while dressing her-
as *bawi* had thrown away
own clothes and ornaments
out of the window of his
m; someone was sure to
them in the morning; then
would kill her! Where would
go in the dark night? Poor wo-
!

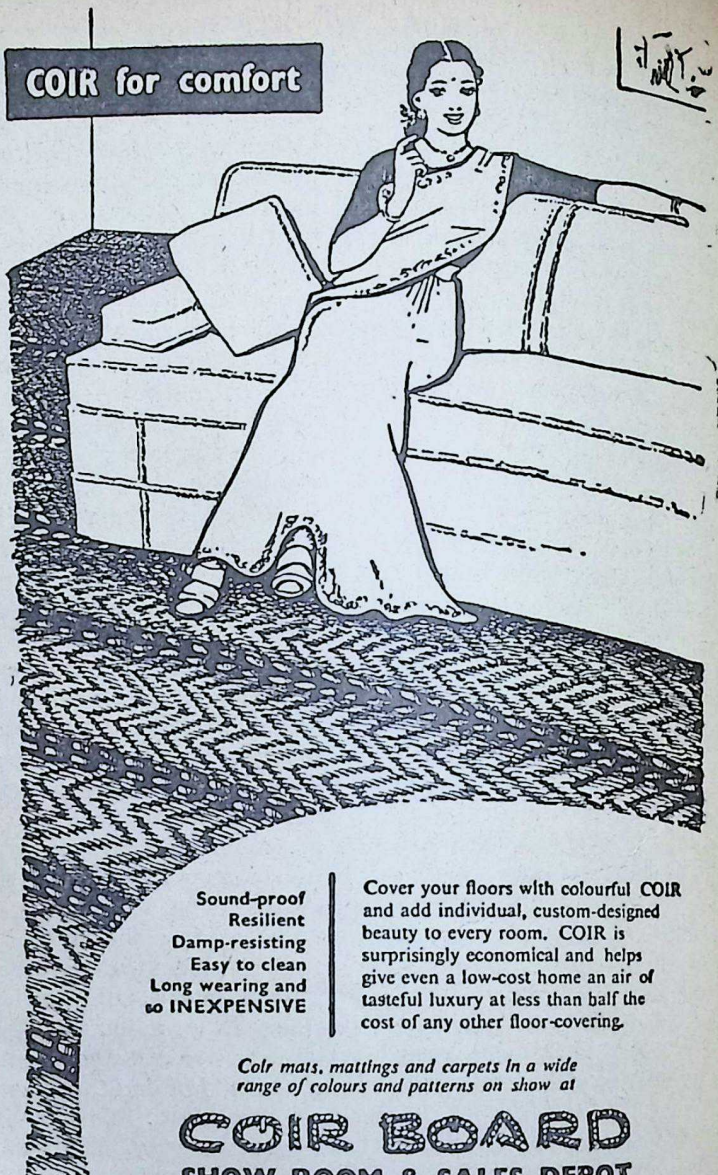
aju decided to stick to his ori-
l plan. He went back to the
room allotted to them. When
he entered it he found Gangli pretending to sleep on his bed, having covered herself with a sheet. When, however, she saw him enter, she lifted the cover from her face and looked at him with a mischievous light in her eyes and said: "Bawaji, now you have no escape! You have to lie near me."

She removed the sheet to indicate that there was enough room for him to lie by her side on the bed. Raju was shocked. There was not even an apology for a cloth on her body!

At first Raju became furious, but he controlled himself as the thought of Chandan's unhappy mood that evening came back to his mind. Gangli was downright amoral; it was impossible for her to conceive that a man could come to the rescue of a helpless woman without expecting anything in return; in that way she was brought up. She was only trying to repay her debt. She knew of no other way of repaying it. So pity, instead of anger, for the poor ignorant woman welled up in Raju's heart.

He picked up the sheet she had thrown away and said gently, "Gangli, put on some clothes. You have thrown away your clothes and ornaments behind this *dharmashala* into the pond. Won't people find them tomorrow? Then what will happen to you? You had better go away quickly from here; otherwise, not only you, but I too will be killed."

"But how shall I go away? Whereto? When I came here I escaped with my life from Broach!"



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was now ashamed of herself. sat up in her bed and hastily ed herself with the sheet.

"Where are your parents?"

"My father lives in Luhara, and mother's father lives in Chan-. But who will keep me?"

"I am now on a visit to places of mage on the river Narmada. I to go to Hansot after visiting suram Tirth. Luhara lies on way," Raju said.

"Then please take me with you!"

"How can I take you with me? are a difficult person. And you so well-known. Besides, just at yourself!"

Gangli pulled her clothes closer to body. "Very well, Maharaj, I what I am. But where am I to If my father takes me back, well good. But, if he does not, I have to kill myself at his feet! e take me to Luhara; other- blacksmith Arjun will surely me. He forgets that till yester- he lay at my feet like a dog y night!"

Gangli could no longer control self and began to sob.

"I am now going out. Put on clothes and be ready."

Rajubhatt thereafter went to Patel and said, "We are leav- right away. As you know, we going on a round of all the s of pilgrimage on the Nar- a."

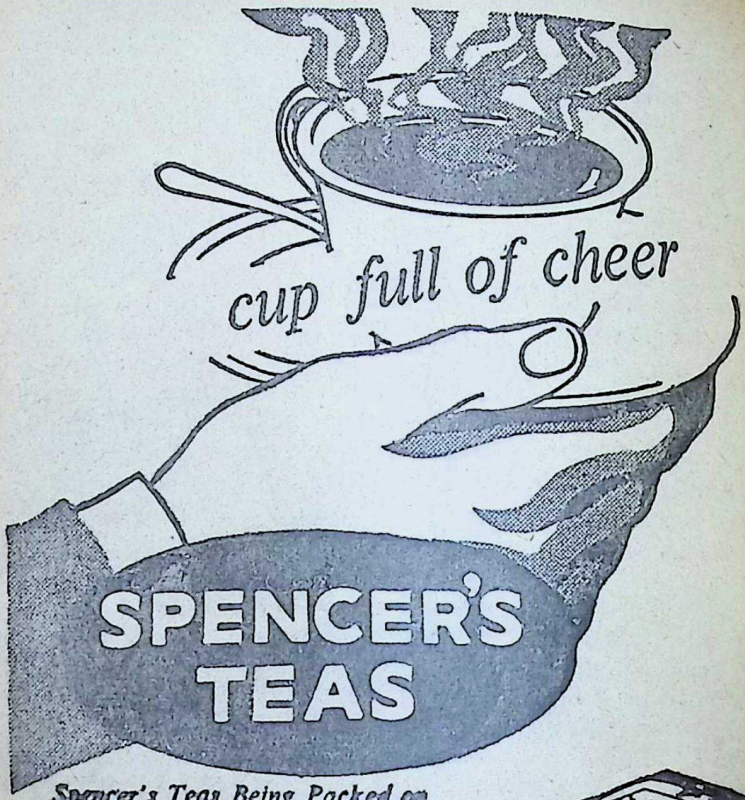
Patel had his suspicions of 's *bawi*, but as he was only in- ted in Gangli's leaving his ge, he thought it was a good of getting rid of the wicked man.

It was midnight when Raju and Gangli arrived at Broach. Gangli skilfully played the part of a Gosain's wife. Jora Patel had asked his men to accompany Raju and Gangli half way up to Broach only to make sure that the Gosain's companion, in case she was the detested Gangli, did not return by any chance to Jadeshwar.

On the way they were joined by a number of other travellers but none of them saw anything in the conduct and behaviour of the *bawi* to rouse any suspicion. She let no one see her face and behaved with the politeness and humility one would expect of a genuine Gosaini. Raju's friendly conduct towards her had a wholesome effect on her and she became determined to behave well.

Travelling by stages, stopping for a few hours at midday in temples, and in *dharmashalas* at night, they reached Luhara after ten days. There they halted as usual in a temple. Gangli came to take leave of Rajubhatt. She fell at his feet and said very feelingly: "Father, as long as I live, I shall remain greatly beholden to you. There is nothing I would not do for you. You have only to say it and I would make shoes for your use out of my skin and still I would remain your debtor. Will you do me a favour? You are like a father to me. To be more correct, you are my god. Let me remain with you; I shall become your disciple. I have no one to turn to. Won't you forget my past and accept me as your disciple?"

Rajubhatt was greatly moved by



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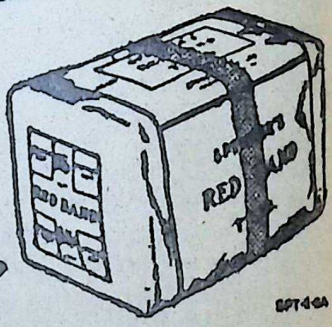

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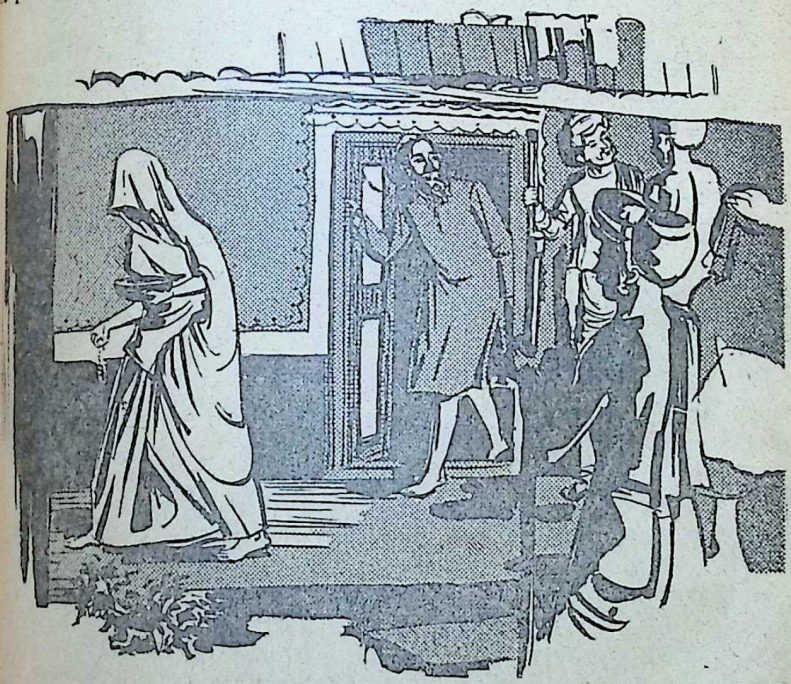
words. He placed his hand on Gangli's head and said: "My sister, I am not competent to accept disciples at this stage, whether men or women. I am presently committed to complete my pilgrimage to the holy places on the banks of the Narmada."

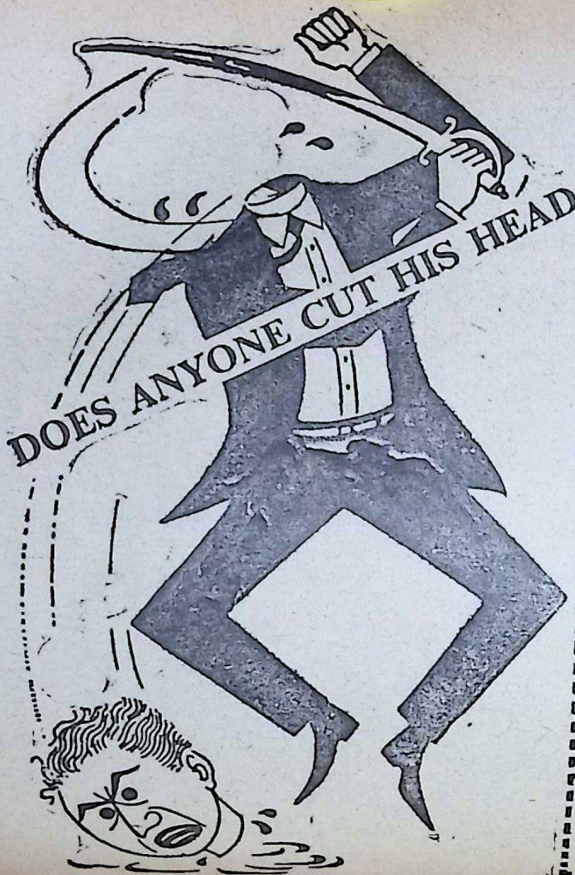
Rajubhatt was pained at her distress. He did his best to console her, and persuaded her to go back to her father. At last she agreed to do so, but asked of him: "My Father, you are God's good man. Will you do me a favour? My father is a great devotee of Swaminarayan. He is a godly man. I wouldn't like to pollute his life in any way by staying with him. Would you purify me, with the sacred Narmada as the witness?"

However spoilt she might have been, Gangli was now genuinely anxious to make amends for her past life, and to return to her father, at any rate pure in God's eyes. Rajubhatt saw that the flicker of goodness had not altogether been extinguished in her. For his part, he had learned and understood much that had, until then, mystified him.

On the following day Rajubhatt stood waist-deep in the river with Gangli, made her utter the appropriate *mantras* and got her to perform the proper ritual of penitence. From there, both of them went to the house of Gangli's old father. There the old man welcomed his



. . . Gangli skilfully played the part of a Gosain's wife. . . .



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...ter cordially. Gangli had ...e good to him all these years. ...had been sending every year ...ndred rupees for his main-...ce out of her earnings of sin. ...e old man persuaded Raju ...to stay with them for two ... When Raju was ready to start ...his journey, Gangli fell at his ... and piteously asked: "My ...er, when shall I see you again?" "Sister, I am a wandering monk," ... Raju. "You were telling me ... your mother came from Chan-... Should you happen to come ..., inquire for me in the temple ... Chandramaulishwar in Dhe-... We may meet there again, ... are destined to do so."

...Rajubhatt then stepped into the ...t to be ferried across Narmada ...continued his pilgrimage to the ... places.

...dear brother, you will thus agree ...Swamiraj was right: good could ...out of evil. Many things in life ...d puzzled me till now became ...to me. All that is required to ...r evil is to become truly good ... But am I capable of becom-... good?

...ed Swamiraj if ever Rajubhatt ...Gangli again. Swamiraj laughed ...plied: "You know your business ...t. Yes."

...For the next twelve or thirteen ...s Rajubhatt went on visiting ...es of pilgrimage spotted ...ughout the country. All the ...the memory of Chandan and ...ndramaulishwar Mahadev of ...baria had remained fresh in his ...d. When at last he returned ..., he went straight to the temple of Chandramaulishwar. There he saw a middle-aged woman sweeping the floor. The moment she saw Raju, she threw away the broom, ran towards him, fell at his feet and sobbed aloud. "So, at last, my father, you have come! I have so long been awaiting your return that even my eyes have worn out," said she.

She then washed Raju's feet and partook of a little of that water. She told him that after her father's death, she had come to Chandod and started earning her livelihood by working as a midwife. She had, in addition, made it her practice to come to Chandramaulishwar and keep the temple tidy and spend the remaining hours there looking for her Bapji, as she called Raju.

My dear brother, when Swamiraj concluded this story, my heart was moved and my eyes were wet with tears. "Swamiraj, are you a man or a god!" I could hardly help exclaiming.

"There is only one Almighty God; wherever and whenever there is evil, it is He Who points the way to turn towards goodness."

I could not refrain from asking Swamiraj what happened to Gangli thereafter. He smiled, saying he had no objection to continue the story.

I then asked Swamiraj how peace of mind could be restored to you, Uday, as I instinctively thought of your condition. Majiba already thinks I am demented and perhaps now you would do the same. But what do you think was Swamiraj's reply? He said, "My daughter, unhappiness comes because you are steeped in English ways of looking at things. Their so-called ratio-

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kills all faith. If a mother says son: 'My son, you are your child', the son—if he is English —would be sure to ask for as if it is the mother's duty to who the child's father is!" As this, he laughed hilariously.

are not quite as absurd as all said I.

you sure? Go and tell your that there is God and that present everywhere, and he will ately reply, 'Show Him to me; not believe it until I see Him with n eyes.' For the sake of a hun- rupees a month the English edu- will work like a slave in the for years together. But for find- God he would not exert himself in least. Rather he would expect nath to announce Himself and I am Bholanath, God of all gods. have faith in me, I beg of you!' you think that is what your er too wants?"

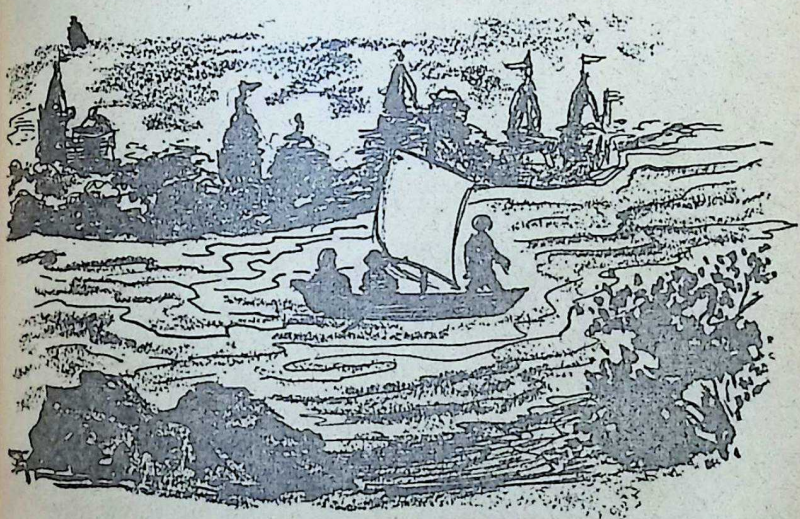
I took up your defence and said, "My brother is not that sort."

"I know young men: they want a wife, they want money, they want fame. They think only of themselves and when they get them they claim all credit for themselves. They have no use for others, much less for God. Naturally they have no time to think of God. Your brother will come to his senses only when he has gone through the fire of bitter experience. Do you know what Lord Bholanath has said? Without faith you can have neither happiness nor peace either in this world or the next."

"But believe me, my brother is most anxious to acquire faith."

"I am also eager to be a Sankaracharya! But what can mere wishes get? Wishes, at the wish level, do not generate the necessary strength and ability, nor bring capacity to achieve the object of the wish."

"How then are we to achieve such



. . . the banks of the Narmada were dotted with temples. . . .

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capacity?" I inquired.

"When you write a letter to your brother, you do so with the certainty that it will reach him, that is why you are happy to write it. But supposing you did not have that faith that it would reach him, what would be the state of your mind? My sister, the whole of this life really has its roots in faith. You chisel a monkey out of stone and worship it with complete faith and it will become Hanuman. Then see if that faith does not bear fruit."

"You mean to say that my brother will be happy only if I have the absolute faith in his happiness?"

"That is right. Gangli had such absolute faith in her Bapji; she kept it for thirteen years and she became happy. Should you too likewise have absolute faith that your Majiba is Goddess Amba, you will surely see her as a Goddess. Similarly if you are married and you have uncompromising faith in your husband that he is God, he really will be a God! Short of it, he will merely remain the father of your child! So also if you have unshaken faith that your brother will be happy, he will certainly be so at the end of one year or five years or ten years for that matter—that depends upon your faith. Naturally, it will not be easy to develop such a rock-like faith. Similarly if your brother can have an absolute faith in your goodness or in God or indeed, in anything good, he will become immediately happy."

"From now on I shall pray everyday to God that I may be vouchsafed such unquestioning faith."

"Well, my daughter, you cannot

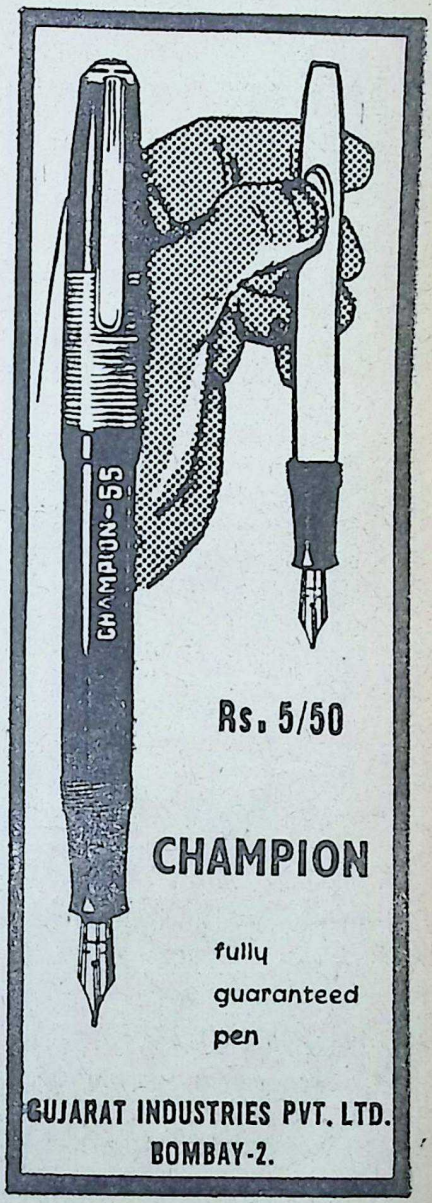
e that faith by putting a coin in slot, if I may say so. You have arn to develop faith. Then alone your object be achieved. The ble with you is that you have ed at the wrong end. If instead of g unhappy all along that there so much evil going about, you had n to believe that the world is good, would have seen good emerging of evil."

He sat silent for a while and then ed: "Living is like the churning the Milky Ocean* referred to in Shastras. The world contains est and good men as well as hypo- s and scoundrels. Their combined t constitutes the churning of the n. Every day, every moment, you I, in going round our duties, are rning up that Ocean ; at each turn the churning wheel there emerges on surface froth of good or of evil, happiness or of misery ; but were e no froth, whence would rise the ar of truth and beauty and god- ss?"

I remarked then "You mean to say t evil is a pre-condition to good- s?"

Pre-condition? When the Goddess Wealth, Lakshmiji, emerged from Milky Ocean, she aroused the greed

*This talk has reference to the myth the gods and demons churned the n when fourteen jewels came out. ng them was Lakshmi, Goddess of lth, who, to prevent the churners fighting, was taken over by God hu. Then came poison, which kar swallowed. Then came the h of purity and last of all nectar, h made the gods immortal. Swami- comment points to evil being a ssary factor in combating which good appears.



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of evil people, but when God made her his own, the solution was found; through surrender of wealth to God good was attained and evil was conquered. Do you remember that she was the last of the fourteen jewels which came out by churning the Ocean? If Kalakuta-poison had not come out at the end and if God Bholanath had not swallowed it and kept it in his throat for the good of the world, how could you have got the purity of the conch, the next jewel which emerged from the sea? And if purity had not come, how could then have come the nectar of immortality? Why are you so intolerant of evil?"

"I don't know, but I shudder at the very thought of evil."

"May I tell you why you do so? It is because you have not developed sufficient faith. If you had, you would have swallowed the cup of poison and still remained to worship God with a song on your lips!"

I own I did not understand the full import of what Swamiraj told me. But I was clear on one thing: I could never achieve the degree of faith in God that Swamiraj had.

Last night Swamiraj was with us; and he, Majiba and I sat talking late into the night. In the morning when we left by boat, I felt I was drifting downstream from heaven itself. Before leaving, I prostrated myself before Swamiraj's feet and sought his blessings.

"My daughter," he said, "instead of longing for beauty in your heart, you are trying to find it with your eyes. Have implicit faith that there is beauty all around you; then indeed

d made found; to God was con- that she n jewels ing the had not d Bhola- d kept it e world, urity of ich em- rity had ve come Why are

dder at

o so? It eveloped u would son and l with a

the full me. But ld never in God

with us; ing late g when drifting . Before before is bless-

stead of heart. ur eyes, here is indeed

ll see that beauty surrounds you here."

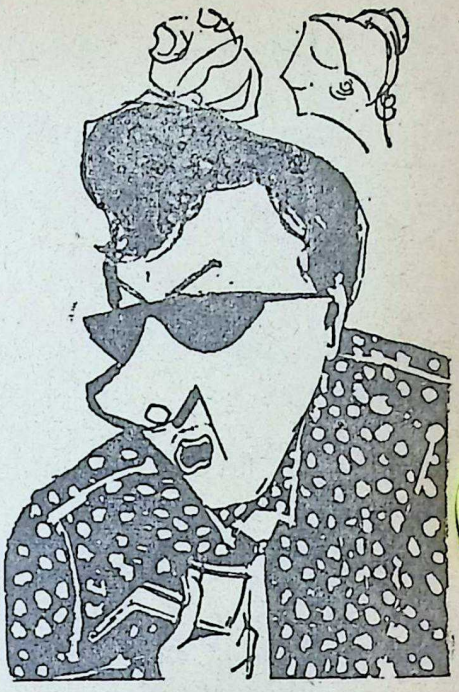
owed to him again when he placed nd on my head conveying his ngs. This was his parting advice: daughter, remember this: what is iful is also True and is God Shiva s Love. That is why Shivji is con- d as the very image of truth and ; He is everywhere, in me, in n every one. When your brother s this, he too will find it easy to faith; things will then look iful for him too. My blessings to my daughter. May you live for a ed years."

boat left Dhebaria and, as it moved forward the figure of raj standing on the river bank ed gradually till it disappeared. d you believe it, my brother? I never felt so happy as to-day. As gged along we could view both nks of the river Narmada dotted temples from which we could hear emple bells tolling.

t think of the wonderful faith, faith that moves mountains, ex- g over centuries, of which this has been a witness, and which o permeated it that it has made it ing. Is it any wonder that our s become purified here?

Yours Raj.

[To be continued]



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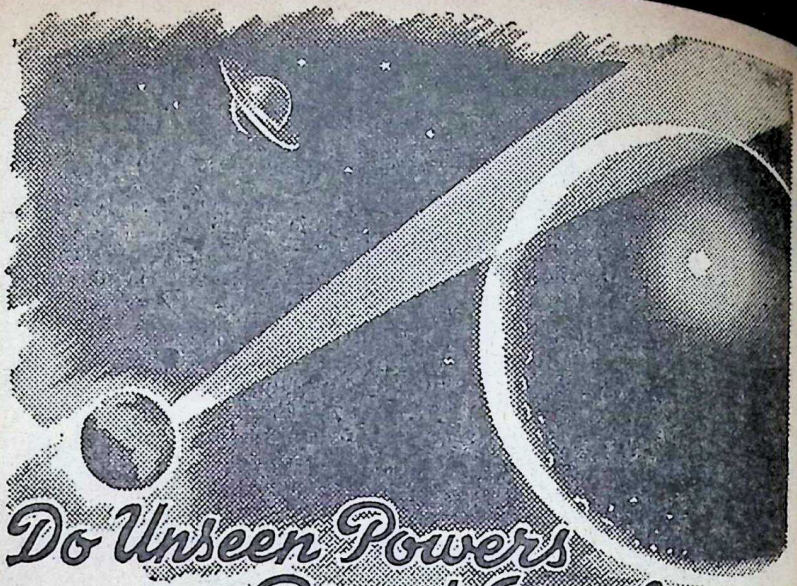

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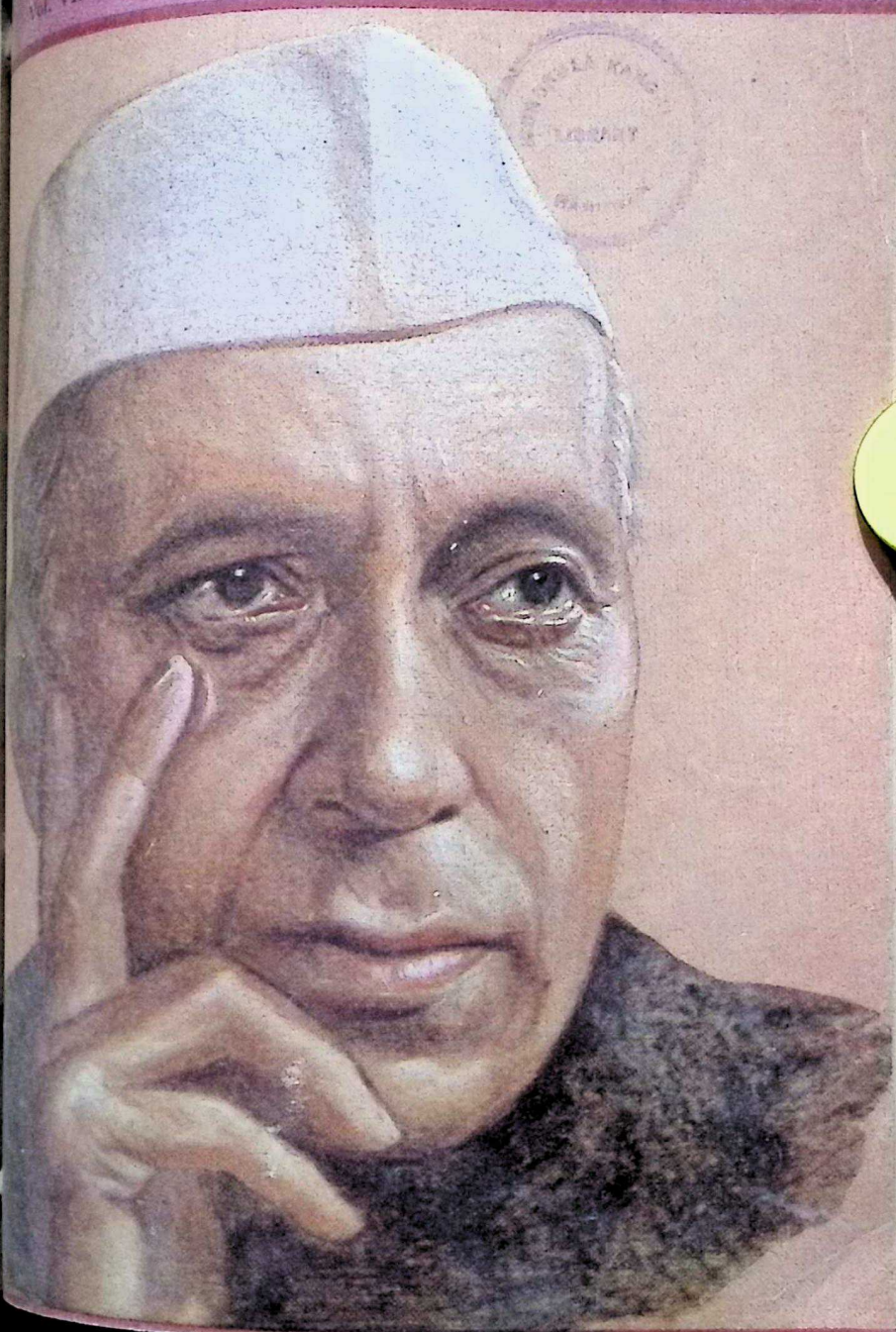

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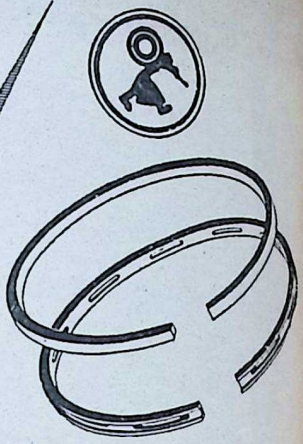

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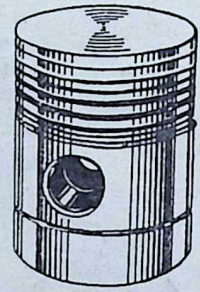

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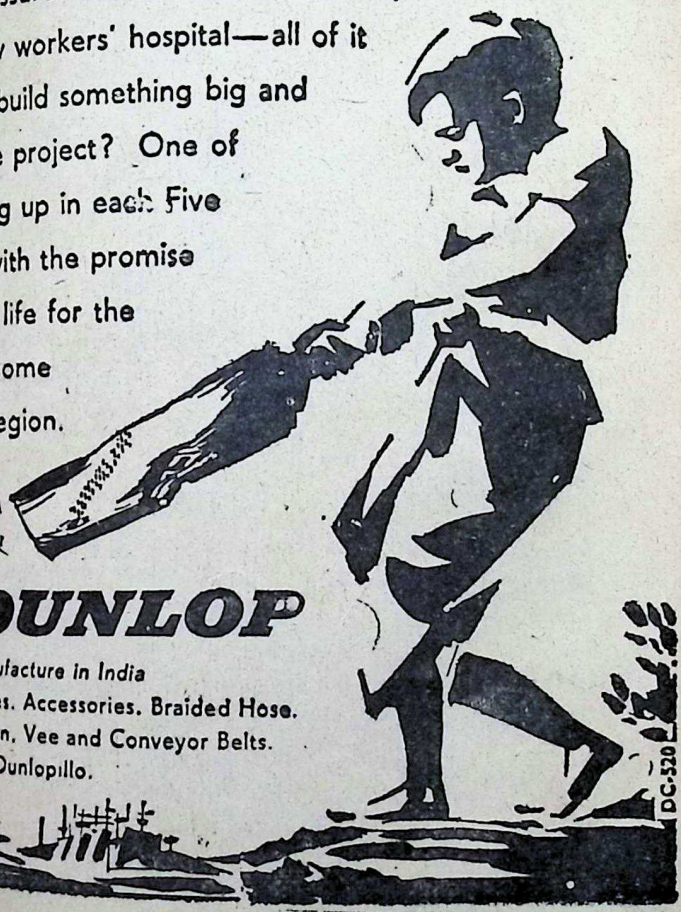

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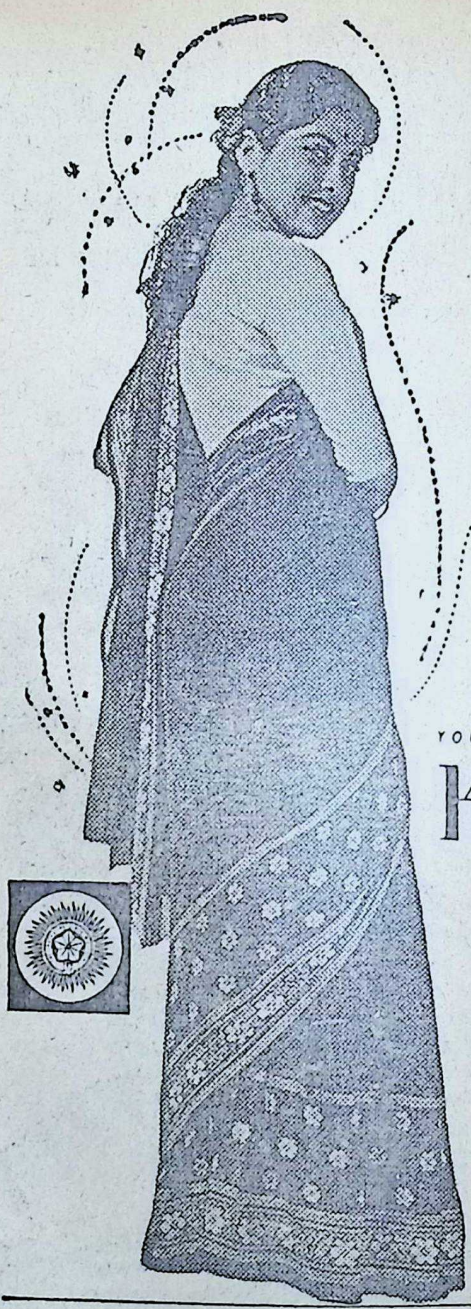

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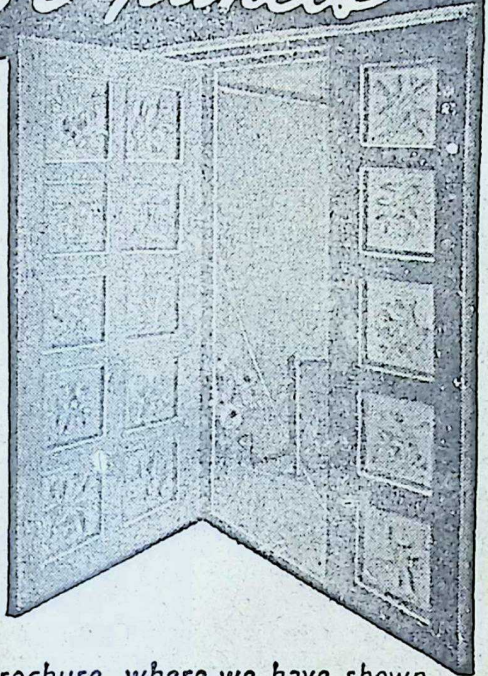

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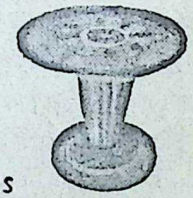

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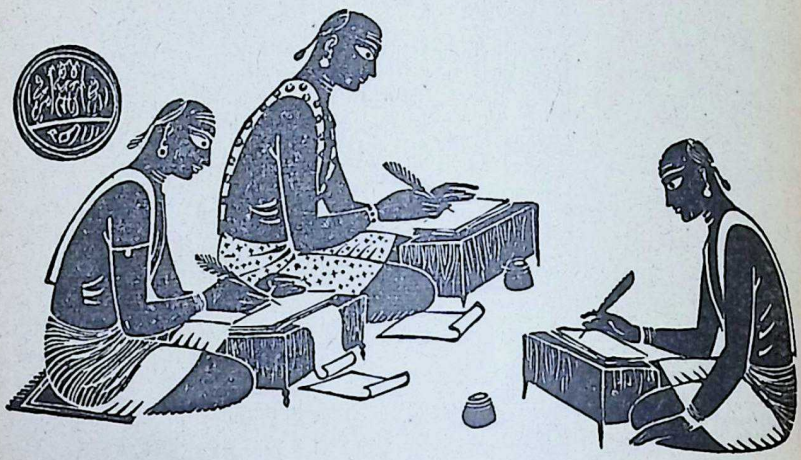
Long, long ago, mathematicians in India hit upon the idea of using the zero. This led to the use of numerals—a revolution in the art of calculation. To live, man must count, weigh and measure. Governments must draw up their budgets, business concerns must assess their performance and even individuals must keep a close watch on their earnings and expenditure. All this is done with the language of numbers based on the zero. For, without it, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to transact business on a national or a global scale, or work out the ambitious plans for economic regeneration.



Thanks to the use of numerals, it is possible to calculate that the consolidated after-tax profit from Standard-Vacuum's Marketing and Refining Operations during 1959 amounted to Rs. 120 lakhs, representing a 3.0 per cent return on the capital employed; or that Stanvac paid Rs. 2,687 lakhs as taxes and duties—an amount which was almost 22 times Stanvac's net income; or that Stanvac worked on a margin of profit of roughly 1.4 naye paise for every gallon of product sold.

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

NOVEMBER 13, 1960 No. 8

Vol. VII

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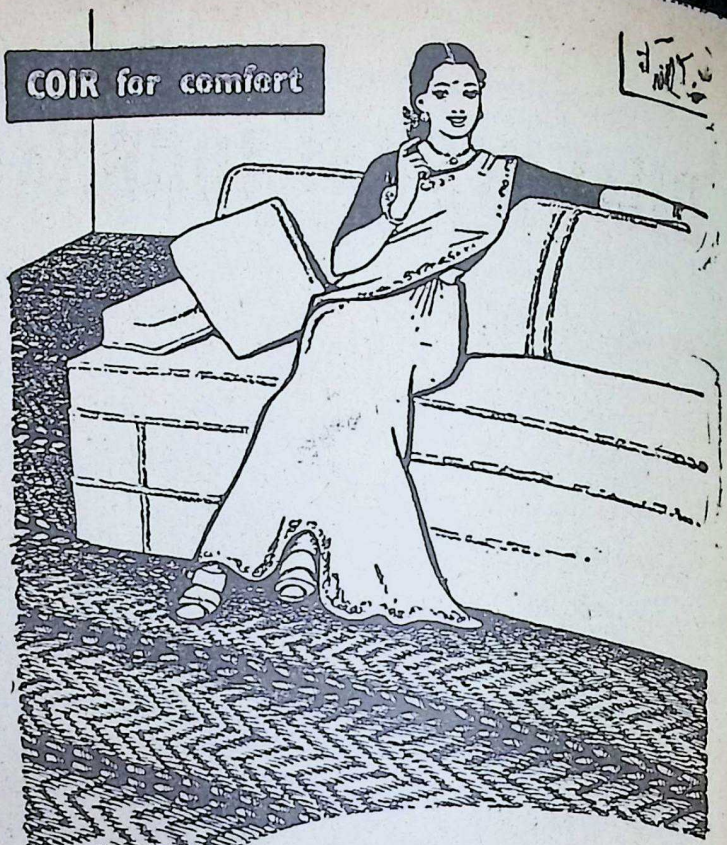

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—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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NOVEMBER 13, 1960 No. 8

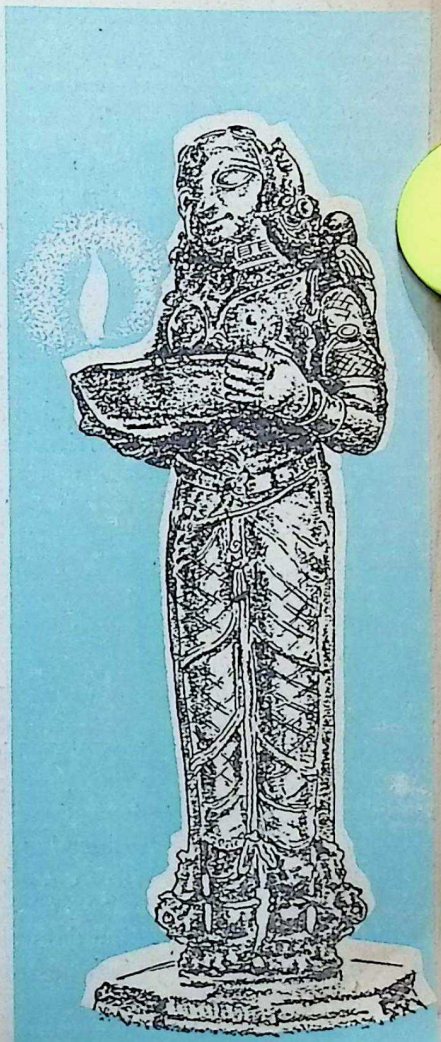
VII

ORIOUS WISDOM

देवा मनोर्यज्ञियास्ते शृणोतन
यद्वो देवा ईमहे तद्ददातन ।
क्रतुं रयिमद्वीरवद्यशः
तद्देवानां अवो अद्या वणीमहे ॥

'e who are adorable to man! Listen;
e us, Gods, what we pray for:
rious wisdom, fame with wealth and with heroes.
crave today this grace of the Gods.

—*Rigveda*



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 218

★ *EARLY STRUGGLES (1907-8)* ★ *ANANTWADI*

★ *SEARCH FOR AN UNFORGOTTEN FACE*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.

NOVEMBER 13, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WOULD like to continue the story of my life during 1907-8 when I first came to live in Bombay, which I had started narrating in my Letter No. 217 dated 30-10-1960.

During the days when I came to Bombay in 1907, Dalpatram Shukla, my boyhood friend—and one destined to remain a close friend as long as his life endured—was my guardian angel. I had referred to our life-long relations in Kulapati's Letter No. 73 dated 24-4-1955; yet I prefer to refer to some of them again in the context of my life in Bombay between 1907 and 1910.

On my arrival in Bombay in June 1907, D. S. took complete charge of me. He was maintaining himself by giving private tuitions, at the same time he was studying in the Wilson College. He introduced me to his friends in the Wilson College, who ultimately became my friends too.

D. S. was a walking gazetteer. In the course of our wanderings in the streets of Bombay, I found out that he knew quite a lot of people. The secrets of his wide contacts were his good nature and his ungrudging helpfulness to everyone without even expecting thanks. If anybody wanted anything to be done, say, wanted a cook or bought an umbrella, he had only to mention it and D. S. would do it. By becoming indispensable to all whom he continued to help, he had acquired influence over quite a large circle of elderly people.

When I arrived in Bombay, as I stated in my last Letter, I had brought only twenty rupees with me. My first problem, therefore, was to get enough money to enable me to get along in Bombay. Between D. S. and myself we evolved a plan. I had secured the Elliot Memorial Prize of Rs. 105, for standing first in English from the Baroda College, which was to be given in books. D. S. took me to a well-known firm of booksellers whom he knew, and after a little talk, we entered into a bargain with them. As a result, they submitted a bill for Rs. 105/- to my College for the books

...t to me. When the money was ... the booksellers were good ... to give me five rupees worth ...ks and the remaining Rs. 100/- ... This was the capital with which ...d.

○ ○ ○

...S. then lived with three friends ...all room, eight feet by six, in a ...lled Anantwadi, for which they ...Rs. 5/- by way of monthly rent. ...a short stay with my uncles, I ...alwadi and joined D. S. and his ..., contributing one-fifth as my ...

...S also introduced me to a cheap ...House", as it was then called, ...adevi, where he took his meals ...5/- or 6/- a month. However, ...th was too delicate to stomach ...e meal it gave. I could not do ...ghee and milk. D. S. had a ...ons on hand and was also in ...to indulge in a little luxury for ... So we bought a small quan...ghee, put it in bottles, one for ...f us, which we carried in our ...at meal time, and poured out ...ops of it on to our bread.

...was, however, a serious pro... simply could not live, as D. S. ...y on one pice worth of tea ...n all the tea shops of Bom...s referred to as 'single'. So, on ...to the "Eating House" mor...d evening, I fortified myself ...ya's shop with one anna worth ... So life went on.

...tle treasure, Rs. 100/-, was ...depleted fast, and we began ...e elaborate plans for my be...rich. One evening D.S. took ...wealthy gentleman whom he knew and whose son badly needed illumination at the hands of some competent tutor.

When we met this gentleman at his flat on the fourth or fifth floor at Sheikh Memon Street, D.S. in an unusual fit of exuberance introduced me as the son of Rao Bahadur Maneklal Munshi, the deceased Deputy Collector of Broach. To my horror, I found that the rich man came from my own district and had known Father well! Many years ago, he said sweetly, Rao Bahadur had conferred some favour on him. Then he went off into ecstatic praise of Father's excellent qualities and with a mournful face regretted his premature death.

At the recital of my distinguished parentage, I looked helplessly embarrassed. How was I to ask for employment from a person who looked upon me as a visiting prince? Neither of us had any courage left to explain the mission on which we had come. We returned, empty-handed and heartbroken. That was my first and last attempt to earn money by licking cubs into shape.

But the resources of D.S. were inexhaustible. Some days later, he took me to the composing room of the *Indu Prakash*, an English Daily, then being published from Girgaum Backroad. There he introduced me to someone who straightway appointed me a proofreader-extraordinary to that paper. Every evening as I walked back my weary way—it was over two miles from the Elphinstone College where the law classes were held to our room in Anantwadi—I dropped in at the *Indu Prakash* office and collected the galley proofs. After our visit to the "Eating

House", I corrected the proofs with the assistance of D.S. who had already added proof-reading to his miscellaneous accomplishments. At 10 p.m. we would go to the newspaper office, return the proofs duly corrected and receive my daily wages, which, if I remember right, came to about a few annas per day.

Life in Anantwadi was quite interesting too. We lived in the garret of a very small house; the few rooms on the first and ground floors were occupied by several families. The house boasted of a small yard in which a single water tap which served the house had been installed. Every day at about five or six in the morning the women of the families living in the rooms on the first and second floors of the house gathered at the tap to bathe, to wash, to cleanse utensils and to collect the water for their use during the day. How to escape them was a problem. This we solved by getting up before five in the morning and having our ablutions, washing our clothes and collecting water for the day before the fairer sex invaded the tap. Then we rushed back to our room and went to bed again to get up late in the day.

I wanted to read and write on an ambitious scale. Our next problem, therefore, was how to fulfil this ambition. Again D.S. found a way out. He took me to an old Parsi gentleman on the staff of the Petit Library whom he knew well. This kind-hearted old gentleman walked into the conspiracy. I was given a small table to sit at. A file of issue slips, he arranged, was always to lie in front of me. If anybody ever asked me why I was there, I was to refer to that old gentleman. He would always be there to certify that I was doing some honorary work for him.

Whenever I was in a mood to study quietly, I spent five or six hours in the Petit Library. D.S. would come to me some time during the day from some office in the Fort where he was employed and we would go out and replenish ourselves with two 'singles'.

It was in the Petit Library that I first wrote an elaborate article on *The Conquest of Somnath* which was published in 1909 or 1910 in the *East & West*, a leading magazine in those days.

A few years ago a very interesting incident took place. I had to prove before an arbitrator that what little I had made was the result of what, according to Hindu Law, were the 'gains of science', and not accretions to my ancestral property. I asked D.S. whether he had some evidence of the loans which he gave me from time to time and, lo and behold, when he looked up his old diaries, there was a ledger account carried forward from year to year under the heading 'Kanubhai'. At the foot of the account there were eight or nine rupees still due from me to D.S! Like a wise debtor I had forgotten to pay the debt; like an unwise creditor, D.S. had forgotten to demand it of me.

Nothing disturbed D.S.'s cheerfulness. He took everything he had to face as if it was the most ordinary thing in life: poverty, struggles, disappointments, and the incorrigible boys who were entrusted to his care. I, on the other hand, was restless, ambitious, happy or unhappy, highly emotional

pair of us walked up and down ts of Bombay. That is how I know most of its localities. D.S. first took me to the Ne- Sea Road, I was blue with envy ge at the sight of the palaces decided not to visit the place What did I want with them ir splendour?

ose days our greatest moments after our evening meal. On days in the week we would go the Wilson College Hostel, where d join my friends in songs of ds. Of course, D.S. never sang, would join in by clapping his Then we would go to the Chow- sinds and sit till past midnight, e an anna worth of sugarcane

r some time I decided to up with two of my friends, e found it difficult to hire rooms. ver we went, we were confront- h the big question: 'Are you g your wife with you?' On our g in the negative, we were re- accommodation. Our respecta- was in doubt. Our assurance that ere respectable persons had no y. The maxim of one of my old s that a man who had no wife t worth relying upon, seemed to rect.

mately, evading the attention of haukidar, we went to see a trus- the Kanji Khetsey chawl, who, happened to be on the pre- at the time. When I mentioned me, he asked me: 'Are you in y related to Adhubhai Saheb , the Receiver of the Dakore ?'

'Yes, I am his nephew', I said.

I immediately became respectable and the Trustee called the chaukidar and ordered him to allot us a good room.

At that time, it was beyond my wildest dreams that one day I would become the Chairman of the Trust to which the chawl belonged. Life is filled with strange surprises.

We occupied the end room on one of the floors. Our neighbours occupying adjacent rooms in the same wing were the pettiest of petty jobbers. From morning till night they were busy in the markets. In their absence from home, their womenfolk gathered in the gallery, gossiping, laughing, quarrelling, oiling and brushing each other's hair, the children playing around them lustily. Unfortunately we had to be in our room till 4 p.m., for the law classes were then held at 5.30 p.m. in the Elphinstone College. Till that time, we just sat, slept or read behind the closed doors of our room. And even at 4 p.m. wading through the feminine world gathered in the gallery was a feat at which our hearts quaked.

We were faced with our greatest trial when these ladies started their ablutions in the morning. All the rooms in the wing had common water taps and lavatories, which were located in front of our room. From the early morning, the ladies of the wing, one after the other, took their turn under the taps, keeping a companion to stand guard over their modesty and clothes. So, the virtuous young men that we were had to close ourselves in.

Though three of us had agreed to live together, we could scarcely agree upon anything from the very start. In

view of the strained relations between all the three of us, we rarely dined together, each one choosing his own time for going out or coming in. With some difficulty we had succeeded in engaging a boy cook for us. He prepared our food, ate his share and kept our portions covered up and ready for us whenever we chose to eat them. Rarely did I have a warm meal. I felt miserable and out of sorts.

One of us had got a cot to lie on and another only a mattress. I was then passing through an emotional crisis and was in one of my ascetic moods. I, therefore, slept on a grass mat with my books by my side.

◎ ◎ ◎

For some time I had played with the idea of doing my M.A. in the hope of being a professor some day. Thanks to the Petit Library, I read some historical works, but the strain was too heavy and I gave up the idea of being an academician, finding consolation in the fact that even so eminent a lawyer as Chimanlal Setalvad (later Sir) was only a second-class B.A.

My father intended to send me up for the Indian Civil Service Examination. After his death, and in spite of all difficulties with which I was faced, I had a faint hope that some day I would be able to go to England and appear for the I.C.S. Examination. I, therefore, studied history and literature and other allied subjects which were likely to be useful for that examination.

During those difficult days I would have collapsed but for the strength which a few verses of *Bhagavad Gita* inspired me with. I went on repeating *'Kshudram hridaya daurbalyam tyaktvotishtha paramtapa'*: 'Give up you contemptible faint-heartedness an arise, Oh Arjuna.'

Another favourite line which helpe me was *'Nirashir nirmamo bhutv yudhasva vigatajvarah'*: *'Rid thyse of hope; Rid thyself of self*: Get r of the fever of cowardice and fight'.

I went on repeating these lin whenever I got into a mood of despai It was then that I first began to tur away from the icy coldness of Spen cerian agnosticism.

Bad food and strenuous life brough about a serious setback in my healt I developed pain in the abdomen. A that time, in good old India, little wa known about appendicitis. So, when ever I had pain, I attributed it to in digestion, and stuffed myself with som purgative or applied a mustard plaste on the painful spot.

One afternoon I had been to th Gaiety Theatre to listen to an addres by a Miss Lilian Edgar, a leading Theo sophist. While she was speaking, m appendix—I never knew then that I ha one!—began to give trouble. Somehow I bore my suffering stoically. Keepin my handkerchief between my teeth t stop myself from moaning, I walke back to my room. From time to tim I rested a little on some verandah Sometimes I vomited. When I reache home I was very sick and in intens pain. My companions had gone t sleep. Even if they had been awake they would have been of little help I lay down on my mat, repeating wit clenched teeth Sri Krishna's mandate *'Agamapayino nityam tan titikshasv Bharata'*: 'These (pain and pleasure are transient: Endure them, O Arjuna.'

At that meeting, there was an amus

ident which I distinctly remem-
e president of the meeting was
as Kahandas Parekh, a leading
and politician, universally
as Gokulkaka. As was his habit,
essed the meeting with his eyes
o the delight of the audience,
aka went on referring to Miss
Edgar as "he". Ultimately, when
dience burst out in uproarious
, he opened his eyes, looked at
Edgar and corrected himself: 'I
he'.

○ ○ ○

ose days, my romantic tempe-
had conjured up the possibility
finding my 'Wonder Girl'
streets of Bombay.

I was about nine years old, I
laymate, a neighbour's daugh-
h whom I fell madly in love.
I was about 14 or 15, we met
nd renewed our old friendship
ut a few days. These things are
with children of friends meet-
gether and admiring each other,
as a victim of incurable roman-
nd built a world of imagina-
und the 'Wonder Girl'.

e only, I think in 1904, I had
across her in an exhibition in
. We recognised each other;
poor, obscure student; she was
nied by a well-to-do person,
her husband. Thereafter I
me across her; never heard of

ever, she became a sort of Bea-
a stupid, callow Dante; her im-
ed before my mind again and
most every day. In 1907 when-
e mood seized me, and I felt
, I walked up and down the streets in the hope of spotting the 'Wonder Girl'. But she did not materialise, and I gave up the hunt in despair.

After 53 years I can afford to laugh at the stupid romance-hungry boy. Suppose he had spotted her, what then?

But the longing for the 'Wonder Girl' had a lasting effect on my mind and life. I built up a world of romance around her. Sex relations unaccompanied by intense and permanent love remained unsatisfying to me; this led to a serious development in my personal life later. And, it was the 'Wonder Girl' of my romantic imagination who gave birth to the heroines of several of my novels.

The life that I was living at that time was not altogether meaningless. In my diary, under the date, September 27, 1907, I had noted:

> 'For the past few months clear and liberal ideas have been crowding my mind, but my future seems quite uncertain. For lack of means, I could not go up for the Civil Service Examination; for want of self-confidence, I postponed becoming a solicitor; the only course now open to me is to get through the LL.B. and become an advocate. Shall I achieve fame in the legal profession? I cannot say anything now. The profession I am preparing for is difficult, and there is little scope in it for a new-comer. Do I possess the necessary capacity? In any case, I shall apply myself to my new task with all my energy'.

Yours' sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Love The Lord

GURU NANAK

O my mind, love the Lord
As the lotus loves the water.
The waves dash against it
But its love is ever increasing.
O my mind, how can thou find release
Without love to open the inner door
To receive the treasures of devotion?

O my mind, love the Lord,
As the fish loves water,
The deeper it dives the happier it is.
Its body and mind are at peace.
It cannot live a moment without water.
So must thou live in the Lord—
He is aware of thy travail.

O my mind, love the Lord
As the chatak *longs for the rain.*
Though lakes may be overflowing
And the land green with verdure
Its thirst is not quenched
Without a rain-drop from the sky.
True love only grows on the soil of good action

O my mind, love the Lord
As water loves milk.
Place it on the fire, it burns itself
But protects the milk.
He unites the separated selves,
He exalts the true one by His own grace.

O my mind, love the Lord
As the chakvi *loves the sun*
And the whole night
Calls for her mate from afar,
Who is near. Minds possessed by self are n
conscious of Him.
They whom the Lord enlightens are always in
presence.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE

Robert E. Ingersoll

To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy,

To pity the suffering, to assist the weak,

To forget wrongs and remember benefits,

To love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words,

To love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms,

To love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home,

To love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind,

To be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world,

To cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy,

To fill life with the splendour of generous acts, the warmth of loving words,

To discard error, to destroy prejudice,

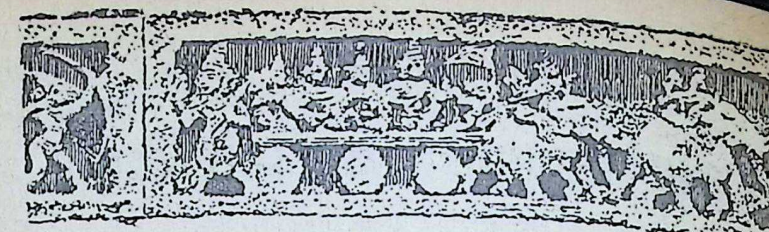
To receive new truths with gladness,

To cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night,

To do the best that can be done and then to be resigned—

This is the religion, the creed of Science.

This satisfies the heart and brain.



ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

Influence of

BAD COMPANY

इन्द्रेण याचितो धन्वी सहायार्थं महारथः ॥
जगाम सेनया सार्धं त्वया सह शुभानने ॥

Manthara said:

"O beautiful! The King, making you his charioteer, started with his army to help Indra in the battle of *devas* with the *asuras*.

युद्धं प्रकुर्वतस्तस्य राक्षसैः सह धन्विनः ॥
तदाक्षकीलो न्यपतच्छिन्नस्तस्य न वेद सः ।
त्वं तु हस्तं समावेश्य कीलरन्ध्रेऽति धैर्यतः॥
स्थितवत्यसितापाङ्गि पतिप्राणपरीप्सया ।

"When the King was fighting with the *rakshasas*, the axil of his chariot broke. The King did not notice it. O! Blue-eyed lady! in order to save the King's life, you, with presence of mind and bravery, supported the axil with your hand and saved the situation.

ततो हत्वाऽसुरान्सर्वान् ददर्श त्वामरिन्दमः ।
आश्चर्यं परमं लेभे त्वामालिंग्य मुदान्वितः ॥
वृणीष्व यत्ते मनसि वाञ्छितं वरदोऽस्म्यहम्।
वरद्वयं वृणीष्व त्वं एवं राजावदत्स्वयम् ॥

"The killer of the foes having killed all the *asuras* looked at you with great wonder and embraced you a then asked you to request for tw boons: 'I am prepared to grant yo two boons; you may select any tw you want.'

त्वयोक्तो वरदो राजन् यदि दत्तं वरद्वयम
त्वय्येव तिष्ठतु चिरं न्यासभूतं ममानघ
यदा मेऽवसरो भूयात्तदा देहि वरद्वयम
तथेत्युक्त्वा स्वयं राजा मन्दिर व्रज सुव्रते
त्वत्तः श्रुतं मया पूर्वं इदानीं स्मृतिमागतम्

" 'O King! If you grant me tw boons, let them be with you for th present to be given whenever desire by me', you had replied the King thu The King had agreed to this. This yo yourself had told me. That instan came to my memory now. I remin you of it.

अतः शीघ्रं प्रविश्याद्य क्रोधागारं रुषान्विता
विमुच्य सर्वाभरणं सर्वतो विनिकीर्य च
भूमावेव शयाना त्वं तूष्णीमातिष्ठ भामिनी
यावत्सत्यं प्रतिज्ञाय राजाभीष्टं करोति ते

"Immediately you must enter th room of anger, remove all the orna

from your body and scatter on the floor and then you must on the floor. O! beautiful you must keep silent, pretend- be angry, till the King fulfils desire by granting you the pro- boons."

वा त्रिवक्रयोक्तं तत्तदा केकयनन्दिनी।
वेवाखिलं मेने दुःसंगाहितविभ्रमा॥
हह कैकयी दुष्टा कुतस्ते बुद्धिरीदृशी।
त्वां बुद्धिसंपन्नां न जाने वक्रसुन्दरि॥
यदि राजा मे भविष्यति सुतः प्रियः।
शतं प्रदास्यामि मम त्वं प्राणवल्लभा।

ring the words of Manthara, thought it to be true since had become wicked by bad tion. She also praised Manthara ing her, "Oh Vakra Sundari, I thought that you would be so nt. How did such a nice t come to your head. As soon beloved son Bharata becomes , I shall give you one hundred s. You are my dearest friend."

त्वा कोपभवनं प्रविश्य सहसा रुषा॥
त्य सर्वाभरणं परिकीर्य समन्ततः॥
शयाना मलिना मलिनाम्बरधारिणी।
त्र श्रणु मे कुब्जे यावद्रामो वनं व्रजेत्॥
त्स्यस्येथवा वक्रे शयिष्ये तावदेव हि॥

ring the 'anger-room', Kai- t on a dirty sari, took away all ments and scattered them on or; and then lying down on the floor she told Manthara, to me, O hunchback, I shall n here till Rama goes to the forest."

निश्चयं कुरु कल्याणि कल्याणं ते भविष्यति
इत्युक्त्वा प्रययौ कुब्जा गृहं सापि तथा करोत्॥

"O Kalyani! Be firm. You will be blessed," saying this, Manthara returned to her abode and Kaikeyi remained firm in securing Rama's exile.

धीरोऽत्यन्तदयान्वितोऽपि सगुणाचारान्वितोवाथवा
नीतिज्ञो विधिवाददेशिकपरो विद्या विवेकोऽथवा।
दुष्टानामतिपापभावितधियां संगं सदा चेद्व्रजेत्
तद्बुद्ध्या परिभावितो व्रजति तत्साभ्यं क्रमेण-स्फुटम्॥

A man however courageous, merciful, doing the rightful deeds, learned in all the codes of conduct, obedient to his master, or great by wisdom and learning, if he keeps company with the wicked people who are capable of doing so many sinful deeds, he too becomes wicked in course of time and turns to be one of them. This is true.

अतः संगः परित्याज्यो दुष्टानां सर्वदैव हि।
दुःसंगी च्यवते स्वार्थात् यथेयं राजकन्यका॥

So, we must keep ourselves away from the company of bad people. A man slips down from his position on account of bad company. Kaikeyi is the example. Even a great queen like her had to lose her power and prestige, being influenced by bad company.

Avoid the man of temper, the selfish, the boastful, the conceited, the scornful, the liar, lest you acquire his ways of thinking.

—Seneca

....In God's creation, there is a purpose in everything.... We have been made not merely to grow and die like other creation. We should not lose sight of the purpose of life while engaged in our day-to-day activities.

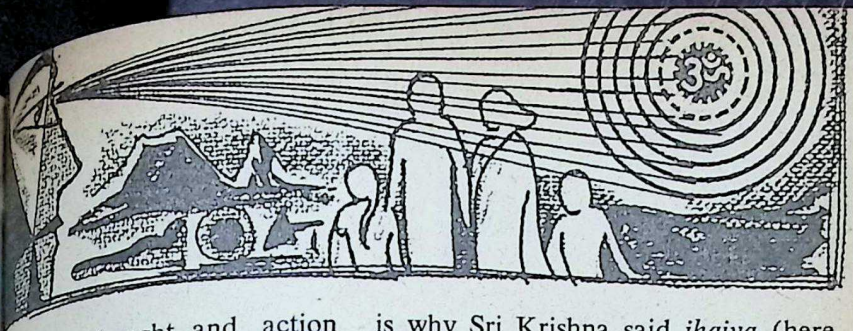
Purpose of Life

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

GOD has endowed us with some special powers which insects, birds and animals do not have. We are able to think, to speak, to meditate and to probe into the secrets of nature. We are capable of great achievements with the aid of the machines we invent. Generally speaking, the lower order of creation, insects, birds and animals, live happily in furrows, nests or caves. They eat, grow and then die. They do not live in constant fear. They are affected by lust (*kama*) and anger (*krodha*) only occasionally. On the other hand, human beings are subjected to constant fears, some real and some imaginary. We are afflicted by lust, anger and hatred. We also suffer from pain and grief.

In God's creation, there is a purpose in everything. Flowers that blossom at dusk are white, which is the only colour distinguishable in darkness, and bees are attracted to them. The immense powers with which we are endowed are similarly intended to serve some purpose, because they are unnecessary if we have been made merely to eat, grow and die like the other forms of creation. It is our duty to use our intelligence and discover the purpose of God in blessing us with these special powers. This inquiry is Vedanta Vichara. Such an intellectual enquiry will lead us to think of the purpose of life. Great saints and thinkers who have conducted such an inquiry have all come to the identical conclusion that the purpose of the present life should be to strive for eliminating future births.

A ball rebounds from a wall with the force with which it is thrown



ly every thought and action ave its own reaction which will lead to further thought and ac- This process will go on endlessly checked in time. Therefore, our should be to end this cycle of and reaction. Mind is the cause bondage and liberation: *Mana anushyanam karanam bandha ayah.*

must learn to control our mind riple activities of thought, speech action, conquer *kama* and *kro-* We must learn not to succumb or sorrow. This can be done ening to the advice of good men ating by it we must eschew evil ts and meditate on goodness and ource of all goodness. He who e to achieve this, gets liberated when he is alive from further and attains bliss. Sri Krishna the *Gita*:

Shnoteehaiva yassodhum praak-
sareeravimokshanaat
Kaama krodhobhavam vegam sa
yuktah sa sukhee narah.

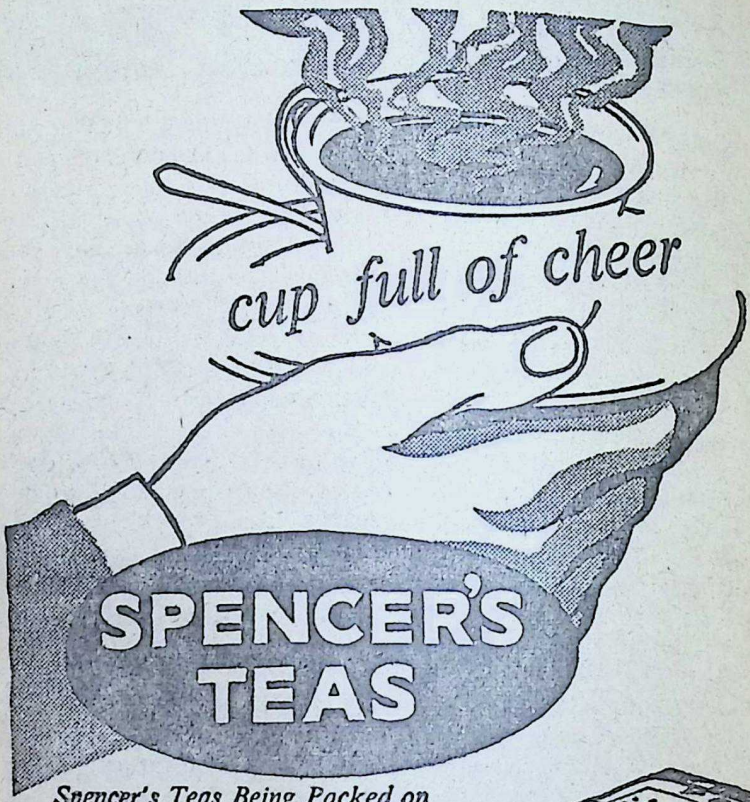
ho, before the release from the here in this life is able to con- the impetuous urge of lust and such one attains oneness with upreme and eternal bliss."

r death a man is what he has just before death. If he has not lled lust and anger in this life quired peace of mind and joy, nnot have them after death. That is why Sri Krishna said *ihaiva* (here, in this life itself) and explained *ihaiva* by saying *praak sareera vimokshanaat* (before the body is cast off).

It may be asked whether it is not necessary for the average man to go through the avocations of his life in order to fulfil his worldly obligations and whether he could afford to spend his time and energy in meditation. One is not asked to give up one's legitimate pursuits necessary for one's livelihood. But while being so engaged, one should not lose sight of the essential purpose of life. One should constantly endeavour to purify one's thoughts and speech and seek the grace of the Divine Mother, by which alone one could get the strength to control *kama* and *krodha*.

A dancer balancing a pot on her head, while going through the various movements of the hands and feet to the accompaniment of music, never for once forgets the pot on the head. Similarly we should not lose sight of the purpose of life while engaged in our day-to-day activities. This idea is brought out in the following verse:

Punkhaanupunkha vishayekshana
tatparopi
Brahmaavalokana dhiyam na
jahaati yogi;
Sangeeta taala laya nritta vasam-
gatopi,
Maulistha kumbha parirakshana
dheeh nateeva



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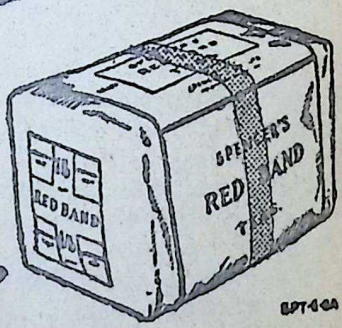

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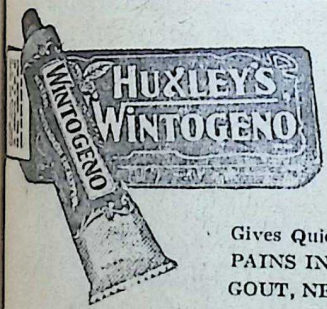

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Krishnavatara

PART I

8. SECURING THE 'PANCHAJANYA' CONCH

THE next morning, Raddu, the carpenter, in spite of the injuries he had received, went to work, after the old pilot had applied balm to his injuries. But his eyes sought the strangers all the time, for his heart was full at the way Krishna had sat for so long, holding him in his arms, disregarding the penalty which he was sure to attract.

Soon the way Krishna and Uddhava had helped the carpenter at the risk of inviting punishment, furtively whispered in low tones, went the round of the whole crew. And the hearts of these men, whose lives hung on the slender thread of Panchajana's goodwill, warmed towards their new-found friends.

The ship sailed on. Panchajana and his two nephews continued to treat Krishna and Uddhava with apparent kindness. The giants went about their duty with lash in hand. The cre laboured hard at the sails and th oars.

On the third day, the ship anchore at a coastal port which they said wa Kushasthali, which the Punyajan demons had taken possession of fro its king Kukudmin. Panchajana an his nephews went on shore with tw hands and returned in the evening wi an ample supply of water and oth necessities.

The next day, another young ma barely seventeen, was put up befo the chief for some misconduct. H was also awarded six lashes whi Hullu, the other giant, administere The boy writhed, shrieked, sobbed pain, as he lashed on, and Panchajan looked on with a happy smile.

When the night came, and Panch jana and his nephews retired to rest Krishna and Uddhava went to the in

boy as he lay in a distant corner lower deck and was crying his out in solitary distress.

na patted him on the head and ld the boy in his arms. Udponged his injuries with a rag in the little drinking water he had saved from his allotted

bers of the crew, one by one, y passed on the other side of k to see for themselves what young strangers were doing. boy had been stolen from some few months ago and had none show him any affection. But, he saw the affection which was lavishing on himself, he Krishna and cried like a little Krishna responded by a loving embrace till his sobs subsided.

As the boy fell asleep in his arms, Krishna could sense that an ominous presence was behind him. He placed the head of the boy on the ground softly and turned round.

Hukku, one of the giants, with a lash in hand, was towering over him.

'Uddhava, don't move. Stand where you are and face the demon,' Krishna said.

In th dim light of the late moon, which was just rising, the giant recognised the two strangers. He knew that they were the master's favourites and could not be treated as members of the crew. But he had his orders. He laid his hands, one on the shoulder of each of them and growled some order in a strange tongue, and march-

ed them off, pushing them forward towards the steps which led to the hold.

The injured boy awoke from the slumber when Krishna spoke to Uddhava, and saw that they were being taken away by the swarthy giant. He shook off his sleep, forgot the pain and stealthily crawled towards the stern where the old pilot sat, his eyes fixed on the stars to see that the ship sailed on the right path.

Hukku, the swarthy giant, with bulging eyes and curly hair, pushed Krishna and Uddhava down to the hold, where, in the midst of merchandise, there was a big wooden cage. He opened its padlock, pushed Krishna and Uddhava in it, bolted and padlocked it and went away. This part of the hold where the cage had been kept was a filthy place with only two small holes to let in air from the deck. The different varieties of merchandise added their odour to the foul smell of the cage itself. Uddhava felt sick.

Some time passed during which both of them tried to sleep. But Krishna heard someone breathing and became alert.

'Krishna,' came the soft whisper of Bhikru. 'Are you there?'

'Yes. What is it?' asked Krishna.

'The master has ordered me to change the course of the ship. We are not going to Vaivasvatpur,' said Bhikru.

'Where are we going then?' asked Krishna.

'Far away towards Shonitpur,' said Bhikru.

Krishna now understood why the day before such a large quantity of necessities were brought on the ship.

'What do you think is his object?' asked Krishna.

'Perhaps he wants to go to some other land and sell you to some king for a high price,' said Bhikru.

'Bhikru, we have to go to Vaivasvatpur. We have to bring back Punardatta,' said Krishna.

'You cannot go there. The master won't permit it,' said Bhikru.

'Then we will do it without the master's permission,' said Krishna. 'Can you open the padlock?'

'The key is with Hukku,' said Bhikru.

'Can I break through the cage?' asked Krishna.

'If you do, the master will kill you. He has done it before,' said Bhikru.

'If I break through the wooden bars can the carpenter Raddu put them right before the morning?' asked Krishna.

'Let me go and ask him,' said Bhikru, as he stealthily crawled back to the deck.

'Even if he does not, we are coming out', said Krishna.

Krishna and Uddhava held consultations and examined the sides of the cage. On one side, they found that one of the wooden bars was shaky. With a pressure exerted by them both jointly, the bar broke and they came out of the cage. On the way to the deck they met Raddu, the carpenter, stealing his way into the hold.

• • •

When the dawn broke, Hukku, the swarthy giant, who had locked up Krishna and Uddhava in the cage, came on the prow and saw them standing, offering their prayers to the rising sun. He rubbed his eyes; he

a himself. Yes, there they were
deck in spite of the fact that
d been locked in the cage. He
not still believe his eyes. He
down to the hold to see if they
still in the cage. They were not.
mined its sides with his hands;
not been broken open.

the obscure mind of Hukku,
up in some desert loneliness
cross the sea, there lurked the
wicked spirits who could fly
air or dive in the sea; who
when angry, burn homes or
away villages or destroy cattle;
offended, can strike men down
fire disease. These two young
d come to the ship from now-
behaved unafraid in their
ce as they had seen no one;
emerged from the cage without
g it. A curious light of mixed
d respect came into the eyes
giant. Were they such spirits?
ddered; went up to the deck
g to his guardian fetish for pro-
; reported the matter to his
, and went to take Hullu into
ce.

n they both came up to the
with the whips in hand, Pancha-
as there, standing in front of
, his eyes aflame with wrath.
re were you last night?' he
ded.

o, we?' asked Krishna in un-
, smiling indulgently at the
g look of Panchajana. 'Hukku
have told you where we were.
re trying to send the boy, whom
whipped yesterday, to sleep.'
dare you?' roared Panchajana.
o business of yours.'

s not our business; it was our

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dharma. You inflicted pain; we tried to relieve it,' said Krishna, as if explaining the difficulty to a little boy.

'Don't you know my orders? You cannot do it here,' said Panchajana, trying to give the benefit of doubt.

'We know your orders. But our *dharma* was to go to the help of the poor injured boy,' Krishna said teasingly.

'How dare you? I am the master here, you insolent beasts. And—yes, I forgot—Hukku reported this morning that you were locked up in the cage,' shouted the chief.

'Yes, we were,' said Krishna.

'You broke through it, you—you—'

In reply, Krishna laughed so mockingly that Panchajana was choked with rage.

'How did you come out of the cage?' asked Panchajana when he had found his voice.

The chief's angry question, shouted in a loud voice, had by now attracted his nephews, as well as Hukku, Hullu and a few others of the crew. Not to let it appear that his authority was flouted, he, therefore, decided to teach these youngsters a lesson then and there. He shouted: 'Hukku, come here.'

Hukku looked at his master, Krishna and Uddhava by turn, and walked up to the chief with a halting step. There was a sudden wind; the ship lurched; every one had to keep his balance with some difficulty. Hukku, from the corner of his eye, could see that soon there would be a squall. His heart gave a throb. He was familiar with such premonitory signs of coming disaster, when wicked spirits were angry.

Krishna smiled at the giant as he came near them.

'Hukku, did you lock these fellows up last night properly?' asked Panchajana.

'Yes, master,' said the giant, raising a hand to his forehead and bowing his head.

'Were you awake or dreaming?' demanded the master.

'Awake, master. I locked them up with my own hands,' the giant said as if doubtful of what he was saying.

'Then they broke the cage and came out?' asked the chief.

Hukku looked down, his lips twitching.

'Speak out. They broke the cage, is'nt it?'

Hukku mumbled a prayer to his protecting fetish, hesitated for a while and then said in a trembling voice. 'Master, the cage is intact; it is not broken.'

'What!' exclaimed Panchajana in amazement and turned to his elder nephew. 'Nephew, go and see whether Hukku tells the truth.'

Every one stood silent, Panchajana frowning heavily.

The nephew of the chief returned. 'Uncle, the cage is intact and padlocked,' he said.

Panchajana eyed Krishna and Uddhava suspiciously. 'How did you come out?' he asked them, baffled.

'Find out for yourselves,' said Krishna with a smile so indulgent that it again exasperated the chief.

'All right, I let you go this time. But if you dare go near any person who is punished, I will have your bones broken,' said the chief.

'We are going to look after every

nt as he
e fellows
l Pancha-
t, raising
l bowing
eaming?'
them up
said as if
ing.
nd came
s twitch-
he cage,
r to his
r a while
g voice,
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whether
nchajana
returned
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did you
ffled.
s,' said
gent that
his time
person
ur bones
er every

n you get whipped,' replied

shall not,' Panchajana roared.

shall.' Krishna was firm.

persons gathered there could the tenor of the conversation ld not repress smiles. Pancha- red at them and decided to example by punishing this

shall not,' he shouted. 'Hukku, boy four lashes.'

stood hesitant, fear writ on eyeing Krishna with a timi- ch he was never known to have d. The members of the crew mazed.

on, lash these fellows.'

was suddenly moved to e. He fell at Panchajana's feet ged, with hands uplifted, for for Krishna.

mumbling, you fool,' Pancha- outed, raising a hand to strike pilot. Then he changed his d turned to Hukku asking him re to carry out his order.

na stood unaffected, looking t was happening with mild ent.

u's hands trembled as he took towards Krishna, but so halt- t Panchajana lost his patience. ched the whip from Hukku's

this, you insolent brats,' he

sailors who had collected there stopped breathing. Their went out to Krishna, whom d already begun to regard with n.

ajana was not a practised hand the whip with so long a whip-

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cord, which was generally used for driving cattle. The whip came down on Krishna's back with a whishing sound, leaving a red mark.

With a sudden movement Krishna caught hold of the whipcord and jerked the whip out of Panchajana's hand. With the sure eyes of one familiar with cattle-driving all his life, he laid it on Panchajana himself.

A cry of horror escaped every lip: the irresistible chief was being whipped!

Hullu stepped forward to help his master, but by now Hukku was so fascinated that he drew his brother back. Krishna lashed out with an expert hand. The long lash encircled the fat body of Panchajana; bit into his flesh venomously; unwound itself with swift precision; came down again and again, lacerating the flesh. Panchajana was in terrific pain, shrieked aloud and asked for help.

Hukku and Hullu would not move. They now enjoyed the fate of the cruel master who had threatened to kill them so often. His nephews just fled to the cabins.

Krishna triumphantly lashed out for all he was worth till Panchajana fell down on the deck bleeding. Then he handed back the whip to Hukku with a smile, appreciating what he had done.

Both the giants were lost in admiration at this boy's performance. They had been handling lashes all their life, but never, never could they dream of the lash being used with such swift dexterity and unerring thoroughness. They looked upon Krishna with a new respect, which added to Hukku's feeling that he was some spirit armed with miraculous power.

Panchajana lay on the deck in a faint. Krishna turned to Uddhava. 'Uddhava, take Panchajana to his cabin. I am coming.'

He made a sign to Hukku to help Uddhava to remove the chief.

'Bhikru, turn the course of the ship. We are going to Vaivasvatpur,' he commanded.

Bhikru prostrated himself before Krishna and left to carry out his orders.

Panchajana's conch, which summoned the crew, lay on the ground—small in size, pink in colour and faultless in shape. He applied it to his mouth, played upon it to announce the event, and was fascinated with the rich musical notes which issued from it. 'I will take this conch. I have never seen such a thing of beauty, nor heard such wonderful tones. I shall call it Panchajanya, the gift of Panchajana,' he told Uddhava.

The members of the crew who had suffered long and heavily under their ruthless master gratefully saluted Krishna and left to attend their work.

Krishna went to Panchajana's cabin and, with Uddhava's help, washed his wounds and bandaged them. The pilots brought a balm, which they applied to his injuries.

While he was being bandaged, the chief opened his eyes, recognised Krishna and began to abuse him filthily. Krishna tried to soothe him but Panchajana continued to thrash himself on his bunker, hurling abuse at Krishna in every language he could command.

Uddhava pulled out the nephews of Panchajana from their hiding places and left them in charge of their uncle.

ship continued to sail merrily. Krishna was in a happy mood. Krishna and Uddhava went about with them as before. The evening was no longer meagre, was a feast, which every one felt he was celebrating his own liberation.

Night came. Every one retired to rest except the pilot, the night watchman and the giants. Under the pilot's instructions, his grandson slept with Krishna and Uddhava.

It was after midnight that with his senses, Krishna felt some presences drawing near. He sat up trying to see into the darkness.

He could see a dark crouching form coming near him with what looked like a short sword upraised. He jumped up and caught hold of Panchajana's hand which had been raised to kill him.

Suddenly another dark and towering form sprang upon Panchajana from behind, lifted him up in powerful arms and flung him over the deck.

The ship passed by as the sea swept away the struggling form of its master, and the star-studded sky looked down in all its splendour.

[*To be continued*]

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K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from issue dated October 16, 1960*]

The Yaksha asked:

किंस्वित् प्रवसतो मित्रं किंस्वित् मित्रं गृहे सतः।
आतुरस्य च किं मित्रं किंस्वित् मित्रंमरिष्यतः ॥

Who is the friend of one who goes on a journey?
Who is the friend of one who remains at home?
Who is the friend of one who is afflicted by sickness?
Who is the friend of one who is about to die?

Dharmaputra answered:

सार्थः प्रवसतो मित्रं भार्या मित्रं गृहे सतः।
आतुरस्य भिषड् मित्रं दानं मित्रं मरिष्यतः॥

The caravan is the friend of a person going on a journey.
The wife is the friend of the person who remains at home.
The physician is the friend of the sick man.
Gifts constitute the friend of the person who is about to die.

The word *pravasa* is generally used to denote a person who goes abroad for the purpose of trade. In ancient days the journey was performed mostly by road and the safest and most convenient way was to go in groups along with other persons who travelled with a similar purpose. *Sartha* means a 'caravan,' 'a group of travellers performing a long journey.'

The second question in this *sloka* and the answer to it refer to the Hindu ideal of marriage according to our *sastra*. It is that the husband and wife are one and that they perform together in life-long partnership the several duties, religious and secular, pertaining to the life of a householder. An important ritual of the marriage ceremony is known as the *saptapadi* in which the bridegroom makes the bride take seven steps while he utters the following Vedic *mantra*:

सखा सप्तपदा भव। सखायौ सप्तपदा बभूव।
सख्यं ते गमेयम् । सख्याते मायोषम्
सख्यान् मे मायोष्ठाः। समयाव, सङ्कल्पावहै।
संप्रियौ, रोचिष्णू, सुमनस्यमानौ।
इषमर्जमभिसंवसानौ । सन्नौ मनांसि।
संव्रता समुचितान्याकरम्।

'By these seven steps you have be-

my life-long friend. We have friends. I shall not deviate your friendship. May you not from my friendship. We have united. May we live together. We have the same thoughts. We shall each other. Let us live in joy bright faces. We shall live to- enjoying food and growing by its essence. With our minds then, we shall perform the same together.'

Another *mantra* addressing the the bridegroom says:

पत्युरारोह। प्रजया चविराड् भव।
श्वशुरे भव। संराज्ञी श्वशुवां भव।
नदेवृषु संराज्ञी भव। संराज्ञी अधिदेवृषु।

highly honoured by your hus- Beget ten children. You shall queen of your husband's home, your father-in-law, your mother- your sister-in-law and your law. You shall shine in my in the midst of them all.'

This great ideal has been beauti- expressed also by our classical In the *Raghuvamsa,* canto 8, speaks to the same effect King Aja lamenting the death wife Indumati:

सचिवः सखीमिथः प्रियशिष्या
ललिते कलाविधौ।
विमुखेन मृत्युना हरता त्वां बत किं
न मे हृतम् ॥

were the mistress of my house ; my wise counsellor and my friend. You were my dear the fine arts. Alas! by snatch- what has not Death, so in- to pity, taken away!'

Upon separation from Sita, Sri Rama is said to bewail in the same manner in King Bhoja's *Champu-ramayana*:

आधौ सिद्धौषधिरिव हिता केलिकाले वयस्या
पत्नीत्रेतायजनसमये क्षत्रियाण्येव युद्धे।
शिष्या देवद्विजपितृसमाराधने बन्धुरार्तौ
सीता सा मे शिशिरितमहाकानने का न जाता ॥

'Sita was the medicine to my mind in its afflictions. She was my playmate in my sporting hours. She stood by me as my *patni* when I was engaged in a sacrifice. She showed me rare courage of a Kshatriya lady when I went to battle. She assisted me with the meticulous care of a pupil to his *guru* in my rites to propitiate the gods, the *dwijas* and my ancestors. When I was sick in body, she nursed me with loving kinship. What has she not done to me in the biting cold of this dense forest!'

Bhavabhuti speaks similarly of Sita in his *Uttararamacharita*:

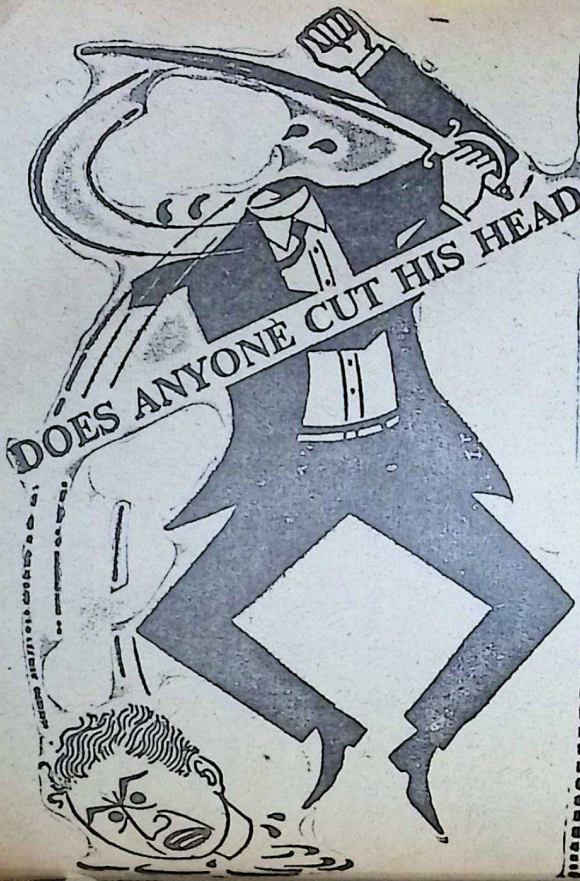
इयं गेहे लक्ष्मीः इयममृतवर्तिर्नयनयोः

'In the home, she is the Goddess Lakshmi Herself, and she is the brush of nectar to the eyes'.

These passages emphasise the equal status of the wife with the husband as his friend, counsellor and partner—in weal and woe. In tune with this ancient dharma, Yudhishthira declares that the truest friend of a householder is his wife.

According to our Dharma it is the gifts that we make in life at the time of death that aid us in our passage to the other world and constitute the *punya* that will save us there.

Hence, the *sastras* prescribe that,



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a person departs from this gifts (*dana*) of land, cow, and other valuable things be made. The Puranas, espe- the *Garudapurana*, give an of how these gifts help the soul in crossing the *Vaita-* other obstacles in its journey ial regions. Charity has been as a virtue in all the religions world. They declare that it fame in this life, and perpe- the name of the giver in the rance of future generations.

[*To be continued*]

"When shall I be free?"
When I shall cease to be."
—Ramakrishna
Paramahamsa

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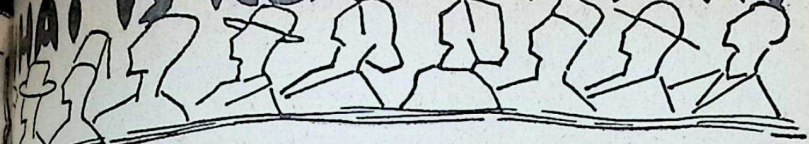

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as amply justified its existence peatedly preven- recurrent crises developing into It has played a role and it is a difficult now to of this troubled without the U.N. had defects they the world situa- of which inevita- mirrors. If there been no United today, our first would be to create ing of that kind.

ortunately, we live in a split which is constantly coming up the basic assumptions of the Nations. We have to bear this and try to move even more to that conception of full co- between nations. That co- does not and must not mean mination of one country by another, any coercion or compulsion forcing any country to line up with another country. Each country has something to give and something to take from others. The moment coercion is exercised, that country's freedom is not only impaired but also its growth suffers.

We have to acknowledge that there is great diversity in the world and that this variety is good and is to be encouraged, so that each country may grow and its creative impulse might have full play in accordance with its own genius. Hundreds and thousands of years of past history have conditioned us in our respective countries, and our roots go deep down into the soil. If these roots are pulled out, we wither. But if those roots remain strong and we allow the winds from four quarters to blow in upon us, then they will yield branch and flower and fruit.

I do believe that the vast majority

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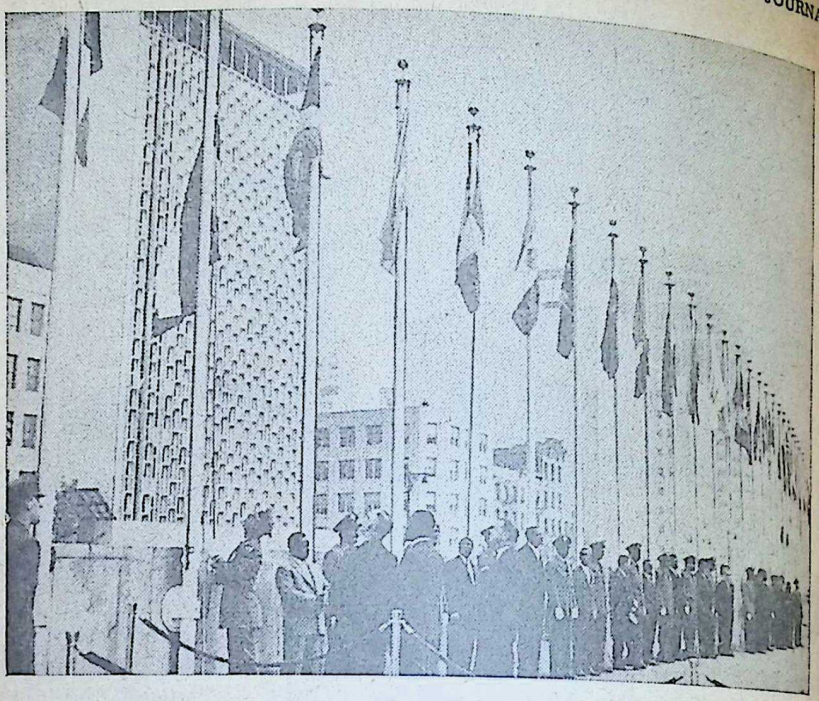


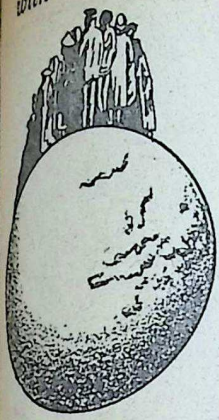
"लोकाः समस्ताः सुखिनो भवन्तु।" *Let all the world be happy.*

—Vedic Prayer

of the people in every country want us to labour for peace and to succeed. Whether we are big or small, we have to face big issues, issues vital to the future of humanity. Everything else is of lesser importance than this major question. I am absolutely convinced that we shall never solve this question by war or by a mental approach which envisages war and prepares for it.

I am equally convinced that if we aim at right ends, right means must be employed. *Good will not emerge out of evil methods.* That was the lesson which our great leader Gandhi taught us, and though we in India have failed in many ways in following his advice, something of his message still clings to our minds and hearts. In ages long past a great son of India, the Buddha, said that *the only Real Victory is one in which all are equally victorious and there is defeat for no one.* In the world today that is the only practical victory. Any other way will lead to disaster.

. . . The means are at hand. We have but to use them with a wisdom and energy worthy of our cause . . .



BUILDING BONDS OF WORLD COMMUNITY

Dwight Eisenhower

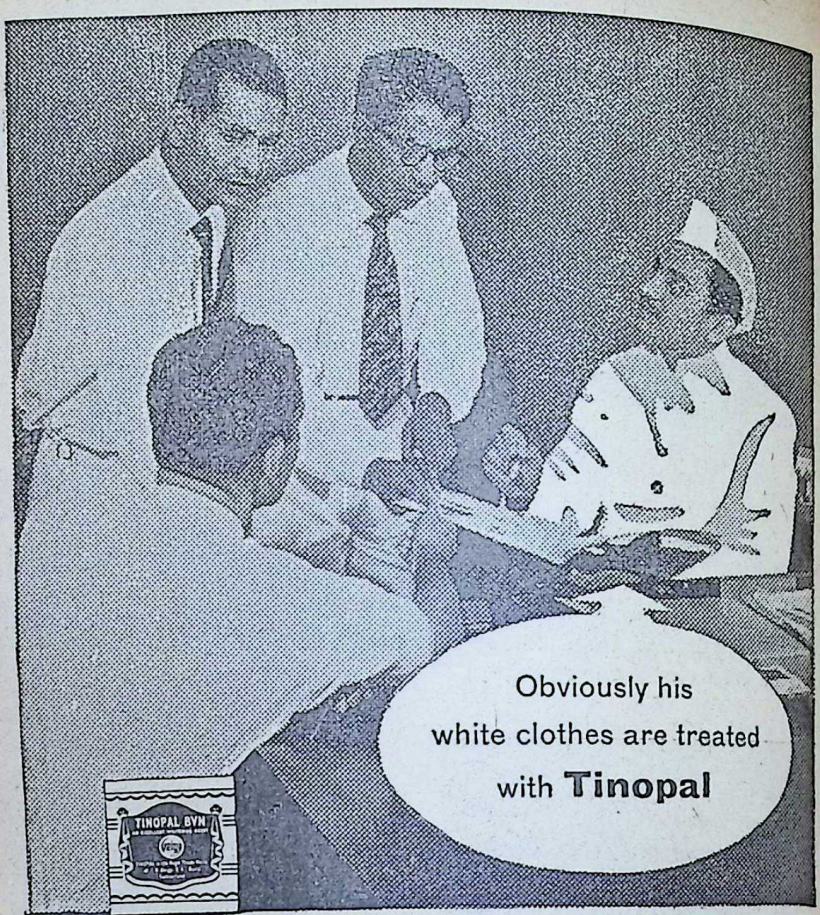
HE basic fact today of all change in the domain of international affairs is the need to the bonds and build the structof a true world community.

The United Nations is available to mankind to help it create just such a community. It has accomplished what no nation singly, or any limited group of nations, could have accomplished. It has become the forum of all peoples, and the structure about which they can centre their joint endeavours to create a better future for our world.

We must guard jealously against those who in alternating moods look upon the United Nations as an instrument for use or abuse. The United Nations was not conceived as an Olympian organ to amplify the propaganda tunes of individual nations.

The generating force behind a successful United Nations must be the noble idea that a true international community can build a peace with justice if only people will work together patiently in an atmosphere of open trust.

From recent U.N. address



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Men everywhere want to
arm. They want their
alth and labour to be spent
t for war, but for food, for
thing, for shelter, for me-
ines, for schools.

A disarmament programme
ich is not inspected and
ranteed would increase,
reduce the risk of war.

The international control
atomic energy and general
complete disarmament
no more be accomplished
rhetoric than can the eco-
mic development of newly-
pendent countries. Both
these immense tasks facing
nkind call for serious, pain-
king, costly, laborious and
-propaganda approaches.

Technology is in revolution.
has brought forth terrifying
apons of destruction, which
the future of civilization
st be brought under con-
l through a workable sys-
of disarmament. And it
s also opened up a new
rld of outer space—a celes-
l world filled with both be-
ldering problems and daz-
g promise.

This is, indeed, a moment
r honest appraisal and his-
ric decision.

We can strive to master
se problems for narrow
tional advantage or we can
gin at once to undertake a
riod of constructive action
hich will subordinate selfish
terest to the general well-
ing of the international
mmunity.

Our human commonwealth
once again in a state of an-
ety and turmoil. Urgent
es confront us.

—Dwight Eisenhower

In urging progress toward a world community, I cite the American concept of the destiny of a progressive society. Here in what was once a wilderness we have generated a society and a civilization drawn from many sources. Yet, out of this mixture of many peoples and faiths we have developed unity in freedom—a unity designed to protect the rights of each individual while enhancing the freedom and well-being of all.

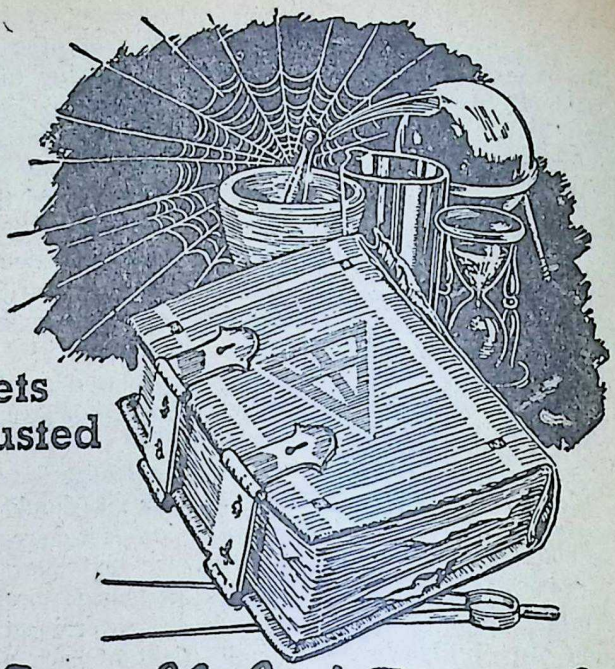
This concept of unity in freedom, drawn from the diversity of many racial strains and cultures, we would see made a reality for all mankind.

This concept should apply within every nation as it does among nations. We believe that the right of every man to participate through his or her vote in self-government is as precious as the right of each nation here represented to vote its own convictions in this Assembly. I should like to see a universal plebiscite in which every individual in the world would be given the opportunity freely and secretly to answer this question:

"Do you want this right?"

We of the United States will join with you in making a mounting effort to build the structure of true peace—a peace in which all peoples may progress constantly to higher levels of human achievement. The means are at hand. We have but to use them with a wisdom and energy worthy of our cause.

I commend this great task to your hearts, and minds, and willing hands. Let us go forward together, leaving none behind.



Secrets entrusted to a few

The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that cannot be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

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The Tragedy of Shah Jahan

J. M. SHELAT

CLOUDS GATHERING

BETWEEN 1654-1657, clouds of the impending conflict gathered in the distant political horizon which set every one thinking of the future of the Empire. Though alive to the danger, Dara never lost his optimism and put off the thoughts of the unpleasant days to come. Gentle hints from his well-wishers did not rouse him from his political stupor.

Already two parties had come into existence at the Court, one headed by Dara and the other by the honest and extremely competent Vazir Sadullah. Dara was jealous of the ability of the Vazir, his Sunni bigotry, the hold he had on the Emperor and the ready tactlessness he used in snubbing openly the Crown Prince. This bitterness between the two made the monarch unhappy as the bitterness between Salim and Abul Fazal had made Akbar unhappy. Dara's tactlessness towards Sadullah made the latter incline towards Aurangzib. Even Shah Jahan who generally saw no fault in Dara once remarked:

> "No doubt the Crown Prince possesses the resources, majesty and pomp of a king, (but) he appears to be inimical to honest people, being good to the bad and bad to the good."

The clash between Dara and the Vazir was not due to mere disparity of temper. The clash was inevitable as both were trying to acquire influence over the Emperor's mind. The Vazir also resented the superior airs of Dara, and his attempt to treat him as his servant as much as the servant of the State. Lacking discretion in the choice of his followers, Dara used his influence in saving unworthy people like Champat Rai Bundela, dismissed nobles like Fakir Khan and Shaikh

Farid and even scoundrels like Malik Jivan who all gathered around him for their selfish ends.

Both the parties had begun gathering support. Known for his liberal views towards the Hindus, Dara turned to acquire the support of the Rajputs. On October 10, 1652, Maharana Raj Singh ascended the Gadi of Mewar. Before him, his father Jagat Singh had commenced the restoration of Chitor fortress and Raj Singh soon accelerated the pace of work contrary though it was to the terms of the treaty between Jahangir and Amarsingh. On September 4, 1654, Sadullah was ordered to march against the Sisodia chief with an army of 30,000 to destroy the new fortifications. Dara, anxious to win over the powerful Sisodia clan, tried his utmost to make Shah Jahan relent and prevent Sadullah from invading Mewar. Shah Jahan had decided to go and wait at Ajmer to watch the progress of the invasion. On the day that he with Dara was to start the journey, Dara wrote to Jaisingh:

> "To-day the Emperor starts for Ajmir, and I shall pass by your home and be a guest of yours. As a separate army has been sent against the territory of the Rana, and I have out of kindness and favour always been attentive to the interests of the Rana, I wish to represent to His Majesty the truth about the loyalty and devotion, so that he and his territory may be immune from the shock of the victorious army."

Raj Singh had collected a large army near Chitor but better sense prevailed and on receiving Jaisingh's message he sent a deputation to wait on Dara. Dara worked hard on Shah Jahan and even succeeded in preventing Sadullah from destroying Mewar. But Shah Jahan was resentful against the Maharana's breach of the treaty and was not willing to forgive him until he made the Sisodia ruler cede Pur, Mandal and certain other Parganas. Raj Singh resented having to cede these territories and though he was saved from a catastrophic war due to Dara's efforts, he sent a deputation to Aurangzib secretly and that Prince was not slow in exchanging with the Rajput leader gifts and presents. The whole effort of Dara in gaining an alliance thus failed.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS

Aurangzib had already been making efforts to win to his side as many allies as possible. He had already betrothed his eldest son, Mahomed Sultan, with Gulrukh Banu, the daughter of Shuja. As a counter-move, Dara proposed marriage of his eldest son Sulaiman with the daughter of Rao Amar Singh Rathor by a sister of Jai Singh. Dara had already disclosed his mind to Jai Singh:

> "As this daughter is born of a sister of yours, it is better if she is not betrothed to any one there; had this girl been any other (than your sister's daughter) you might have given her in marriage wherever you liked. I wish that you and your relations were united by alliance with my son Sulaiman Shukoh."

The good effects of this union were unwittingly foiled by Shah Jahan by having Sulaiman marry in October 1656 with the daughter of Jafar Khan's younger brother. The marriage was not only a tribute to the family of

r Khan, who had married the
ger sister of Mumtaz, but a con-
on to the feelings of the Muslim
ity in general.
ring these three years, Aurang-
s intrigues and aggressive designs
st Golconda and Bijapur engross-
e attention of the Imperial Court.
Deccan question divided the mili-
s party of Aurangzib and Sadullah
m the peace party of Dara and
mara. This faction fight at Court
one of the predisposing causes of
war of succession.
Aurangzib had gone to the South in
t aggrieved by the treatment of
h Jahan in not giving him an op-
unity to retrieve his martial pres-
at Kandahar. His activities in the
can had like every other activity of
life one motive and steadfast ob-
to equip himself for the inevit-
e day of contest with Dara and to
er resources for that contest. With
object in view, he forced war on
Southern kingdoms. Such a war
d place him at the head of large
es, keep his arms bright, train his
ers and provide him with the
s for the coming struggle. His
Sadullah, brought Shah Jahan
d to sanction the iniquitous policy
ppealing to his greed and his Sunni
fice against Shi-ism in Golconda
Bijapur. The reason given for the
was the release of Mir Jumla, the
e Minister of Golconda who had
imprisoned for misappropriating
ge part of the wealth of the State.
excuse for interference in the
r between the minister and the
r was preposterous, for Aurang-
laimed the right of a paramount
t to appoint or dismiss the servants of Golconda.

Shah Jahan, however, gave a qualified sanction only to demonstrate force against Abdulla, Kutb Shah of Golconda, to gratify Aurangzib so that the Prince can secure the release of Mir Jumla. But the ambitious Prince had a different design and wanted nothing less than to take the life of the ruler of Golconda and annex his entire kingdom. He instructed his son Mahomed Sultan to entrap and murder the Golconda ruler at a friendly interview by displaying "cleverness, promptitude and lightness of hand". The invading army captured Hyderabad and besieged the Golconda Fort where Abdulla had taken shelter. At this stage, Dara and Jahanara stepped in to save their protege, the Kutb Shah.

In a letter of March 15, 1656, Dara informed Abdulla:

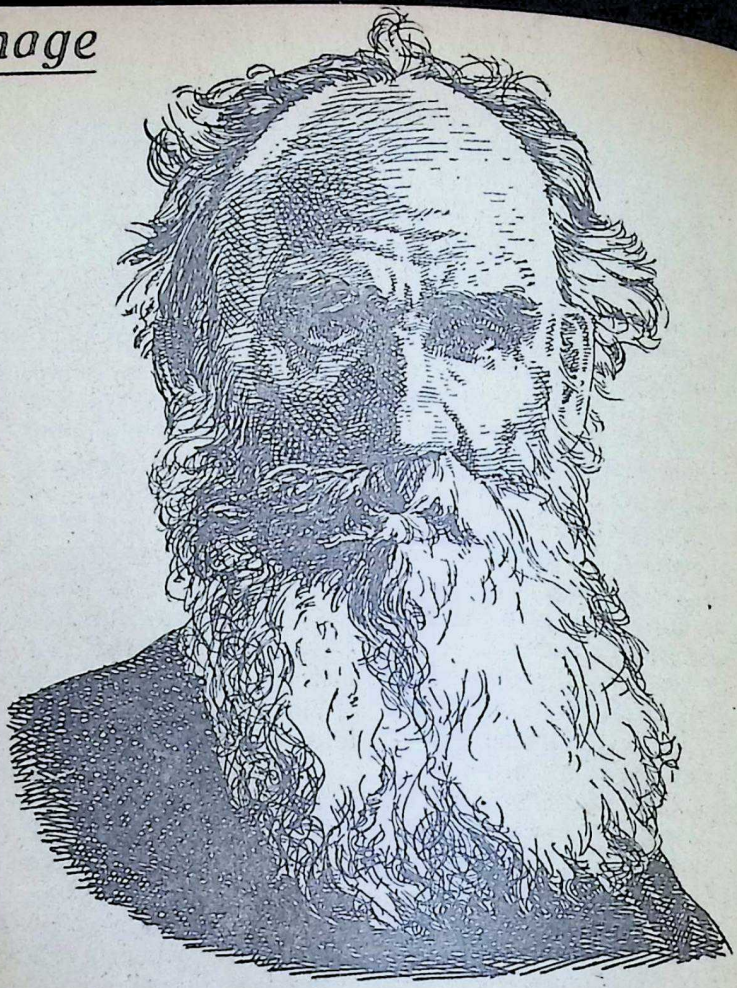
> "I placed all the three letters before His Majesty and despatched the same to Shaista Khan (for delivery) ; so that it may be made clear to you that the Emperor did not in fact sanction a siege of Golconda and the occupation of Your Highness's territory."

Earlier Shah Jahan had sent a letter to Aurangzib with a robe of honour for Abdulla. But Aurangzib withheld it on the plausible excuse that it would render a settlement difficult. His intentions are clearly seen from his letter to Mir Jumla:

> "Qutb-ul-mulk is now craving pardon....proposing that his mother would wait on me and that his daughter would be married to my son. But I wish to send him to the wilderness of destruction."

(*Continued on page 52*)

Homage



Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy (b. 28-8-1828; d. 20-11-1910) whose 50th death anniversary falls this year.

Of the late Count Leo Tolstoy, we can only write with reverence. He was to us more than one of the greatest men of his age. We have endeavoured, so far as possible, and so far as we understand it, to follow his teaching.

He gave a realistic presentation on the substance underlying the great world religions, and he has shown as no other teacher has shown how present-day civilisation, based as it is on brute force, is a negation of the divinity in man, and how, before man can realise his manhood, he must substitute brute force by love in all his actions.

—MAHATMA GANDHI
26-11-1910

Two Views of Life

There are only two strictly logical views of life: one, a false which understands life to mean those visible phenomena that in our bodies from the time of birth to the time of death; the a true one, which understands life to be the invisible consciousness which dwells within us. One view is false, the other true.

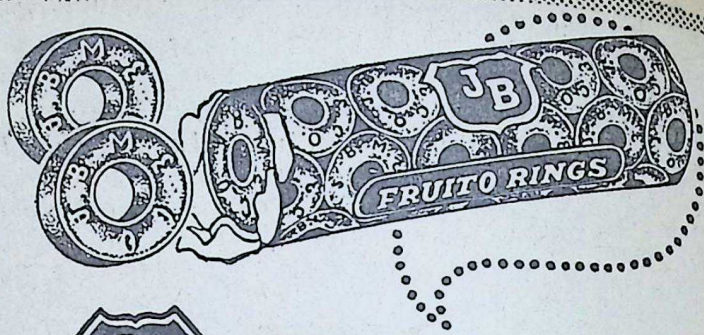
The first of these views, the false one, is as old as the world. It as many people suppose, a view of life produced by the materialistic science and philosophy of our day; our science and philosophy have only carried that conception to its furthest limits, making obvious than ever the incompatibility of that view of life with fundamental demands of human nature, but it is a very old and false view, held by men on the lowest level of development. It was held by Chinese, by Buddhists, and by Jews, and in the Book of Job.

This view is now expressed as follows: Life is an accidental play of forces in matter, showing itself in time and space. What we call consciousness is not life, but is a delusion of the senses, which makes it seem as if life lay in that consciousness. Consciousness is a flame which, under certain conditions, is ignited in matter, burns up in flame, dies down, and at last goes out altogether. And though consciousness perceives itself and the whole universe, and sits in judgment on itself and on the universe, and sees the play of chance in the universe, and, above all, calls it a play of chance, this consciousness itself is only an outcome of lifeless matter. Everything is the outcome of ever-changing matter; and what we call life is but a function of dead matter. This is a perfectly logical view.

The other view of life is this. Life is only what I am conscious of in myself. And I am always conscious of my life, not as something that has been or will be (that is how I reflect on my life), but when I am conscious of it, I feel that—I am—never beginning anywhere, never ending anywhere. With the consciousness of my life, conceptions of time and space do not blend. Life itself, as I am conscious of it, is something I perceive apart from time and space. So in this view of life, we get just the contrary result: not that consciousness of life is a phantom, but that everything relating to time and space is of the nature of a phantom.

Therefore, in this view, the cessasion of my physical existence in time and space has no reality, and cannot end, or even hinder, my life. And, according to this view, death does not exist.

—LEO TOLSTOY



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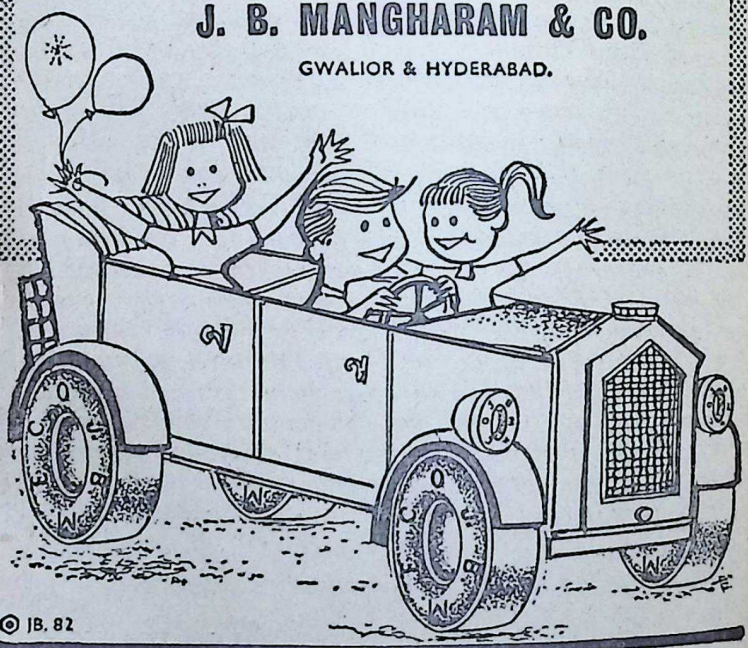

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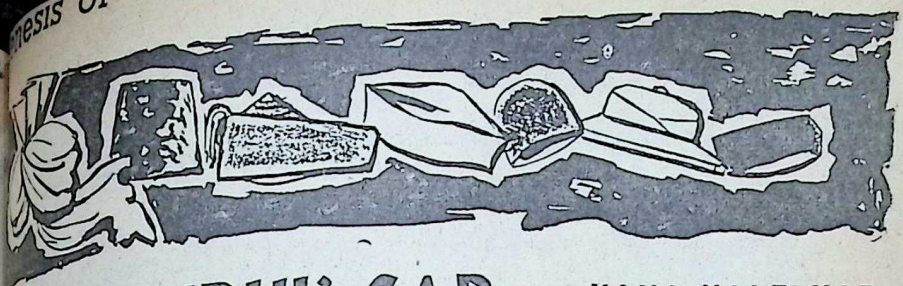


HE 'GANDHI' CAP

KAKA KALELKAR

NE day, I asked Bapu: "What made you prefer the cap we now called the 'Gandhi Cap' to all forms of head-gear?"

"Well," replied Bapu, "I considered ally all the caps and head-cover- which obtain in the various pro- s of Bharat. I bore in mind the this is a hot country, and there- our heads need to be kept covered. The Bengalis and some South ati Brahmins go bare-headed, of se, but, as a rule, Bharatis always something or other on their heads. Punjabi *phenta* (turban) looks but it takes up too much cloth. *ugree* is a dirty thing. It goes on rbing perspiration, but does not it, and so seldom gets washed. Gujarati conical Bangalore caps hideous to me. The Maha- rian Hungarian caps are a better, but then they are of felt. As for the U.P. and ri caps, they are so thin and use- that they can hardly be considered at all! So, thinking over all these us types of head-gear, I came to conclusion that the Kashmiri cap the best. It is light as well as ele- t; it is easy to make; it can be d, which makes it easily portable. The Kashmiri cap is made of wool. I thought it should be made of cotton cloth.

"Having thus chosen the form, I then began to consider the colour. White shows up dirt and grease, so white caps would have to be frequently washed and white cloth is easily washable. The cap being of the folding sort, it would be quite easy to press after washing, and iron out into a fresh, clean, smooth, white cap! What could be better or more becoming? So, having thought all this out, I made this cap.

"As a matter of fact, the climatic conditions of our country render the 'sola' *topee* the most suitable head-gear for Bharatis. It affords perfect protection to the head, eyes, and back of the neck from the burning sun, and, being made of pith, is delightfully light and cool. It lets in a little air, too. The only reason why I do not advocate the 'sola' *topee* is that it does not harmonize at all with our Bharati dress. If our craftsmen would evolve a head-gear which combined all the qualities of the sola hat with a Bharati shape, they would be doing a great service to the whole country. It only needs a little bit of thought. I am sure they would not find it difficult."

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust.*]

QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

840

Sri V. A. Rajput, Ahmedabad.

Q: *According to* Manu Smriti, *meat-eating and carnal pleasures prevailed in olden days. It was not a sin. Even the Brahmins and Rishis indulged in it. Why, therefore, is it considered a sin in the present times?*

A: (1) Meat-eating has never been considered sinful either in ancient or modern India. It is forbidden on grounds of hygiene and of cruelty involved in killing animals. Particularly those who are keen on spiritual evolution have to eschew it, as it is *tamasic* food, that is, food which induces grossness.

(2) Pleasures are never considered sinful. The Lord in *Gita* wants the Yogi to indulge in food and pleasures, but in a self-restrained way.

(3) Meat-eating and carnal pleasures are discouraged because of the tendency among those who take to them to lose their sense of proportion and become gluttons or addicts.

841

Sri P. Chennakeswara, Cuddapah.

Q: *What is the essential difference between heavenly love and earthly love?*

A: (a) True love, for that is the appropriate word, is self-giving and is unselfish. It is purged of egotism. Giving love, therefore, becomes an act of complete surrender in which the object of love —whether God or a human being —becomes the sole master. It is also earthly in the sense that it is found on earth.

(b) Ordinary love is the selfish sentiment inspired by a desire of good for oneself. It may be love of God for getting some benefit. It may be love of a human being to secure joy and happiness.

(c) The degraded form of desire often referred to as love which wants a member of the other sex for selfish ends can scarcely be called love.

842

Sri D. Ramaswami Reddi, Proddatur.

Q: *What is meant by 'inward bent of mind'?*

A: It means the capacity (a) to look into the process of your mind, (b) to scrutinise and control the working of your intellect, emotions and aspirations, and (c) to search for internal strength without external aid.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth

N the first week of next month Sir Paul Gore-Booth will succeed the seasoned, genial Malcolm Donald as the new U.K. High Commissioner in India. He brings with the rich and vast experience of years' post-war reconstruction ities. His knowledge of problems ciated with the pattern of post-war nstructions will greatly help India the United Kingdom to compre- and co-operate more closely in lerating India's industrial progress g the Third Plan period.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth has seen con- rable service in Asia. He was Bri- Ambassador in Burma during the s 1953-56, a period when Burma, g with India, was experiencing the s of new-won freedom and wrest- with the numerous problems flow- from it and at the same time lay- the foundations for economic elopment.

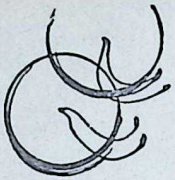
Sir Paul Gore-Booth was born in ruary 3, 1909 and was educated at and at Balliol College, Oxford. joined the Foreign Service in 1933 after three years of training went to Vienna. In December 1937, he went to Tokyo, and during his stay there learnt Japanese. During the crucial year of the Second World War (1941) he was seconded to Shanghai.

In December 1942 he went to Washington and remained there until after the end of World War II, and took part in the important conferences there which helped to shape the pattern of post-war world.

He was a member of the United Kingdom delegations to the International Food Conference at Hot Springs and the UNRRA Conference at Atlantic City in 1943. He took part in the Dumbarton Oaks conversations and attended the Civil Aviation Conference in Chicago in 1944.

In 1945 he was a member of the British delegation to the San Francisco Conference.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth returned to London in October 1945. He was the Secretary of the U.K. delegation to the first sessions of the United Nations General Assembly, in London in January and October 1946 and again in 1947. Towards the end of 1947, he be-



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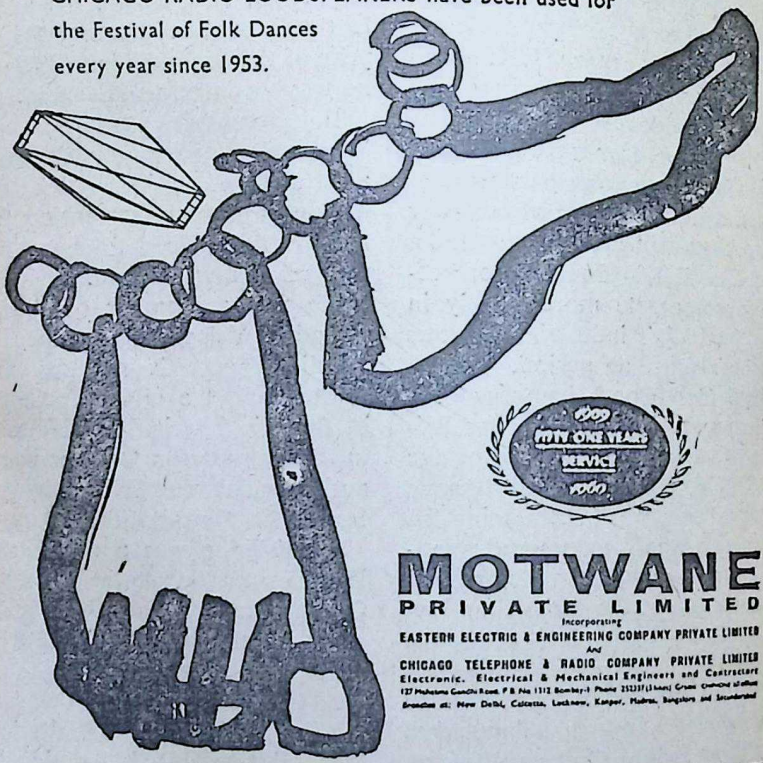

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SISTA'S-EE-10 B

Head of the United Nations omic & Social) and Refugees rtment of the Foreign Office. ebruary 1948, he was transferred Head of the European Recovery rtment. He returned to the d States at the end of 1948, ector of British Information ces, a post he held for four years. n followed his appointment as ssador in Burma, after which he ned to the Foreign Office and was ted Deputy Under-Secretary of in charge of economic affairs. he became one of the Deputy -Secretaries of the American rtment of the Foreign Office, ularly concerned with North ica.

s his continued association with and minor problems of patterns ent to remodel the countries that devastated by war as well as countries that emerged as independent nations in the wake of the Second World War, has made him one of the really knowledgeable peoples on the subject. This, together with the maturity, pragmatism and discretion for which the British Foreign Service is justly famous, makes his assignment to India at this juncture very welcome and opportune and should help this country and the United Kingdom to forge fuller understanding and better co-ordination and extend greater assistance to tide over India's difficulties in successfully seeing through the Third Plan.

Sir Paul Gore-Booth was created C.M.G. in 1949 and K.C.M.G. in 1957. He married Patricia Mary Ellerton in Tokyo in 1940. They have two sons, twins, aged 16, and two younger daughters.

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Aurangzib thus stands convicted, from his own words, of having practised low cunning and cruel injustice for destroying Golconda. Not content with getting a tremendous booty, he entered into a secret agreement with Abdulla extracting from him a promise that after his death the issue of his daughter married to Mahomed Sultan should inherit the throne of Golconda.

Dara's influence having deprived him of his prey, Aurangzib turned towards Bijapur, whose able king Mahomed Adil Shah had just died in 1656. He started the perjurous theory of the illegitimacy of Ali Adil Shah II and appealed to the Emperor not to permit such a rich kingdom to be ruled by a bastard. In anticipation of the father's sanction, he mobilised his army, bribed Bijapur's captains and intrigued to win over the Vazir. The vacillating Emperor wavered a while but gave way to the military party at Court now under the new Vazir, Mir Jumla. On November 26, 1656, Shah Jahan conferred his sanction giving Aurangzib a free hand "to settle the affairs of Bijapur as he thought fit". On March 3, 1657, Aurangzib seized the strong fort of Bidar. On August 1, 1657, Kaliani fell to his arms and the fall of Bijapur was imminent. But just when Aurangzib was in the full tide of success, Shah Jahan cried a sudden halt and sent peremptory *Farmans* to Mahabat Khan and the other generals to return without even taking leave from Aurangzib. Aurangzib's historians attribute this change of policy to Dara's intervention, but that does not appear to be correct. The reason was that Shah Jahan was swayed more by the dread of Aurangzib than his love for Dara. The Emperor was ill at ease with Aurangzib; he saw the image of his own guilty self, the youthful Khurram, bold, astute, unscrupulous, a rebel against his own father, and the murderer of his eldest brother.

[*To be continued*]

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M. MUNSHI'S

Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

WHEN THE INTELLECTUALS ARE ANGRY

HE poet browsed through *Navaprakash* when a review of *Tapasvini* caught his attention. e read it, he became so excited that d no patience to read it through; st skipped over it picking up s here and there that only in- ed his anger.

The very lively and inspiring style Piyush'....expression of deeply otions....a new sun has risen e horizon of literature....an un- pted flow of delightful dialogue mazing portrayal of human feel- "Is this criticism or just flat- he cried and threw the maga- to the corner of the room.

as bitterly cold, yet Mattama- t up and washed his face in cold , as if to calm his feelings. "The of the monthly, Gatu, is a fool. s no conception of what litera- , what gold is and what dross id ass," muttered the poet.

lay down on his bed and tried to but in vain; sleep would not He could not suppress his curiosity: he wanted to know what was there in *Tapasvini* that caused it to be acclaimed. He took up the book and began to read. He went on reading page after page until he reached the last page and when he finally laid it down, it was two o'clock in the morning. "Is this literature?" asked Mattamayur angrily to himself. He characterised the book as a pornographic caricature of Aryan purity drawn by perverted imagination.

The Head of the temple of Saraswati, Goddess of Learning, was a saintly virgin, a tapasvini—ascetic—whom the Maharaja of Kashmir had accepted as his guru. To that temple came a poet of Ujjain. With his *veena*, he moved the hearts of his listeners and as he offered his prayers to the Goddess Saraswati, Tapasvini's eyes acquired new brilliance. She became a devotee of the poet.

Tapasvini was no longer her own mistress. She abandoned her penance and her pledges. She felt that her devotion to her Goddess Saraswati was

best reflected in the devotional songs of the poet. She gave herself entirely to him, willingly without any restraint. It came naturally to her to make this sacrifice and the poet accepted the sacrifice smilingly, as if in that acceptance there lay the greatest achievement of their lives. Without any self-consciousness, with the naturalness of a child, he sat by the side of Tapasvini, thoroughly pleased with himself.

The Maharaja came to hear of this development. As a disciple of Tapasvini, he had to conceal his deep love for her, and had so far treated her as an unapproachable goddess. Now jealousy clouded his reason. He deceived himself into thinking that all values and proprieties had been lost. As the defender of his State's religion he went to the temple at midnight with a drawn sword, and in the name of vindicating Tapasvini's purity cut off the heads of the young couple, as they lay side by side enveloped in the joy they had found in each other's company.

Mattamayur had been thoroughly absorbed in *Tapasvini* on account of the charm of expression and gripping interest of the story ; the moment, however, he finished reading it, he felt he must flee from it. He was reminded of his own poem, which he had called *Brahmacharini*. As depicted by him she was a highly civilised and cultured young woman. Her one joy in life was her garden and the flowers which grew there. As she strolled in the garden she quoted copiously from sayings of the wise. She enjoyed listening to the gentle whispers of the sylvan deities presiding over her garden. She was the finest specimen of Aryan culture. Her pure heart harboured neither suspicion nor passion. She sang songs of love, but of the universal variety. By his work Piyush had mocked at this Brahmacharini of his. By comparison, Mattamayur's Brahmacharini appeared insipid and devoid of life; Tapasvini, on the other hand, who had broken her vows was alive like a flaming volcano.

The poet clapped his two hands on his head in the darkness. Into his impenetrable fortress of egoism, there sneaked a 'doubt' like a thief. For thirty-five years he had composed poems and had been depicting ideals in bewitching words. He had brought to life in his writings morality, purity and idealism. But what he had written was never of such absorbing interest. His imagination had never transported him to the heavens. How was it that his poetic skill never could depict the tempestuousness of life nor its uniqueness? For the first time he had a glimpse of the hollowness of his skill. With a tremor and almost unconsciously he muttered: "Have I built this fabric of hope only to see it collapse suddenly, leaving but debris behind! I never could recognise the genuine impulses of my heart; instead I closed my eyes to them and never could express what I wanted."

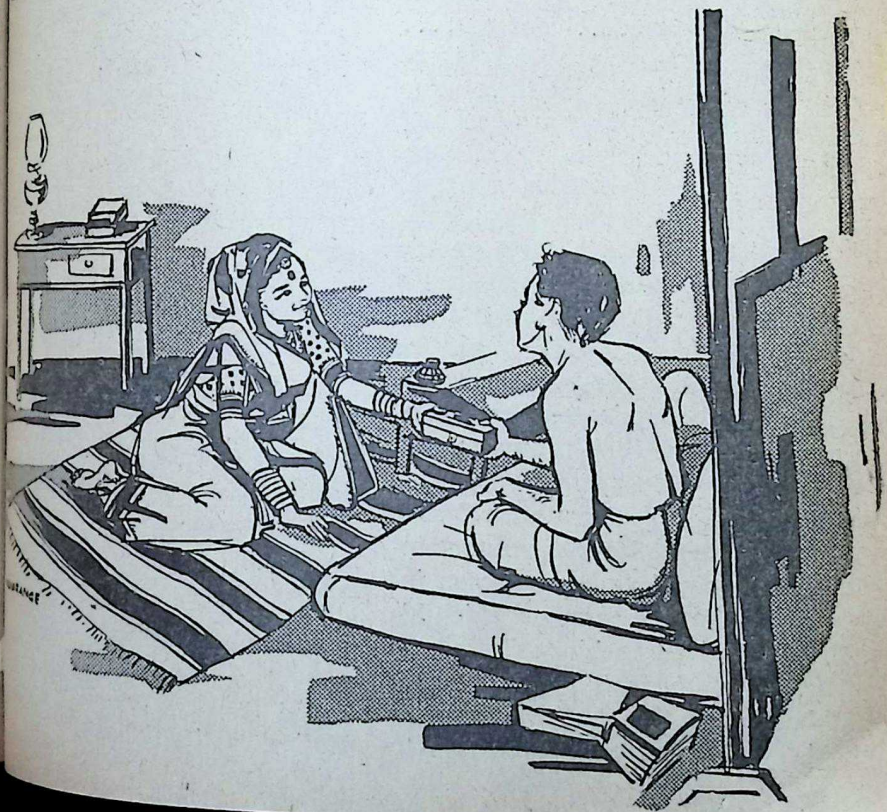
"Terrible! Terrible! Terrible! Really I have gone mad," he muttered. "Wherefrom these doubts? Why this lack of confidence? My outlook has been based on the age-old foundations of Dharma. I cannot be wrong: they are true, irresistible and eternal. I alone have seen genuine beauty and sung of it, created it. Whence then has come into me this un-Aryan weakness of mind? No, no. What I have immorta-

in my poems, that indeed is true," uttered to himself. Piyush had en into bits this immortal image uth, he thought. He had tarnish- e purity of the Aryan way of life had thrown open the ways to ce. In the flood of Tapasvini's sen- lust has been swept away the ne love which should have re- d above and beyond the joys of esh.

e writer of this book was guilty serious crime. It was his, Mat- yur's, first duty to stamp it out istence. If men like him could not h it from literature, who else ? If a poet was not able to save ho else was likely to undertake task?

Mattamayur's confidence in himself was revived. It was his duty to destroy those who did evil deeds and re-establish religion and purity. His heart swelled with passion, moved as he was by genuine anger. He had no option but to do his duty. It was a good thing that men of his calibre were still alive ; otherwise what would have happened to Gujarat, to Bharat and to the world?

The poet passed all night in such reflections. When daylight appeared, he called for his tea. He then took his bath and waited impatiently till he could call the editor of *Sanatan Yug* (The Eternal Epoch). He was certain that by eleven o'clock, his friend Kalidas would be at his office. So at eleven, the poet dialled *Sanatan Yug's* number.



As soon as the poet got through to Kalidas, he said in one breath: "Kalidas, Vidwan Kalidas, this is Mattamayur. Listen. Do not speak. Just listen to me quietly. This is very important. Have you read Piyush's book *Bhagna Hriday* (The Broken Heart)? Yes, very good. His latest book *Tapasvini* has just come out. Oh! you have got it on your table. Excellent. You have not read it. Well, listen. Read it, rightaway, today. This book is the gospel of all that is impure. It will destroy morals of all Gujarat. It will indeed break the very foundation of Aryan Dharma. Women will lose all sense of loyalty in marriage. There will, indeed, prevail complete moral licence. We must crush this writer. What? What do you say? Yes, take him severely to task....Nonsense.... Operator, what? It is already three minutes! All right, give me three more minutes. Kalidas, do you hear me? Yes, listen. Sit and write out at once. Use strong language. What did you say? Yes, in the issue of Wednesday next. Yes, by all means come on the New Year Day. Do you want me to write? Certainly. But you come here. I shall write an article for you. We have to wage this crusade. Oh! one minute. Oh! one minute. These telephone operators havn't any sense," he muttered.

The word 'Vidwan' or 'learned' used after the name of Kalidas was not indicative of any learning but was inherited by him as a surname which his father had given to himself. He was the editor of *Sanatan Yug*. Not only did he regard the poet Mattamayur as his teacher but considered him to be a person with superhuman attributes. He was, therefore, delighted that the poet, the model of good behaviour and the embodiment of the Aryan purity, should have thought of him at such a critical moment and had indeed even invited him over to Matheran. He pulled out *Tapasvini* from the heap of books lying on the table in front of him, put on his spectacles and began to read that book which was said to be capable of destroying Hindu culture.

Kalidas was born in a religious-minded orthodox family. His father was a Sanskrit scholar. He had inherited from his childhood fanatic orthodoxy and a liking for the Sanskrit language. With the help of his father's friends he had been able to take his degree. After his graduation, he became a teacher; but, whether in the college or afterwards, he had never deviated one inch from the strict requirements of religion. Many of his fellow-students did not spare him from ridicule when he persisted in wearing a short *dhoti* and in putting upon his forehead a large auspicious caste mark. After he became a teacher, his students also teased him. He ignored all this and suffered every form of ridicule quietly regarding it as a form of discipline necessary for good behaviour.

Eventually some well-meaning persons came to appreciate his learning and religious zeal. It seemed to those gentlemen that bad habits and impure thoughts were on the increase, and they felt that some concrete steps had to be taken for the protection of orthodoxy. They purchased a weekly called *Sanatan Yug* and appointed Kalidas as its Editor. Because of the

y and skill with which he con-
d the weekly, it began steadily
n popularity.

alidas who was a devout wor-
er of Goddess Amba attributed
success to the goddess Herself.
s his confirmed belief that the
way of defending religion was
ndemn evil deeds.

living up to this principle, the
e of his daily life helped him a
deal. He would get up with
dawn and after bathing, offer his
rs and read from the *Chandi*
. Thereafter, his devoted wife
d offer worship at his feet. After
ing his morning duties, he would
own with his long hair spread out
his shoulder to read newspapers or
azines; sometimes he would de-
a little time for translating one
e other of the *shastras*.

his circle of friends, he occupied
ry special position. No matter how
sing a situation, he would never
h. No matter how cheerful a
p of people, their cheerfulness
d vanish the moment they heard
footsteps. If there was any discus-
about an educated woman, he
d immediately suspect that her
acter was bad. If anyone talked
cial reform, he would pour ridi-
e on him until the poor devil was
s wits' end. He would eat the food
ed by his wife only. He drank no
and so considered the modern
g men to have become useless,
ly because they had acquired the
abit. He had acquired the habit
sing snuff but for that his ex-
e was that it was a form of Ayur-
c treatment. His mind was always
judging his friends, neighbours and well-known men and women. As a self-appointed guardian of their morals, he thought it his duty to keep a complete record of them. He occasionally wrote highly critical articles about them in the columns of his *Sanatan Yug*.

Apart from the usual topics, his weekly carried inspiring articles by him. Every Wednesday, through this medium, he shot verbal shafts at reformists, neo-literary men and Gandhi-ites. His sarcastic pen was a source of terror to many a man of position.

It was his practice to collect information about the private life of anyone against whom he wished to conduct a campaign. He had studied carefully the law of libel and he took care to see that nothing that he wrote brought him within the clutches of law. In his articles he used the material collected by him in such a way that it made the readers anxious to know more and to suspect that some deep mystery lay unearthed in regard to the lives of these men. The normal tendency of the average reader to know more about the weakness of great men was fed in this way, and their interest in the weekly was stimulated. The subscribers to the *Sanatan Yug* grew in number and Kalidas himself acquired a special status amongst the orthodox as a terror to modernism.

Kalidas began to read *Tapasvini* but he could not concentrate in the midst of the noise made by the press. He asked his assistant to look after the office and went home. His wife having gone away for a few days to her parent's, there was no one else at home: he did'nt engage a cook, but preferred to do his own cooking. He

let himself into the house and then locking himself in, lay down for a good long reading.

It was late in the evening by the time he finished *Tapasvini*. He put aside the book and as he looked at the sky outside, a gentle smile relieved his otherwise taciturn face. Before his mind's eye there passed one after the other long forgotten scenes.... There was once a young man....He had just passed his B.A. and had accepted service as an English teacher in a school. A few months after joining service he had lost his wife and he had been betrothed to an eight-year old girl....

The young man had rented a loft at a rent of Rs. 4|- and that was where he lived, said his prayers and did his cooking. He kept no servants except for a man to clean the utensils; a woman belonging to the Bhoi community was engaged on a salary of Rs. 3|- a month to wash his clothes. This woman had a sixteen-year old daughter called Pali. She was a cheerful minx. Sometimes she would come, instead of her mother, to wash the clothes. She addressed the young man as 'Master Mama,' (Uncle Master). Whenever Pali came, she would call out in a pleasant voice, and 'Master Mama' too would respond cheerfully. Gradually Master Mama began saving up tasty morsels of food for Pali.

He recalled how on one Diwali day, on returning from the temple of Lakshminarayan, he had sat down to have his meal all by himself. He did not like the idea of eating without any company on an auspicious day and he was feeling lonely and rather sorry for himself. Just then Pali came up the stairs. "Who is it?" he inquired.

"It is I, Pali, Master Mama," replied the young Bhoi girl smilingly. Pali had put on the *sari* in the typical Gujarati manner that day and not as usual tucked it up for work. She had put on silver ornaments on her hands and feet and her forehead bore a large *tilak*-mark. She sat down smilingly in front of the young man.

"My mother has gone to her brother's house. I had gone to the temple by myself and then thought that on my way back I might call on you so that if there was any work I could attend to it. Tomorrow also is an auspicious day and it may not be possible for me to come."

Master Mama could not take his eyes off the strong, well-formed body of the young girl. After all, on this auspicious day, there was someone who was concerned about his well-being. He asked Pali to sit down and inquired if she had taken her food.

"No, I am going to my uncle's house for a late dinner. You better take your meal so that I could wash up before I go."

"But surely I cannot let you go hungry on an auspicious day such as this," remarked Master Mama. "Sit down. Take that *thali* and let us share this big bit of sweet."

Pali hesitated for a moment before accepting the invitation. She sat down a little distance away from Master Mama. After finishing the meal, Master Mama sat down on his cushioned seat to eat his *pan*. Pali also moved closer and sat down in front of him. "Come, Master Mama. Give me the *pan* box. Today is after all an auspicious day. Let me also eat a *pan*."

"Certainly. Take the box," said Mas-

Mama. "Master Mama, please let make a *pan* for you today at least. at a *pan* made by me." As she this, Pali snatched the *pan*-box Master Mama and prepared two

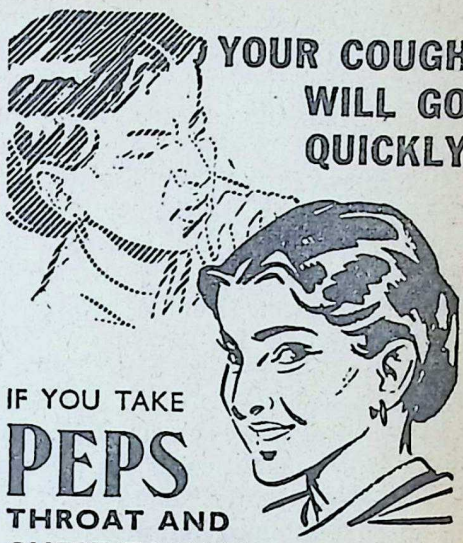
Never before had Master Mama the kind of excitement he now If God Himself was prepared to fruit offered by a forest girl, why d he not accept a *pan* prepared by girl?

was in great form. She ered away while she prepared ans. "Come on," said she offering t the *pan* in his mouth. "Master n is shy," she cried.

shook his head. But Pali would accept a refusal. She caught hold s chin and thrust the *pan* into his th.

The eyes of the two met. Neither them knew when Master Mama ched out his hand when Pali fell embraced him wildly....Mo- later when Pali was adjusting ari, Master Mama thought of n verses of *Geeta Govind*. That indeed been a wonderful experi-

ter this, the Master felt as if he living not on the earth, but in air. He found it difficult to con- te on his work in school, and when he sat offering his prayers morning, his mind kept stray- to those verses in *Geeta Govind* he had recalled after their first ce. Always before his mind's there floated Pali's cheerful figure. Pali's mother lived a short dis- e from the young man's house every day after he left the e for the school she or Pali would



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come and attend to all the work. The Master was always inquisitive to find out who had done the cleaning up. If Pali had come for work, there would be some eatables prepared by her which he would consume with great gusto.

In the evening at about 7 o'clock on her way back from the temple, Pali would almost invariably look in to see if there was any work for her to attend to. Master Mama therefore always waited for her and he would be most unhappy the day she could not come for any reason and could hardly get a wink of sleep that night. Now Pali would call out as she entered and would bolt the door behind her. Then, she would fall upon him with one jump and smother him in her embrace. What wonderful days! What a lively person she was! How pleasant it was to reflect on those days!

When Pali became pregnant her parents were greatly concerned. It was quite impossible for them to find who was responsible for their daughter's pregnancy for she worked in many homes. And in any case, to make detailed enquiries would be unwise, for it would lead to gossip in their community. They, therefore, arranged to send her immediately to her husband's house.

One day Pali told all these developments to Master Mama. The Master's first reactions were sincere and befitting an honourable man. So that was that. Pali would not now come to see him and his son would be brought up in someone else's home. He put his arm round Pali and sought consolation as it were from her physical contact. Pali began stroking his head and said: "Master Mama, I will come back at mother's within six months for my delivery. I shall then come and see you. Look after yourself."

Master Mama handed over to Pali all his savings, Rs. 125/- which he had saved up with great effort.

Pali went away laughing all the while, but Master Mama could not do so. He burst out weeping as she left and kept repeating to himself verses from the great poetic work of Bhartrihari's *Vairagya Shatak* (Hundred Verses on Asceticism).

As Kalidas read *Tapasvini*, there passed before his mind the vivid pictures of himself and Pali sitting down to eat together and he appreciating the true meaning of *Geeta Govind*. He visualised how he had waited evening after evening for Pali's cheerful face,

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lively springly walk and how her good-bye.

this had taken place 30 years it was like an episode that he had n some poem. It was, however, vivid that, whenever he thought his heart beat faster. Where would be now? What would their child ing? He had acquired money and and also became deeply reli- But if only he had not let Pali her husband's house and made ke a divorce from her husband s common in their caste, what a ey could have lived!

quite a while, Kalidas remained less, almost as if he had lost ousness. But then he got up and d scornfully at himself. What a downfall! A religious leader such as himself had still not succeeded in getting over a sin committed years ago. This world was verily an illusion. All these memories had become fresh entirely because of this wretched book *Tapasvini*. If such was the effect of the book on an old cultured Brahman like himself, whose thoughts and conduct had been pure and unsoiled for years, what would be the effect on an average person who would read it? He reflected. Yes, the poet was right. *Tapasvini* must be banished from the literary world.

Inspired by this idea, the editor of *Sanatan Yug* took up his pen and wrote vitriolically about the novel.

[To be continued]

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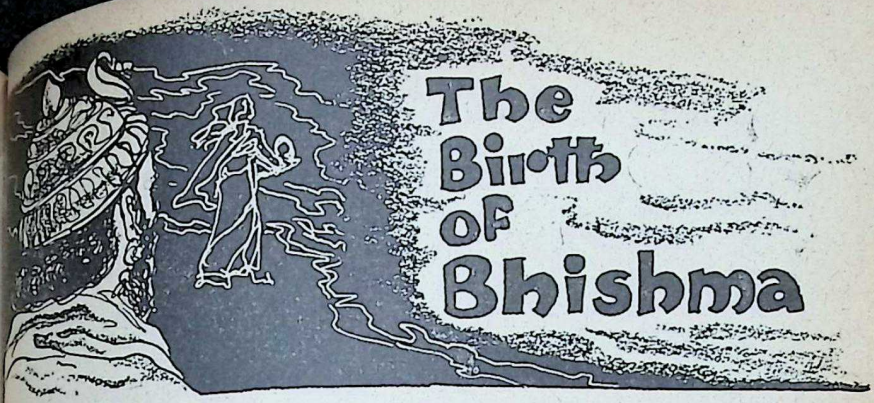


The Birth of Bhishma

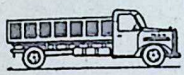
KAMALA SUBRAMANIAM

HE king had always been fond of hunting. It was a passion with him. He had reached the of the river Ganga. It was there, her. She was like a vision. she stood, her skin glowing like Her eyes were large and lustrous: her hair which she was combing her fingers was long, looking like proverbial Rahu trying to envelop on. He stood rooted to the spot her with his eyes. It seemed that a nymph from the high had descended on the earth his eyes and his eyes alone. proached her. She turned on the noise and looked at him. suffused her face which be- downcast. A smile hovered on Her toe was tracing patterns ground below and her fingers were like ivory sticks, twined twined the strands of her dark A moment later she lifted her looked at him. He knew then cared for him.

went near her. He took her re- hand in his and said: "You very beautiful. I want you to be mine. I am Santanu, the king of Hastinapura. I love you. I cannot live without you." She smiled and said: "The moment I looked at you I knew that I had to be yours. I will be your queen. But there is a condition. You must not cross me at any time. The moment you displease me I will go away from you never to return." "So be it," said the love-lorn monarch and led her to his city.

She was, to him, the ideal wife: a companion in every sense of the word. She pleased him immensely with her charm, her beauty, her sweet words and her many good qualities. He lost count of time when he was with her. She was called Ganga.

Days passed by ; months too. Ganga bore the king a son. His joy was immense. At last, a son and heir had been born to adorn the time-honoured throne of the great Pauravas. He hastened to the queen's chambers. He was told that she was not there. He heard that she had hurried to the banks of the river Ganga with the new born child clasped in her arms. He could not understand. He hurried to



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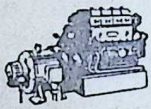

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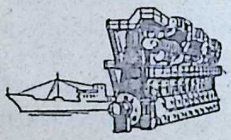

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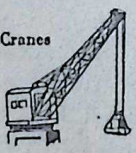

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r bank. There his horrified eyes scene which he could never blot rom the tablets of his memory. his dear, beloved Ganga, had ng the new born child into the . There was a look on her face teased him for days together. ooked as though a great load f her mind. He wanted to ask But he could not. He remember- promise he had given her: that uld never, never cross her and se her.

ppened again a year later. And Seven of the king's sons were into the river by Ganga. The was silent. Love, they say, is But no. It is an extra eye which nly the good in the beloved, blind the other faults. Ganga meant ry life to the king. But then, the for an heir was just as power- He knew no peace. A year passed The eighth child was born. Ganga d to the river with the child d in her arms. The king was less with grief and anger. He d behind her. He held her back. oke harshly to her for the first He said: "What inhuman act is I cannot bear it any longer. I t see all my sons destroyed like Why do you do it? How can a r, or anyone for that matter, the stem of a flower ere yet it ms? Please give me this one son. not keep silent any longer."

ere was a strange smile on the of Ganga. It was sad and it was too. She spoke very gently to ing. She said: "My lord, the time come when I must leave you. You broken your promise. I must hurry away from here. This child of ours will live. I will take him with me and give him back to you when the time comes. I will call him Devavrata. His other name will be Gangeya."* The king was numb with woe. He could not follow all that she was saying. He knew only this: the woman who meant everything to him was about to leave him for ever. And all because he had asked her not to kill his eighth son. He looked at her with mute appeal in his eyes. Words came to his lips. "Why do you do this to me? Can you not see that my life is bound up in you and that I cannot live without you? You cannot abandon me and go away! Ganga, you loved me once. In the name of that love I implore you, do not leave me and go away."

A look of pain crossed the beautiful face of Ganga. She said: "Oh my lord, can you not realize that I am going because I must? I am Ganga. I belong to the heavens. Because of a curse I had to live the life of a mortal on this earth. You were the great king Mahabhishak in your previous birth. You were once with Indra in his court. I came there. You looked at me with eyes full of desire and I wanted to be yours. The celestials did not like it. They sent me to the earth to be the wife of this Mahabhishak who would be born as Santanu, the son of Prateepa. Hence our life of love was possible. We have been happy. My lord, do not try to stem the tide of time. Things that have been ordained to happen will happen. Not you, nor

---

*He later became famous as Bhishma (one who undertakes a terrible vow and fulfils it)—Ed.

I nor all the gods in the heavens can alter the order of things to come."

The king looked puzzled. He said: "Still I do not understand. Why, then, the killing of these seven children who were born to you and me? Was that also part of the curse?" "Yes" said Ganga. " These eight children are the eight Vasus who were cursed to be born in this world. I had promised them that I would bear them and grant them release from this life the moment they were born. But this eighth has been cursed to live a long life on this earth. Hence he has been allowed to live. Do not grieve, my lord. I will give you your heir and I will take care that he prepared in a manner suited to the role he has to play: the heir to the throne of the illustrious Pauravas."

When the veil of illusion is torn and the eyes are allowed to look on Truth, the eyes, we find, are not strong enough to do so. It was so with the king. Ganga, the goddess from the heavens, thought fit to play wife to him. But Santanu, a mere mortal, was not great enough to bear that honour. His mind refused to face the truth. He was dumbfounded when he heard all that Ganga had to say. It was too much for him. He could see just two things: his Ganga would leave him for ever, never to come back. The other realization was that he had a son now, a son to uphold the name of the Pauravas. It was easy for Ganga to follow the emotions that passed through the mind of Santanu. With a look of pity mingled with love she looked at the king and said in a gentle voice: "My beloved, please do not be unhappy. I will take excellent care of our son. He will become a great man. He will be greater than all the Pauravas who had graced the throne of the Race of the Moon."

Ganga faded away from his sight. He spent hours re-living the moments filled with pain: the last few moments with Ganga. With a sigh of resignation he turned away slowly and wended his way homewards, a home where loneliness, utter loneliness awaited him.

True courage is but the firm resolve of virtue and reason.

—Anon.

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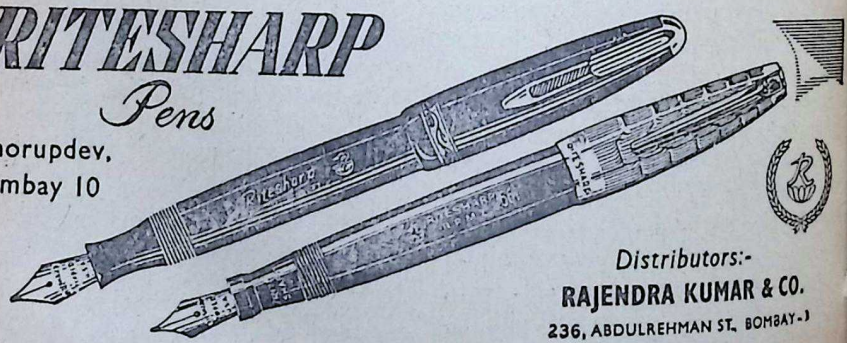

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Massage Treatment

Dr. Raghubhai P. Shastri

MASSAGE is one of the oldest forms of remedy to relieve pain and promote h. It was known and practised the creation of life. In our clas- and mythological stories it is re- d to; in books dealing with life e Roman Empire and tales of ors of the kingdom of Greece, on is made of the massage treat- . In bygone days, Egypt, China India had used 'massage' exten- both for treatment in many ill- s and also to keep up and improve general health of the people. For ce, wrestlers, warriors and es, massaged their bodies almost y day. Thus massage needs no in- ction but as all are not acquaint- ith its varied methods of appli- n, a discussion of its modern uses e profitable to all.

day, massage is a highly deve- d science and not the haphazard. ntific rubbing of the human as it used to be centuries ago. ring the last century the science assage has developed consider- because enthusiasts in Denmark, n, France, England and U.S.A., ir extensive research have given entific method of application.

The modern scientific massage which is used for both medical as well as surgical cases, requires efficient and well trained persons to carry it out. To employ massage for healing purposes, a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology as well as a clear understanding of diseases and their symptoms are most essential.

The art of massage has different manipulative movements such as stroking, effleurage, kneading, friction and tapotements to bring about the desired effect. These movements are divided into two distinct groups, one is called the stimulating massage where all movements are quick, rhythmic and light. This is used for Flaccid paralysis and other maladies. The second type of massage is called soothing massage which is deeper. Here all the movements are slow, deep and rhythmic. It is used for spastic paralysis and many other ailments.

Effect of massage: There are various effects of the modern scientific massage. Only the most important effects are mentioned here. They are as follows:

1. Massage improves and increases circulation.

2. Massage removes waste products and fatigue.
3. Massage brings nutrition to the part under treatment.
4. Massage softens scar tissue which forms as a result of burns or operation.
5. Massage removes pain, gives relief and comfort.
6. Massage improves the tone and brings strength in the wasted muscles in cases of disease and injury.
7. Massage removes the nodules of Fibrositis of muscles.
8. Massage improves mobility of the joint.
9. Massage can prevent deformity.
10. The reflex action of massage is very vast. In short we can say that this action can improve digestion, can increase secretion, can relieve one of mental worries and induce sleep.

From the above stated effects of massage one may come to the conclusion that massage is applicable to many ailments but there are some contra-indications. The following are a few of them where massage is contra-indicated.

1. Obstruction in the vein as in thrombosis or blood clot.
2. Any septic condition.
3. In acute pain and inflammation.
4. In all cases where there is a chance of haemorrhage.
5. In most of the mental cases in agitated melancholia etc.

Uses of Massage: The following illnesses or diseases are well within the scope of massage and it will give excellent result provided there is no other complication where massage is contra-indicated:

Arthritis; Bells' Palsy, Blood Pressure, Constipation, Fibrositis, Gout, Headache, Insomnia, Kyphosis, Lordosis, Lumbago, Neuritis, Obesity, Oedema, Paralysis of all types, Rheumatism. Sciatica.

Also in general debility, foot troubles such as flat foot, high arch etc., and in many chronic diseases massage has proved to be efficacious.

There are other manipulating sciences like osteopathy and chiropractic which deal with adjustment and giving movement to the spinal cord and other bony structures.

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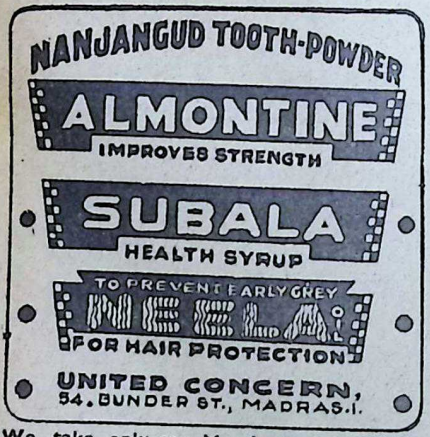

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This book is a challenge and a warning to all those in authority to use their power in a humane, beneficial manner and to further the cause of a peaceful, orderly, creative society and civilization.

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by
K. M. MUNSHI

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Because of its power to arouse the more generous, nobler human instincts, the idea of trusteeship, in one form or other, has been exercising man's mind almost from the dawn of time. The ideal of trusteeship—legal, ethical, moral, spiritual, or even purely political—if properly understood and acted upon, is bound to raise the tone of human relationship and add to the happiness and weal of mankind.

In this incisive, original and engaging study of a rather challenging theme, a searching exposition is given about, first, the nature and meaning of trusteeship; second, the forms it assumes in human relationships; third, trusteeship as an effective means of social reconstruction; lastly, the steps necessary to secure such reconstruction. Reading this book is sure to prove a rewarding experience.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
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riddles

[Beginning with this issue, the Bhavan's Journal is starting a short new feature—'Riddles'—which, we hope, our readers will find stimulating. The answers to the riddles will be published in the subsequent issue of the Journal. Contributions of this nature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES 1

1. *It always resides at the top of the tree, but is not a bird. It has got three eyes, but is not Rudra or Sulapani. It is clad in bark, but is not a saint. It carries water, but is not a pot or cloud. What is it?*

2. *She has a black face, but is not a cat. Her tongue is slit in two; but she is not a serpent. She has five husbands to support her; but she is not Draupadi. Who is she?*

3. *I often murmur, but never weep. I always lie in bed, but never sleep. My mouth is wider than my head. I am fed in dribbles but I excrete much. I have no feet, but I run swiftly. The more falls I have, the swifter I run. Now tell me who am I?*

4. *He takes away the wealth of a man, but he is not a thief;*
   He sucks human blood, but is not a Rakshasa;
   He dwells in holes, but is not a serpent;
   He rambles in the night, but is no demon;
   He moves swiftly, but is not the wind.
   His bite is piercing, but is not an arrow. Who is he?

5. *When we take it, it is black; when we use it, it is red.*
   When we throw it, it is grey.
   What is it?

●●●

THE COW and THE CALF

HE moment of reconciliation is the priceless gift of God; for, without it, life will be a forest rid smoke where people will suf- e with foul breath.

sked by King Ajavaksha whether as really a mortal at all, Pavaka ed he was just one and related story from the beginning: how, of curiosity, he attended his (King aksha's) daughter's *swayamvara*; , after the event he was consis- y double-crossed by his fake d Kumbhi; how he was cursed the *rakshasa's* wife that he should me maimed and how by her own y he knew of his release; of Par- Devi's boon; and explained why urposely put on the cripple form. is difficult to say who was grati- most by the narration. There were wo opinions about the truth of aka's statements and all praised open-heartedly. From that day on- Hanumati led a life of unmixed ure in the company of her lord aka.

fter some months Pavakaroma re- ed to his native country along with umati and reaching the palace, trated before his father and mo- The aged parents, who had been rsed in sorrow at the sudden and plained disappearance of their ed son, were delighted at the re- n. Pavaka related to them all that happened to him from the time is disappearance up to date. The was greatly agitated by the mis- s of Kumbhi. He therefore issued immediate orders for the dismissal of his minister who was Kumbhi's father and dispossessed him completely. Thus the entire family of the minister was left in the lurch due to the misbehaviour of one of its members. They had to live like beggars.

The aged King, in course of time, gave up his throne in favour of his son Pavaka and retired to the forest for performance of *tapas*. Pavaka ruled his country in a manner greatly applauded by men and sages. He reigned for a very long period at the end of which he reached *Siva-sayujya*.

It may be recalled that sage Dattatreya was answering King Maha in the course of which he related how Sarpati replied King Bhoja quoting this boxed episode.

Greatly fascinated by the story, King Maha asked sage Dattatreya: "Venerable Sage! May I request you to continue the story of the cow and the tiger within which the Pavaka episode appears?"

The Sage beamed with pleasure and replied: "At the conclusion of the Pavaka story, the cow asked the tiger: 'You have been listening to the instances of how truth has been adhered to by great men. I am sure you will now be convinced that I too can be relied upon to keep my promise. Won't you permit me to go to my child and return?'

Tiger: It appears to me that by hook or by crook you want me to leave you. Do not for a moment be under the illusion that because I am

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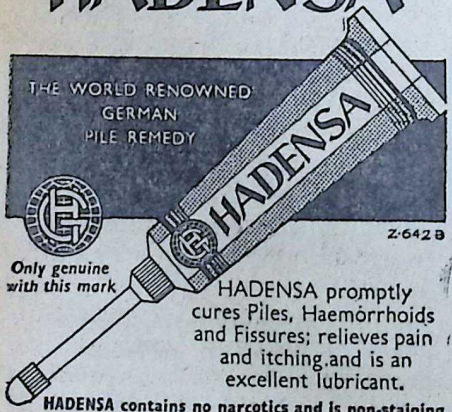

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a forest-dweller I am devoid of com- monsense.

Cow: For my part, I am not one who wastes words on nothing. One who goes back on his plighted word is the most accursed of creation. However low in the hierarchy of creation, one who adheres to truth is worship-worthy. Believe me, I shall presently go and after suckling my baby shall surely re- turn to you. Do you think I shall argue on this point had I known that you had an one-track mind? What greater virtue is there in this world than the worship of a guest? Is it not a most heinous crime to make you wait here and not turn up? My only weakness stems out of the fact that I am a mother and my child is just a stripling. Hence my pleading. Should however you feel for certain that my behaviour is unwarranted, you are at liberty to kill me straight now and appease your hunger.

Tiger: Well, I am convinced that your plea is genuine. What guarantee is there that you will return quickly after suckling your baby? Not till you swear on God of your quick return will I let you go, nor will I believe you.

Cow: That is very reasonable. Listen: if I fail to return quickly, may I reap the fate of a Sannyasin who is unable to shake off his association with dacoits. In the event of my failure, may I deserve the fate of those preferring to adjudicate on dispute, failing to be impartial in their verdicts; if I fail, may I reap the fruit as reaped by those who misappropriate properties pledged to them. If I fail, may I reach the fate of those who upset an agreement over a price on a sale

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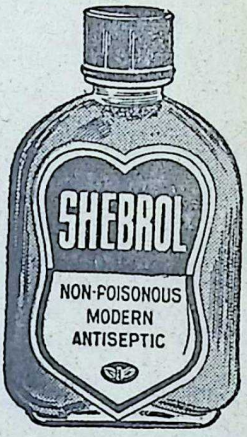
ction or over a marriage. If I may I reach the lot of those who like friends and eating their turn out as their enemies. On my may I work out the fate of son who feeds his own stomach cost of his cow or while his cow May I be accursed like the who beats and abuses a cow fault of hers. May I be put on with one who steals another's May I be put on a par with who, sumptuously eating in the of another, yet runs away when help is needed most in that house. May I be considered on a par with who by speaking ill of elders their displeasure by causing them May I be equated with those who the path of their parents. May classed along with those who be- the hungry ox who comes run- to graze on a green pasture. May the reward of those who gift useless lands to others. May come as accursed as those who the means of livelihood of the and the good. May I be put on same boat as one who, when a announces himself at meal-time, him away with a rod. May I be with those parents who out of of pelf and pomp marry their daughters to aged grooms. I suffer the same fate as those cast away their faultless wives out of suspicion or wilfulness. I reach the same fate as those when their dependants suffer hunger, dissipate their earnings lessly.

ger: I am greatly impressed by learning and wisdom. Your nic sense makes me place impli-



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cit faith in your reliability. You may go to suckle your baby and return quickly.

Expressing its deep sense of gratitude to the tiger for its generosity, the cow walked briskly home, her udder heavy with undrunk milk. Hearing the moo of its mother, her young one frolicked towards her and immediately started suckling.

In the meantime, the woman of the home came running and pulling the calf aside started milking the cow as was the wont and when the pitcher was full, she left the calf back at the udder. The calf had its fill and at its newly acquired vigour gambolled in the street zigzaging the byways. The mother cow then beckoned to it by mooing when the calf returned to her. As she did so, the calf smelt the ground at some places, threatened young children who came in the way—all of which aggravated the sense of separation which was imminent. Reflected the cow: "How possibly can I part myself away from this child? When other calves of its age look eagerly forward to the return of their mothers in the evenings and are immediately transported with delight on their arrival, how possibly can it alone bear the non-return of its mother? At my permanent disappearance, how keenly would it feel my separation? I should depart now, for my child is in a happy frame of mind. If I delay in my return, I should be deemed to have gone back on my plighted word and be prepared to reap the consequences. Let me be gone!"

So thinking, the cow called her child and said: "My child! I had been supporting you so far, but shall be no more here. You must overgrow your childhood. The sense of 'I' ness and 'My' ness are the seeds of world's sorrow. Never speak untruth. Avoid the company of the wicked. Don't reply if anyone abuses you; just walk away as though you did not hear it. Do not roam in the fields alone. Return home before the sun sets. Do not arrogantly fight wild bulls. Neither should you seek the company of wild cows. Avoid quarrelsome company even as the company of tale-bearers. Do not go frisking in the path trea by elephants, horses and donkeys. The look of fine grass is deceptive, for it may as well conceal a deep river or well. Be careful therefore in negotiating them. Do not drink water from places which you know to be infested by snakes, crocodiles and other cruel beings. I was here all along and therefore people fondled you. When I shall no more be here, you will be thoroughly neglected by all. The broken reed of the lotus, stray cotton, dust and a motherless child are all objects of scorn to others. All that I can advise you is that you should be intelligent; should seek the company of the great and shine."

The young calf which had been patiently hearing these words, replied: "Mother, why should you speak so strangely today? Has this Brahman sold you? Has he gifted you to his daughter or to some other Brahman on a holy occasion? Do not worry. Wherever you may go I shall accompany you," and started weeping.

[To be continued]

Stories of King Madanakama

32 IN QUEST OF PARIJATA

It was the turn of the elder Prin-
cess to meet Chaturya on the
seventh night. When she came as
dressed for the occasion and
for his company, he told her
following story:

In the city of Amaravati lived King
Vasa who ruled his country justly
famously. However, he had no
for a long time. His Minister
had no issues for long. In the
of a conversation however they
agreed that in the event of their
a son and a daughter respec-
they would get them married.
After due propitiation of gods and
dharmic deeds, the King and the
were blessed with children.
While the Minister got a beautiful
the King got a tortoise for
son. However much dispirited the
was at the calamity, he could
get out of his mind that after all
was his son. He therefore bestow-
all the care and affection he was
of on the tortoise. The Minis-
however, was feeling extremely
He got two more daughters.
As soon as the Minister's eldest
came of age, he thought in
of marriage for that girl, but
never occurred to him that he had
his word to marry her to the
's son. How could he, when the
was a tortoise? Yet the King could
help reminding his Minister of his
promise when the latter laughed uproariously and said: "Your Majesty! You don't expect me to give my daughter to a tortoise?"

The King returned home crestfallen, and as he related the conversation to his wife, the tortoise was overhearing it and quite unexpectedly spoke: "Father! Do not feel disheartened; go once again and ask the girl!"

The King reluctantly sent word to the Minister's daughter pointing out her father's reply. That girl, however, on hearing it, went to her father, and said: "Father! I understand that you have given word to the King that you would marry me to the King's son if he had one. Now that he has had a tortoise for a son, I may give out my mind. I have no objection to marry the tortoise if he can bring me the Parijata flower. In fact I shall marry any one who brings that flower!"

The Minister had no objection to that proposal, for he was sure that the tortoise could never be a candidate to that competition.

When the tortoise-Prince heard the challenge, he decided to accept it, and so said, "Father, please drop me into the ocean. I shall go and fetch the Parijata flower."

The King readily appreciated the idea and accordingly let the tortoise into the ocean. The tortoise swam all the seven seas and reached the Mount

of Udayagiri and spread itself out on the path of the Sun.

When the Sun rose, Aruna saw the tortoise and therefore informed his master of the presence of the tortoise on the way. Asking him to halt the chariot aside, the Sun descended down and asked the tortoise "Why do you lie down on my path?"

The tortoise replied: "Lord! I am born as a son to a king. It ill befits him and myself. Why should we be put to this shame?"

SUN: You were a prince in your last birth. When a sage was practising penance, you placed a tortoise on his hand out of fun. The sage cursed you to be born as a tortoise. Now that you have propitiated me, I am pleased to liberate you from this curse. Henceforward you shall have human form and your glory and brilliance shall exceed mine.

No sooner was this said than the tortoise metamorphosed into a human as lovely as the Love-god. He prostrated before him. At the request of the Prince, the Sun further endowed him with the faculty of putting on the form of a tortoise at will. The Sun further said: "A few *yojanas* from here is a forest where a sage sits in penance. If you please him he will give you the Parijata flower." Saying this, the Sun went on his diurnal motion.

The Prince hid the tortoise-shell that had covered him somewhere in the forest and searched for the sage whom he located soon. The sage was immersed in concentration. He waited for him to open his eyes. As soon as he did so, he fell at his feet and prayed for a Parijata flower. The sage too learnt all about the Prince and his quest, and so directed him to another sage ahead in the forest. This sage directed him to a third sage who, after

(Continued on page 83)

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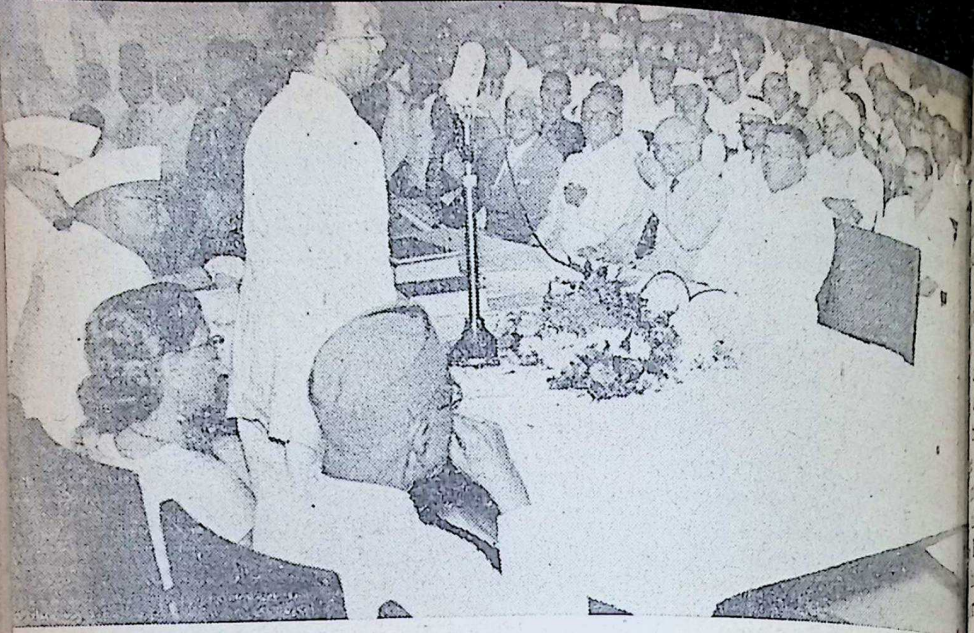

Prof. Humayun Kabir addressing the gathering. (L to R): Kulapati Munshi, Rajyapal Sri Prakasa, Prof. Kabir, Smt. Munshi and Mm. Dr. P. V. Kane.

BHAVAN'S NEWS

BHAVAN'S 10 VOLUME HISTORY

"A MONUMENTAL ENDEAVOUR"

[Readers will remember the report appearing in the News & Notes column of Bhavan's Journal dated 30th October on the release on 14th October of Bhavan's new books by Prof. Humayun Kabir, Minister for Scientific Research & Cultural Affairs, Government of India. The following is the full text of Prof. Kabir's speech.—*Ed.*]

I CONSIDER it a great privilege to be associated with this function when you are releasing *The Delhi Sultanate*, the sixth volume of the ten-volume series of the *History and Culture of the Indian People*. The Bhavan's scheme of the *History and Culture of the Indian People* is a truly

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"A TRULY NATIONAL VENTURE"

—Prof. HUMAYUN KABIR

ental endeavour and, as Sri has, told us, this is the ure in modern India that a atic attempt has been made to the history of the Indian peo- The development of systematic in India is a comparatively re- henomenon. We had a num- Histories in the middle ages ring the end of the 18th and eginning of the 19th century a umber of them were translat- English and published under e 'Indian History told by In- Historians'. Very often these ear- stories were chronicles and the emphasis was on the kings and on political changes and mili- conflicts, and the dynastic ups owns of different families who this country. A history of the n people in the sense of a cul- history, a history of the growth tutions, a history of the growth evelopment of language and lite- of changes in the different forms in a word, a history of Indian ation is a comparatively recent pment.

y attempts have been made in times to present a history of this but till now most of these at- have had rather limited success. The Indian History Congress undertook this work some years ago, and I believe, the Second Volume was published a fairly long time ago. The First Volume has not yet appeared. Of course this kind of thing often happens as there is nothing surprising in it. In the Great History of Britain which Oxford was presenting, I understand the Twelfth Volume appeared first—it was a twelve-volume series —but they have been able to complete the series. In the case of the present History, very great credit is due to Sri Munshi and his colleagues, the distinguished scholars, who have co-operated in this task that six volumes have been published in the course of the last 17 years. The project was undertaken in 1943, and the First Volume published in 1949, but since then, in the last 12 years, five more volumes have been published. This is very rapid progress indeed considering the nature of the work and the amount of work and consultations involved.

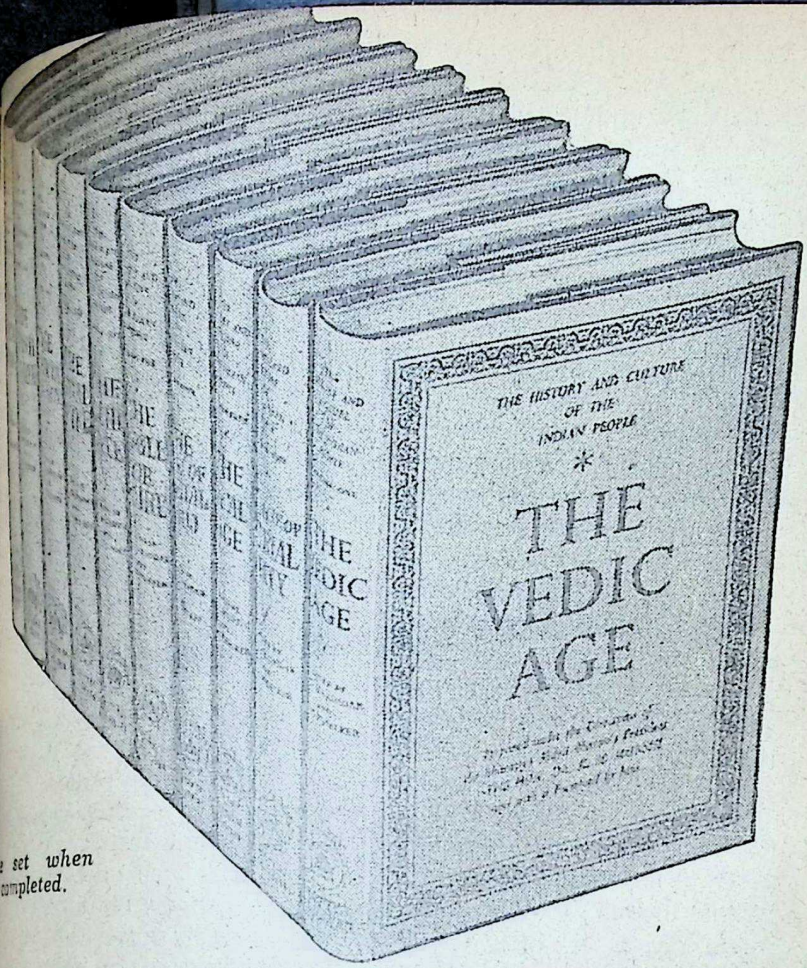
I congratulate the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, I congratulate Sri Munshi, I congratulate Dr. Majumdar, and all those who are co-operating in this truly national venture. For, a history of a people is not only a reflection of the past but also a projection into the

future. What we are today is conditioned by what we have been in the past. If we do not know what we have been in the past, our present orientation may go wrong, and the future then becomes uncertain and dangerous. In history, lack of knowledge can be a real source of danger. Some of our political leaders used to say before India became politically free that Indians 'do not remember their past'. They are a people without history, for, if that remembrance had been there, many of the ills from which we have suffered in the past and the dangers that threaten us today can be avoided.

Indian history is both a challenge and a warning to us. It is a challenge because it is a record of great achievements which we must try to emulate. It is a warning for it can help us to avoid mistakes of the past. There have been two great dangers which in the past have often undermined the prosperity of our people and endangered our future. Whenever we have sought to restrict knowledge, whenever we have tried to deny the inflow of new ideas, new concepts, new techniques and new technologies from the outside world, India has suffered grievously. Throughout her long political history, whenever we have technologically fallen behind, India has suffered. That happened when the Aryans first came here; that happened when the Iranians came to India in the 8th century B.C.; that happened when the Greeks came here in the 3rd century B.C.; that happened when the Sakas and Hunas came here; that happened when the Pathans came here; that happened when the Turks came here; that happened when the Moghuls came here; and that happened when the Europeans came here.

Whenever we have fallen technologically behind and have not cared to keep contact with the great movements of the world, and the great advances in technology elsewhere, India has had to pay grievously. Whenever we have allowed smaller interests, smaller considerations, to overcome the larger interests of the country, the whole nation has suffered and that has happened both in individual lives as well as in national life. Some of you will remember that in the *Mahabharata*, towards the end when the power of the Kauravas was completely broken, when even Krishna lost his power,

Prime Minister Nehru releasing the "Struggle for Empire", Vol. V of the Series at a function in New Delhi.



e set when completed.

one asked Krishna, 'Why has all happened?' One of his immediate replied, 'Krishna, you are responsible for it, because some time ago of your followers, Satyaki and quarrelled and you did not a fair judgment nor did you settle immediately. You sided with the for whom you had a greater personal liking and the seeds of destruction were sown.'

those in power allow personal considerations, group considerations, considerations of locality, language, caste or community to interfere with the performance of their duties, then the seeds of disaster in national life are sown. These are the two great lessons in Indian history. Whenever we have fallen behind in technology, we have suffered; whenever we have shut our doors to knowledge from outside, we have suffered; whenever we have allowed sectional interests, or self-consideration to override the demands of justice and fairplay, we have suffered.

Indian history presented in this series seeks to bring the panorama of life, not merely political developments, but the fullness of life which grew in India, not through

centuries but through millennia before us. As such it is again an inspiration, a challenge and warning, a reminder. I congratulate Dr. Munshi and his colleagues for this work of great national importance.

The second book which is being released today brings us back to the basic concern of the modern world—the Essential Unity of all Religions. By religions, we understand different creeds, but religion is that which holds men together. Religion is the submergence of individual interests for the sake of a greater ideal and a greater cause; that is why we may have manifestations of religion in many forms. In India, in the past, there have been religions in which there have been no reference to God at all. There have been religions in which God has been the centre of the religious consciousness and religious experence, but whether there has been a reference to God or not, there has been a binding principle. There has been something which enabled the individual to submerge selfish interests out of loyalty to a greater cause. Dr. Bhagavandas, whom we may call a modern saint, was one of the most learned, one of the most benevolent, one of the most beloved sons of India. Wherever he went, he brought sweetness and light all around him. His company was itself a benediction, and everyone who had the privilege and the good fortune of meeting him could feel an atmosphere of kindness and good influence which permeated the immediate surroundings. He has sought to find what is the essential principle underlying all religions and he has found the unifying principles of love, compassion, and understanding in all religions.

I think the Bhavan has rendered a great service in bringing before us this classic of modern India and making it available to the public.

The third book which I would also like to make mention is by an American who came and lived in India for a short time. He felt the fundamental identity of human beings, felt that in music there is a language which transcends the differences of words, where feelings find expression in sounds transcending linguistic, national and regional barriers. He has prepared for us a staff notation on Indian music which, I hope, will enable many persons outside India to know something more about Indian music, to play it, to enjoy it and to enter into its spirit —that spirit of liberation or release from the bond of the immediate demands of the individual. The whole world is today becoming a neighbourhood. I would therefore like to avoid the word 'foreign'; nobody is a foreigner in the modern world, it is becoming a neighbourhood although we do not always recognise it, and it is necessary that in this one world we know more about one another as peoples and as individuals.

I believe that an organization like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, in bringing the thought of the world to India and in broadcasting the thought of India to the world, in introducing and re-introducing India to the world and the world to India, is helping the cause of understanding, interpretation and co-operation among peoples. It is thus helping in the creation of the basis on which alone human beings can survive in the modern troubled world.

IN QUEST OF PARIJATA (*Contd.*)

all about his quest, said: "If half a *yojana* in this direction, will notice a temple dedicated to Ganesa. Near it is a divine tank. damsels come there for sport. there unseen. When they dip selves in water, steal the cloth of them and without looking back, into the temple and bolt the Not before extracting a promise the damsel who will be after to give you the Parijata flower you return the vest."

Prince accordingly lay in wait divine damsels to appear. When did so, they laid aside their clothes entered the pellucid waters for Noiselessly the Prince stole the of the leader of the party and walked briskly toward the Vinayaka Temple. But the girl who had noticed him ran after him and uttered the most enticing words to make him look back so that she could curse him to become a stone. But the Prince was too clever for her and so he quietly locked himself inside the temple without looking back at his attractive pursuer.

Finally after extracting a promise from her that she would fetch him the Parijata flower, he returned the vest through a chink in the door. But when he did so, the girl was so fascinated by the Prince's look that she decided to have him all for herself.

[*To be continued*]

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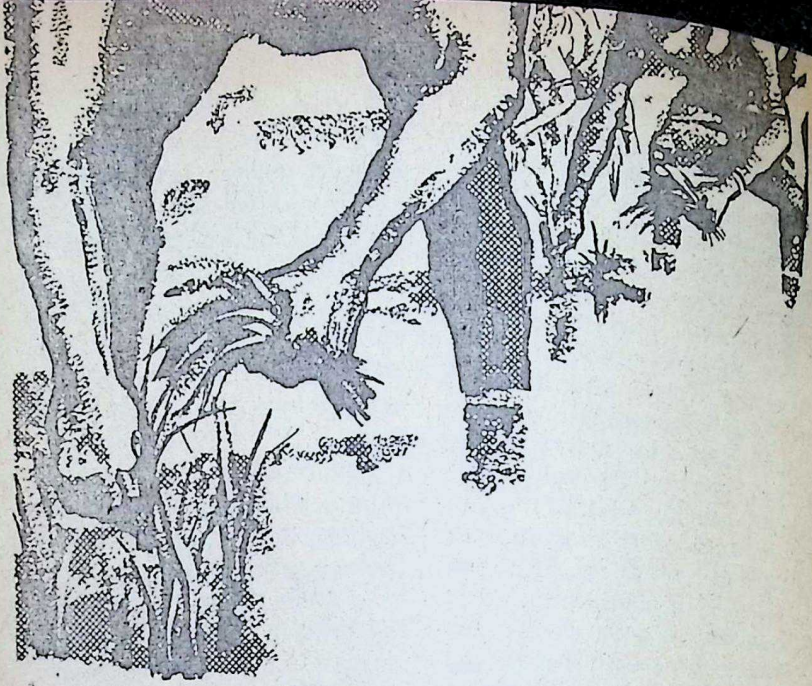

from the seed...

In the steel blaze of noon,
men of the earth 'drag the sun upon their backs',
toiling in the furrowed fields.

For a tomorrow, when the seed will burst to
plant, flower and fruit.

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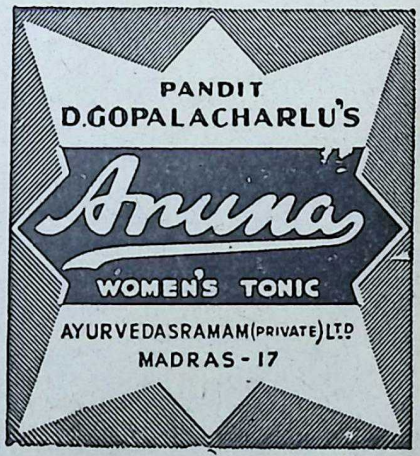
is a publication of Annamalai sity containing the four lec-on Śaiva Siddhānta given at the sities of Allahabad and Banaras K. M. Balasubramaniam in the 1957 under the Tiruppanandal Mutt Endowment. It is a happy that there should be periodical s on Southern Saivism at aca-level at two Northern Univer-and that these should be arrang-the Annamalai University. The Head of the Tiruppanandal deserves all praise for this e.

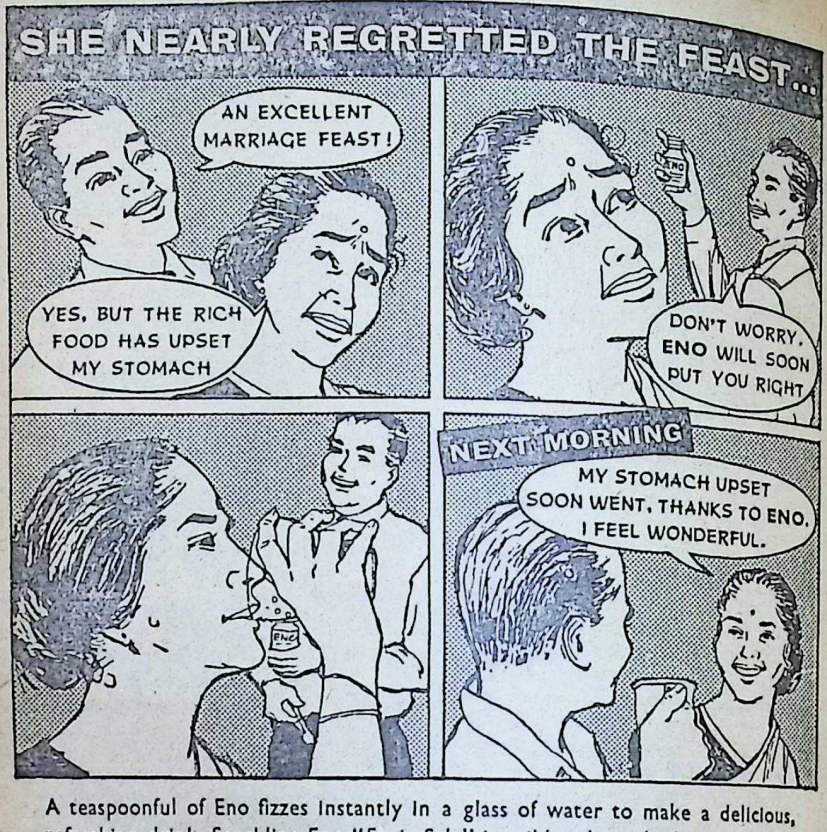
hern Śaivism known as Śaiva nta has been for the most part to the Tamil speaking world. good that it should now be fast recognition as a distinct school n thought through expositions sh and translations of classical s well. The contention of some s is that the Siddhānta is to be purely to Tamil sources, and has nothing to do with the books in Sanskrit. Sri K. M. bramaniam rejects this view ntains that "Saiva Siddhanta ch a Vedic creed as Advaita shtadvaita'. After discussing ic texts of Śaiva Siddhānta, are both Vedic and Āgamic ecturer deals with the three es: God (*pati*), soul (*paśu*), e bonds (*pāśa*). Although the ture is on God, and the other re on soul, the bonds are ex-in the second lecture. The treatment of the nature and destiny of the soul is fairly complete.

Sri Balasubramaniam quotes freely from the Siddhānta works, and has succeeded in presenting the system in clear and forceful language. The translation of many of the Sanskrit words is faulty e.g. *sookshma* for *sūkṣma, Gowlar* for *Kaula, Bhattachari* for *Bhātta; saktinipāda* for *śaktinipāta; Panchatshara for Pañcākṣara.*

—*Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan.*

READINGS FROM SANKARA, Part 1. By T. M. P. Mahadevan. Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. Price: Rs. 1.50 nP.





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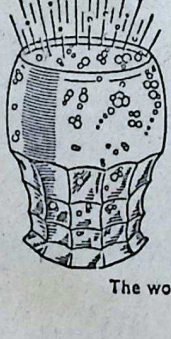

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—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.*

NTRAL *RAILWAY ANNUAL* 960). Edited and Published by B. Natarajan, Public Relations Officer, Central Railway, Bombay. pp. 130. Price: Rs. 1.50 nP.

S ANNUAL is beautifully printed art paper and contains many in- sting features. There is a review the Railways' operational efficiency Sri D. R. Khanna, General Mana- The article on "Stephenson" by lter Holton narrates the history of Railways. Mr. Hilton Brown takes reader to Agra, Gwalior and Kha- ho and presents us with beautiful tographic pictures of the Taj, Agra Fort, Diwan-i-Khas, the bha Palace, Fatehpur-Sikri and ples from Khajuraho.

Then there are ten 'life in pictures' famous photographers, Sri R. Rama- hy, Sri E. S. Mahalingam, and B P. Khare. There are a few tographic studies of birds and mals as well.

Sri Suresh Vaidya, in his interest- article on the Andamans and the bars, gives the reader a glimpse the life in these islands.

Sri B. Natarajan in his "Tourists' e" guides the tourists in their visits Delhi, Agra, Gwalior, Ajanta and er places of tourist importance on Central Railway. Coloured repro- tions of the Taj, the Pearl Mosque, Qutb Minar, mural paintings of nta add to the artistic beauty of magazine.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer.*

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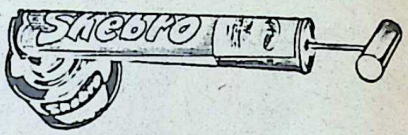

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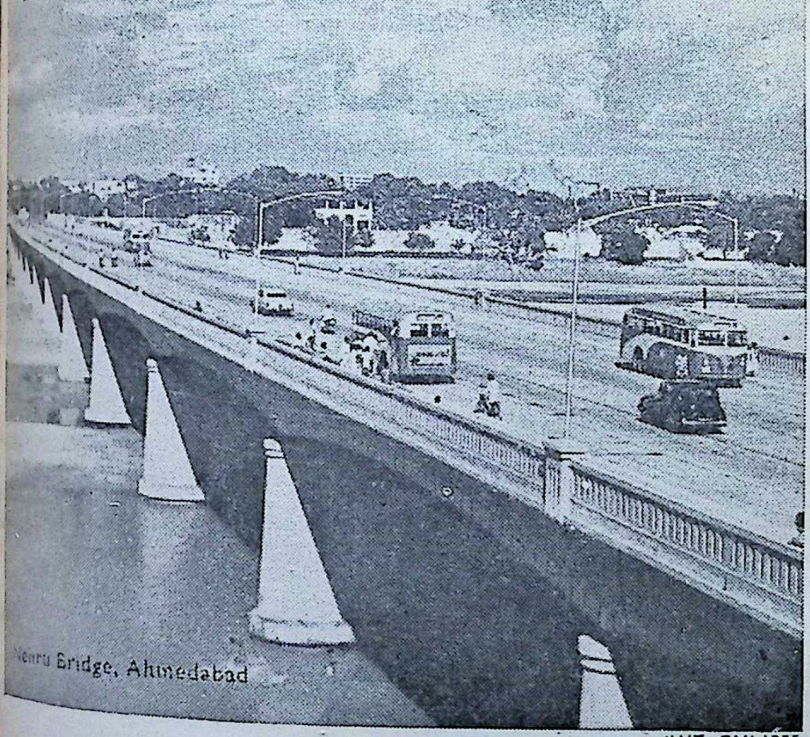

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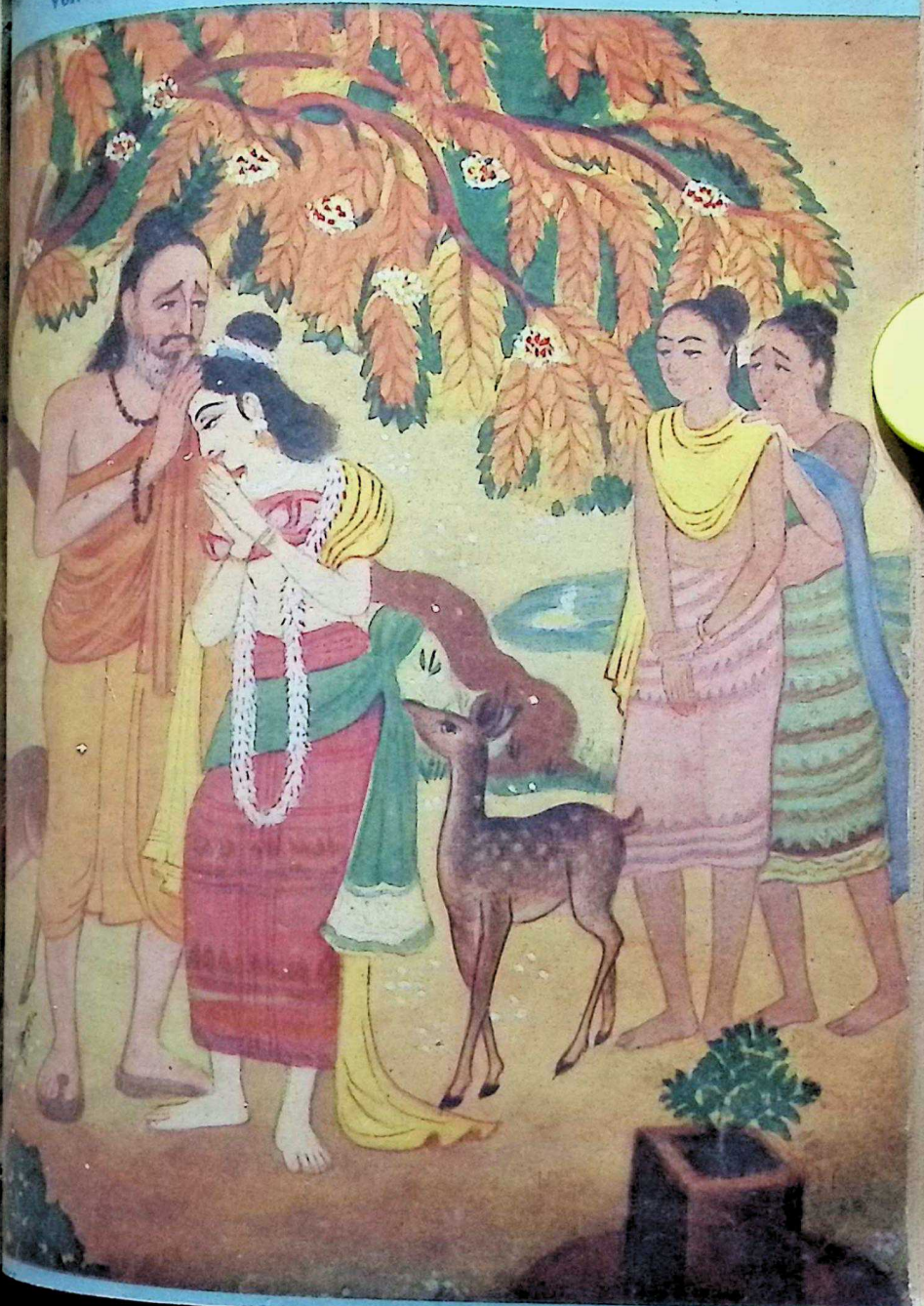

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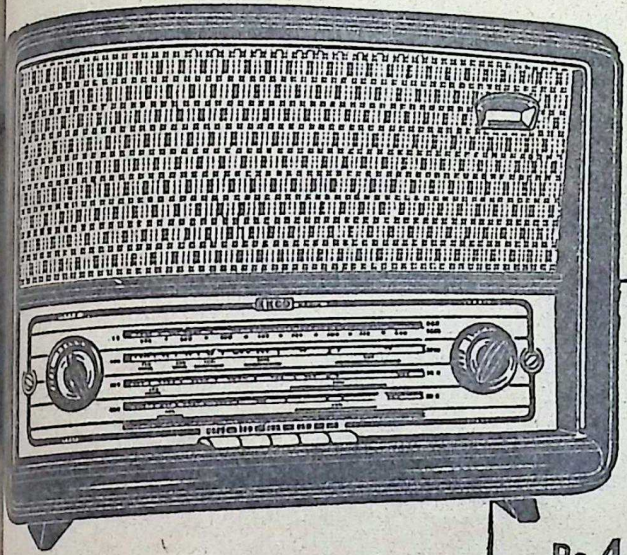

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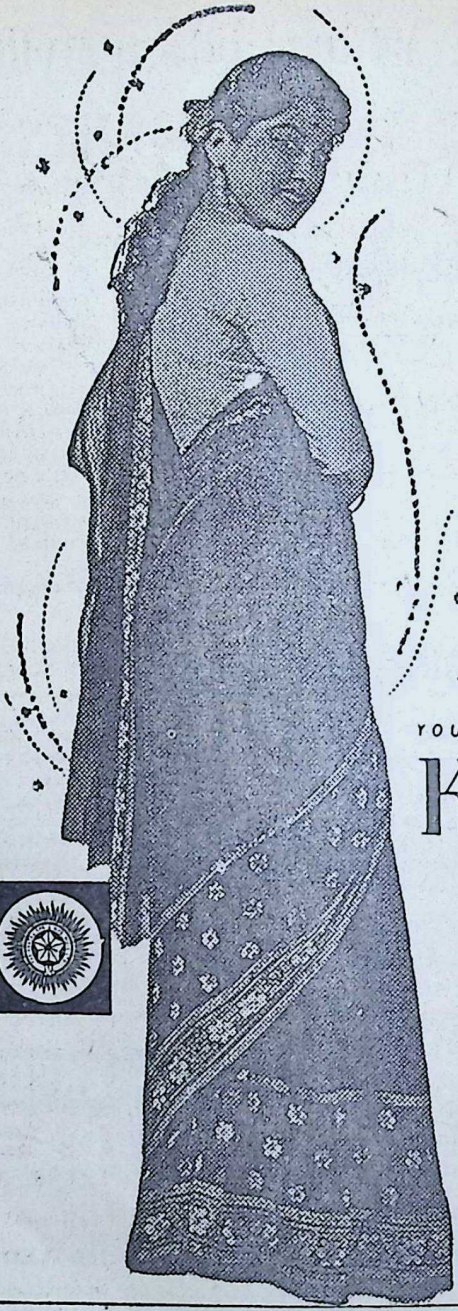

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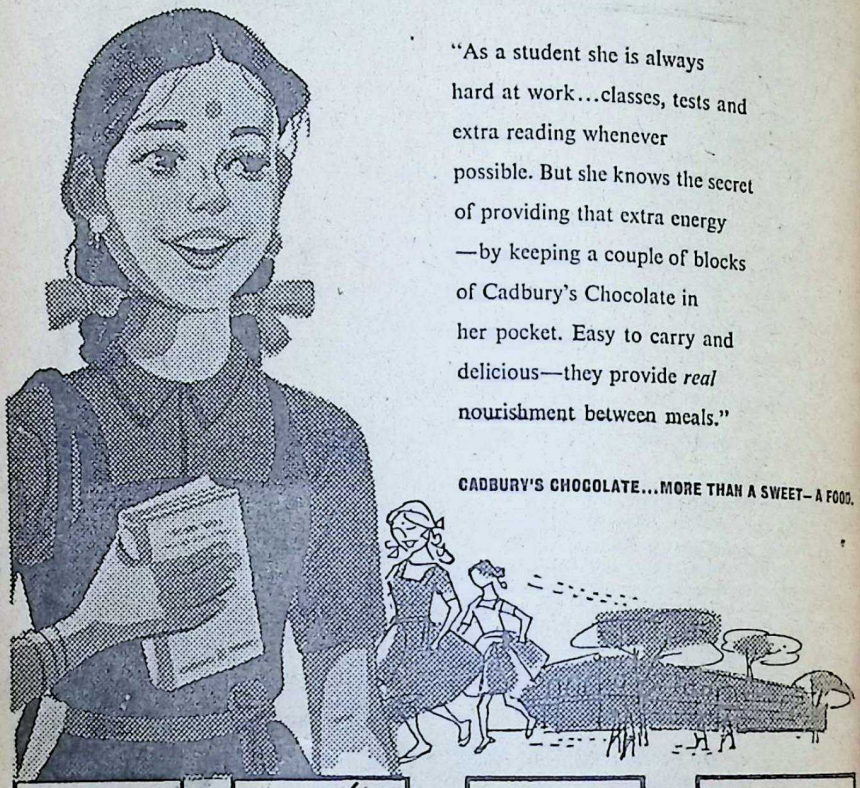

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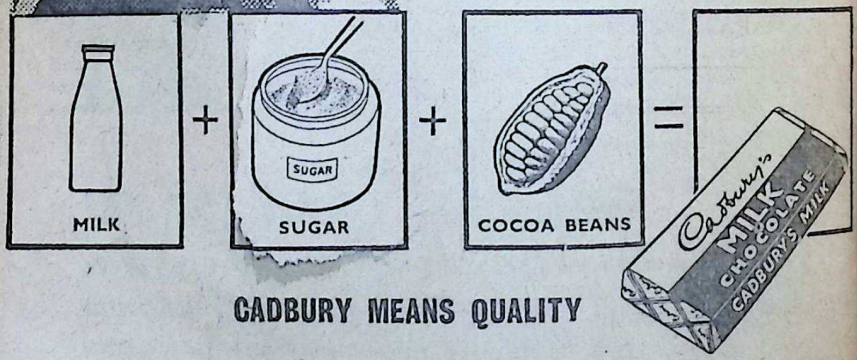

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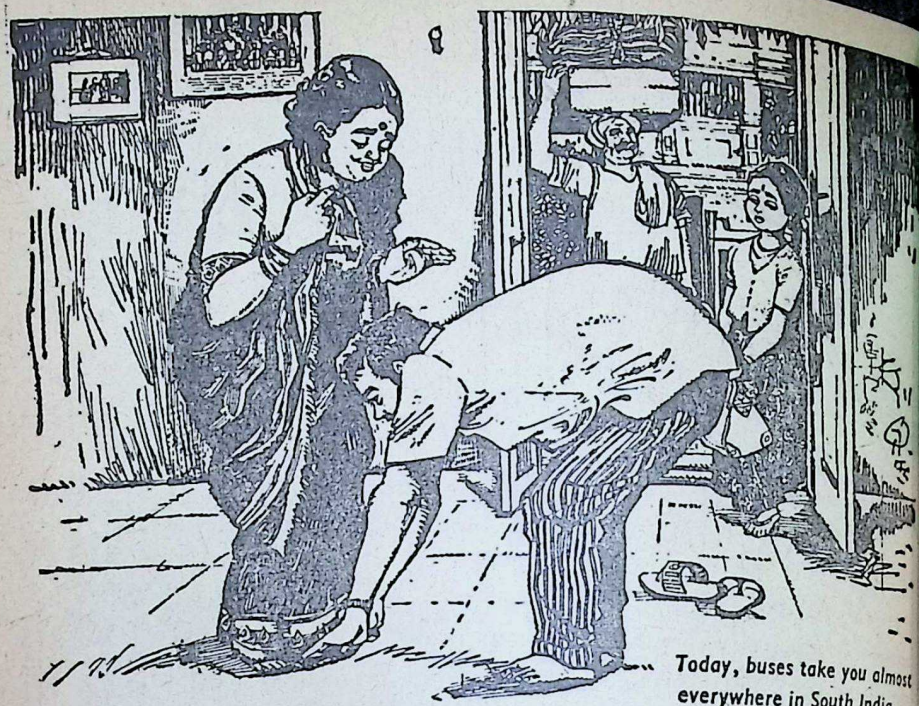

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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Vol. VII NOVEMBER 27, 1960 No. 9

SOCIAL UNITY

सङ्गच्छध्वं सं वदध्वं सं वो मनांसि जानताम् ।
देवा भागं यथापूर्वं संजानाना उपासते ॥
समानो मंत्रः समितिः समानी समानं मनः सहचित्तमेषाम ।
समानं मन्त्रमभिमन्त्रये वः समानेन वो हविषा जुहोमि ॥
समानी व आकूतिः समाना हृदयानि वः ।
समानमस्तु वो मनो यथा वः सुसहासति ॥

Assemble; speak with one another;
Let your minds be of one accord.
The ancient Gods unanimous enjoy their due portions.
Let your aim be common,
your assembly common;
common the mind, and the thoughts of these united.
A common purpose do I lay before you;
and worship with your common oblation.
Common be your aim, and your hearts united;
Your mind be one so that all may happily live together.

—Rigveda.

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 219

★ *NEW NATIONALISM (1907)* ★ *THE SURAT CONGRESS*
★ *ITS BREAK UP*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
NOVEMBER 27, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I RESUME the story of my experiences in 1907-8.

The year 1906 was a period of great significance for some of us, who were deeply moved by the political events in the country. For your benefit, I shall try to recapitulate some of the events after extricating them from the fabric of romance which I had woven round them for my novel *Swapna Drista* (The Dreamer) written in the twenties.

In 1904, the Japanese victory over Russia gave birth to the slogan 'Asia for the Asiatics' and strengthened the growing sentiment of Indian nationalism. The agitation in connection with the partition of Bengal also created a stir in the placid flow of Indian life. The feelings roused by these events climaxed in 1906 and 1907.

The achievements of the partition of Bengal may best be described in the words of Sri Aurobindo:

"Ever since the Partition day, India has pressed on this path: the boycott of foreign goods, the return of the weaver to his loom, the dissociation of the people from the government, the strikes, the deluge of meetings all over the land, the insulting of the National Leaders, the breaking up of the Barisal Conference, the dismissal of Fuller, the appointment of Hare, the persecution of the boys, the dismissal of the school masters who loved liberty more than money, the foundation of the National Council of Education, of National Schools, the institution of technical education, the insolvency of dealers in Bideshi goods, the social excommunication of anti-boycotters, the unbidden repetitions of the Rakhi-day fast, the passing of the Swadeshi resolution by the Congress, the prosecution of the Punjabee, the Rawalpindi riot, the Mahomedan rowdyism in East Bengal, the loan to Salimullah, Newmania, the changed and respectful attitude of Anglo-Indians towards Indians, the deportation of Lajpat and Ajit Singh, the proclamation, the unmasking of English liberalism, the

akening of Madras, the prose-
ions at Rajmundri and Cocona-
the continuing prosecutions in
Punjab and Bengal, the admis-
n by the Times of the success
the Boycott, the throwing of
000 English labourers out of
ployment and the necessity of
sing overstocked markets, are
me of the landmarks of the coun-
y's progress."

❍ ❍ ❍

w people can realise now what
ing times we passed through then.
September 1906, a ceremonial
Raka was performed on Suren-
ath Banerjea, the great leader of
gal; the politically-minded stu-
world took it for granted that he
been crowned the King of India
that the British were in the pro-
of being driven out. In Decem-
1906, Dadabhai Naoroji, in his
dential address at the Congress
in Calcutta, gave to the country
message of Swaraj.

Lahore, the editor of *Punjabi*
sentenced for sedition; on his
to the jail he was greeted by the
e by shouts of victory and gar-
; it was a new way of boldly
nging the government authori-
which soon became very popu-
Sardar Ajit Singh in Rawalpindi
Lala Lajpatrai in Lahore carried
n intensive campaign against the
h. This added validity to the
ur that in the year 1907, it be-
the 50th anniversary of the Great
t of 1857, the war of freedom
predestined to begin.

me of us in the Baroda College
very much excited over these
s. We kept in touch with the Bengali newspapers, *Amrit Bazar Patrika* and particularly Sri Aurobindo's *Bande Mataram*. We felt that a new dawn had risen.

On May 6, 1907, the then Government of India passed an order prohibiting students from taking part in politics in several parts of India. On May 9, Lala Lajpatrai and Sardar Ajit Singh were deported. On May 11, the holding of meetings was banned in Bengal and the Punjab. In September, Bipin Chandra Pal was arrested. In the same month our ex-professor, Aravind Ghosh,—not Sri Aurobindo yet—already enjoying the reputation of a prophet of nationalism and a *yogi*, was acquitted in a conspiracy case. About this time Keir Hardie, one of the founders of the labour movement in England, and Nevinson came to India to study the political situation.

Excitement grew intense when, on November 1, the law prohibiting seditious meetings was passed. John Morley, the Secretary of State of India, who was very much admired by the intellectuals in India, added fuel to the fire by expressing the opinion that the Canadian type of self-rule did not suit India. National leaders came to be divided into two camps. Those with a forward outlook were dubbed 'Extremists', who ridiculed the others by calling them 'Moderates'.

❍ ❍ ❍

The Congress was scheduled to be held in December 1907 at Nagpur where Khaparde, Lokmanya Tilak's great friend, led the Provincial Congress. Sir Pherozshah Mehta, who dominated the Congress then, was

Lokamanya Tilak *Khaparde* *Aravind Ghosh* *Motilal Ghose*

known to be in disagreement with Lokmanya Tilak on most political matters. In Calcutta, sharp differences also arose between Surendranath Banerjea and Bipin Chandra Pal who had worked so far together in the partition agitation.

Pal was ably seconded by Aravind Ghosh, who blazed a new trail in his bi-weekly *Bande Mataram*. His pen was inspiring, impassioned and vitriolic as the occasion demanded. He ridiculed the statesmanship of the Moderates; bitterly attacked their faith in the British. He advocated complete non-cooperation with the Government; preached boycott of British institutions; urged the building up of popular power and called for martyrdom.

Sir Pherozshah Mehta, who had so far swayed the fortunes of the Congress with supreme authority, did not want the Congress to slip into the hands of the Extremists. In December 1906, Dadabhai Naoroji, with difficulty, had patched up the differences between the two camps at the Calcutta Congress. But they had fallen apart again in the course of the year.

In December 1907, the Congress session was to be held at Nagpur. The Moderates feared, and not without reason, that if it was held in Nagpur, it would be taken over by the Extremists. Pherozshah, therefore, decided to change the venue of the Congress from Nagpur to Surat. Gopal Krishna Gokhale, then at the height of his popularity, was asked to go to Surat and rouse the citizens to political enthusiasm. Tribhovandas Malvi, a solicitor and not at all a politician, accepted the Chairmanship of the Reception Committee under the orders of Pherozshah. Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh was invited to preside over the session.

This change of venue led to a furious uproar in the Extremists' circles in Poona, Nagpur and Calcutta. Aravind Babu's writings in the *Bande Mataram* on that occasion were masterpieces of denunciatory journalism; there was scarcely any missile in journalistic armoury which he did not use with ruthless accuracy. Articles, skits, anecdotes, plays and poems poured forth from his pen depicting Pherozshah as the villain of the piece.

Pherozshah Mehta *Gokhale* *Surendranath Banerjea*

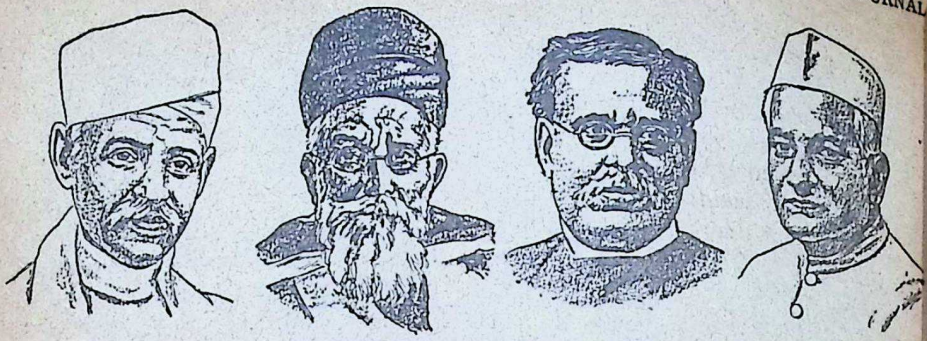
of the leading articles referring Pherozshah, I remember, was ed: 'Every dog is a lion in his lane'.

The people of Surat, in spite of their ation of being always engaged in ing life, began to revel in poli- and were soon split into two s—Extremists and Moderates, and *Mawal*. Excitement ran high several homes. Brothers quarrelled brothers, fathers with sons, on burning topic of the day. The Ex- ists made ribald fun of every lit- peculiarity of Pherozshah, from yed whiskers to his polished shoes. was an ardent Aravindite and one of the group of young men worked as volunteers in the Ex- ist camp at Haripura. This nar- e of mine is, therefore, based ly on what I saw and partly on t was told in our circle, some mem- of which had attached themselves the Extremist leaders as personal ndants.

In the Extremist camp, every day, atrai, Ajit Singh, Tilak, Kha- e and Aravind addressed endless ings. Lajpatrai spoke quietly. Ajit Singh was always excited. Tilak excelled in satire. Khaparde illustrated his point of view with little stories, many of which bordered on the obscene. Aravind spoke with a prophetic self-assurance. I remember a big meeting in Balaji's Chakla, where Aravind made people shed tears when speaking about the partition of Bengal; he appealed with deadly sincerity to the people of India not to make Bengalis foreigners in their own land. The excitement was heightened by the news that terrorists in Bengal had shot down the Collector of Dacca.

On December 24, negotiations between the Extremists and the Moderates fell through. Sir Pherozshah got Gokhale to modify all the resolutions about Swaraj, Swadeshi, Boycott and National Education which had been passed at the Calcutta Congress of 1906.

Sir Pherozshah was the butt of ridicule, rather in bad taste, in our camp. He was reported to have stated: 'I do not understand what is meant by national education'. One of the delegates retorted: 'What does the prince of beggars know about educa-



Madan Mohan Malaviya · *Dadabhai Naoroji* *Rash Behari Ghosh* *Motilal Nehru*

tion?' This had reference to the current fashion in the Extremists' camp to term Moderates as 'beggars' of Britain. Someone said that Pherozshah was against boycott. A delegate retorted: 'Yes, if there was a boycott of British goods in the country, how could he get his turban polished?'

Sir Pherozshah, however, was a courageous man and did not want to show any quarters to the Extremists on a question of principle. He refused to carry on any negotiations with them; everything, he said, would be discussed in the Subjects Committee and settled in a constitutional manner.

●●●

On December 25, Rash Behari Ghosh arrived at Surat in a Congress Special accompanied by Surendranath Banerjea, Motilal Ghose of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, Pandit Motilal Nehru, Dr. Rutherford and Nevinson.

When the Extremists' camp received the news that Pherozshah wanted no compromise, Tilak was very unhappy. Lajpatrai went from one camp to another, trying to bring about a compromise. Aravind alone was cool and detached.

Tilak, Motilal Ghose and Khaparde drove to Surendranath Banerjea in the morning. One or two of our friends were sitting on the coach box beside the driver of the carriage. From what we could gather, Surendranath was agreeable to retain the four resolutions as they had been accepted by the Calcutta Congress. If that was done, the Extremist leaders were also willing to accept Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh as the president. Surendranath, however, sent them to Tribhovandas Malvi, the Chairman of the Reception Committee.

The leaders went to Malvi's place; he was said to be a man who could handle anything. But in fact he would do nothing without Pherozshah's permission. The leaders were told at Malvi's house that he was sitting in *puja* and could not be disturbed. So they returned empty-handed.

The gates of the Congress opened at 12 noon. Congress sessions in those days were characterised by wild enthusiasm, indiscriminately selected delegations and chaotic arrangements. Khaparde had brought quite a few people from Nagpur; one of them, it was said, was a barber by profession

made good money by dressing the of other delegates.

e audience ranged from 7,000 to 0 people, a very large one for days when there were no loud-ers. In the *pandal* groups shouted e another. *Bande Mataram* was common slogan. Delegates from a and Nagpur shouted 'Shivaji araj Ki Jai'.

hen the Extremist leaders arrived, ts of victory rent the air. Tilak, parde, Motilal Ghose and Ara-came together. We shouted *Bande ram* vociferously. The Moderate d shouted 'Shame, Shame'.

the meantime, Lajpatrai, when he ed the *pandal*, was not recognised e volunteers in charge and had to s over to the Extremist sector by g under a rope. Then he was re-ed. All the delegates stood up, e on their chairs and shouted ji Ki Jai'. His recent deportation made him the most popular figure e country.

ence was restored with great diffi-. The president, Rash Behari h—not a very impressive figure—, accompanied by Pherozshah s shining turban and majestic ers. Surendranath with his fine d and black, old-styled *jabbha*, ale and Setalvad in their charac-c turbans, one of Poona style and other that of Broach; Madan n Malaviya in white dress, tur-nd scarf; Motilal Nehru in his culate European dress. For minutes, the *pandal* rang with of 'Rash Behari Ghosh ki Jai'. ers began, interrupted by out-of slogans from one corner or her. Somebody would shout: 'Sit down'; others would shout, 'Listen'; some would say: 'Be quiet'.

Lajpatrai came to ask Tilak to inquire whether they had received the draft of the resolutions which Surendranath had said would be acceptable to the Extremist leaders. He replied that he had not received them. Our group as self-appointed attendants of the leaders was seated in the same sector, one or two rows behind them and we craned our necks to find out what was happening.

Volunteers came to our sector and asked Tilak and Lajpatrai to come to the platform. Tilak shook his head 'I would sit here'. Lajpatrai also would not go to the platform. About that time, Tilak received the copies of the draft resolutions. He was heard to utter the word 'betrayed'.

●●●

D.B. Ambalal Sakarlal, the leader from Gujarat, proposed Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh to the presidentship. It was a signal for uproar from different parts of the *pandal*. Shouts of 'Yes, yes', 'No, no', 'Shame, shame,' were heard.

Then Surendranath stood up to second the resolution. He had always been the idol of the Congress, its finest orator, whose leadership of the Anti-partition movement had given him a countrywide popularity. He stood on the rostrum, threw his head back and expected cheers as usual. There were cheers no doubt, but there were rival shouts also. 'No Dr. Ghosh'. 'Sit down'; 'Order, order'. 'Remember Midnapur', shouted some Bengalis; that was because Surendranath was alleged to have called in the assistance

of a Superintendent of Police to deal with young enthusiasts in Midnapur.

'I have great pleasure....', rang out the sonorous voice of Surendranath.

Part of the audience responded by shouting: 'Sit down', 'Sit down', 'Down with Dr. Ghosh', 'Shivaji Maharaj Ki Jai', 'Bande Mataram', 'Shame, shame'.

'.... in seconding the resolution moved by my friend Diwan Bahadur Ambalal Sakarlal....', Surendranath continued.

The volunteers ran here and there, asking the audience to keep quiet.

'.... proposing Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh....'

'No, no', shouted the Extremist sections. 'Yes, yes', shouted the other ones. 'Sit down, sit down', 'No, no', 'Down with Surendranath', 'Bande Mataram', 'Down with Tilak'.

Malvi, the Chairman of the Reception Committee, rang the bell to maintain order. Thousands of people laughed outright.

Surendranath raised his voice: 'Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh....'. Again there were shouts—'No, no', 'Yes, yes', 'Sit down'.

'I will be heard', shouted Surendranath, his stentorian voice rising above the din. 'I will be heard'.

Khaparde turned to Tilak and whispered, 'It is going on very well'.

Surendranath jumped on the table: 'Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh....'. Shouts of 'No, no' continued.

Malvi rang the bell—once, twice, thrice, but the audience would not be brought to order. He turned to Pherozshah for consultation and suspended the sessions.

Surendranath got down from the table. He was reported to have murmured something about 'an insult to Bengal'.

Aravind turned to Tilak and said: 'Mr. Tilak, you had no confidence so far. But this is the nation. Look at it. From today it is the only power in India'.

The bone of contention between the Extremists and the Moderates was the principle involved in the draft resolution on boycott passed at the Calcutta Congress in 1906. Pherozshah wanted to modify the resolution by restricting it to 'boycott of foreign goods' only. The value attached to boycott by the Extremist leaders, and particularly by Aravind, was much more comprehensive. In the *Bande Mataram* of July 15, 1907, he had raised it to the level of a fundamental principle of the national struggle:

> "The unpremeditated and spontaneous declaration of the Boycott was the declaration of the country's recovery to life from its death-swoon of centuries, of her determination to live her own life—not for a master, but for herself and for the world. All was changed. Patriotism, the half-understood catchword of platform oratory, passed out of its confinement into the heart of the people,—the priest and the prince and the peasant alike—giving to each that power of sacrifice which has now translated itself according to the confessions of the *Times* into the concrete fact of 42 million yards less of English cotton goods."

Negotiators went to and fro between the camps. Tilak, the leader of the Extremists, was firm now. Unless

word 'boycott' was retained in the resolution unqualified as it was e Calcutta Resolution, he was to move an amendment pro- Lajpatrai to the presidentship. ings stood, Lajpatrai was the hero day and was likely to be elected. Congress met again on the next the 27th. The leaders came one the other and were welcomed shouts of 'Jaya Jaya'. Many e thought that some settlement been arrived at.

ter the prayers were sung, Tilak a note to Malvi. Malvi read it and it to Pherozshah. Pherozshah ed it to Gokhale.

suming the proceedings of the ous day, Surendranath jumped on ble and continued his interrupted sh in support of the proposal to Dr. Rash Behari Ghosh as the dent. He slowly gained control the audience. Soon everything be- quiet. His rhetorical sentences received with applause. When he d, he received a tremendous ova-

ndit Motilal Nehru stood up pport the resolution. His voice low and his speech short. Then ovandas Malvi rose to put the osal to the vote.

ak got up from the chair and up to the platform. Evidently, as very excited. He was handling urban and scarf in an agitated er.

o volunteers came forward to him from going to the platform. volunteers from our camp who accompanied Tilak, pushed them For a moment the assembly was

Malvi, in a hoarse voice, asked Tilak as to what the matter was. Dr. Ghosh, who had risen from his seat to occupy the presidential chair, stopped where he was.

'I have given notice of an adjournment to the motion', said Tilak.

'You cannot do it, you are out of order', said Malvi.

'I want to move an amendment to the motion for electing Dr. Ghosh as the president.'

'Well, I am elected. You are out of order', said Dr. Ghosh.

'You are not elected the president yet', said Tilak.

Suddenly chaos was over the *pandal.* Every one stood up. Whoever could, stood on his chair. Every one shouted against everybody else.

Dr. Ghosh stood on the table and rang the bell to restore order. Some volunteers rushed to the platform—'Down with Tilak', 'Order, order', 'You must obey the chair'. There were counter-slogans 'Down with the platform'.

Gokhale sprang up from his chair and stood between Tilak and the President, with his arm spread out.

'Do your worst. I am here to move the amendment and move it, I will,' said Tilak.

The audience lost all sense of decorum. There were scuffles all over the *pandal.* Chairs were thrown by one group against the other. The rope barriers which separated one section from another were pulled away or cut. The visitors at the farthest end of the *pandal* rushed forward. The Nagpur and Maharashtra groups also rushed forward, fearing that Tilak might be manhandled. Everyone was rushing to

the platform.

In the meantime, from the section where we were seated, a Marathi shoe was flung at the platform. It hit Pherozshah and ricochetting, hit Surendranath.

Volunteers rushed to the platform. Tilak was surrounded by volunteers of the Extremists' camp.

The Moderate leaders, surrounded by the volunteers of the Congress, left by the rear door. The police occupied the *pandal*.

Everyone was shouting 'Tilak Maharaj Ki Jai', 'Down with Rash Behari Ghosh', 'Down with Tilak,' 'Rash Behari Ghosh Ki Jai'.

Surendranath held up the Marathi shoe and shouted: 'Reward for forty years of public service', and left.

In the general rush to the platform I had been carried there and was standing on the table with quite a few dozen others when it crashed.

The next day the Congress was converted into a Convention by the Moderates and only those delegates who signed an appropriate pledge were admitted. For some years the Extremists went into wilderness.

●●●

In January 1908, Aravind Babu came to Bombay to accept a reception. I must have recorded somewhere the substance of the words he used, for I quoted them in my novel.

He said: 'Nationalism comes from God. Nationalism will never die. Bengalis are all inspired by God. You cannot destroy it. You cannot send it to jail. For, were nationalism only a political move, it is an extended form of selfishness'.

Thus ended an epoch-making event in the history of modern nationalism in India.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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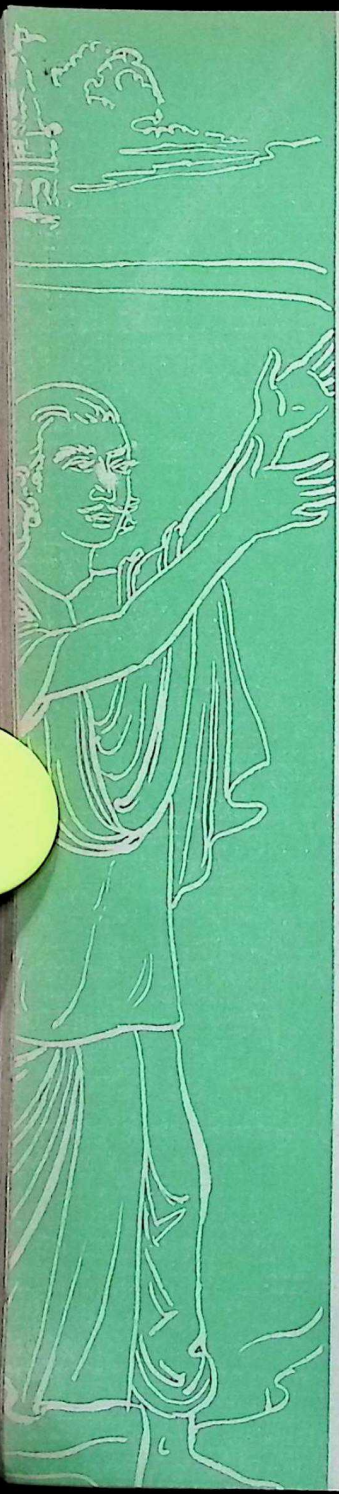

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Bilwamangal

O Gopal Incomprehensive are Thy ways-

Thou mixeth with the dusty cowherds,

But avoideth visiting the holy tapasvi *Brahmans.*

Thou respondeth to the call of the cowherd lads

While sitting mute when the pandits sing Thy praises,

And call upon Thee.

Thou playeth the slave to the lasses of Gokul,

While refusing to accept suzerainty over the hearts of the yogis.

Now do I realise, O Krishna!

That Thy grace is showered on those,

As Thy feet move towards those

Who cherish undivided love for Thee.

omforter of the Helpless

idyapati

g Thee, Madhava—holding the Tulsi leaves
in my mouth—pray, do not forsake me.

ve surrendered my all to Thee—reject me not;

True, I have no virtues to my credit

Thou art my Lord—for I am of the world of
which Thou art the Master.

ay only to Thee—no matter in what species of
tion I am born—be it bird, beast or insect—

not my yearning and love for Thee ever
abate, let my mind be fixed in Thee.

Comforter of the helpless! I pray Thee, extend

Thy Lotus Feet so that making a canoe thereof

ay cross the turbulent waters of the cycle of
Rebirth.

you can help him

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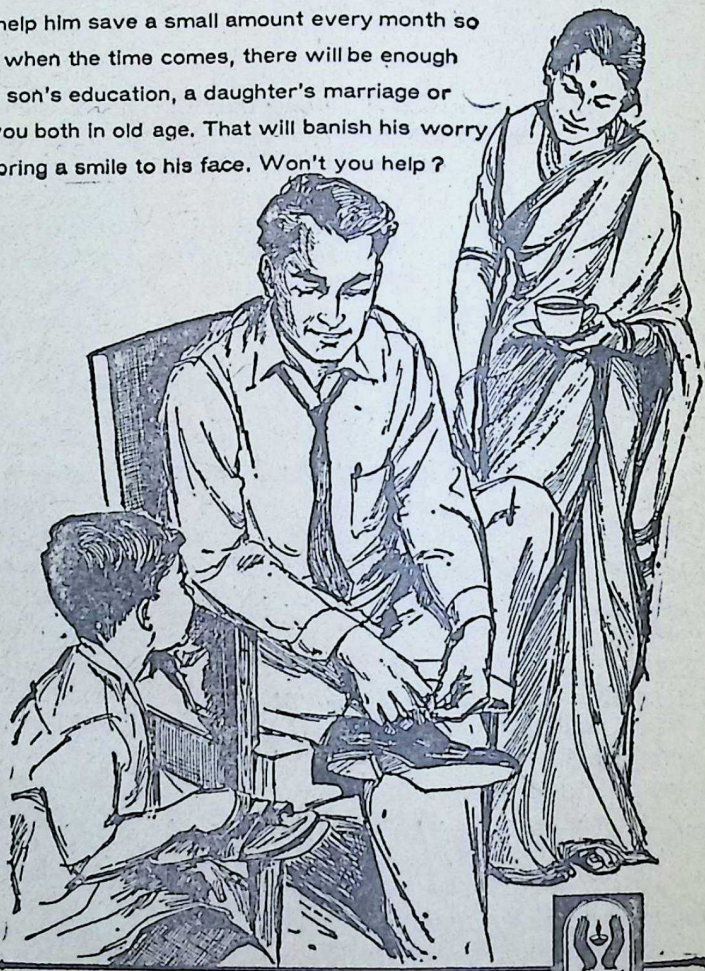

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SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE

SRI AUROBINDO

N the West where the syncretic tendency of the consciousness was replaced by the analytic separative, the spiritual urge and intellectual reason parted com- almost at the outset; philosophy from the first a turn towards a y intellectual and ratiocinative nation of things.

evertheless, there were systems the Pythagorean, Stoic and Epi- n, which were dynamic not only thought but for conduct of life developed a discipline, an effort ner perfection of the being; this ed a higher spiritual plane of ledge in later Christian or Neo- n thought-structures where East West met together.

t later on the intellectualisation me complete and the connection hilosophy with life and its ener- or spirit and its dynamism was r cut or confined to the little that metaphysical idea can impress on and action by an abstract and ndary influence.

eligion has supported itself in the not by philosophy but by a credal logy; sometimes a spiritual phi- hy emerges by sheer force of in- ual genius, but it has not been as in the East a necessary adjunct to every considerable line of spiritual experience and endeavour.

It is true that a philosophic development of spiritual thought is not entirely indispensable; for the truths of spirit can be reached more directly and completely by intuition and by a concrete inner contact.

It must also be said that the critical control of the intellect over spiritual experience can be hampering and unreliable, for it is an inferior light turned upon a field of higher illumination; the true controlling power is an inner discrimination, a psychic sense and tact, a superior intervention of guidance from above or an innate and luminous inner guidance.

But still this line of development too is necessary, because there must be a bridge between the spirit and the intellectual reason: the light of a spiritual or at least a spiritualised intelligence is necessary for the fullness of our total inner evolution, and without it, if another deeper guidance is lacking, the inner movement may be erratic and undisciplined, turbid and mixed with unspiritual elements or one-sided or incomplete in its catholicity.

[Courtesy: *Sri Aurobindo Ashram.*]

SCIENCE and RELIGION

Swami Rajeswarananda

SCIENCE is a trained and organised common sense. It is but a map of universal laws. Well digested, science is good sense and reason.

Science is a statement of facts as found out, now and then. It corrects the old time-worn creeds. It puts aside man's infantile catchisms. Science necessitates a faith to be pinned in the discoveries it discloses.

Science cannot determine origin or end. It presents a sectional creation, and a sectional view of everything in creation. Human science is thus an uncertain guess.

But without science one cannot understand current events. That does not necessarily mean that science is a boon to mankind. And science should not become a comfortable nineteenth century delusion.

Can science, as practised at present, do anything to make the world a better and happier place to live in?

Physical science reads through its sense of touch like a blind man. As such, man cannot adopt the very poor philosophies it constructs. Whereas in philosophy it is reasonable for science to cease reasoning on things above reason.

As true spiritual knowledge advances, neither science scoffs at religion nor religion frowns at science.

Science is not the enemy of the religion proper, though it may be the antagonist of school-divinity.

> **Religious belief is, even more than scientific propositions, subject to relativity. The religious man, like the man of science, should be aware that the best statement he can make to himself is nothing more than a very inadequate symbol of ultimate reality.**
>
> —Prof. C. H. Dodd

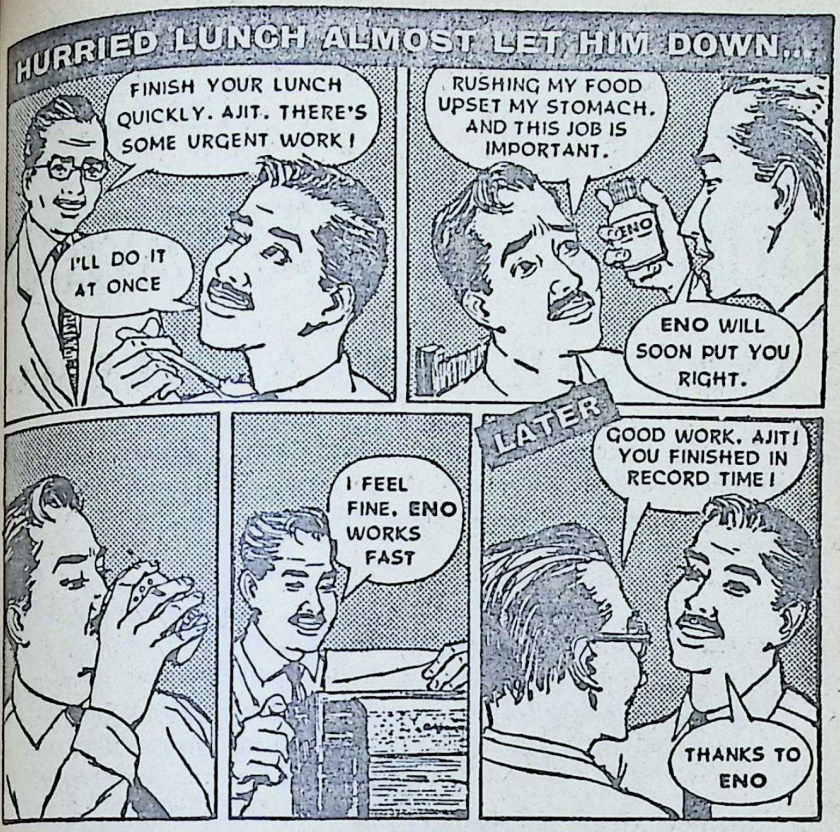
Science and religion can dwell together in unity and good-will. They will have to mutually illustrate and demonstrate the wisdom, power and grace of the Almighty.

Science should adorn and enrich religion and religion should ennoble and sanctify science.

Science is a heap of facts and figures minus spirituality. The one very young in science and the one very ignorant in religion, both of them miss the truth, the true end and aim in life.

Science is a retail dealer and religion is a wholesale dealer. Science walks zig-zag by night and religion walks upright by day-light.

Revelation of religion reveals the Divinity that is behind and beyond and within the chaos of scientific investigations and proves a wonderful stimulus to science attempting to penetrate into the regions of the unknown.



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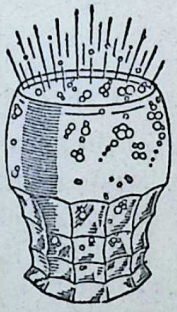

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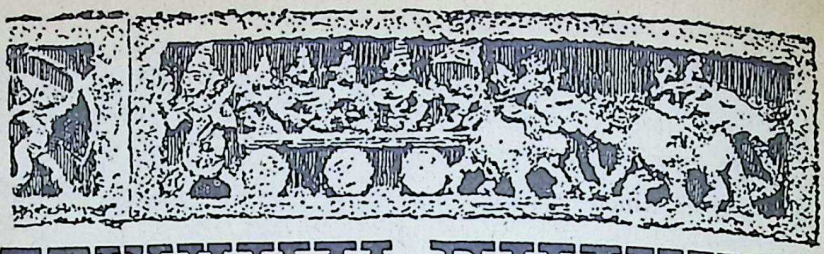

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

DASARATHA IN A DILEMMA

Having ordered everything for Rama's Coronation, King Dasaratha went to Kaikeyi's abode in a joyful mood. Not seeing her there to receive him as usual, he felt sorry.

पप्रच्छ दासीनिकरं कुतो वः स्वामिनी शुभा।
नायाति मां यथापूर्वं मत्प्रिया प्रियदर्शना॥

He asked the maid-servants: "Why has Kaikeyi, my beloved, and your queen, not come to receive me as her wont?"

ता ऊचुः क्रोधभवनं प्रविष्टा नैव विद्महे।
कारणं देव तत्र त्वं गत्वा निश्चेतुमर्हसि।

"O King! She is in the 'anger-room'. We do not know the reason. O, Lord, you better go and ascertain it for yourself."

इत्युक्तो भयसंत्रस्तः राजा तस्याः समीपगः।
उपविश्य शनैर्देहं स्पृशन्वै पाणिनाऽब्रवीत॥
किं शेषे वसुधापृष्ठे पर्यंकादीन्विहाय च॥
मां त्वं खेदयसे भीरु यतो मां नावभाषसे॥
अलंकारं परित्यज्य भूमौ मलिनवाससा॥
किमर्थं ब्रूहि सकलं विधास्ये तव वाञ्छितम्॥

Trembling with fear, the King approached Kaikeyi and sitting by her side patted her affectionately and said to her: "O timid woman! Why do you lie on the ground instead of resting on the sofa or cot? It gives me much pain as you do not speak to me. Throwing away all the jewellery and putting on a soiled sari, why do you lie on the bare floor? Tell me your desire, I will fulfil it.

को वा तवाहितं कर्ता नारीवा पुरुषोऽपि वा।
स मे दण्ड्यश्च वध्यश्च भविष्यति न संशयः॥

"Who is that person, man or woman, who has displeased you? He shall be punished or killed. There is no doubt about it.

ब्रूहि देवि यथा प्रीतिः तदवश्यं ममाग्रतः।
तदिदानीं साधयिष्ये सुदुर्लभमपि क्षणात्॥

However difficult of attainment the matter may be, I shall accomplish at once.

जानामि त्वं मम स्वान्तं प्रियं मां स्ववशेस्थितम्।
तथापि मां खेदयसे वृथा तव परिश्रमः॥

"You knoweth my heart, I am at

beck and call and yet, why do worry me?

धनिनं कुर्यां दरिद्रं ते प्रियंकरम्।
क्षणमात्रेण निर्धनं च तवाहितम्॥

ease tell me, which pauper of choise should be elevated to y and which prosperous noble has incurred your displeasure be ced to poverty.

वा वधिष्यामि वधार्हो वा विमोक्ष्यते।
बहुनोक्तेन प्राणान्दास्यामि ते प्रिये॥

Tell me, whom you want to be ted or which condemned man d be granted life. In short, my I am prepared to give my life your pleasure.

प्राणात्प्रियतरः रामो राजीवलोचनः।
रि शपे ब्रूहि त्वद्धितं तत्करोम्यहम॥

"You know that Rama is dearer to me than my life. I swear by Rama that I will fulfil your desire. Only tell me."

इति ब्रुवाणं राजानं शपन्तं राघवोपरि।
शनैर्विमृज्य नेत्रे सा राजानं प्रत्यभाषत॥

When the King had sworn by Rama, Kaikeyi, wiping her tears, gently spoke to the King:

यदि सत्यप्रतिज्ञोऽसि शपथं कुरुषे यदि।
वाच्ञां मे सफलां कर्तुं शीघ्रमेव त्वमर्हसि॥

"If you keep your promise, if you swear by Rama, then you must fulfil my request without any delay.

पूर्वं दैवासुरे युद्धे मया त्वं परिरक्षितः।
तदा वरद्वयं दत्तं त्वया मे तुष्टचेतसा॥
तद्वयं न्यासभूतं ते स्थापितं त्वयि सुव्रत॥
तत्रैकेण वरेणाऽऽशु भरत मे प्रियं सुतम्॥

3

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एभिः संभृतसंभारैः यौवराज्येऽभिषेचय।
अपरेण वरेणाशु रामो गच्छतु दण्डकान्॥
मुनिवेषधरः श्रीमान् जटावल्कलभूषणः।
चतुर्दशसमास्तत्र कन्दमूलफलाशनः॥
पुनरायातु तस्यान्ते वनं वा तिष्ठतु स्वयम्।
प्रभाते गच्छतु वनं रामो राजीवलोचनः॥
यदि किञ्चिद्विलम्बेत प्राणांस्त्यक्ष्ये तवाग्रतः।
भव सत्यप्रतिज्ञस्त्वं एतदेव मम प्रियम्॥

"In the battle between Devas and Asuras I had protected you. At that time you had promised me two boons which I asked you to keep in reserve to be given to me when I needed them. Of the two boons, one is that my son Bharata should be crowned King with these preparations which you have made for Rama. The other boon is that Rama should go to the forest for a period of 14 years wearing the robes of an ascetic with matted hair and clad in clothes of bark. He must live there for 14 years. Then he may come back if he wants. Anyhow Rama should start for the forest the next morning. If there is any delay, I will end my life before you. O King, keep your word. This is all I want."

श्रुत्वैतद्दारुणं वाक्यं कैकेय्या रोमहर्षणम्।
निपपात महीपालो वज्राहत इवाचलः॥

At these cruel words, the King fell down as a mountain would fall, struck by the thunderbolt.

शनैरुन्मील्य नयने विमृज्य परया भिया।
दुःस्वप्नो वा मया दृष्टः अथवा चित्तविभ्रमः॥
इत्यालोच्य पुनः पत्नीं व्याघ्रीमिव पुरः स्थिताम्।
किमिदं भाषसेऽभद्रे मम प्राणहरं वचः॥
रामः कमपराधं ते कृतवान् कमलेक्षणः।
ममाग्रे राघवगुणान् वर्णयस्यनिशं शुभान्॥

तां मां समं पश्यन् शुश्रूषां कुरुते सदा
वती त्वं पूर्वं इदानीं भाषसेऽन्यथा ॥
हाण पुत्राय रामस्तिष्ठतु मन्दिरे।
तीव मां वामे रामान्नास्ति भयं तव ॥
वाश्रुपरीताक्षः पादयोर्निपपात ह ॥

aining consciousness the King
t to himself: "What? Have I
seeing a bad dream or have I
e mad?" Seeing in her a dread-
ness, the King told Kaikeyi:
do you utter words capable of
me? What wrong do you see
ma? You yourself had told me
Rama treated Kausalya and you
t any difference. Now you
otherwise. You can have the
m for your son, but let not
go to the forest. Please show
n me. There is no fear to you
Rama." Thus the King begged
keyi. [*To be continued*]

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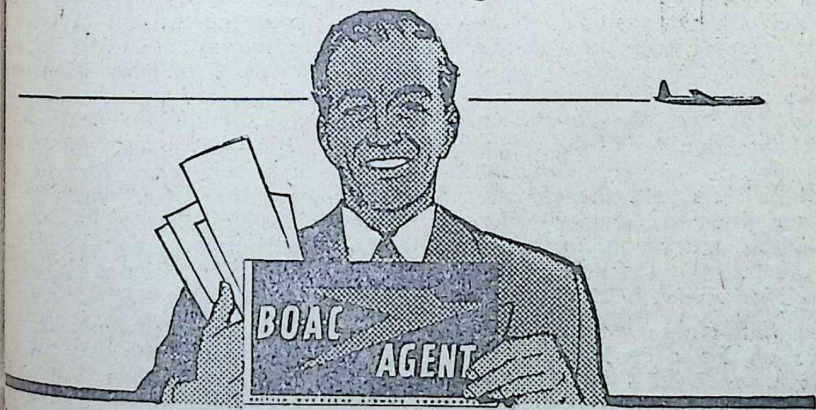

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Krishnavatara

PART II

[*Sandipani's son was brought back from Vaivasvatpur, the City of Yama, from across the sea, after vanquishing Yama, the God of Death, who is the son of Vivasvata, the Sun God. The name may mean also the City of the Sun or Light. One of the ancient sites on the Arabian sea is said to bear the name of 'the City of Light'. There was also a city near Babylon called Larsa, which is translated as 'the City of the Sun'.*

If the episode in Harivamsa *is closely scrutinised, it appears that Yama, the king of Vaivasvatpur, was not the God of Death, Yama, but a living person. This Yama, according to* Harivamsa, *first worshipped Krishna as Vishnu and then chose to fight him rather than part with Sandipani's son. It is inconceivable that Yama, a subordinate god, would fight Vishnu himself. This would show that Krishna defeated some king whom tradition later transformed into Yama, the God of Death. And if it was a king, there must have been some valid reason why he would not part with the boy, who must have been in some way indispensable.*

If my surmise is correct, then Vaivasvatpur was situate somewhere across the seas from Saurashtra. In this connection, it may be noted that the region of Hyderabad in Sind was called Patala, right upto the advent of Alexander. Some island in the Arabian sea or a port on its shore was also ruled by the Naga King, Dhumravarma, who gave his daughters in marriage to one of the ancestors of Sri Krishna; for the son of one of these daughters inherited Dhumravarma's island, where the people specialised in fishing out jewels (pearls) from the sea. (Harivamsa, Vishnuparva, 38. 29-34). *This would indicate that there were Naga settlements in the Arabian sea. All authorities agree that one of the ancestors of Sri Krishna and the Pandavas was a Naga princess. Shoora, the Yadava chief, who founded the Shoora clan, was married to the daughter of the Naga king Aryaka, differently named Bhoja, Bhashi or Marisha. By her, Shoora had ten sons, of whom Vasudeva, the father of Sri Krishna, was the eldest, and Devabhaga, father of Uddhava, the next one, and five daughters, of whom Pritha or Kunti, mother of Pandavas, was the eldest, and Shrutasrava, the Queen of Chedi and mother of Shishupal, was the fourth.* (Mahabharata, Adi Parva, Chapter 128, Verse 64; *Bhagavat,* IX 24, *Harivamsa,* I. 134).

In the early stages of society, before the Aryans came to India, the people of the chalcolithic culture, which had spread from Asia Minor to Japan from about 4,000 B.C., worshipped the Mother Goddess. She was also popular with the people of Harappan culture, and some scholars believe that the original name of Mother Goddess was Ma, *from which our words Uma and Amba are possibly derived.*]

9. THE CITY OF LIGHT

UNYAJANA'S ship assumed a new shape. Food-stuffs, stored in ample measure, were made ilable to the crew in a generous sure. The hoard of valuables and chandise were classified and re-anged. New loin-cloths were distri-ed to the crew, who so far had y tattered strips of cloth to hide r nakedness.

Krishna also discovered a hidden k of arms, which was placed in rge of Uddhava. Weapons were dis-ted to the nephews of Pancha-, Kukkur, the grandson of the t, Raddu, the carpenter, and two r young men. Krishna also began rain them in the use of arms.

The nephews of Panchajana, who e in mortal fright, were assured of r safety and their position as the ers of the ship. Bhikru, the pilot, s placed in charge. Hukku and ku now went about as watchmen, without whips in their hand.

From out of the stock, Krishna and dhava selected wear and ornaments, also two fine copper swords for r own use.

Now they were nearing Vaivasvat-, and Bhikru told Krishna all he w about it.

Vaivasvatpur or the City of the Sun s situated in Nagaloka near Patala was ruled by a family of Naga-yas, snake-maidens, who could like men. The queen, being the rnation of Mother Goddess, *Ma*, essed miraculous powers. The her husband, was only the first nt of the queen. Punardatta, kru told Krishna, was bought by the queen in return for a large price, possibly to marry one of the princesses.

After some days, they sailed into a creek on which stood the city. In the rays of the setting sun, the city, surrounded by a stone wall, glowed as if made of burnished gold. There were a large number of crafts in the harbour, which were evidently used for fishing. There was a small jetty tied to the land by ropes.

Beyond the open square in front of the jetty ran the broad steps which led up to the fort built on a height.

When the ship came in sight of the fort, they saw a crowd gathered on the steps waiting for the ship. Krishna asked Uddhava, Raddu and one of the Punyajana boys who knew the language of the town a little, to go to the town and ask the permission of the queen to land. They left the ship in a boat carrying some small presents for the authorities.

The next day morning, a glittering throng gathered on the broad steps which led down from the gates of the fort to the jetty, to receive Krishna. Uddhava was rowed back to the ship in a royal boat, accompanied by a stout woman of middle age, good-looking and of considerable charm. She was dressed only in a girdle of gold with but a lapel to hide her nakedness. Besides, she wore necklaces and bracelets twined like snakes. Her hair was kept together by a gold band also crested in front by a gold-hooded cobra to indicate, as Bhikru explained, that she was a high officer of the queen.

Krishna was not surprised to see this muscular Nagakanya, snake-mai-

den. Bhikru had already told him about their strange ways. Here, women ruled over men with a rod of iron. The queen, being Goddess *Ma* incarnate, was a divinity in her own right, possessed of the right of life and death over her subjects. The rulership descended from mother to daughter. With such doughty snake-maidens to respect her wishes, there was no wonder that the king would lose his life if he disobeyed the queen.

'Krishna, this is a fearful land. The queen had divined of your arrival days back', Uddhava gave the information.

'What?' asked Krishna surprised.

'Like our sages, she can read the future,' said Uddhava. 'Let us go. The Crown Princess has come to receive you. And mind you, she is the one that counts, not her husband, the Prince, and is to be addressed as the Divine Princess.'

Invited by the officer by gestures, Krishna and Uddhava stepped into the royal boat, rowed by four oarsmen. Two other boats, which followed, carried the presents which Krishna wanted to give to the queen.

The Divine Princess, a strikingly beautiful woman of about twenty-two, and a younger princess, slender and more beautiful, surrounded by some ladies of the court, received Krishna. They were all dressed like the officer who had come to invite Krishna. But the girdles and necklaces of the princesses were bejewelled and the symbol of the hooded cobra in their headbands was carved in magnificent rubies, which flashed back the rays of the sun in blood-red refulgence.

On the two sides of the Princesses stood women armed with lances. And behind the Divine Princess stood her husband, the Prince, tall and straight and sinewy. He was dressed like the Princess except for the divine symbol of the cobra; in addition, he had a short sword by his side suspended by a shoulder strap of gold. A little way back, armed men kept the crowd back.

When Krishna saluted the Divine Princess in his graceful way, she signed to the Prince to step forward. He came as directed, saluted her humbly and translated the welcome of the Princess, to Krishna's surprise, in chaste and fluent language of the Gods which the Aryans spoke in Mathura.

Krishna replied to the welcome with befitting courtesy and said: 'Divine Princess, I, son of Vasudeva, the Lord of Shooras, and the disciple of the Best of Gurus, Sandipani, salute you.'

As he laid emphasis on the word 'Sandipani', he watched the face of the Prince closely. As the Prince heard Krishna mention 'Sandipani', he grew pale and the shadow of fear crept into his eyes. He paused, hesitated, and then interpreted what Krishna had said, to the Princess. Krishna felt convinced that the Prince was no other than Punardatta, Guru Sandipani's son, as Bhikru had suspected.

The Divine Princess, with royal dignity, replied: 'I offer you, Vasudeva,[1] the hearty welcome to the City of Sun on behalf of the Divine Mother.'

Her eyes were fixed on Krishna and

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1. To distinguish the son of Vasudeva, pronounced Vaasudeva, from his father Vasudeva, two 'a's have been used to indicate Krishna.

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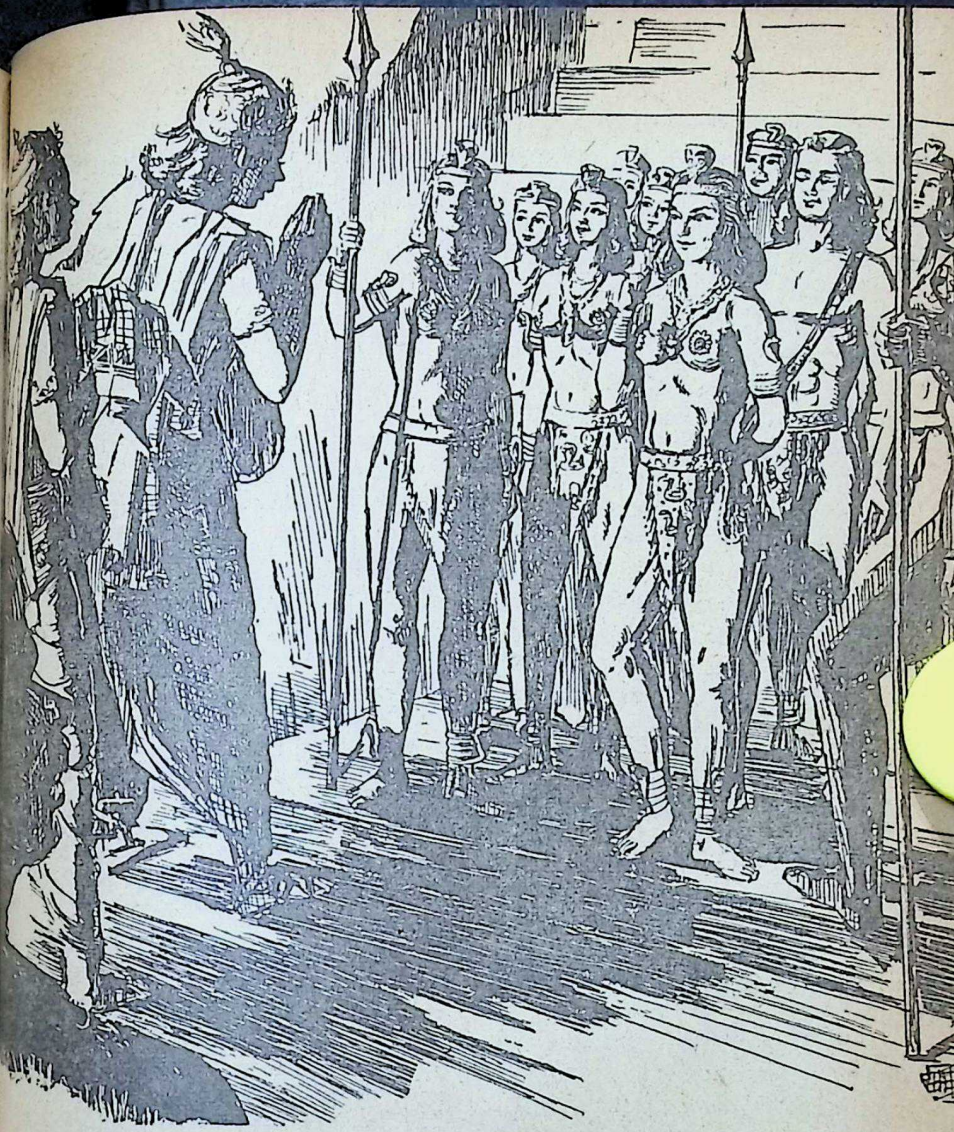


were also those of the young Princess, and the flashing smile on Krishna's lips evoked a similar response from both of them. But while the smile of the younger was effusively cordial, the elder one's was haughty; she was already a divinity.

The Divine Princess then made a sign; the Prince, her husband, stepped back. Under her orders, the younger Princess stepped forward to lead Krishna to the litter which awaited them. The Divine Princess and the Prince stepped in their litter which, carried by four stout men, lifted on four shoulders, led the way.

Sitting in the litter, the younger Princess, by smile and gesture and speech which Krishna did not understand, began to establish friendly relations with

him. Krishna had an eye to beauty and could not help admiring the shapeliness of her limbs, the firm little breasts, the dimpled cheeks and the winning smile of the snake-maiden; at the same time, he could not help being repelled by what he thought was a shameless way of trying to please an utter stranger. But he was new to the ways of Snakeland, and thought it rather premature to judge her by the standard of the Aryans.

They reached the palace of the Divine Mother, a large stone structure standing in the middle of the fort. Krishna was led to an apartment where his men from the Punyajana ship, aided by two officers, stood ready to serve him. The young Princess, by coquettish gestures, took leave of Krishna. Her assurance that she would see Krishna again soon was interpreted by the Punyajana boy who knew the language of Nagaloka well.

'Uddhava, we have found Punardatta after all', Krishna said. 'But these Nagakanyas would not let him go. We may have to steal him away from here?

'We are in a mess', replied Uddhava. 'I never even dreamt of such a strange world. But, I have an idea, and I will work out an escape.'

●●●

A little later, the Prince was ushered in by the stout Nagakanya officer who had come to meet Krishna on the ship. He had an uneasy look, and after exchanging salutation, stood nervously for some time not knowing how to begin the conversation.

'Punardatta, I am glad to find you', said Krishna. The Prince looked frightened when his original name was uttered. Krishna continued, 'Gurudeva has sent you his blessings. He has not forgotten you, even for a moment.'

'I am sorry you have come here', said the Prince. Cautioning Krishna by a glance at the woman who stood near the door watching them very carefully, he continued: 'Please do not forget that though that woman does not understand our language, she is watching every glance and gesture we exchange'.

'Are you a prisoner? I thought you were the consort of the Divine Princess—some day destined to be the King', said Krishna.

'Yes, if I survive long enough to see the Divine Mother joining *Ma*. But I frankly tell you, I do not like your coming here. I sense it is going to spell a calamity for us all,' said the Prince.

'Why? I have only come to take you back to Gurudeva. He is very unhappy without you,' said Krishna.

'I wish he had taken me for dead', replied the Prince. 'So far I was happy at the thought that he had done so. But I cannot return to him.' Then after a little thought he added helplessly: 'Even If I can, I will not return.'

'Why? What has happened to you?' asked Krishna with concern. "Have you forgotten our sacred land?"

'Vaasudeva, during the year that I have lived here, I have lost all desire to go back to the stern life led by father. At first I was very unhappy here and wanted to return if I could. But then I became a slave to this life.' Punardatta continued a little abashed. 'I live in luxury here. I have considerable power. Above all, I have known the joys which Larika alone

give; I cannot go away from her. living among the women of our d, so modest and self-restrained, have no idea of the ecstatic de- ts which a Nagakanya, and a erb one at that, can give you', the ce feebly said.

Krishna was puzzled at the attitude the Prince. 'What has happened to Punardatta? Have you lost the le impulses to lead a life of ss?' Krishna asked. 'Do you not for the Dharma of our glorious estors? Are you content with good d, good living and sensual delights h no Arya would ever make the of his life?'

Krishna paused and looked at the ce, his eyes filled with pity. Then resumed in slow, affectionate ac- s: 'Punardatta, I am glad the Gods me in time here to rescue you this *asuri* (demonic) life. Every ent you live in fear of losing your tion, power, luxury, and if I guess rectly, your life itself. You are id to return to Gurudeva and to the life of our sages. Have you not n, my brother?'

Punardatta again looked down, un- to answer Krishna's question. he said: 'It is true that I do not to risk my life by attempting to e Vaivasvatpur. And I hate the of losing the comforts I enjoy . In the beginning I did hate this which, for Sandipani's son, was uch like a dog's. But then I felt as g would: I had to learn if I had ve. And now I want to live the I am living. I have lost the urge ek another life.'

Has it never struck you, Punar- , that to lead a life of fear and fraud, weltering in the delights of the senses as you have been living, is to live as a pet animal?' Krishna asked sadly.

'Well, call it that way. It is true, I am sunk in mud. But it is my nature. And living the way I live has become a necessity', said Punardatta.

'For the delights which a Naga-kanya gives you, you will leave your father,—your God,—to rot in utter loneliness, eating his heart out. Is this the way you offer your worship to your father—to your ancestors—to the Fathers of our people who saw and taught us Dharma? When regard for the father ends, man sinks into a beast' added Krishna.

Punardatta bent his head, placed his hands on his eyes and shook his head. 'I cannot leave this land,' he said in a choking voice. 'But there is no use thinking of all these things. Even if I wanted to leave this land, I cannot.'

'Why not?' asked Krishna. 'If you are a prisoner here, it is all the more reason why you should listen to me. I shall lead you to freedom.'

'Yes, in a way, I am a prisoner. In this land, a person chosen to be the consort of the Divine Princess must die as such or become the king. He cannot be disloyal to his spouse; he cannot leave her. If he so much as tries to do so, he has to die. Such are the ordinances of *Ma*', said Sandipani's son sadly.

'How came you to be chosen as the husband of the Divine Princess?' asked Krishna.

'This is a strange land, Vaasudeva. The Divine Mother has fearful powers to work miracles, same as the demons of our land had in the days when

they fought our Gods. Whenever an eligible bridegroom for one of her daughters comes to Vaivasvatpur, she knows all about him days in advance. Perhaps, by her strange powers, she herself brings such men to these shores. I have no doubt that even you are brought here by her,' said Punardatta.

'But I have come of my free choice,' said Krishna.

'I am not so sure. But let me tell you what happened to me. When I was brought here by the Punyajana *rakshasas*, I was cordially received by the Divine Mother and the Festival of Choice was held,' said Punardatta.

'Festival of Choice? What is it?' asked Krishna.

'It is the greatest and the most exciting festival in the City. When the festival was held, I had to fight the then husband of the Divine Princess. When I killed him, I was wedded to the Princess; in fact I had no choice. If I had been killed, the other man would have continued to be the Prince,' said Punardatta.

Krishna was lost in thought for a moment. 'Am I too to marry the young Princess?' he asked.

'It seems so, though the Divine Mother, when possessed of Goddess *Ma*, the Mother of the World, has not yet spoken that way. But if she so commands, you shall have to obey. If you refuse to obey, the ancient ordinances are clear—you will be killed by the king, that is all,' said Punardatta.

'And if I marry her?' asked Krishna. He now began to understand the meaning of the advances which the young Princess had made to him; she was getting ready to fulfil her mother's prophecy.

'You will have to wed her; you will have to live here till you die or replaced when you are killed by another suitor more eligible; for, no daughter of *Ma* can leave the City of the Sun. You will be well fed, well kept; you will wield some power; but always you will remain subservient to the Princess, your wife. You will be her slave, her parasite, her lover, all in one, and guarded by women watchmen who would never leave you to yourself. And all the time you will live in dread of the Divine Mother prophesying your death,' said the Prince with a touch of bitterness.

'I will rather die than accept such slavery. Can't you get out of it too?' asked Krishna.

'I cannot,' said Punardatta, shaking his head in sorrow. 'When the Divine Mother, in her pre-vision, sees another young man more eligible coming here. the Festival of Choice will be held. I will then have to fight the stranger to death, his or mine. Whoever survives will then be the consort of the Divine Princess. So I am awaiting my turn every day to kill, or be killed by, some stranger, lured here by the miraculous powers of the Divine Mother'.

'But where does the king come in? He seems to be a nobody,' said Krishna.

'The consort of the Divine Princess chosen in the way I have described becomes the king only when her mother dies and she becomes the Divine Mother in her own right. He is then the Divine Father, the Lord of Death, Yama as we will call him. He will then enjoy absolute sway over the lives of all, of course, remaining sub-

(*Continued on page 36*)

The Buddha between the Armies

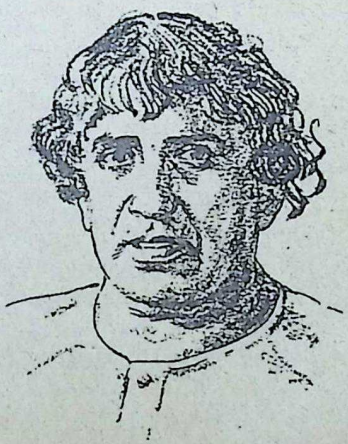
T. L. VASWANI

TWO kings of two realms with their armies stood on the banks of the river Rohini. The armies were there to fight. But one hundred and sixty thousand women were there, too: they were weeping,—for their children, their husbands, their brothers and fathers, their near and dear ones. For war means slaughter!

What for did the two armies wish to fight and slay? For water! Each army claimed for its king the river Rohini.

The Buddha had a nobler conception of kingship. The word for king in Pali is *khattriya*, and the word means "protector", "guardian". Yes,—a true king should be a protector, a guardian of his people. A *khattriya* should be a standard-bearer of peace. For as in war the slaying of children and husbands and brothers and fathers, in peace is the healing and health of the people.

The Buddha sees the two armies ranged, one against the other, on the banks of the Rohini, prepared to fight for water. Swiftly stands the Buddha between the kings of the two armies.



"How much, O king, is water worth?" asks the Buddha.

"And how much", asks the Buddha. "are the kings worth?"

"Great is their worth", answers each king.

"And how much are your queens worth?"

asks the Blessed One.

"The queens", says each, "are worth much: I love my queens greatly!"

"And how much worth are the lives of your soldiers who are here to fight and slay one another?" asks the Buddha.

And each king says: "Precious to me is the life of every one of my soldiers: precious is their life-blood!"

Then saith the Buddha: "O ye, wise kings! Why, then, are ye out to destroy each other, and your queens so dear to you, and these soldiers whose life-blood is precious to you,—for the sake of a little water which floweth into the sea? And is not peace better than letting flow a river of blood?"

What happens? In the presence of the Buddha is a divine love which heals and illuminates. And as the kings listen to the Blessed One, their weapons fall to the ground: and they are silent, in speechless wonder lost!

KRISHNAVATARA—(*Contd.*)

servient to the Divine Mother all the time.'

'But suppose we find a way to get out, will you come with us?' asked Krishna, putting an affectionate hand on Punardatta's shoulder.

'No. I do not want to leave this land. You are a fool, Krishna, even to think that you can leave it yourself', said Punardatta.

'Well, I will find a way to escape and take you with me,' said Krishna with determination.

'Uddhava, you were right. We are trapped in the land of Yama,' said Krishna, when Punardatta had left.

[*To be continued*]

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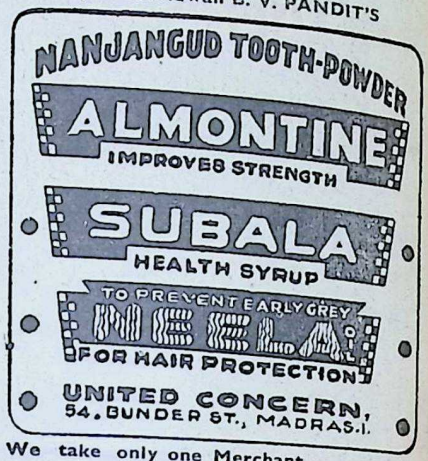

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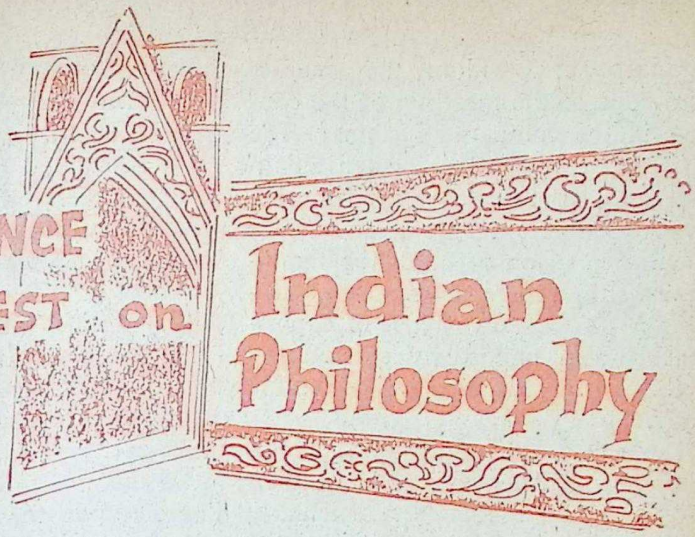


NDIAN philosophical thought has been helped a great deal to come into its own not solely by work of Indian philosophers, but by a host of eminent orientalists the west. From the moment skrit was discovered by them, some them have rendered yeomen service reviving the great and perennial ele-nts of thought in Indian philoso-al classics. A successive generation European and American orientalists e dedicated their life and energy the different useful tasks of editing, piling, and translating the basic an texts. The work of edition is easy in view of the different manu-pts and variant readings. The se-al oriental societies did this work. The great names that come up be-e one's mind are too many to be ed. The chief among them are Max ller, Thibaut, Oldenburg, Jacobi, nis, Cowell, Stocherbatsky, Winter-z, Bloomfield, Hopkins, Roth, Rhys vids, Lanman, Warren, Woods, me, Macdonell, Keith, Poussin, Tucci, Edgerton and others. Besides editing and translating the works, some of them have written independent expositions of the different systems of Indian philosophy. There are two types of expositions: (1) the bare exposition with an eye to define clearly the different doctrines and not to deviate from the meaning of the texts.

The second type of expositions in

Dr. P. NAGARAJA RAO

English indulged in comparisons with western systems of thought. Parallel thoughts with western ideas are brought to light. It is the comparative method. The pure expository method was followed by Prof. Hiriyanna and the comparative method was set into vogue by the doyen among philosophers, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. The comparative method must be used with great care. It is misleading and slippery with the individual who institutes

the comparisons without the accurate knowledge of the meaning of the concepts in the compared systems. The comparative method has given an insight into the area of agreement between the different systems and also a penetrative vision of the living significance of the Indian philosophical concepts. With these two types of expositions, Indian philosophy entered the period of systematic and scientific study.

The role of the orientalists had a very great influence on the Indian mind. Indian humanity, particularly the intellectual class, reacted in one of three ways to the impact of foreign ideas and western education, through the medium of the English language. A particular section who were fascinated and overpowered by Western ideas were completely subjugated by them. They were not only shaken but shattered by the dazzling influence of Western ideas. Science and technology added to the prestige of the Western ideas, and we have a class of men who were uprooted and became slavish imitations of the west and they rendered abject flattery to all that is in the west.

The conservative section who did not allow themselves to be influenced by western education kept themselves away. They were ignorant of the medium, the English language, and that kept their thoughts unfertilised and they looked upon all western thoughts as dangerous. So they did not allow their thought to rationally confront the western ideas. Political suzerainty of the British and the dependence of Indians made them have no confidence in their masters. So they assimilated none of the British ideas.

A third section of men in India who were not entirely rootless, who were also fascinated by Western ideas, but did not allow themselves to be shattered, or completely subjugated by them assimilated to western ideas and re-thought the Indian philosophical thoughts into new patterns. This section constitutes the group of contemporary Indian philosophers, e.g. Gandhiji, Tagore, Aurobindo, Radhakrishnan and several others. It is undeniable that the works of the orientalists have roused the drooping faith of Indians in their own philosophical heritage. The contemporary Indian philosophers did not live like hot-house plants. They did not close their doors, nor did they shut their windows. They allowed the winds of different doctrines from the various countries to blow about them freely. But they never allowed themselves to be blown off their feet.

Contemporary Indian philosophers are influenced by western thought in the formulation of their systems of philosophy and their outlook of the world. Western philosophical systems have impressed contemporary Indian philosophers in the following aspects:

(1) That philosophical systems must be a growing, dynamic and living ones keeping pace with scientific development and the social trends of the times.

(2) A sense of chronology and history is insisted on.

The historical method helps us to trace the basic laws, the rhythms of the development of human thought, its universal constants, its troughs and crests in the evolution of thoughts.

(3) Revolt against authority and the

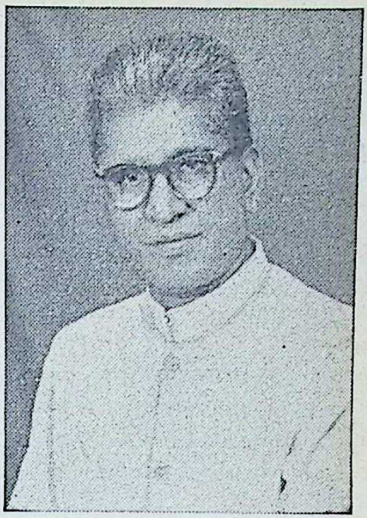
acceptance of a thing not on mere
hority.

4) The stress on social problems, the emphasis on the humanist ele-
nts in life, "a reverence for life" Schweitzer's words—a life affir-
tion attitude.

Contemporary Indian philosophers e shown originality in different ms. Some have shown originality the bare presentation, bringing all details into an ordered pattern as e significant. In the process of the sentation unnoticed significance of tain concepts and their correlation other concepts is thrown into re-
f. Another type of originality is in-
retting afresh the eternal prob-
s of philosophy. Substance, cau-
on, negation, coherence or corres-
ndence.

Yet another variety of originality sists in giving the world a philo-
hical system which seeks to meet e difficulties and the crisis of the e.

A. E. Taylor writes: "There are two alities which we may fairly demand m the work of any man whom we to recognise as really a great phi-
opher with a permanent importance the history of human thought. In first place the work must be ori-
al and in the second it must be cri-
al. When I say the work must be ginal I do not mean it must be start-
g or revolutionary but that it must the achievement of a genuine per-
al intellectual effort. The great phi-
opher must be one who has thought himself and has thought hard... d by saying that the work must be tical, I do not mean that it must essarily be largely devoted to cri-



ticism of other men's thoughts. I mean it must be something more than a construction of a brilliant but undisciplined speculative imagination." Judged by this test many an Indian thinker is original.

The East, because of its contact with the West, has learnt to humanise its spirituality and to explain it in terms of reason. The spirituality which forgets to recognise humanism becomes a dry, abstract, empty speculation. The spirit must give itself existence in the human self.

Scientific Humanism of the West ignores the eluding aspect of human personality i.e. the spiritual dimension. They reduce man to the level of an organism or a machine and fail to notice his inwardness. Lord Russell writes "Asia must come to the rescue of the world, by causing western inventiveness to subserve human ends instead of the basic cravings of suppression and cruelty, to which it has

(*Continued on page* 52)

The TRAGEDY of Shah Jahan

J. M. SHELAT

WAR OF SUCCESSION STARTS

SHAH JAHAN'S letter to Shuja at this time shows that he was even thinking of removing Aurangzib from the Deccan. For he felt that Aurangzib would use the viceroyalty of the Deccan as a stepping stone to the throne of Delhi as he had himself done in Jahangir's reign. But before he could mature his plans, he fell ill on September 6, 1657. The news of his illness, deliberately magnified into death by the three Princes, gave the signal for the commencement of the War of Succession.

Islam never contemplated the form of hereditary monarchy within its polity and therefore provided no definite law of succession. By its refusal to sanction the rule of primogenitor, it only weakened the only safeguard against the arbitration of the sword. Though Dara had been already declared by Shah Jahan as the heir-apparent to the throne, there was nothing in the rules of Islam to prevent his younger brothers from challenging his position. The very incompetence of Dara attracted attempts to wrest the sceptre from his weak grasp. It was not Dara's heresy but his lack of worldly wisdom and tact that drove most of the self-seeking courtiers into the hands of his rivals.

Enmity between Dara and Aurangzib had started from the very inception of their careers. Aurangzib had revealed the blackness of his heart by open display of spite and venom against Dara.

No two men differed more widely in personal character, tastes and religious outlook than Dara and Aurangzib. Dara's motto was Akbar's: peace with all, "Sulh-i-kul", and his religion was

religion of the cultured salon, as Aurangzib's religion partook austere gloom of the guardroom of God's soldiers. To the outer d Dara appeared to be one given udy and contemplation, devoted to pleasure, gay, brilliant, soft-ed, ready to do a gracious service a little flattery. Aurangzib was es-ally a man without music, cold, e, grave, demure with religious m over a pale and sickly coun-nce, a 'Namazi', a prayer-loving a as Dara in derision called him. eir public lives, Dara was regard-s the patron of Hindus and Au-zib as the champion of Islam and litant missionary of Islam with a ine contempt for other faiths. then, Aurangzib made less ene-s amongst the Hindus than Dara amongst the bigoted Muslims, for heart of Aurangzib unlike Dara's never on his lips.

e three younger princes drawn ther by common enmity against had already formed an informal sive alliance, that grew stronger the growing partiality of Shah n for Dara. Aurangzib was the of this confederacy and a link be-n Murad and Shuja.

December, 1652, Shuja and Au-zib had met at Agra. Aurangzib entertained Shuja for three days, their alliance was cemented by the thal of Shuja's daughter to Maho-Sultan. In the same month, Murad met Aurangzib at Dorabah, while angzib was passing through Malva. risk correspondence had thereafter on between the two. Shah Jahan not take Murad seriously, but he ected the matrimonial alliance be-tween Shuja and Aurangzib. A bitter correspondence had ensued between the Emperor and Aurangzib. Shah Jahan had tried to see that the alliance was revoked and to bring Shuja on his side. He had even offered to him the viceroyalty of the Deccan.

In October 1657, Aurangzib sent a letter to Murad supplemented by a secret oral message. In December 1657, Murad sent a reply to Aurangzib supplemented by a secret message delivered by a trusted agent. On October 19, 1657, Murad likewise sent a message to Shuja through Aurangzib's territory. The object of this correspondence was to concert measures for meeting the situation created by the illness of their father.

Aurangzib cut off all means of communications between Dara and his confederates in the South. Thus, while Aurangzib got all the news from the court at Agra through his allies, everyone at the court was in the dark about his designs. Already Aurangzib was playing a double game. While Dara was openly denounced as a heretic and an idol worshipper, he secretly condemned Shuja as a heretical Shia. He even advised the pleasure-loving Murad to pose as a strict Sunni in public. Taking a hint, the gay reveller of Ahmedabad posed as a champion of Islam and threatened Dara with extirpation.

Shuja was a faithful copy of his loving grandfather Jahangir with whom he had lived till the age of twelve. Sharp in intellect, indolent by nature, voluptuous in habits, he was every inch a prince in outward and inward graces. Amongst the sons of Shah Jahan, he represents, in mental and moral equilibrium as well as in

tastes and predilections, a happy mean between Dara and Aurangzib, being a skilful soldier and a level-headed politician with a fine touch of human sympathy which Aurangzib lacked so sadly. Unfortunately, his talents and abilities shone in flashes while his weakness clung about him more steadfastly. Bengal, the nursery of his ambition, became also the tomb of his vitality. During his 17 years of viceroyalty there, he and his associates had almost been recast in body and mind in the softer mould of Bengal; their swords had gone rusted for want of enterprise in that land of plenty, peace and pestilence. Bernier's estimate of Shuja appears to be fairly accurate:

> "Sultan Shujah....resembled in many characteristic traits his brother Dara, but he was more discreet, firmer of purpose and excelled him in conduct and address. He was sufficiently dextrous in the management of intrigue and by means of repeated largesses, bestowed secretly, he knew how to acquire friendship of great Omrahs....He was nevertheless too much a slave to his pleasures".

During the summer of 1657, Shah Jahan's health had shown signs of decline. On September 6, 1657, he fell seriously ill. For seven days, no one except Dara and a few high officials had access to him. There was consternation in Delhi. People believed him to be dead, though on September 14, he showed his face through the window of his bed-chamber to the expectant crowd below. To reassure the public, a durbar was held where he made his last will and ordered his chief officers to obey Dara henceforth as their Sovereign "in everything, at all times, and in every place."

On October 18, Shah Jahan left for Agra to recoup. Meanwhile, the three brothers refused to believe the inconvenient news of their father's recovery. Every despatch from the court was dubbed as forgery at the instance of Dara. They even gave credence to the story that the lean figure who appeared daily at the palace window to give *darshan* was only an eunuch dressed in imperial robes whom Dara was passing off as the deceased Emperor.

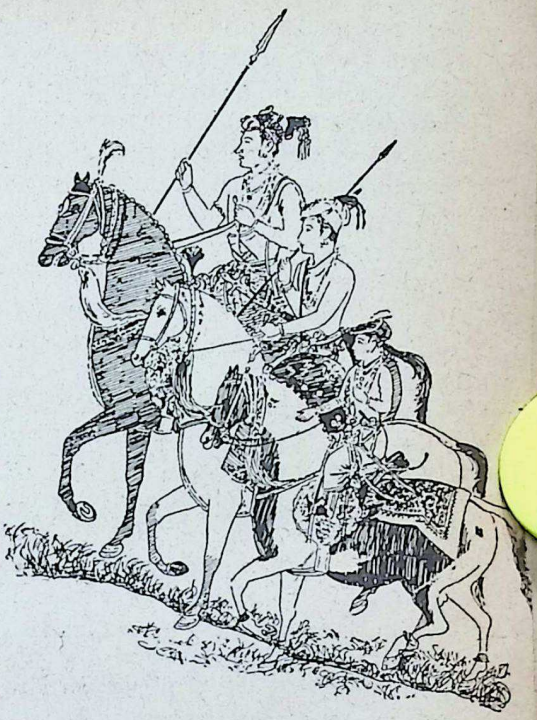
Jahanara's letters of reassurance and her earnest attempts to bring about peace between the brothers fell on deaf ears. The miserable Emperor saw with consternation the dreaded deluge coming not after him but even before his eyes were closed.

BROTHERS CROSS SWORDS

Prince Shuja was the first to take the matters in hand. While Aurangzib was waiting for the next step to take from the South, Shuja had already collected a large army and was marching towards Benaras. A large army under the titular command of Sulaiman, but in effect commanded by Mirza Raja and Dillir Khan, had already been despatched. Though that army had inflicted a defeat on Shuja and Shuja been made to retreat, Sulaiman had not been able to reap the full fruits of that victory. Had Sulaiman been allowed to return back to Agra immediately after his victory over Shuja, instead of tarrying in the Eastern Provinces, Dara's fate would perhaps have been different. At heart, the Mirza Raja was disloyal to the cause of Dara, whom he disliked for his superior airs

his patronage towards Jaswant
, his rival. In spite of urgent mes-
s from Dara and even Shah Jahan,
Singh had deliberately played a
ing game and had thus prevented
man from hurrying back to the
al. If Sulaiman and his two lieu-
ts had marched back with expe-
s, they would have been able to
Dara in the battle of Samugarh
t on May 29, 1658.

soon as Aurangzib learnt of the
h of Shuja, he hurried up the
tion of his plans and mobilising
veterans advanced towards the
s of the Narmada. He waited there
the army of Murad to join him.
njunction of the two armies hav-
een effected, the two princes com-
ed their northward advance and
mped at Dharmat. Though most
s trusted soldiers were in the Eas-
Provinces, Dara had managed to
mble a considerable army. He had
up high hopes on Jaswant Singh
m he had sent to Malva with
m Khan to stop Aurangzib's army
g with Murad. Jaswant, how-
could not take any effective mea-
s against the two princes due to
instructions given by Shah Jahan
oid an armed conflict and to see
the two princes went back on a
of force. But even apart from
reason, the Rathor Chief was no
h to Aurangzib, who to the dis-
of the imperialists formed a junc-
with Murad's army at Dharmat
4th April. Next morning a fight
g for a few hours took place in
h Jaswant Singh's inexperience,
armness of the Sisodia and Bun-
contingents and the treachery of
m Khan gave a decisive victory to



Shuja, Aurangzib and Murad

Aurangzib.

The defeat at Dharmat was a double catastrophe for Dara. He lost all the fruits of Sulaiman's resounding victory over Shuja. His enemies encouraged by this defeat raised their heads everywhere, and traitors threw off their masks. Even friends began to waver.

The news of Dharmat disaster reached Dara on the 25th of April 1658 at Balochpur on his way to Delhi with Shah Jahan. The court returned to Agra where the Emperor threw open the treasury for Dara to equip another army to meet the crisis. Dara now sorely felt the absence of his best and trusted officers who were with Sulaiman.

(Contd. on page 47)

My Belief

My belief is—and it is the opinion of all true followers of all religions—that true religion is concerned with belief in a supernatural power.

Since that supernatural power is above all and all others are like her children, all human beings must be, more or less, like brothers and sisters to one another.

If that is the teaching of all religions, then, in spite of differences in the way in which we worship God, there is no reason why we should not really be brothers.

Here in India, our ancestors—the Rishis of old—realised this and laid down once and for all that the truth is one but the wise reach it by different paths.

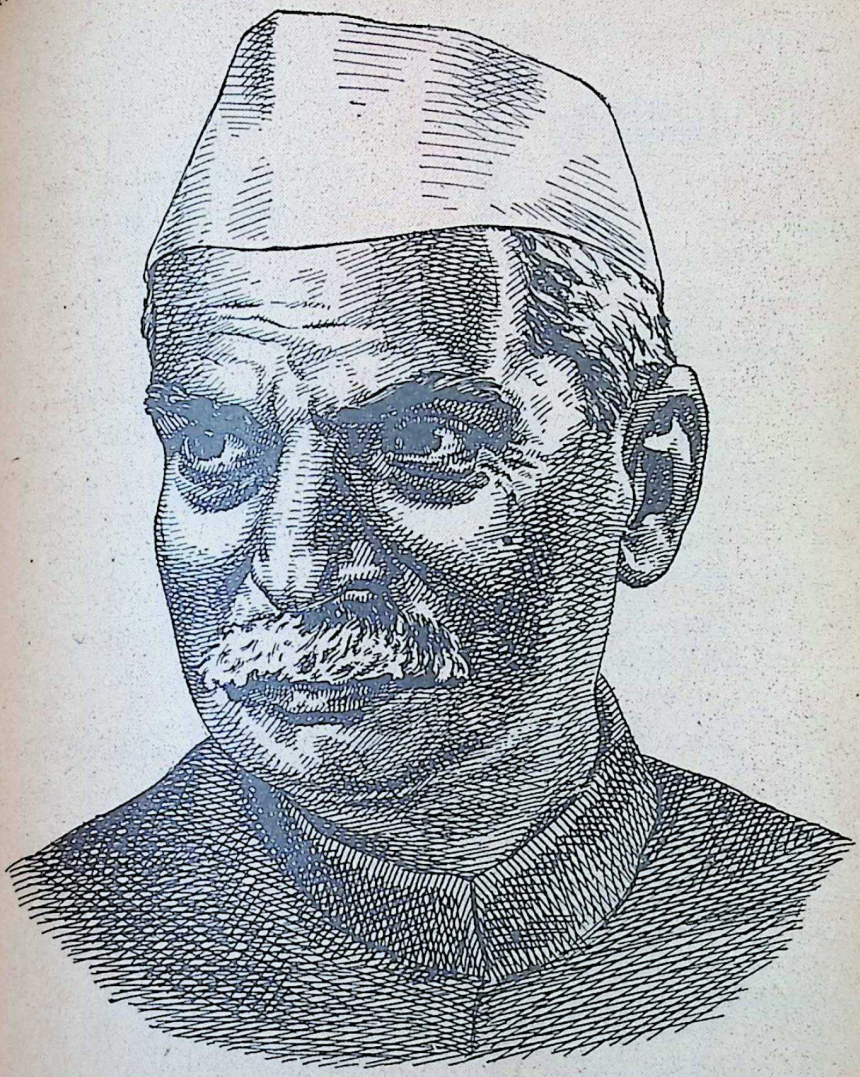
We want a realisation of this truth not only as a matter of intellectual conviction, but also as a rule of conduct to be followed every moment of our lives.

It is impossible for us to rise to any height without a realisation of this truth.

This is one of the fundamental problems which this country has been tackling from time immemorial, but its urgency needs to be re-emphasised today when we have freed ourselves from foreign domination and are left to our own resources to shape our destinies.

— RAJENDRA PRASAD

Many Happy Returns



[*Rashtrapati Dr. Rajendra Prasad, born: December 3, 1884.*]

Babu Rajendra Prasad was one of the earliest to join Mahatma Gandhi. Referring to his great work in the historic Champaran struggle (1916-1918), Gandhiji wrote in his autobiography:

"Rajendra Babu was matchless. His devotion made it impossible for me to take a single step without his help."

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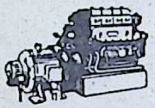

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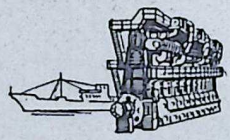

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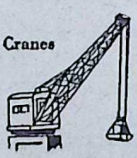

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Shah Jahan was in a distracted state of mind, now advising Dara to fight and sending messages to Jai Singh to return at once, now listening to Aurangzib's allies at court to make peace. He still hoped to send back Murad and Aurangzib by diplomatic messages.

Dara's plan was to send an advance army at Dholpur and stop the progress of Aurangzib. But his passion got the better of discretion. He taunted those who advised peace as faithless cowards and added sting to insults by telling them that Rao Satarsal and Jafar would drive away the rebels like hares to the south of the Narmada. His plan was to check Aurangzib from crossing the Chambal until Sulaiman returned. On May 18, he took leave of Shah Jahan to start for Dholpur with his main army.

It was a pathetic scene as the old Emperor for the last time bestowed gifts and blessings on his beloved son with trembling hands holding him long and tightly to his bosom in a parting embrace. The effective strength of Dara's army was 60,000 men of all arms, while that of Aurangzib's and Murad's was about 50,000.

DARA'S DEFEAT

Dara, however, missed an opportunity to strike at Aurangzib's army exhausted by forced marches when its detachments were first sighted at Samugarh on May 28. He made a show of force, leading out his army in full array and making them stand for the whole day in their steel armour in the scorching heat of the summer sun and halted for Aurangzib to take the offensive, giving time to his enemy to rest his army for the whole day. In the evening in a defeatist mood he returned to the camp after several hours of meaningless manoeuvres.

Though superior in numbers, Dara could hardly count on his army's loyalty. The Persians and the Turanis were jealous of the nobles of the Hindustani party, the Rajputs and the Sayyids of Burha and the Hindustani-born Musalmans patronised by Dara. But besides all these factors, the character and the past record of Dara at Kandahar as a soldier were not calculated to inspire confidence amongst his followers. In contrast, Aurangzib had "aged in war".

The fate of the battle depended on which side gave up its defensive position and started the offensive. The first hour was spent by both the sides firing their guns from long range which emitted noise and smoke only. Suddenly, Aurangzib stopped his guns meaning not to waste his ammunition unnecessarily. Either due to want of experience or the flattery of his sycophants, Dara misunderstood his rival and believed that Aurangzib's artillery was ineffective. He scattered his artillery in front and ordered a general advance with Rustam Khan commanding the left wing and the treacherous Khalilullah Khan commanding his right wing, keeping himself in the centre. When Rustam Khan's contingent approached nearer and nearer, Aurangzib's artillery under Safshikan Khan let out a murderous volley at close range. Rustam had to swerve to the right with his 10,000 men with drawn sabres and attacked Aurangzib's van. For a time, Rustam carried everything before him and nearly reached Aurangzib.

Suddenly, the kettle-drums of Dara

sounded victory and Dara leaving his position in the centre, from where he could have directed his entire army, rushed forward to support his left wing under Rustam Khan and met Shaikh Mir's reserve, who was pressing the exhausted troops of Rustam. He put to flight Shaikh Mir's division showing "undeniable proof of invincible courage." But he failed to save his left wing, his greatest and most venturesome captain, Rustam, having been killed in this affray.

His evacuation of his position in the centre left his army without a central command, which, as Sarkar says, "more than all other causes to be put together ruined Dara". His mighty formation vanished, his guns stood deserted, match-lockmen were scattered, his elephants and camel corps remained idle, too far in the rear to give assistance. Dara lost control of the situation. He now resolved to attack the thin centre of Aurangzib, but when about to charge, the news of the death of Rao Satarsal Hada reached him, and in despair, he turned back. From the extreme left of his line, he traversed the whole length of his front exposing his own flank to the artillery fire of the enemy.

When Rustam Khan had charged the enemy from the left, Khalilullah from the right wing had attacked Murad who was in command of Aurangzib's left wing. A traitor at heart, that Pathan leader had made a show of force, but after a volley of arrows, had retired behind the lines as soon as he saw Murad hotly engaged by Dara's van under Satarsal and Daud Khan. This contingent known as "the steel-edge" of Dara's army did its work most heroically. During Khalilullah's attack on Murad, Satarsal's Rajputs and Daud's Pathans had driven themselves like a wedge between Aurangzib and Murad. The Rajputs had singled out Murad for attack and a fierce fight had raged around the elephant of that prince. Satarsal and his men fought with the loyalty of Napoleon's guards at Waterloo. A Bundi Bard later on described their exploits with their swords in an inimitable verse:

तत् तरवारिन् मे मन परमेसर में।
प्राणे स्वामिकारेज में माथो हर माल में॥

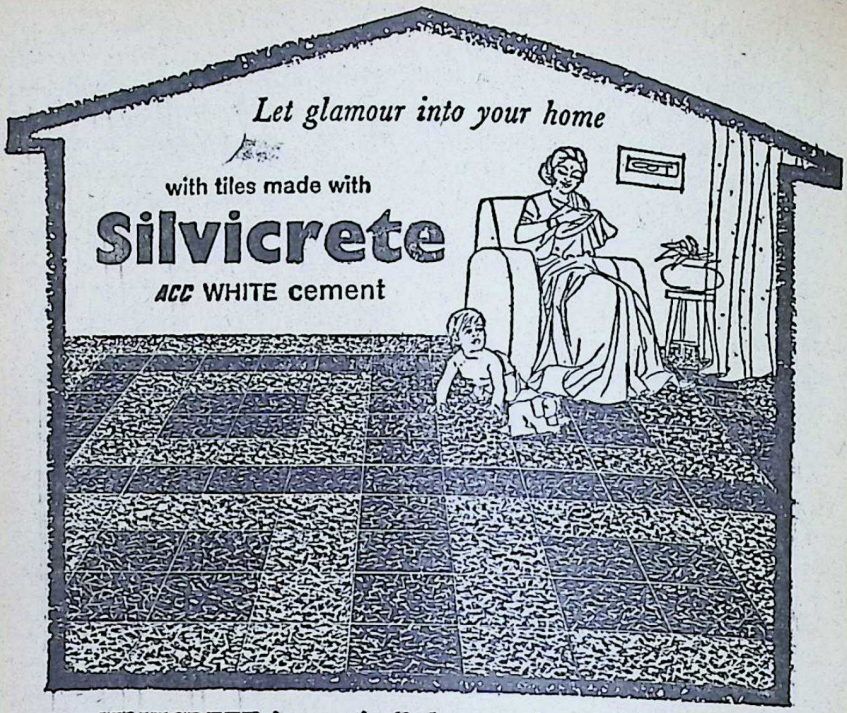
But in this desperate advance, Satarsal died with son, his brother, three nephews and the very flower of the Hada clan. The rest of the clan, under their only surviving leader Rup Singh, fell on Aurangzib, who was moving now to aid Murad. At this stage, Dara hurried from extreme left to the extreme right. As Khalilullah Khan had already retired, Dara's van now formed his right wing, while his left had ceased to exist. Aurangzib engaged Dara's van ordering Mahomed Sultan with his 10,000 fresh troops to attack the exhausted centre of Dara. The fight was too unequal; the Rajputs in the van were not only outnumbered but outclassed in weapons with their lances, swords and daggers against the enemy's rockets and bullets. Rup Singh fell in a desperate rally against Aurangzib and all his Rajputs fell with him. Khalilullah had long ago retired. Only a few Pathans of Daud had survived. Dara on his tall elephant was the target of the enemy's artillery manned by European experts. At the importunities of his friends Dara dismounted and took a horse. Within a few minutes,

realised his fatal mistake. It was too e. His surviving army, not seeing n on his elephant, retired scattered over, thinking that there was no e for whom they had to fight. Dara s distracted ; his resolution gave way en he saw his followers dying with es of water on their lips and heard son, Sipihr, weeping bitterly. Some his immediate followers caught hold the bridle of his horse and forced to take the road to Agra.

Samugarh was the most decisive ttle in history. It meant not only e transfer of the Crown from one n of Shah Jahan to another, but it osed the most dazzling epoch of meeval India aptly called the age of kbar, the age of nationalism in polis and the era of the revival of letters d fine arts. The truth is that Dara pified a spirit which vanished with him. Dara had dreamt of a new enlightened age for India for which the foundation was laid by Akbar. His failure at Samugarh was a national loss. His dreams came to naught. But dreams have value. The dreamer may not suffer in comparison with his more realistic and successful rival whose long and apparently successful career shattered the great fabric of the Mughal Empire.

Dara had two choices, one to go to the Punjab ruled by Izzat Khan, his own Deputy, and the other to the east where he could have made alliance with Shuja. But he lacked boldness of diplomacy and sufficient courage to trust and unite with Shuja. Dara and Shuja in league in the Eastern Provinces, with Murad already discontented, a rebellious Jaswant in Rajputana, unsubdued Punjab and Kabul in the

A War Scene from a Mughal painting



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north, with Gujarat and Malva leaders, and a hostile Golconda and Bijapur in the south, would have rendered Aurangzib's position critical, though the success of any coalition against that resourceful diplomat and able soldier, was extremely doubtful. Dara decided on retreat to Lahore, which gave Aurangzib a chance of crushing his foes piecemeal. The saddest mistake was to ask Sulaiman to do the impossible, to join him at Lahore along the Himalayan foot rather than to join Shuja.

May the 29th had been passed by the court and the people of Agra in the greatest anguish. From noon, the distant booming of the guns had made known that the decisive battle had begun. By 2 p.m. fugitives from the fields had started coming. Their reports agitated the citizens. As the day wore on, the public anxiety deepened. At 9 that night a small group of riders on panting horses clattered over the streets and passed by the gate of the fort to Dara's mansion. It was Dara and all that was left of his brilliant retinue. Loud lamentations from the royal palace broke out and the dismal news spread at once.

Shah Jahan sent word to Dara to come into the fort, but Dara was broken in body and mind. He had left Agra shouting victory or grave ; he had come back without victory. He replied to his father, "I have not the face to appear before your Majesty in my present wretched plight." This message doubled the grief of the father who seemed to feel "the parting of his life from the body." But the cruel necessity did not permit the doting father time for full expression of grief. Preparations had to be made for Dara's flight. Mules laden with gold coins were sent to Dara. Orders were issued to the governor of Delhi to open the stores of the fort for Dara.

EMPEROR MADE CAPTIVE

On June 1, Aurangzib arrived outside Agra in two marches and put up at Noor-Manzil. He stayed there for ten days. The highest nobles of the realm paid him homage. Shaista Khan, Mahomed Amin, the son of Mir Jumla, and even Dara's own chief officers, the vanquished troops of Dara, joined the victor's standard.

The day after Samugarh, Aurangzib wrote to his father excusing his late conduct as having been forced upon him by his enemies. When he reached Noor-Manzil, he received a reply from Shah Jahan inviting him to an interview. Next day also Shah Jahan sent a letter with presents including a famous sword known as "Alamgir", but Aurangzib declined the interview. On June 5, a third message was sent by Shah Jahan, one of the emissaries being Khalilullah Khan, the traitor, who told Aurangzib that Shah Jahan had hostile designs against him. The old chamberlain, Fazil Khan, who had brought the message returned to the Emperor reporting that "the matter has gone now beyond the stage of sending letters and messages". That very night, the siege of Agra fort began. The mask was dropped and Shah Jahan himself was attacked.

Any friendly settlement being impossible, Shah Jahan prepared to stand the siege and shut the gates of the fort,

lest some traitor should murder or seize him to gain Aurangzib's favour. The fort of Agra was one of the strongest. Its capture by force was impossible.

But Aurangzib had recourse to a trick. Taking possession of Khizri gate, opening on the river side, he stopped the water supply to the fort from the Jumna. What force could not achieve, thirst did. Shah Jahan wrote a piteous letter to his son in verse:

"Praised be the Hindus in all cases;
As they ever offer water to their dead;
Thou, my son, art a marvellous Mussalman;
As thou, causest me in life to lament for (lack of) water."

Aurangzib's reply was brutal: "It is your own doing." For three days Shah Jahan held out and then sent Fazil Khan the fourth time. Aurangzib replied that if Shah Jahan surrendered the gate of the fort to his men, he would wait on him and "consent to whatever you wish and do nothing displeasing or harmful to you."

On June 8, Shah Jahan opened the gates to the victor's officers. Mahomed Sultan waited on Shah Jahan and was received kindly. For some days, he acted as the Emperor's keeper under minute instructions from Aurangzib. The Emperor was deprived of all power and was confined to the harem behind the Hall of Public Audience.

[*To be continued*]

Conscience is the root of all true courage.

—Anon

INFLUENCE OF WEST ON INDIAN PHILOSOPHY—*contd.*

been prostituted by the dominant nations of the present day."

Dean Inge pleads for the synthesis of the East and the West: "It is a reproach to us, that with our unique opportunities of entering into sympathetic relations with Indian thought, we have made very few attempts to do so. I am not suggesting that we should become Buddhists or Hindus, but I believe that we have almost as much to learn from them as they from us."

God has made the world a field of battle and filled it with the trampling of combatants and the cries of a great wrestle and struggle. Would you filch His peace without paying the price He has fixed for it?

—Sri Aurobindo

Memoriam

AIR MARSHAL MUKHERJEE

M. PATEL, I. C. S. (Retd.)
rmer Secretary, Ministry of Defence

IR MARSHAL MUKHERJEE was unquestionably one of India's great sons. He was a leader of men and wonderful col-ue. He sought no limelight for him-but where the Indian Air Force concerned, he fought like a tiger e that no injustice was ever done For him the development of the n Air Force was the one real rest in life. He lived for it and ed unceasingly to ensure for it status and importance that was fully its in the country and in Defence Forces of India.

e Indian Air Force grew up with oto Mukherjee. Indeed the his-of the Indian Air Force to the of his death was in a very real e synonymous with his life story. was among the first few Indians ceive training at Cranwell, and t his job the right way, the hard in active service conditions. n independence came, he found elf cast for a role for which he scarcely been trained. As the r-most Indian airman, he became the link between his British Service Chiefs and the Indian Ministers and Civil Servants. That he was trusted by both is a measure of his ability and his sincerity of purpose. The division of the Armed Forces and their assets was carried out in an atmosphere surcharged with suspicion. The work insofar as it concerned the Air Force was carried through rapidly and with a minimum of ill-feeling, thanks to the frank and well-considered advice he fearlessly tendered.

Then began the great task of building up an Air Force, capable of defending India. What India had in 1947 August were a very small number of fighter aircraft, out of date and obsolete, a few Dakotas, and some trainer aircrafts. The number of trained pilots and technical men was also small, a few hundreds. But they were all men who loved the profession they

had embraced, and were deeply patriotic. And they were devoted to Subroto Mukherjee. Long before he became the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Air Force he was looked upon by the men of the Indian Air Force as their Chief. And for his part, never let them down. Their cause was his, and as a true leader, he never hesitated to guide them to what he considered was in their real interest. He saw to it that they had the best and most up-to-date equipment. He was able to achieve so much in so short a time because he had the assistance of some of the ablest British and Indian officers, and enjoyed the confidence of the three British Chiefs of Air Staff, all men of great ability and experience, under whom he had the privilege to work for over seven years. Air Marshal Mukherjee would be the first to admit the tremendous debt the Indian Air Force owes to those British Chiefs. They guided our men well and truly, and helped them not merely to learn the duties and responsibilities of higher control in a Defence Service but also to shoulder them to the full, under their guidance in building up, out of nothing, a modern Air Force, of a magnificent fighting quality.

For the last six years he was himself the Air Chief and Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force. During this period, he saw to it that the task that had been so well begun went forward even more rapidly. He was among the strongest protagonists of the view that the three Services must move forward in a coordinated way. It is surprising how difficult it is to persuade even extremely able men to accept the truth underlying the simple statement that just as the strength of a chain is as great as that of its weakest link, so also the strength of a country's armed forces is no greater than that of its weakest service. There should, thus, be no over-emphasis on the land or the sea or the air power. It is the totality of the three that will constitute our strength and the precise importance to be given to each of them must necessarily be determined by the task or tasks that may be set to our armed forces from time to time. Subroto Mukherjee for long presided over the Committee of the Chiefs of Staff of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force and may be presumed to have exercised considerable influence over thinking of the three Services along these lines.

Air Marshal Mukherjee's early death will come to be regarded by free India's historians as one of the major blows that fate has dealt to this country at a critical juncture. Where indeed can we find a situation parallel to that in which our country finds itself today insofar as its border defence is concerned? Several thousand square miles of our country's territories are occupied by a relentless and determined neighbour and we are still making up our mind if the action constitutes aggression! Along another border, but within our own territories, we have a sizeable area where discontent and disorder prevails and has prevailed for the past few years. And we have still the question of Kashmir to which President Ayub Khan of Pakistan recently drew our attention in terms which cannot but

(Continued on page 81)

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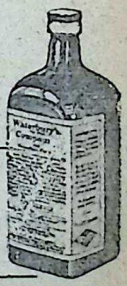

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What Life has Taught me

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin is one of the greatest of living sociologists. He was a colleague of Lenin but was banished from Russia in 1922 when he stood up against intellectual regimentation.

Dr. Sorokin is the Director of the Harvard Research Centre in Altruism, perhaps the first academic centre of its kind in modern times. Sorokin has to his credit over a score of learned volumes which survey the whole field of social studies and is compared by some to Comte and Spengler. They blaze an approach similar to that of our ancient seers by which human egoism, fostered and pampered by modern civilization, can be transformed into creative love by a total change in personality.

WHATEVER may happen in the future, I know that I have learned three things which will remain forever convictions of my heart as well as my mind. Life, even the hardest life, is the most beautiful, wonderful and miraculous treasure in the world. Fulfilment of duty is another beautiful thing, making life happy and giving to the soul an inconquerable force to sustain ideals. This is my second conviction, and my third is that cruelty, hatred, and injustice never can and never will be able to create a mental, moral, or material millennium.

So ends my *Leaves from a Russian Diary* published in 1924. These lines were jotted down earlier, in October, 1918, in a wild forest of Northern Russia. Hunted by the Communist executioners, with a prize on my head, I had to retreat into the protective vastness of the forest stretching for hundreds of miles. Hungry, cold, and in rags I had, during six weeks of my

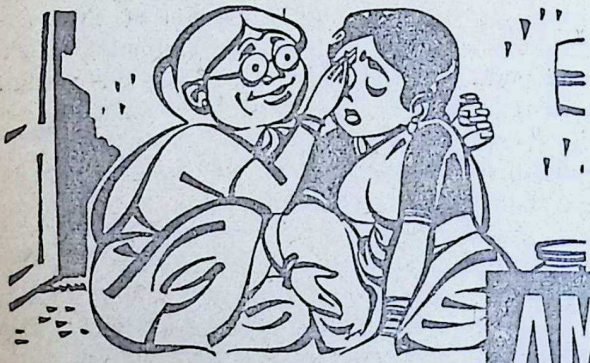
dering in it, plenty of time to me-
ce about the basic problems of
an life, the sunny and dark souls
the Russian Revolution, and about
own situation which at that time
pened to be similar to that of Con-
et in the French Revolution
nted by the Jacobins, he also had
retreat into the wilderness of a min-
region until he was caught by the
ench Bolsheviks" and died in pri-
at Bourg la-Reine). These lines
e one of the results of this medi-
on.

More than forty years have elaps-
since they were hastily scribbled
a piece of paper. Many changes
e happened in the human world
in my personal life during this
od. And yet, now, at the age of
years, I believe into the vital and
al imperativeness of these con-
ions even more firmly than I did
n they were jotted down.

This greater firmness is due partly
my and my colleagues' scientific
ies of these problems in the *Har-
d Research Center in Creative Al-
m* but especially to the stern les-
s given to all of us by the human
ory of the last fifty years. During
period a legion of "liberators",
ders", and groups, moved pre-
inantly by hate, lust for domina-
and by individual collective ego-
, have attempted either to main-
the existing "decent" order or
build a nobler and better mille-
m in the human universt. They
mpted to do this mainly by the
hod of unlimited violence and
s-extermination of all their ene-
s and opponents through the
ld wars and "small wars", bloody revolutions and counter-revolutions, brutal revolts and merciless suppressions. In the name of the "Fatherland" and "the International", "Capitalism" and "Communism", "Autocracy" and "Democracy", "Republic" and "Monarchy", "Atheism" and "Religion", "Freedom" and "Sovereignty", more than sixty millions of human beings, including innocent children, women and the old people, have been slaughtered; many other millions have been maimed and prematurely died; thousands of cities and villages have been turned into the "abomination of desolation"; numberless unspeakable bestialities have been perpetrated; and an immeasurable amount of suffering has been inflicted upon mankind.

What have been the results of this gigantic explosion of forces of death, destruction, and inhumanity? Some positive results have certainly been achieved; several forms of exploitation, injustice and serfdom have been destroyed; many "colonial" peoples have regained their independence; here and there poverty, disease and ignorance have been decreased; science and technology have notably progressed. But similar results have also been secured in the countries, like India, by the non-violent means motivated by compassion, unselfish love, and sublime sacrifice. Even in the countries where these results have come out in the process of wars and violent revolutions, they have largely been due not so much to the mutual extermination and hate of the parties as much as to the forces of sympathy, love, and respect for human life which are working in all revolutions and

Headache?



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side by side with the forces of ful fury and death.

nce, according to the well demon- ed rule, "love begets love and generates hate", the explosion of forces of hate, violence, and death the wars and revolutions of the fifty years could hardly produce mentioned positive results. These ld be credited to the forces of passionate love, and unquench- quest for truth and justice that been operating in these bloody gles. Without their moderating, nerating, ennobling, and creative e, the mass-extermination of man man, of group by group, in wars, olutions, and crimes would have lted in a still worser "abomination desolation" and in a still more hor- "liberation" in man of "the st of the beasts" (to use Plato- stotle's expression), than have n done by the bloody and hate- n struggles of this century.

Despite the positive achievements tioned, the destructive effects of e struggles have been far greater n the constructive results. They e not given to mankind any last- peace, any real brotherhood, any monious order or even a real hap- ess. They have not decreased crime, tal disease, and many other evils the human universe. They hardly roved man's wisdom and morality. ead, they have brought the hu- n race to the brink of the new ld Conflagration, unlimited by divine or human laws, aimed at most effective extermination of whole human species, at the destruction of all the values created by man and possibly, even at the extinction of life on this planet. The political leaders of the powerful states, supported by captains of industry and finance, by many scientific, religious, educational, and artistic leaders, by "patriotic" and "revolutionary" masses and by "enlightened" public opinion are now feverishly preparing this Conflagration, and are unashamedly determined to use all the nuclear, bacteriological, and chemical means of the total extermination of the combatant and the non-combatant populations. This fact alone convincingly shows the utter demoralization and degradation of man produced by "the patriotic," "revolutionary," and other wars and revolutions of the twentieth century.

There is not a slightest doubt that if the Conflagration explodes, it will bring to humanity neither a new millennium nor any constructive results. Instead, it certainly will terminate forever or, at the best, for a very long time, the creative history of man on this planet. Only the forces of unselfish love, supreme moral duty, and of true wisdom, reinforced by those of self-preservation and survival, can stop this pending catastrophy of unglorious death of human race.

These lessons of history, together with my studies of these problems, explain why in the late afternoon of my life I quite firmly believe into the truth and moral imperativeness of the lines hastily jotted down many years ago in the vast forest of the Northern Russia.

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or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

35. *WOMAN? MUSIC?*

SHEELA was in a happy mood. She had only recently returned after two and a half months' delightful stay in Europe. Throughout their stay in Europe, Radharaman had been in a cheerful frame of mind and had given up staying out late. For her part, her active participation in the work of the Charkha Sangh gave Sheela considerable peace of mind. The wounds that her heart had sustained had begun to heal. The only visible mark left of her unhappiness was the seriousness which had replaced the affectionate cheerfulness that was so characteristic of her.

For months now, there had been no trouble or misunderstanding between Radharaman and herself. It was a different Sheela whom Radharaman now faced. Sheela was no longer an irresponsible young girl ; she had grown into a mature woman. She knew her mind and was ready to assert herself. Ever since she had joined the Charkha Sangh she had ceased to be thin-skinned. She had realised that it would be impossible for anyone to live with her, if she was always in tears. Moreover, she had now learnt to adjust herself carefully to her husband's moods, his likes and dislikes.

Radharaman had a reason of his own for keeping Sheela pleased and happy. It was his ambition to become a member of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bombay. His Excellency the Governor, he knew, had a good opinion of him. A vacancy was due to occur in the Executive Council shortly and his chances of being considered for it would be seriously jeopardised if gossip got about that his relationship with his wife was strained.

Radharaman was a man of great charm. He could win anyone if only he set about doing so. He was capable of adjusting himself to any company ; he could give it the impression that he derived nothing but pleasure from it.

Now as they walked home from Parvatashram, Radharaman felt completely satisfied. He had shown the great Mattamayur his proper place in life. He found in Uday just the devoted and admiring pupil in whose presence his ego could expand. A modest person like Uday, Radharaman thought, would add to the pleasures

of the holiday that he was thinking of having during these days, for he had found it an ordeal to live alone with Sheela. If he did not speak to her, she felt hurt; if he started some light conversation, she would not enter into the spirit of it; if he stumbled upon a serious topic of conversation, it invariably led to a quarrel. In these circumstances, the presence of a third person was necessary for maintaining good relations between him and his wife.

Now that Uday was going to be with them, he could talk about himself as much as he liked; his wife would all the time imagine that she was a party to the conversation; if there arose a difference of opinion, Uday could be relied upon to intervene and bring about some reconciliation of views; and in the presence of a stranger, it would not be incumbent upon him to go on displaying affection. There would also be another relieving feature. Sheela would find some agreeable person to talk to. Radharaman then would not have to concern himself with keeping her cheerful and happy. This made Radharaman treat Uday as if he was a member of the family, and the young lawyer felt happy beyond his wildest expectation.

On the way to their residence, Radharaman discussed with Uday Poet Mattamayur's literary work. Sheela was also familiar with the poet's works and joined in the discussion. In her opinion he was a good poet and she recited verses from a poem of his, which she had particularly liked, to illustrate her point.

After dinner, Radharaman requested Sheela to sing. He had neither any taste for music nor any interest in what Sheela sang. Some twenty years ago, he had seen many theatrical performances staged by the Bombay Gujarati Theatrical Company and still carried some of the popular hits in his memory. To please him, Sheela had learnt them by heart, and seeing her husband in a happy mood, readily agreed to sing some of them. Radharaman did not like classical or serious music. He enjoyed quite frankly the vulgar, popular songs. He pressed Uday to join Sheela in singing them. Uday was also familiar with them as when he was a young boy, he had seen several of those old plays. He had indeed carried with him a book containing his favourite songs from those plays when he went to Europe to keep them fresh in his memory. He was able, therefore, to support Sheela and join in the chorus.

At first Uday was a little reluctant to sing the rather romantic and sometimes unreservedly frank songs of the playwright Dahyabhai Dholshaji along with Sheela. But Radharaman brooked no refusal and called out to him: "Louder, my boy, don't be ashamed. You are not running away with my wife." This left Uday no choice. And Radharaman himself from time to time intervened in his crude way. Every time he did so, it became impossible to maintain seriousness. This soon broke down all reserve.

Sheela had a pleasantly sweet voice and she sang with feeling and spirit, the gradation and pitch of her voice harmonising with the theme of the song. Her song was a delight to listen to. Uday realised this as he sang with her. The words of the first song

sang together were particularly priate to Sheela's and Radha-'s relations with each other.

ly Beloved, will you forsake me—who has sought your protection?

ll you forsake me whom you have so often called your very life?

u lit in my simple, virgin heart the flame of love.

u joined your life with mine in edlock.

arest, was it only to forget me, to leave me for ever....?"

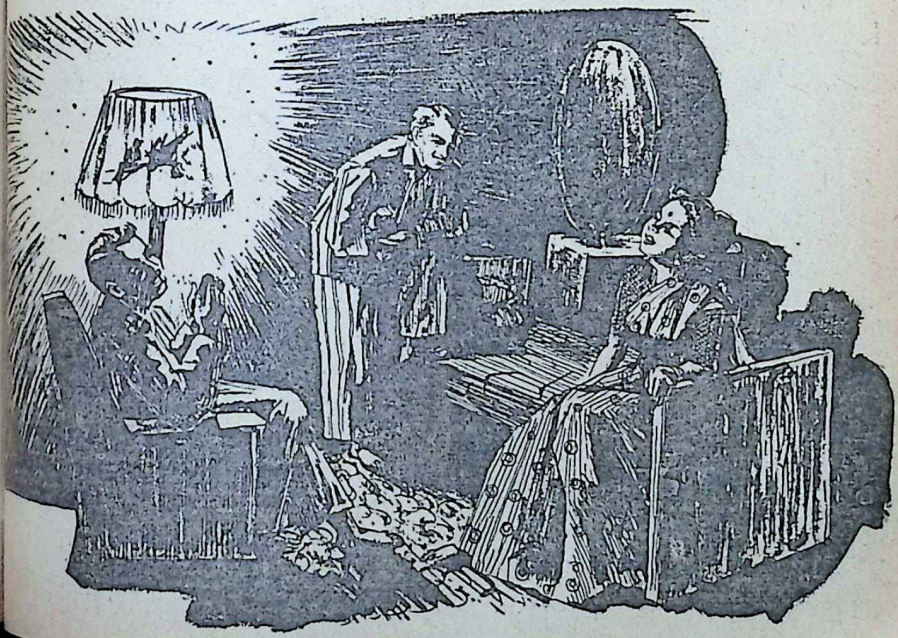
eela's eyes rested a while on raman, almost as if she was ap-g to him. That at least is how it k Uday and made him wonder fter all, this couple that looked ppy was really so? Was Sheela g some sort of tacit appeal?

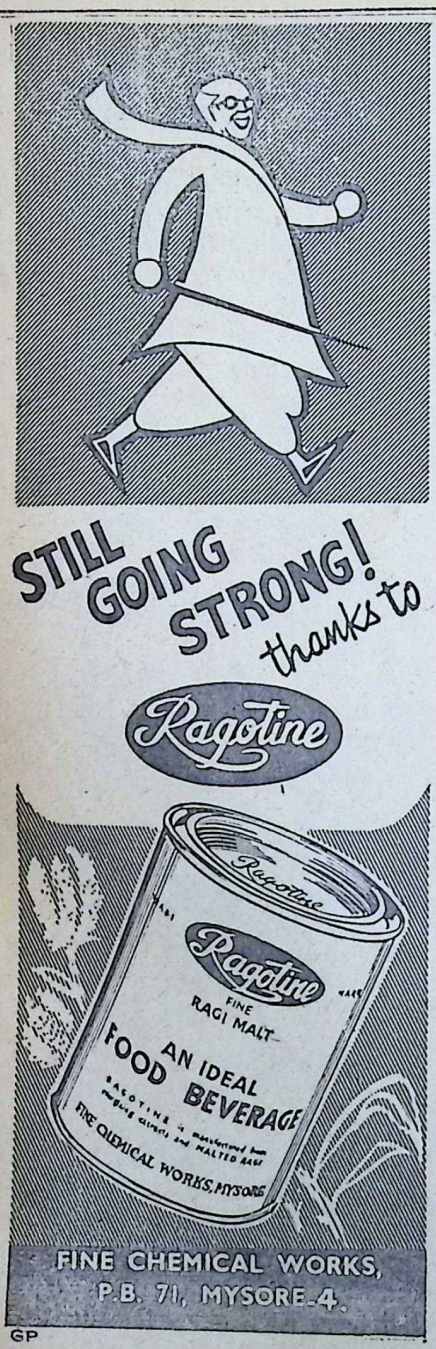
a stopped before the song was lete. Radharaman clapped with nds loudly and Uday joined him in acclaiming the singer.

"Sheela, now please sing the other song. You know the one which begins with the words, *As I went to Brij my sari was soaked with perspiration, etc.,*" urged Radharaman. Sheela blushed at the request but firmly declined to comply. "No, no. How can I sing such a song? In any case, I do not remember the words."

Uday could not help staring at Sheela, whose face, at that time, was a mirror of her changing moods and feelings. "Why are you so shy?" remarked Radharaman. "Never mind, then, please sing something else. What about *There she came, swaying with grace, all dolled up?*"

Sheela shook her head and began a song which had once taken all Gujarat by storm—*Fear is in my mind and in every limb....* Radharaman joined in immediately and kept time





with his hands. He called out to Uday also to sing loudly. "This song was once in everyone's mouth in Gujarat. Come along, let yourself go."

Song followed song and it was midnight before they retired to bed. Sleep did not come to Uday for a long time. He ruminated over the first song and the way Sheela had sung it: *Beloved, will you forsake me, me who came seeking your protection?* Did these words hide Sheela's own feelings and unhappiness? Was there, after all, some truth in the stories he had heard and in the sarcastic remarks of the poet that day? Uday spent a sleepless night. His thoughts took a new turn and his heart beat fast, as unfamiliar feelings took possession of him.

When Uday came down the next morning, Sheela was already at the breakfast table. He did not dare to look at her or even to talk to her, fearing that his voice might betray his feelings.

"Did you sleep well, Solanki?" enquired Sheela as a solicitous hostess.

"Oh yes, of course," replied Uday and then in sudden burst of courage added: "Sheelaben, Saheb calls me by my first name 'Uday'. Why do you continue to use my surname 'Solanki'?"

Sheela smiled as she remarked: "You do sing very well, Uday,—or should I say Solanki?"

"Please drop Solanki."

"You write poetry. Do you not? The Kaviraj Mattamayur would not take to you so much unless you were a poet."

"Well, I do write, but not poetry. I knew and I was able, therefore, to

e some of his poems. That is what ed the scales in my favour."

But you do write prose then?"

For a moment, Uday was at a loss. ides Suryashankar and Rajba, no knew that he had written novels. did not somehow like to hide it Sheela.

Can you keep a secret?"

Do you want a promise from me? you not trust me even to that ex-?"

Well, if solicitors come to know I write novels, they would stop ing briefs to me."

I did not suggest that I can give a brief. Did I? But you have let rself be caught too easily. You not yet, after all, such a good rister. You have admitted that you a novelist while denying that you a poet."

You would have made a good ss-examiner, had you been a law-"

After all I am a lawyer's wife. Tell is it, or is it not, a fact that you e written a novel."

Uday felt somehow confused.

Have you read anything of ush's work?"

Bhagna Hriday (Broken Heart). once, but three times. And shed s over the heroine's fate. So, you 'Piyush'."

You are the only one besides yashankar and Rajba who knows . Please do not reveal it to Radha-an. He is sure to retail it to the Library and my friends then will me to death."

Do not worry. I shall keep the wledge to myself," rejoined Sheela a smile and a twinkle in her eyes.

Uday was delighted. So now they shared a secret and thus had a bond between them.

"Are you writing a new novel these days?"

"My latest book has just come out, barely fifteen days ago."

"Have you a copy here?"

"Yes, as soon as my bag comes, I shall give it to you."

"Well then, you had better get ready for the picnic. Saheb will soon be coming down. The sooner we start the better, otherwise, the day will be hot by the time we get to Rambagh."

The three of them set out a little later for the picnic. The servants followed with the baskets of food, drinking water, mats, durries, etc. On the way to Rambagh, Radharaman was in fine trim. He seemed to enjoy casting his mind back and reciting the songs that had been sung the previous night, and many others besides that he knew by heart when he was young. He asked Sheela to sing one such song but Sheela said she did not know the words of the song. Uday, however, did and so he began to sing it. As he sang, Sheela soon picked up the tune and joined him. This was followed by another song and all the three sang loudly and lustily.

Radharaman went on suggesting song after song and if he liked any one of these, he insisted on its being sung more than once. A series of the songs of playwright Dahyabhai were sung in this manner. If anyone of them forgot a line, or made a mistake in the tune, it only evoked loud bursts of laughter. Whenever he got an opportunity, Radharaman, like a spoilt child. cracked jokes which

would not have been permissible in any polite society.

Radharaman finally asked Uday to sing a song appropriate to the occasion.

"Can you sing some English songs? Does your wife sing?"

Sheela did not like this thoughtless reference to Uday's wife who had deserted him, but she could scarcely have persuaded Radharaman to behave differently when he was in that mood. Radharaman went on: "I had heard a girl sing in English, a song which I would like to hear again. The first line as far as I remember went like this: 'A merry gypsy band are we..' "

"Do you know this?"

"Yes", replied Uday.

"All right. Then go ahead. We shall join in and help you sing the chorus."

So Uday began: "A merry gypsy band are we....

Tra... la... la..."

Radharaman started in his hoarse voice "Tra... la... la..." and called upon Sheela to join.

"Go on. A merry gypsy band are we.... Tra.... la.... la".

The three laughed gaily and they sang:

"A merry gypsy band are we
Tra.... la.... la....
Who made the forests wild and free,
Tra.... la.... la....
Our hearts are very light and gay,
Tra.... la.... la....
We feel with joy each new born day,
Tra.... la.... la....
The sky above, the earth beneath,
Tra.... la.... la....
For us new pleasures ever bequeath,
Tra.... la.... la...."

Suddenly Radharaman tried to drag Sheela to join him in a whirling dance and when she refused, he caught hold of Uday and started going round and round singing Tra.... la.... la.

Radharaman loved this kind of horseplay. When the song was over they resumed their walk. By the time they arrived at Rambagh, Uday felt as if he had known Sheela since his childhood. She was laughing and singing and running about as if she was a seventeen year old girl. She certainly did not behave as befitting a lady of twenty-seven years. Every song had carried some subtle and emotional meaning. Sheela looked at Radharaman in a shy embarrassed way. Radharaman, of course, behaved like the gay dog he was, his eyes smiling mischievously all the while.

They had their lunch in the shade of a tree. As Sheela served the food, Uday was struck by her skill and charm. Neither of them talked much nor was it necessary, for Radharaman kept up an incessant chatter. He expatiated on the plays he had seen as a youngster, on how he had fallen in love with Sundari, a famous actor who played the role of heroines in those good old days, and kept dreaming of 'her': on the love of Keshav Naik and Gauhar: on how subtle was the art of the British actors and actresses. Uday heard all these interesting recollections for the first time but for Sheela, of course, this was, perhaps, the fiftieth time.

After a visit to the 'Shivaji ladder', they turned homewards and were back home by 5-30 P.M. Now none of them was in a mood to talk. Radharaman was tired. Uday was immersed in dreams about Sheela and her many

arms. Sheela was happy.

Uday's heart was full: strange feelings overpowered him. He could not collect having ever enjoyed himself so much. Never could he have imagined that he would be spending a whole day walking and singing, in the company of friends such as the Radharamans. And the songs they sang together, the highly romantic and passionate songs of Dahyabhai! He felt very happy and hated the very idea of having to return to the dry-as-dust life that must be his lot when this holiday would be over.

All of them were dead tired and after a hurried and quiet dinner, they went straight to bed. For Uday, however, sleep did not come immediately. Sheela's laughter and her voice as she sang still rang in his ears. He kept thinking of her sparkling eyes and her lividly mobile and expressive features. His heart was full of her and until sleep overtook him, scenes of Ramagh passed successively before his mind's eye, with Sheela flitting through the woods like a sylvan goddess free as a frolicking young doe.

His sister Raj was obsessed with God, but for his part he felt on that day that he experienced the presence of God. Had Raj been there with them, would she have approved of the way in which he and Sheela had behaved? Would she not have seen through the apparent innocence of their free and easy friendliness? One thing was as clear as daylight. Sheela had lifted his heart from this sordid world to a heavenly joy. She was not a woman, but 'music'.

Next day was Diwali, the Festival of Lights. Sheela was up early and busied herself decorating the house for the festive day. After she had finished her work and Radharaman had got up, all the three spent a lazy morning talking, eating, and drinking. When Uday suggested that he should go and pay his respects to Kaviraj on the auspicious day, Radharaman laughed contemptuously. "Don't be a fool. What is Diwali or Holi to a rhymester? He will be busy writing something foolish," he said.

Uday did not appreciate this snobbery but felt that in preventing him from going to see Mattamayur, Radharaman was only satisfying his own vanity and hurting the poet's. All the same he did not wish to displease Radharaman; after all, he had become acquainted with the poet casually and only a few days ago. So they all went out for a walk to the Panorama Point.

On their return, Uday and Sheela, assisted by the servants, indulged in firing off a large number of crackers with gusto, laughing and running about like little children all the time. Radharaman stood aloof, quite happy, watching the others enjoy themselves. Once Sheela screamed when some cracker went off too close to her; Uday immediately ran up and extinguished the burning cracker. Their eyes met on this occasion, and they laughed together with innocent joy. Sheela was frankly happy.

After dinner, they separated for they were all tired. Sheela reminded Uday about his book. "I am not very sleepy. If you can give it to me now I shall read a few pages before I fall asleep."

"Forgive me. I forgot to take it out

of my bag. I shall get it for you immediately."

He rushed up to his room and brought the book down. As he handed it to her, he remarked: "Sheelaben, please do not forget that you do not know 'Piyush' ".

"How should I know him? I do not associate, like you, with eminent persons like Kaviraj", she replied mischievously.

As they parted with a 'good-night', their eyes met again whispering a soundless message from one to the other.

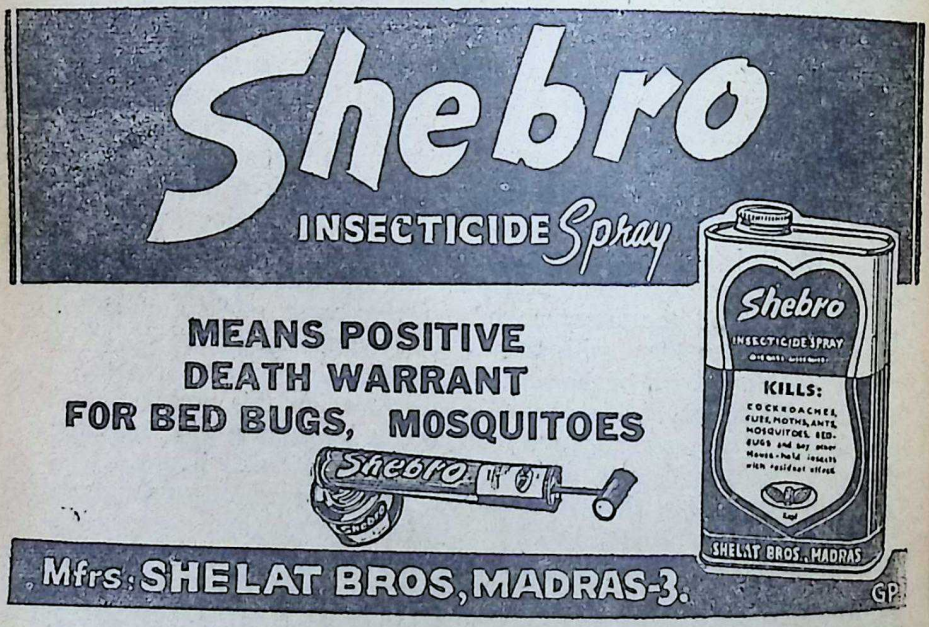
After a while, Sheela's sweet voice was heard to the accompaniment of her *dilruba* singing a song: *My charming, playful, my beloved lord lives in my heart. My loving....*

Suddenly the *dilruba* stopped as if the voice was choked. Soon everything was quiet. From a distance, came a bird's shrill scream, and the flutter of its wings as it flew away. And again there was silence until an owl hooted atop a tree.

[*To be continued*]

God is necessary to us in order that we may exist, while we are necessary to him, in order that he may be manifested to himself.

—Ibn al' Arabi



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A HINDUSTAN LEVER PRODUCT

HEART: its virtues & vagaries

Dr. Rustom Jal Vakil

THE layman of today is no longer a passive or "sleeping" partner in the campaign against death and disease. By bringing home to the layman simple truths about health and disease, eminent specialists in America and Europe have made of him an active and enthusiastic participant in the preservation of health and conquest of disease. Co-operation and understanding between the doctor and the patient have never been so close or mutually advantageous as they are today. My justification for this article is to present to the reader the greatest masterpiece of Nature—the heart, and to extol its virtues and explain its vagaries.

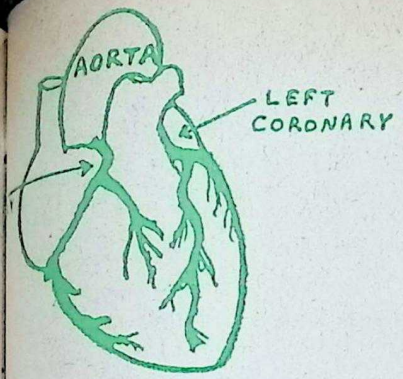
The story of the heart and heart disease is a most fascinating one. It takes us through about three hundred centuries of observation and human endeavour, interspersed with years of superstition, inactivity and ignorance. Man's interest in the heart probably began 30,000 years ago, with the long-extinct Cro-magnon race. Recent discoveries, archaeological, anthropological and palaeographic, have shown how very distant and far-reaching are the roots of our civilization.

In bygone days, it was customary to regard the heart as the "seat" or "abode" of the soul or the centre of courage, vitality, character, love, emotion or intellect. Such a belief has been perpetuated to some extent in prose, poetry and modern jargon. Certain words and expressions, such as heartless, hearty, heart-felt, large-hearted, lion-hearted, and heart of gold, in daily use today, lend credence to this theory.

In ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic writings, unearthed recently but probably written in the Pyramid age, and particularly in the Ebers and Edwin Smith papyri, there are frequent references to the heart. During mummification or embalming, an art in which the ancient Egyptians excelled, it was customary to return the heart back within the bony framework of the chest, being considered essential to the body even after death.

In ancient Arabian medicine, during the reign of Caliph Haroun Al Rashid, the heart was regarded as the "prince" of the body and the lungs as the "fans" of the heart.

According to Aristotle, the most learned and versatile of philosophers, the heart contained a certain vital essence or "force", essential to life. Erasistratus of Greece was the first man to describe the heart correctly



"pump" whilst the term "heart
e" was first introduced by Cel-
a contemporary of Christ.

HEALTHY HEART

e main function of the heart is
mp, through the medium of the
d, the two substances, vital to
food and oxygen—to each of the
s of "cells" which form a single
n body. Besides supplying these
substances, it looks after the col-
n and subsequent elimination of
waste products from the body.
the mechanical standpoint, the
is a high efficient double-pump,
looks after the circulation of
d throughout the body. It is cus-
y to describe the circulation of
d within the lungs as pulmonary
sser circulation and that of the
f the body as systemic or greater
ation. Whilst the right ventricle
e heart pumps blood into the
, the left supplies blood to the
organs and tissues of the body.
e cannot but marvel at the nume-
accomplishments of the human
. During a biblical life-span of
score years and ten or seventy
, the heart beats approximately
million times, pushing about 200 thousand tons of blood, through 62,000 miles of blood vessels, which put end to end would encircle the globe of the earth about two and a half times. The energy expended by the heart in a single life-time can lift the largest battle ship in the world almost five yards up in the air. In one single year, there are about 37 million heart beats, each beat lasting just under a second (0.8 second) ; at each beat, the heart is in a state of work or contraction (*systole*) for one-third of a second and in a state of rest or relaxation (*diastole*) for half a second. The heart, like a powerful motor engine, has a tremendous reserve or spare power (*cardiac* reserve) which can be utilized in times of stress or need. During about of strenuous physical exertion, the heart may have to quadruple its efforts in order to cope with increased demands of the body. The masterpiece of nature keeps on working diligently and without a break, at the rate of 70 to 75 contractions per minute, for an average of about 60 years, a truly remarkable performance, not equalled as yet by any man-made machine or appliance.

Slightly larger than a closed human fist and about 1 lb. in weight, the normal heart is a fig-shaped organ, suspended, more or less centrally within the chest, between the two lungs.

The size and weight of a normal heart are roughly proportional to the size and weight of the owner. The heart is normally larger in males than females, and in stockily-built or large individuals than in the emaciated or lanky. The heart, being relatively larger in children than adults, may be mistakenly diagnosed as enlarged even when normal in size.

In the event of disease, the heart tends to increase in size or enlarge, attaining at times unbelievable proportions, as in cases of aortic valve disease and severe hypertension; the heart, in such cases, (bovine heart) may occupy more than half of the chest. An enlargement of the heart may be of one of two types: in hypertrophy of the heart, the walls become thicker, stronger and more muscular; in dilatation, on the other hand, the walls become thinner and stretched out whilst the chambers of the heart become larger and hold more blood. It is customary to regard hypertrophy as sign of strength or response to overwork, and dilatation as a sign of weakness or failure on the part of the heart.

The normal heart is placed somewhat eccentrically near the centre of the chest with two-thirds of it to the left and one-third to the right of the midline. In rare cases, the heart is right-sided (dextrocardia) from birth, a condition frequently compatible with a long life.

Structurally, the heart may be described as a muscular bas or sac containing four cavities or compartments viz., the left auricle and left ventricle (constituting the so-called "left heart", and the right auricle and ventricle, the "right heart"). The left and right auricles or atria are separated by a partition of wall, the interauricular septum, which prevents admixture of blood between the two auricles; a similar interventricular septum separates the two ventricles. An intermingling of blood (pure and impure) between the auricles or the ventricles may occur in case of a "hole" or fect in one or other of these pa tions, resulting in one of two imp tant varieties of congenital heart d ease, viz., atrial or ventricular sep defect.

The *heart valves* are intricate a useful structures, composed of fla or cusps, plated by nature, betwe the left auricle and ventricle (*mit* valve), the right auricle and ventri (tricuspid valve) and at the openin of the two major blood vessels of t body, the aorta (*aortic* valve) and t pulmonary artery (pulmonary valve The object of a valve is to permit "one-way" oruni-directional flow blood, thus facilitating the work the heart and preventing unnecessa expenditure of energy. As the resu of infection, usually rheumatic syphilitic, a heart valve may eith become leaky (regurgitation) or har ened (stenosis); in the former ca there is a leak-back of blood throu the valve resulting in wasteful expe diture of energy; in stenosis of th valve, the flow of blood, although un directional, is narrowed down to thin stream.

Whilst the left and right auricle are the collecting or receiving cham bers of the heart, receiving blood fro the lungs and the rest of the bod respectively, the left and right ven tricles are pumping chambers, pushin blood into the greater and lesser cir culations respectively.

The *wall* of the heart is a three layered structure, made up of a thin smooth and glistening outer layer o pericardium, a thick muscular midd coat or myocardium, and a thin inne

g or endocardium. Inflammation sease of one or other of these may lead to pericarditis, myo- tis, or endocarditis, depending on h layer is involved.

hat makes the heart "tick" or " is a question that had intrigu- ankind for many centuries. In the of the right auricle of the heart, tiny structure called the sino- ular node, which sets the pace he heart by setting off rhythmic trical charges, usually at the rate 70 to 80 per minute; because of the node is frequently referred to he "pace-maker" (timer or regu- r) of the heart.

E DISEASED HEART

The term "heart disease", in its pre- t context, is used in a wider sense clude, besides diseases of the heart per, those affecting the blood ves- of the body. The heart and blood els collectively constitute the so- d cardio-vascular system or cir- tory system. In the past, the heart the only part of this system with h the public was concerned. Re- t work proves that diseases of the d vessels are even more impor- t in the causation of death and dis- e than the heart itself. Of every deaths from so-called heart disease orted in the U.S.A., 9 are due to ases of the blood vessels rather heart. Comparing the circulatory em to a hydrodynamic system, one y say that the circulating "pipes" blood vessels) cause a breakdown the system nine times as often as central "pump" (or heart) itself.

Diseases of the heart and blood vessels constitute the major problem of the day in western countries, from the clinical, scientific, public health and socio-economic points of view. They constitute the leading cause of death and disease in most countries, surpassing in their toll of life even the dreaded trio of tuberculosis, cancer and pneumonia.

In the U.S.A., one of every two deaths reported is due, either directly or indirectly, to diseases of the circulatory system.

Another problem, that is increasingly engaging the minds of authorities, is the steady rise in the incidence and death rate of diseases of the cardio-vascular system. Part of this increase is due to greater familiarity or awareness on the part of the physician of today with the clinical picture of heart disease. Another reason of greater importance is the steady decline in the death rate of infectious diseases and fevers in youthful subjects, resulting in a larger number of middle aged and elderly subjects in the population, the average span of life today being longer, it is but natural that the degenerative and senescent forms of heart disease should show an increased incidence. Apart from these two reasons, it is the belief of most authorities that there has been recently a genuine increase in incidence, particularly in males. In the U.S.A., the death rate of individuals between the ages of 35 and 65 years, in the short span of 27 years between 1920 and 1947, has doubled in the case of males, remaining stationary in the case of females.

Diseases of the heart are not a pre-

rogative of the aged or elderly. The highest incidence of heart disease is between the ages of 40 and 60 years in western countries, and about a decade earlier in India. The average age for heart disease in India is 42 years, as many as 44 per cent of cases being between 30 and 50 years of age.

Amongst the most important causes of disease or breakdown of the heart are (1) Developmental or congenital defects of the heart (congenital heart disease) dependent on a defective construction of the heart by Nature ; these cases account for only 1 to 2 per cent of all heart cases. (2) Infections involving the heart, the most important being rheumatic, syphilitic and bacterial infections. (3) Excessive mechanical strain or overwork on the part of the heart, as the result of high blood pressure, long-standing asthma or valvular heart disease. (4) Inadequate blood supply to the heart, as in coronary artery disease.

The detection or diagnosis of heart disease depends on a careful interrogation and medical examination of the patient. A skilful cross-examination of the patient (history taking) by the doctor may suggest the right diagnosis in many cases, even without resort to a stethoscope ; a careful history must therefore always precede a physical examination.

A physical or clinical examination for heart disease usually carried out, systematically, in four stages, viz., inspection or careful observation of the patient, palpation or examination by "touch" or "feel", percussion, by listening to the sounds produced on tapping the chest wall, and auscultation, by listening to the sounds of the heart and lungs through a stethoscope.

After these basic examinations, recourse may be had to special methods of investigation, like the taking of an electro-cardiogram or screening of the patient with an X-ray machine. The present-day tendency to belittle the age-old mehods of clinical observation in favour of newer instrumental technics is deplorable. Instrumental aids to diagnosis should supplement rather than replace the diagnostic methods of our forefathers. In difficult cases, such as those of congenital heart disease, resort may be had to very latest methods of diagnosis, viz. those of cardiac catheterization angiocardiography. In the former, a rubber or plastic tuber is pushed through a hole in one of the arm-veins into the various chambers of the heart ; this method not only allows us to study the internal pressure and gas content of the blood within each chamber of the heart but also permits a diagnosis in the case of some of the intricate anomalies of the heart.

[*To be continued*]

They abuse him who is silent ; they abuse him who talks too much ; and they abuse him who talks moderately. There is none in the world who is not abused.

—The Buddha

Riddles

[Our new feature 'Riddles' has evoked considerable interest among the readers. Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES II

She rises with the sun and sleeps
with the moon,
She is the first of love, and the
second of honour,
She tells the truth with the third,
And she ends with us.
Who is she?

* * *

He is proud of bearing and sits
a saddle straddle,
But he is no horseman,
He reins the ears, and is within
hearing, but hears nothing;
His vision is doubly crystalline,
but he is not a visionary,
He is fashioned essentially of
sand,
But he fashions young and old;
But when he loses his horse-sense
He loses the world.
Who is he?

* * *

He serves alike the rich and the
poor,
But he is slave of none,
He guards huts and palaces,
But he's no watchman,
He keeps no beat, yet does duty
round the clock
He has a watchword for every
entrance,
But he speaks none,
He is strong and iron-clad, but
wages no war.
Who is he?

* * *

4. *He eludes the rich and the poor,*
Yet all are anxious to know what
he brings;
He is not seen,
Yet he is always before all.
Who is he?

* * *

5. *He lives on the trees, but not a*
bird,
He sleeps on a bed of straw, but
not a cow.
He has a golden hue, but wears
no gold,
He is a king of his clan, but no
king by himself.
Who is he?

RIDDLES

Answers to Series 1

(1) Cocoanut (2) Pen (3) River (4) Bug (5) Coal

QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

843

Sri N. Bannerjee, Calcutta.

Q: *Can you tell me why some of our energetic Indian youths have greying hair?*

A: Grey hair result from (1) heredity, (2) constant anxiety, and (3) neglect of bodily care.

Kum. K. C. Sowmini, Cannanore.

Q: *Is it true that Gayatri is forbidden for women? I have been doing it for nearly a year? Will it do me any harm? Can we read the* Gita *and other religious books or attend Satsang on permissible days of the month? Can we touch Japamala? Please enlighten me.*

A: Women and men are equal in matters of morals and spirituality. Any ban on religious activity for women is just nonsense. In fact women being more sensitive can develop spirituality and approach God much more easily than men.

In Vedic times, there were women Rishis; and Gargi and Maitreyi were great philosophers in the Upanishadic period. And Mary Magdalene had greater spirituality than most of the disciples of Jesus Christ.

845

Sri Rajendra Prasad Goswami, Gandhinagar.

Q: *I am a young boy of 21 years. I have great ambition to serve my people. How can religion help me in the fulfilment of my ambition?*

A: Religion alone will give you the true spirit of service by getting rid of your egoism.

846

Sri Surendra Nath Srivastava, Gorakpur.

Q: *I saw in an issue of your journal the portrait of an actress adorning the cover picture. I believe the sale of your magazine depends upon its contents and not on the attractive title page. Don't you agree?*

A: I agree. It is the advertiser who thinks that exhibiting cinema actresses in colour induces foolish men and women to buy their goods.

847

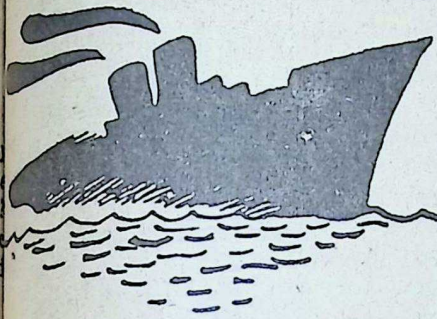
Sri Patiram Baro, Gauhati.

Q: *I wish to become a Buddhist. But there is nobody to initiate me. What shall I do? I have no practice of praying to God. Will you suggest some prayer in the morning, evening and night with their meaning?*

A: (1) Why should you become a Buddhist? There is not a thing in Buddhism which is not in Hinduism.

(2) Select any prayer you like. You ask for the Bhavan's prayer, with its translation, if you like.

at home abroad



India's handloom fabrics now reach homes in Africa, Arab countries, East Asia and elsewhere. Exports last year exceeded Rs. 66 million.

Handloom products have been more and more in demand because of the high standards of quality, thanks to inspection and quality marking. This growing demand is also met by handloom emporiums recently opened at Aden, Colombo, Bangkok, Kualalumpur and Singapore.

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THE TIGER GOES TO HEAVEN!

THE calf which had patiently been hearing the parting advice of its mother, replied immediately: "Mother, you seem to be in an unusual mood today. You speak as though you are about to depart. Has the Brahman who owns you sold you away to somebody? Or has he gifted you away to his daughter for your milk? Or perhaps, has he given you away as *dana* on a religious occasion? But surely I will accompany you wherever you may go!"

"Don't be naughty, child!" replied the cow and related to the calf all that transpired between her and the tiger. On hearing it, the calf fell down on the earth and rolled, weeping. Said he amidst sobs: "Mother, promise me not to leave me behind. Let what happens to you happen to me too. I am not afraid of death!"

On hearing these words the cow fondled her young one by licking and kissing it on the head. Said she: "My love, you will not feel my separation. By keeping my word and sticking to truth your mother will reach heaven through the gates of the tiger's mouth. It is a matter of pride for you and not sorrow. Don't you know that for everyone who is born in this world, however great, death is inevitable? And don't you agree that instead of dying an ordinary death, it is a fortune to die with glory on one's head? Do not therefore in the least sorrow. Buck up and send me away cheerfully!"

Said the calf: "In that case, mother, won't you permit me to follow you and reach the same gates of heaven?"

Cow: My child, your request is legitimate. But however virtuous, one whose lineage is cut in the middle is denied the eternal pleasures of heaven. So say the learned. Listen further. Sons can provide food to their parents not only when the latter live. They continue to feed them after death through *pitru-devatas* in their after-life by their periodical ceremonies. Hence progeny is helpful both in this life and after-life. I am so proud of you, my progeny, for the above reason. If I keep my progeny uncut through you, I and my ancestors can have the advantage of enjoying the eternal pleasures of *swarga*. Look, if I tarry further, I shall become subject to the sin of untruth. Bid me farewell!

In these and similar words the cow managed to leave her son behind and was hurrying towards the tiger.

In the meantime the tiger was getting worried at the non-return of the cow. Thought he: "Has she debunked me? It is foolish of me to have expected a mere cow to keep her word. It was childish of me to have risen to her bait of sweet and sentimental words. I am sure she has double-crossed me. Whoever has heard of a cow who would return to the claws of a tiger after once escaping? Doesn't matter. I shall not be caught napping for the second time. Would she not com

way at any future time? I shall
ten!"
t at that time the tiger saw the
hurrying towards him. On coming
she said: "O great one! I beg
pardon if I have been a little late
turning to you. I am sorry I have
d you so much inconvenience. I
realise how hungry you must be.
so happy you have not become
tient. Indeed how can one become
us without patience? For my
it is on account of the sacred
se I made to you that I persuad-
y son to agree to parting with me
er. Now I have no regrets. You
kill me straightaway and satisfy
hunger with my flesh. Here I de-
e my life and body to you. Ac-
them and help me reach *punya-*
"
e tiger who only a moment be-
was cursing himself for falling
im to the sweet words of the
and suspected her of deception
not now help admiring the
ghtforwardness and sense of sacri-
n the part of the cow. He began
ting: "Alas! What an accursed
ave I led till now! How far-sight-
its wisdom and absolutely guile-
this cow? Better late than never.
I not add to my burden of sins
lling this virtuous cow too! Can't
other flesh to appease my hun-
The God who created me should
have created my food too! By
killing the cow I shall surely not

inking thus, the tiger addressed
ow: "O, jewel of a cow! I deeply
ciate your sense of truth and de-
nation to keep your word even
though it meant your life. I am not a tool to kill a great *mahatma* like you. I may frankly tell you that your sense of *dharma* has saved your life today! You may now return to your calf and live happily."

Replied the cow: "O, virtuous tiger! I am sure that in saying thus you want to test my sincerity. Do not have any fears about it. Nor do I ever vacillate in my decisions. I have already dedicated this body of mine as your food. If however you have any compunctions about the act, I completely absolve you of any violence. The very fact of your having asked me generously to return to my child is atonement enough. For my part it is highly immoral to leave you when you are subject to cruel hunger. Look, your lips have become parched and limbs weak for lack of food. Indeed all your senses have become weak due to lack of nourishment. The sun will soon set. Break your fast by eating me and relax. May I on that score attain virtue and shall think of your valuable help on my way to heaven."

So saying the cow raised her head and placed it near the tiger's mouth. For a second, the tiger's lips twitched but immediately it fell back and retreated, the cow expostulating "Eat me, eat me" and the tiger replying "I have no appetite, I have no appetite." As it said so, the tiger's mind reached the exalted state of *vigyana*. Noticing the complete non-violence of the tiger and spirit of sacrifice and truthfulness of the cow, the angels showered flowers on them both from heaven. Closely after, Lord Vishnu accompanied by his Consort appeared before them on

their aerial vehicle Garuda. On seeing that beatific vision, both the tiger and the cow took hold of the feet of the Lord and praised him in many words, whereon the Lord said: "I am greatly pleased by your exemplary character and behaviour. Both of you may ask me a boon!"

"Lord! May we be granted your Divine Abode, Vaikuntha!" they asked.

"So be it," declared the Lord and disappeared. The tiger and the cow too departed to their abode and after leading the rest of their lives in an exemplary manner, reached Vaikuntha Dham in the end.

Those who read this conversation between the cow and the tiger will have no trouble from animals, serpents etc. Lord Vishnu will be particularly fond of them.

When Ratnamandana completed narrating this story, he added: "Peopl say that the cow is a mere animal an that it is devoid of commonsens Don't you see that she kept her wor to the end?".

On hearing these words, the Brah marakshas replied: "I am inclined t believe you too. But vow that yo would return!"

"What kind of vow do you want?"

"Listen!" replied the Brahmarak shas. "If you fail to return, may yo reap the fate of that man who, whe a desparately hungry man begs for morsel of food he is eating, refuse and drives him away!"

"Agreed!" replied Ratnamandan and with the permission of the Brah marakshas, returned to his capital an related all that had happened to Kin Nandapala.

[To be continued

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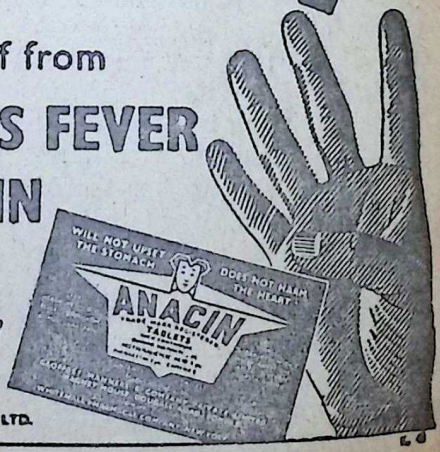

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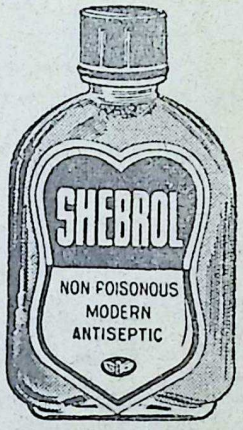
MARSHAL MUKHERJEE

(*Continued*)

concern to those who are de- of seeing the two countries ing forward in amity. There is other and in some ways a far serious danger that has to be the enemy here works secretly eeks insidiously to create fac- in our Services. Against all these have stood firmly and selflessly ervice Chiefs. And now we have hen we could ill afford to lose perhaps the youngest of them d one who though highly ima- e and receptive of new ideas et so level-headed. But he will eft us with the feeling of satis- n that he has left behind a fine fficient force, which will never m or the country down.



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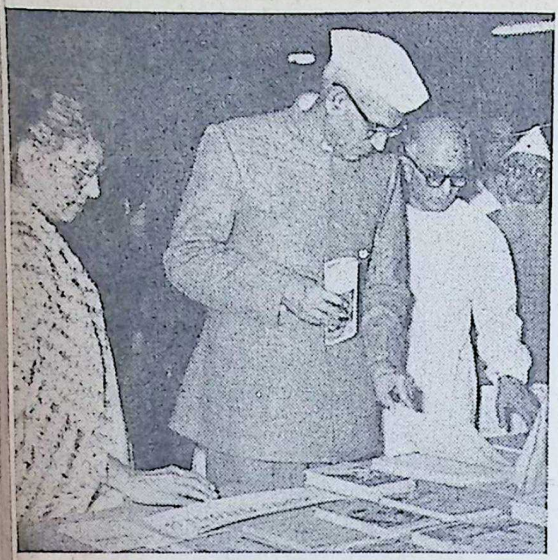


DR. K. L. SHRIMALI'S VISIT

"I am happy to see that the Bhavan has grown to be an all-India institution with five branches, and its various departments dealing with every aspect of life, thought and the culture of the Indian people," observed Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Union Minister for Education.

Dr. Shrimali was paying his first visit to the Bhavan, on 31st of last month, as Union Minister for Education. He was taken round the Bhavan by Sri & Smt. Munshi, and he saw an exhibition of Books and Journals pubished by the Bhavan.

FOUNDATION WEEK CELEBRATION OF THE BHAVAN

THE 23rd Annual Foundation Week of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will be celebrated from 3rd to 14th next month. The following are the programme:—

3rd Dec. 1960—5-30 p.m.
SILVER JUBILEE OF THE BHAVAN'S PRESS—Chief Guest: Sri S. K. Patil

4th Dec. 1960—10-00 a.m.
14TH CONVOCATION OF THE BHAVAN—Address by Sri S. K. Patil

6-30 p.m.
"BADUTI PATI"—Gujarati drama directed by Adi Marzban

5th Dec. 1960—6-15 p.m.
SYMPOSIUM "Disintegration: How to avert it?"
President: Sri K. M. Munshi
Speakers:
Acharya Kripalani, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sardar K. M. Panikkar, Shriman Narayan and H. M. Patel.

6th Dec. 1960—6-15 p.m.
INAUGURATION of Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture"—by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar at Bhavan's premises.

7th Dec. 1960—6-30 p.m.
"Lectures on Indian Culture"—II by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

8th Dec. 1960—6-30 p.m.
"Lectures on Indian Culture"—III by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

9th Dec. 1960—8-30 p.m.
PARENTS' DAY—Joint programme by Bhavan's College, Samskrit Mahavidyalaya, Sangit Shikshapith & Nartan Shikshapith

10th Dec. 1960—3-30 p.m.
WORKERS' MEETING at Bhavan.

6-30 p.m.
"CHOOPO RUSTOM" Gujarati drama directed by Adi Marzban

11th Dec. 1960—10-00 a.m.
SUGAM SANGIT organised by Bhavan's Sugam Sangit Vibhag

3-30 to 5-30 p.m.
PAST STUDENTS' CONVENTION at College Campus, Andheri

5-30 p.m. to 7-00 p.m.
COLLEGE DAY at Andheri

7-30 p.m.
DINNER at Andheri

12th Dec. 1960—5.30 p.m.
INAUGURATION of Birla Endowment lectures on "Indian History"—I by Dr. R. C. Majumdar at Bhavan's premises.

13th Dec. 1960—5.30 p.m.
Lecture on "Indian History"—II by

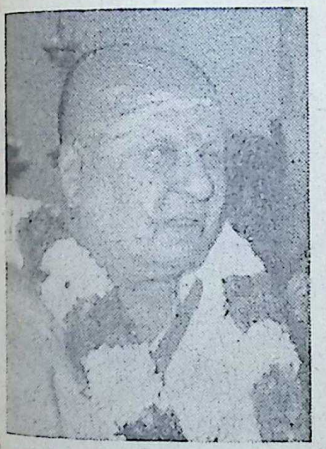
Dr. R. C. Majumdar at Bhavan's premises

Dec. 1960—5.30 p.m.
Lecture on "Indian History"—III by Dr. R. C. Majumdar

COURSES ON RAMAYANA

AHMASRI S. ANANTHARAMA SHITAR of Sengalipuram con- ed a series of religious discourses *Srimad Valmiki Ramayana* at the ika Samaj, Matunga. The dis- ses began on 2nd October and d on the 6th November after h he has started discourses on d Bhagavata. Sri Dikshitar re- s verses from the great epics and unds with stories, illustrations, osophy and humour. A great tea- r and preacher, who knows by t the great epics and the *Bhaga-* , his discourses are daily listened with great attention by a very large appreciative audience.

n 22nd Oct. he paid a visit to the aratiya Vidya Bhavan, where he welcomed by Sri and Smt Munshi. Nov. 2 Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Maharashtra State, attended Sri shitar's discourse at the Asthika aj, Matunga.



hmasri Anantharama Dikshitar

HATKHANDE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

E 24th Bhatkhande Anniversary ebrations were conducted by the Bharatiya Sangit Shikshapith (Academy of Indian Classical Music, affiliated to the Bhatkhande Sangit Vidya Pith, Lucknow), the music wing of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, on 19th and 20th of this month. This annual event is in commemoration of the late Pandit Vishnu Narain Bhatkhande, the famous exponent of Hindustani Music. Dr. B. V. Keskar, Union Minister for Information & Broadcasting, presided over the function on the 19th.

The following artistes participated in the celebrations: Sri B. B. Jadhav & Party (Shahnai), Smt. Manik Varma (Vocal), Sri Ratnakar Vyas (Sarod), Sri Shashikant Bellare (Tabla Solo), Sri Chidanand Nagarkar (Vocal), Pandit S.. N. Ratanjankar (Vocal) Kumari Bhavna Mehta (Vocal), Smt. Saguna Kalyanpur (Vocal), Sri Govindrao D. Agni (Vocal), Sri Rais Khan (Sitar), Sri Kumar Gandharv (Vocal), Kumar Suresh Degwekar (Vocal), Kumar Madan Sawant and Sri Tarachand Pathare (Tabla Duet), Sri Sharad Jambhekar (Vocal), Kumari Vijaya Deshpande (Vocal), Ustad Khadim Hussein Khan (Vocal), Sri Suresh Haldankar (Vocal), Ustad Ali Akbar Khan (Sarod), Ustad Bade Gulamali Khan (Vocal).

SHASTRIYA EXAMINATIONS

THE Government of Maharashtra have recognised the Poorva Madhyama and Uttar Madhyama of the Shastriya Examinations conducted by the Bhavan as equivalent to the S.S.C. & Intermediate examinations respectively.

The last date for accepting the applications for different Shastriya examinations *viz. Praveshika, Poorva Madhyama, Uttar Madhyama, Shastri* and *Acharya* to be held in April 1961 is 15th of December. However, the applications will be accepted till 31st December with 50 nP as late fee. The application forms may be obtained from established centres or from the Pariksha Sampadak, Shastriya Examinations Dept., Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7.

We regret to announce the death of Smt. Sarayubala, wife of Sri Navin T. Khandwalla, and daughter of Dr. & Smt. K. M. Munshi, after a protracted illness at the Harkissondas Hospital, in the early hours of Wednesday the 16th instant, at the age of 45. Smt. Khandwalla was a prominent social worker and took active part in the social and cultural activities in the city of Bombay. She was the Hon. Treasurer of the Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh and the Joint Editor of the Sangh's Magazine. She leaves behind a son and a vast circle of relatives and friends to mourn her death.

J. & J. DeChane
HYDERABAD-DN.

Our Bookshelf

ROSE-BUD'S SONG. By Prithwin-a N. Mukherjee. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Price: 75 nP.

HAVE pleasure in introducing to s of poetry a prodigy of a poet started writing poetry both in lish and Bengali at the age of teen. He is barely twenty-four but has already made a mark, not as a poet of great promise, but as anslator of a few famous books, lish and French, into Bengali.

e poems under review breathe a aspiration and a mystic dream. embody a vision of the shining s of human fulfilment, and a dream eauty and Bliss seeking to turn the s of earthly life into a blossom of s.

hat strikes one most in these puls-utterances of the young poet is the en of sincerity, which imparts to poems a lilt and a twang all its Even a hurried glance through s like "A Rose-bud's Song", e-Plant", "Soul, A Child", "A i's Fancy", "The Marvel", "The nal Child", "The Rose", "Fisher-'s Song" etc. will not fail to con-e the reader that here is one of the s who herald the coming dawn of w age in exalted accents of genuine ration. Lines like the following a haunting, ethereal charm, and yet aglow with the ardour of a ed soul:

Break the spider-veil around my being,
Alone beneath nocturnal frost I moan,
A deathless flame amid this agony
Invokes thy pearly kiss, O Mother Dawn!
.....
A hush, a mighty Silence rings all soul,
A finger of light to earth has shown the Goal.
.....
O sacred face of inward dawn,
O face of rose!
The secrets of a deathless land
Your lips disclose.
.....
Delay no more, the night is dumb,
O speak no more,
But see the dancing spirits come
Upon the shore.

The book is elegantly got up and is priced so low that it can, indeed, be said that the lovely songs it contains can be had just for a song.

—*Sri Rishabhchand.*

SREEMANNARAYANEEYAM. By Sri Narayana Bhattatiri. With a commentary called Balabodhini by K. Krishna Warrier. Published by Konath Sankara Warrier. Price: Rs. 10.

NARAYANEEYAM occupies an honoured place as a classic in devotional literature. It is, in the first place, sung in praise of Lord Narayana and in the second, it was composed by His devotee, also a Narayana, who combines a massive knowledge of the Shastras with the rare gift of a born poet.

The story is related of how, out of reverence for and gratitude to his preceptor, Bhattatiri offered to receive the gift of a Pratima—the effigy of paralysis and rheumatism, inscribed on a coin—and how when he took it, the master became freed from the disease which instantly attacked the disciple. Finding that the lotus feet of the Presiding Deity of Guruvayoor offered the only safe and sure refuge, he began to lisp in numbers, and numbers flowed. When he came to utter the thousandth verse, it was found that he had completed the recital of the quintessence of the *Bhagavata.* There is a reference in every 10th sloka to his disease and his fervent prayer to the Lord to cure him of it. In the end, pleased with his devotion, the Lord presented Himself before him and the disease left him.

The commentator has done his job with meticulous care and with scholarly distinction; his commentary, lucid and well-informed, brings out the spirit of the original.

We have great pleasure in commending this work to the devout in general and in particular to the innu-

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book under review is the third me in the series of 'Efficiency Pub- ion' and as in the previous vo- es, a spiritual approach is made to ing all problems connected with nagement efficiency". The book sists of seven lessons dealing with application of spiritual values in ous levels of management problems. e spiritual factor in man is a vital e responsible for the release of able energy to accomplish tasks of onsibility and hence its develop- t in man should be the first consi- ation in determining policy of effi- cy in management.

is contended that every worker ws how to work better and quicker y time and how to improve the ency of the system and of the machinery, without any knowledge of such high sounding words as job-analysis, time, motion and rest studies and the like. But the works have become disheartened and consequently indifferent to work. This demoralisation can be checked only if the worker is assured of a status of equality in the organisation, an equality not in the sense of equal material benefits, but in the feeling of the absence of inequality between 'man and man' within the organization. Such approach is possible only when spiritual values get precedence over material values.

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The author's approach is worth studying and understanding by all those interested in management problems. If spiritual values are inculcated and men are enabled to manifest the best in them in their work, then development of efficiency will become a natural process of work.

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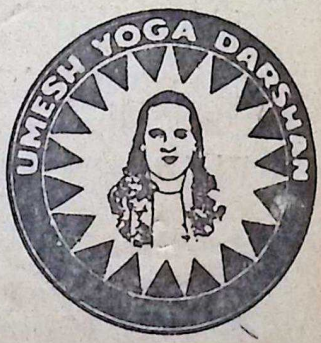

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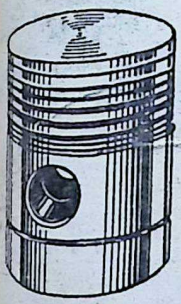

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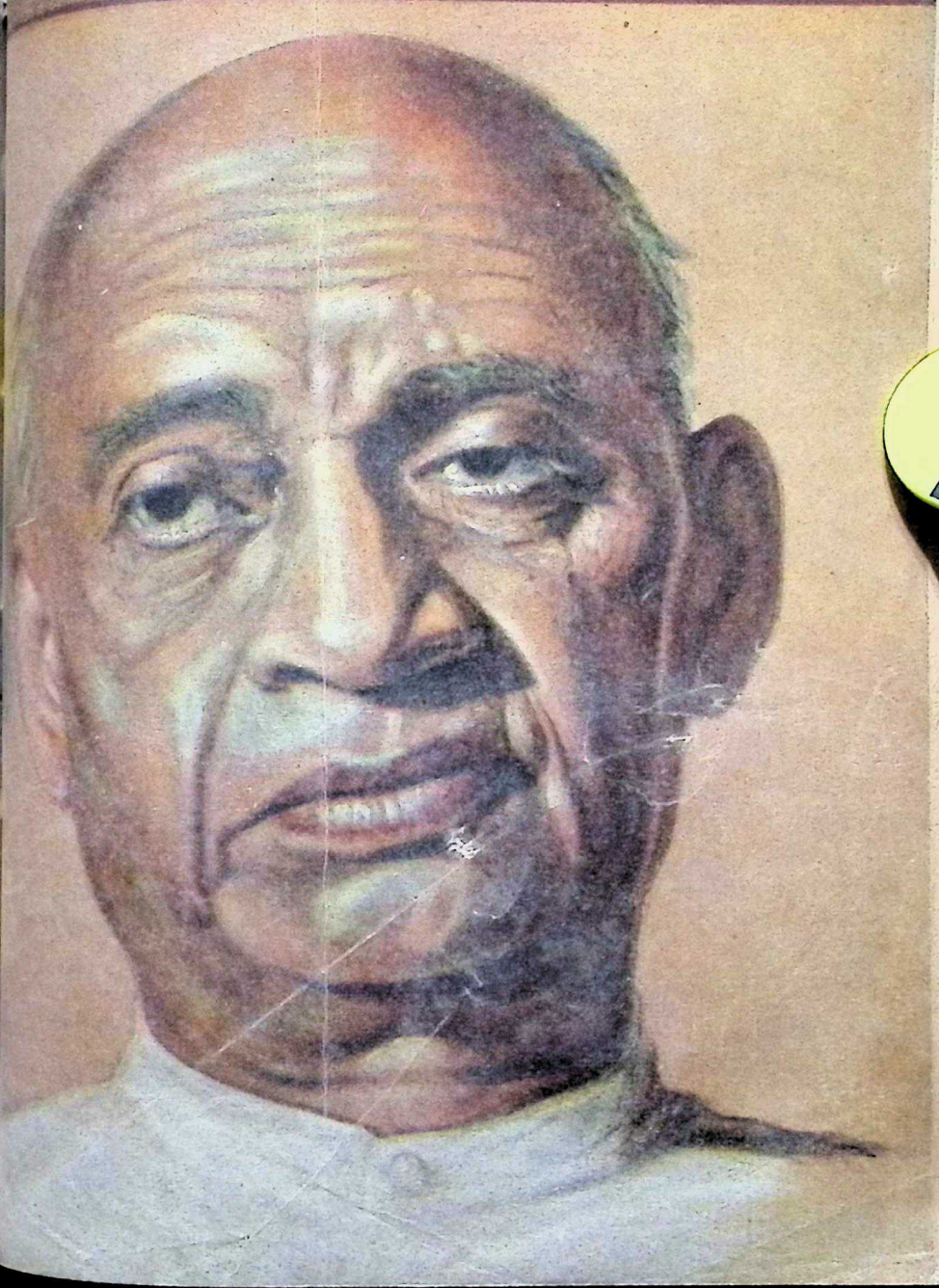

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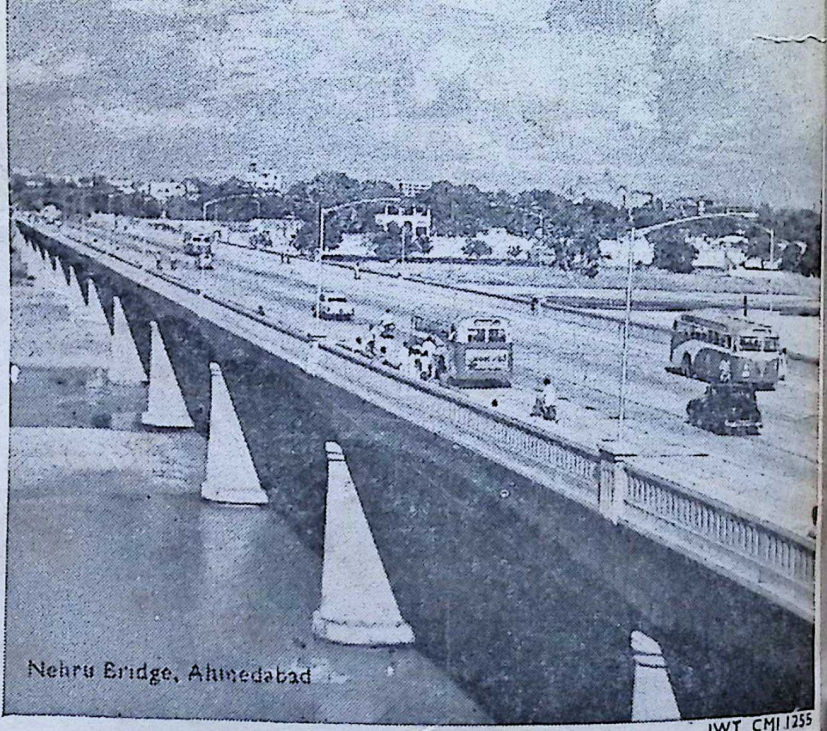

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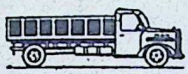

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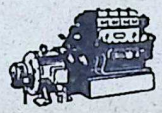

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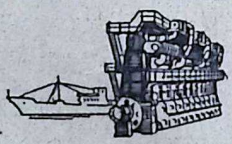

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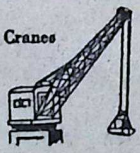

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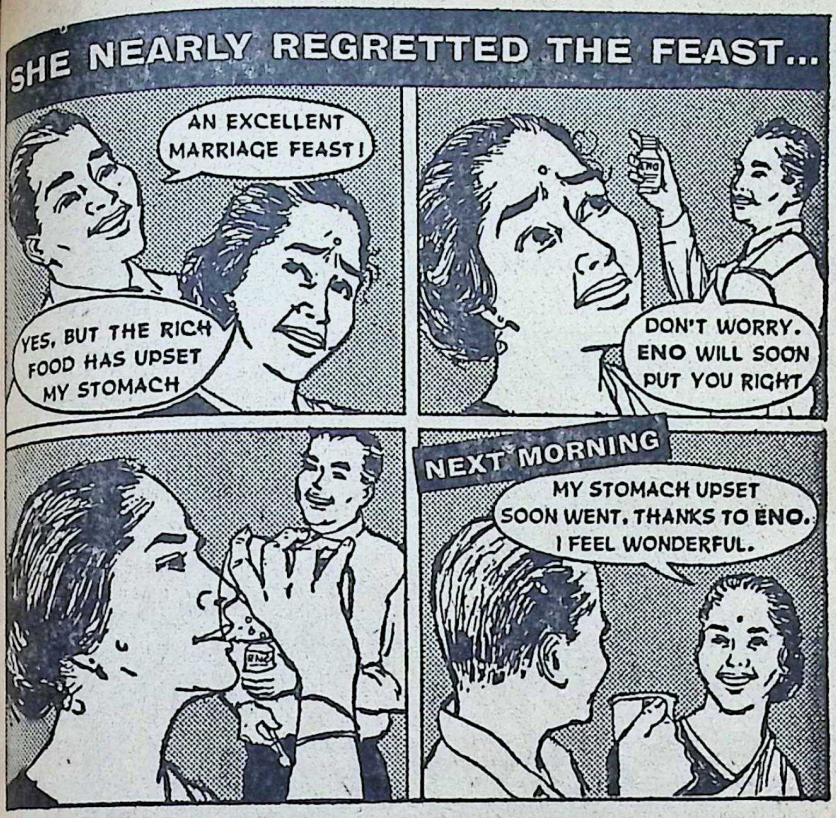

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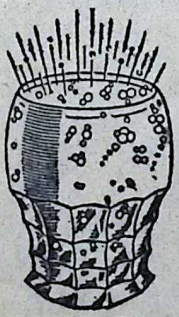

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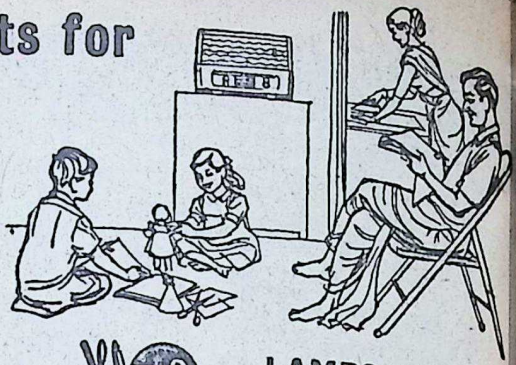

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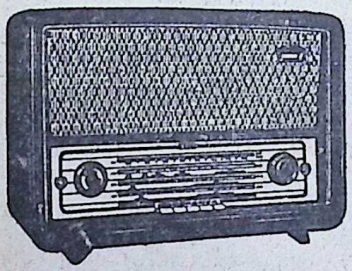

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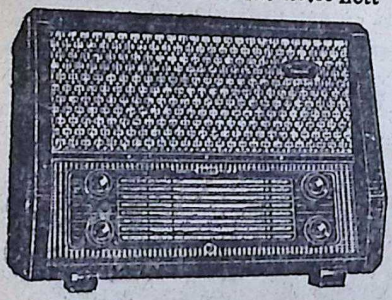

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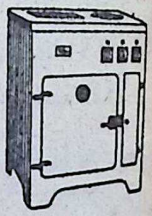

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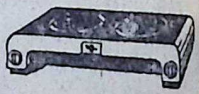

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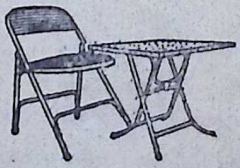

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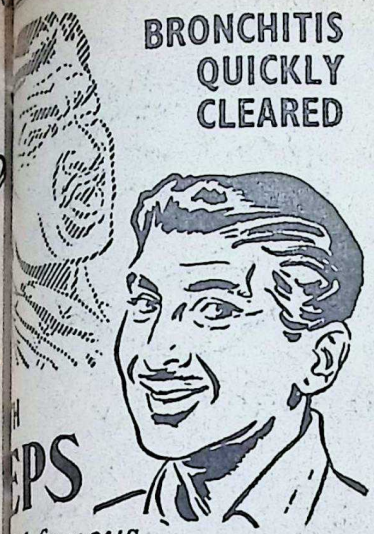

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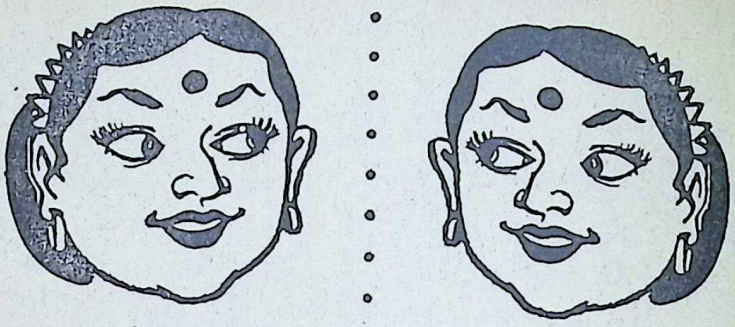

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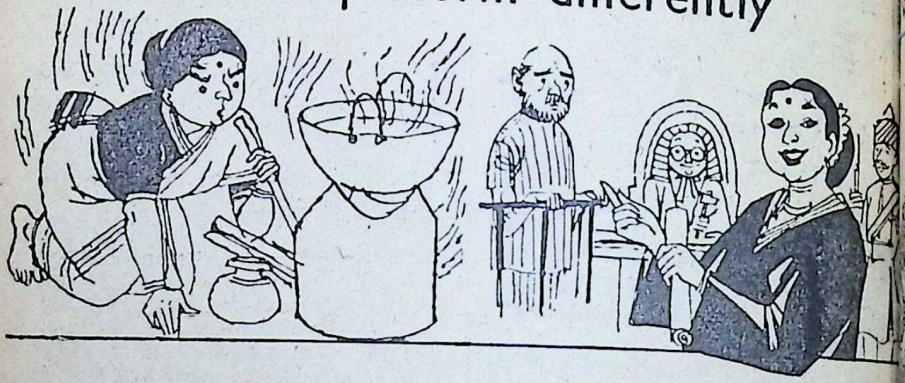

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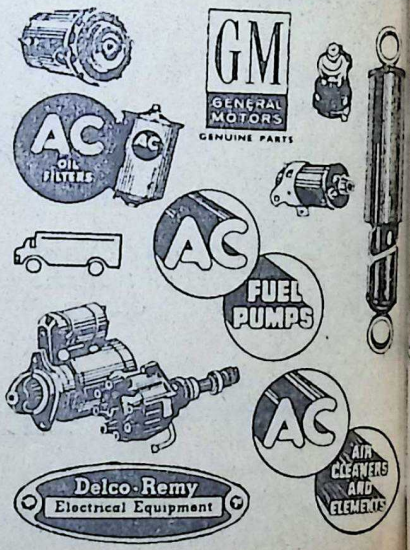

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—Rigveda, I-89-i

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धर्ता दिवः सविता विश्ववारः॥

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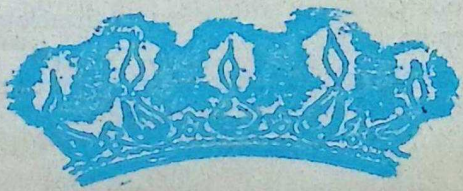
warriors to their horses,
Like loving milch cows to
their calves;
Like the husband to the wife,
may the Deity,
The Upholder of the heavens,
Lord of all bliss, turn towards us.

—*Rigveda*



Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 220

★ *EARLY LIFE IN BOMBAY (1908)* ★ *THE PASSING OF A BELOVED FRIEND* ★ *LONELINESS*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
DECEMBER 11, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN December 1907, my cousin Pranlalbhai passed his B.A. This stocky Hercules with a lame foot was my class-mate and protector from our school-days. We had the knack of passing and failing together in the same examination; but I played truant in 1906, by passing my B.A. when he got plucked. But now we were together once again in the same class.

Pranlalbhai and myself, along with a common friend, shared a room in Narayan Building at Girgaum Back Road, as it was then called. We were cheerful companions. Our room was airy. We had nothing to complain of, except a neighbour's wife who, every third day, emptied boxfuls of cock-roaches in front of our door, leaving us to perform the murderous task of beating the life out of them when they got into our room.

In spite of our neighbour's wife, we led a comfortable life. We laughed and sang; cooked our food when the cook bolted, as he often did, and behind closed doors washed the utensils when the servant gave us the slip.

Our great days in the week were Wednesdays and Saturdays. Sometimes in the afternoon of these days I would hold forth on the beauties of the dramatic art. Pranlalbhai would sniff contemptuously at me and would complain that I always liked 'dissipation'—that was his word. For a while we would divert our attention to reading or singing songs, or looking out of the window. But we would soon come back to the topic uppermost in our hearts: 'To go or not to go'—to the theatre.

Ultimately my cousin would, 'yielding not, yield', throwing the whole blame on me. We would then go to some theatre at Grant Road, and get into the pit-class or 12 as. class—the highest that the then state of the purse permitted.

ooo

Between 1905-10, the Bombay stage d a character of its own. Its attrac- n lay in garish lights ; scenic effects ; frequent cracks of pistol shots ; rms and excursions ; painted faces d fine dresses ; curled Stuart wigs, d above all murders in plenty.

The popular plays were *Harish andra, Hamlet, Merchant of Venice d Zahree Saap*. The plots were all elodramatic, the leading actors out- ing each other in unnatural act- . Baliwala, as Harish Chandra, de- ered a long harangue at his wife in e funeral ground, while getting dy to kill her ; old Kau Khatau, the part of Hamlet in European stume, while every other character the play were in Muslim dress, de- imed in a guttural voice, strutting out the stage in long, stiff strides. *Zahree Saap* was the last word in elodrama. It was full of murders. roes pledged themselves to avenge e murders in pompous soliloquies d ran mad out of sheer despair. I st have seen the play over a dozen es, seated uncomfortably in one the lower classes filled with the id smoke of cheap *'bidis'*. I knew st of its songs by heart. I vividly member a fifteen-year old boy, zir, playing the heroine in the play. d never have I heard a more melo- us and trilling voice than his, ex- t when in 1923, I heard a famous ma donna singing in the Opera use at Rome.

My impression of the Gujarati stage dim, except for the plays staged the Gaiety theatre. At that time ndari', a seventeen-year old heroine the play *Saubhagya Sundari*, acted boy Jaishanker, was the main attraction. She (or he, if you please) had cast a spell on the Gujarati world. When she came on the stage, rings, bracelets and necklaces were flung on the stage by enthusiastic spectators from the auditorium. Young Gujarati women of good family copied the style in which she dressed her hair, the way she put on her saris, the manner in which she walked. Even the old, I know, saw her and for the moment felt young. The young dreamt of her and took their wives to see the play, in the hope that their wives might catch the charm and vivacity of Sundari.

Even today, when I sing one of the songs sung by her, I see her rise before me, graceful, elegant and coquettish.

●●●

In 1908, I regularly attended the debates held by the students of the Kapole Boarding, which was housed almost next door.

There I met Mangal—later, Hon'ble Justice Mangaldas V. Desai. He was the first friend I made in Bombay and one of the dearest I had in a life which God has enriched by many a friendship.

●●●

I write these lines (November 7, 1960) in deep sorrow. My heart is full and I cannot help narrating to you what Mangal meant to me in life.

On 20th October 1960 he came to meet me, hale, hearty and jovial as ever. We chatted of younger days, of our trials and triumphs through life. In his usual way he told one or two of his witty stories. And we parted—he for ever.

On Monday 24th October 1960, I

was informed at Juhu, where I was then staying, that Mangal was dead. I could not believe it; I rushed to his house. There he lay on the bed among flowers as if he were asleep. I could not for the life of me believe that he was dead.

A sense of desolation swept over me. I could hardly restrain my tears when Lilibehn told me how he died. He was taken ill on 22nd afternoon, got high fever, lost consciousness immediately and died 36 hours later.

A bond of affection, fifty-two years strong, was thus snapped.

As I stated, we first met in 1908 in the debating society of the Kapole Boarding. He was then in the Wilson College. Handsome, courteous, eloquent, the blue-eyed boy of a well-established rich family in Bombay, he was all that I was not. We became friends.

In great expectation, we gave him a send-off in 1912 when he went to England for law studies. I welcomed him in 1914 when he returned as a full-fledged barrister. I was then already an advocate on the Original Side of the High Court for two years and our friendship grew closer with every passing day.

He introduced me to his fiancee, and I heard from his lips the story of their romance. I also came to know his brothers who accepted me as one of them. He married, and his family and mine were as one—for years.

In 1914, when Mangal joined the Original Side Bar, I was 'devilling' in the chamber of Bhulabhai Desai. Mangal also joined it and we became inseparables. We met in the Bar Library at 10.30 a.m.; sat at the same table reading Bhulabhai's briefs; took the afternoon tea together in my chamber or his; stood, after court hours, in the balcony of Bhulabhai's chamber—sometimes for two hours at a stretch—waiting to be called in, during which time we invariably fell to discussing our uncertain prospects, he rather jocularly, I in sombre earnestness. On our way back home, we generally dropped in at his place or mine. In view of his affection for me, Mother also accepted Mangal as a second son. So the round went on day after day on most court days.

By 1919 I had attracted fairly busy practice, when I ceased to be a regular 'devil' in Bhulabhai's chamber and Mangal also drifted away from his chamber to mine, and we conducted quite a number of cases together. He developed into a hard-working lawyer and was always anxious to build up his case thoroughly. Sometimes he tried to work it so thoroughly that even his client was annoyed at his own lawyer probing into all details mercilessly to make the case invulnerable.

Mangal had the most pleasant temper in the world. Neither a setback at the Bar nor one in the family circle could upset him for long. He would invariably dispel the gloom by a few witty comments or whimsical remarks.

• • •

Lilibehn—Smt. Mangal—is a highly cultured and soft-hearted lady. She is to me like a younger sister. She sings exceedingly well, and often we had musical parties at Mangal's house. After I founded the Sahitya Sansad in 1923, Lilibehn invariably obliged us by singing appropriate

ngs at the commencement of every nual session.

●●●

In 1924, I entered the most distress- period of my life. My association th Mummy—then Smt. Sheth—in erary work and the close friendship t had sprung up between us, made the targets of vile and slanderous ngues. When we decided to face the orld rather than give up our asso- ation, besides Mother who watched er us with tender care, a few de- ted friends stood by us. Among em, Mangal was one of the staun- est, though at some cost to himself; r, his family connections wanted m to stand away from the unortho- x friendship of two notoriously utspoken literary writers. But Man- al remained true; he declined to e me up. And no one was happier an he, when luck favouring us, Mummy and I married in 1926.

But for friends like him, I do not now how we could have faced our als. Even when the memory of those ars are no more than a half-for- tten dream, I always turn to God thankfulness that in our difficult ys, He should have given friends— ost of them, alas, no more with us— ho braved the world for and with us.

●●●

Hard-working, eloquent and shrewd, Mangal soon rose to the front rank at e Bar. And his sallies of wit in ourt and in the Library were inimit- ble.

He would always hit out with a eerful smile and without malice. A arned Judge, who had comparatively mited practice when he was at the

Late Sri Mangaldas V Desai

Bar, had an obsession that some of us, who had worked with Bhulabhai, were having a busy practice for some obscure reasons other than our merits. He, therefore, never missed an opportunity to say some nasty things about us whenever an occasion arose.

Once the learned Judge criticized a plaint drafted by one of us. 'The plaint is all wrong, Mr. Desai. We never drafted such faulty plaints when we were at the Bar,' the learned Judge said.

Mangal rose to the occasion. 'My lord, were not your lordship so perfect in drafting pleadings and were your lordship not so well-versed in all the law, how could your lordship have risen to the Bench?'

The compliment was made with such a winning smile that the Judge evi-

dently had to swallow it.

Mangal had the expansive habit of establishing easy relations with a client. He would talk with him more as a friend, even making witty or jocular hits at him. This sometimes put him in a very embarrassing situation.

Once he was holding a conference with a solicitor and a client who happened to be a singing girl of the usual professional type.

When it was late, Mangal said smiling at the client: 'So now, we will carry on our conference on Sunday morning.'

'Yes, Sir', she said. 'You are welcome to my house'.

'Nonsense', said Mangal. 'I cannot come to your house. You will have to come to mine'.

'Oh! Why can't you', asked the client. 'Big Rajas and Maharajas frequent my house. What objection can you have to come to my house?' replied the client.

Mangal patiently explained to her that it was his privilege as a counsel to meet his client at his house.

● ● ●

The death of his eldest daughter, whom he loved dearly, was a blow to him. But his genial temperament stood by his side. He blunted the shafts of domestic afflictions by making witty remarks or by telling good-humoured stories which contained a deeper understanding of life than many wise saws uttered by men laying claim to a philosophy of life.

In 1923 or 1924, he took me to his father-in-law, who was then planning to start a hospital in memory of his uncle Sir Hurkisondas Narottamdas. Mangal worked heart and soul to the day of his death for this institution, now a flourishing one. It was his first love. With him I also came to be associated with the hospital.

In the early days, we began to fish for funds for the Hospital from every trust that we knew. I remember once how I had strenuously to argue in Court before the learned Judge agreed with me that giving free milk to patients at the Hospital was a proper and desirable diversion of a testamentary bequest which provided funds for giving milk to the fish in the sacred river Jumnaji. It was some time before I could convince the Judge that fish are not brought up on milk!

Year after year elapsed, I was in and out of jail, in and out of office, from 1932 to 1957, but our bond of friendship remained as strong as ever.

In 1947, Mangal was appointed an Additional Judge of the High Court. As a Judge, he could never reconcile himself to the stiff-necked traditions of the judiciary which we have inherited from the British. Even on the Bench, he remained informal and friendly, often trying in vain to create a friendly atmosphere between warring lawyers and litigants. He could never shed the attitude of a well-wishing parent. He scattered witty or blunt comments allround. He appealed to the good sense of everybody. He suggested ways and means to settle the disputes and often brought a settlement in which everyone felt happy.

He was by no means an orthodox Judge; he was more like the Judges of those matrimonial Courts in U.S.A. who are charged with the mission of

ging about settlements in domes- troubles. Behind it was a great od heart which bled for foolish liti- nts who wasted money in strife when sane view would end it. In most ses he brought about happy results. e way he brought about them some- es made the lawyers unhappy. any other Judge such an at- ude would have been unpardonable. t in him it did not spring from a ire to shorten matters.

Once I appeared before him in a t by a young Muslim lady against r husband, claiming *meher*. Mangal led us in his chamber and held forth the beauties of married life, crack- jokes at the expense of the husband d the wife and urged them to make . He even called the parties one by e and induced them to settle. My ent was a convent-bred, bright little ing. She stormed into my chamber next day, complained against the y the Judge had treated her. 'I nt justice. I do not want his advice to how I should lead my domestic e', she said.

I told the client, 'I can easily under- nd the Judge's inability to under- nd the point of view of women like u. You are concerned with your hts; he is concerned with your hap- ess!'

Ultimately some settlement was ived at.

Mangal and Lilibehn came to us en we were at Lucknow and we all ent days together in affectionate in- change of memories and hopes, as time had stood still as at 1925.

● ● ●

Latterly Mangal evolved a philo- phy of life which was a projection of his personality. He went about helping whoever came his way—without fuss or claiming credit—and to any length. As he travelled on the Bombay roads, he would invite people waiting at the bus stand to share his car with him. On one occasion, he himself came in search of my chauffeur to find out whether the latter's son, who had been discharged from his Company, was still unemployed, so that he could re-employ him, and on another occasion, when his domestic servant fell ill, he sat down with him, nursing him and even massaging his feet.

Mangal rose to the front rank at the Bar. He helped to make a success of Messrs Larsen & Toubro Limited, of which he was a Director for the last fourteen years. He spent himself—and so has his brother—in building up the Hospital. But all these achievements are nothing as compared to what he was—a genial man with a large heart, a cheerful temperament and deep sympathy for all in need.

Mangal is gone, and so have gone several other friends. God has so willed it.

● ● ●

In 1908, another friendship developed a richer content.

Manukaka, a relative, was a lovable young man. He was younger to me by two years, but far behind in studies. His temperamental playfulness sometimes bordered on obstinate refusal to be pleased, which usually characterises only the very early years of everyone's life.

His friendship flattered my vanity, for he thought I was well-nigh perfect. He needed me, for at home he was starved of warm affection. For me,

his attachment was a source of strength whenever I was oppressed by a sense of loneliness which was all too frequent. Soon I began to develop a feeling that it was the mission of my life to inspire so devoted and promising a friend to high purpose in life. So, whenever I was not in Bombay attending the law class, I ran up to Baroda where he studied in the First Year. When we were in Broach, we were practically together the whole day.

In my self-imposed mission, I monopolised him completely, as his guide, philosopher and friend, and also a coach. Manukaka, however, was a problem. He would spend hours with me in talk, but when it came to studying, he would find a hundred excuses for not applying his mind.

Occupied with coaching him through his First Year course for his December examinations, I neglected my law studies and failed in my law examinations held in that month. Manukaka, of course, continued to fail in his. His people attributed his failure to my company.

Rich as our mutual affection was, it was a tragic relationship, but it required years of bitter experience to make us realise it.

In spite of all this output of energy and affection, a sense of loneliness oppressed me from time to time. The memory of the childhood playmate, 'the Wonder Girl', whom, between her and me, I referred to as 'Devi', had woven an imaginary world round me. When alone, I lived and had my being in that world and was happy. When I withdrew from it, I was unhappy.

In 1907 and 1908, this imaginary world became an obsession. Often would I sit up late at night, drafting fiery love letters to 'Devi', which often I tore up the next morning for fear of my companions discovering them. Sometimes, wandering in the streets, if I saw a good-looking girl, I tried to find out whether she was 'Devi'. Whenever a postman knocked at the door, a thrill went through me at the thought that perhaps she had written me a letter. And when I lashed myself into a mood of utter misery, I would sing one of Mirabai's songs which she, when we met last in 1903, was fond of singing. Then my imagination would create her. She would stand before my mind's eyes, iridescent in all her witchery.

I developed one way of relieving myself of this mood; perhaps, psychiatrists might find some satisfactory reason for it. Whenever I felt very lonely on a week day, I would take a day train from Charni Road to Virar; the trains at those office hours would be practically empty. I would, on such journeys, occupy a vacant compartment on my two-way journey and fancy that 'Devi' was by my side. I would then sing songs from the dramas I had seen containing love dialogues. This imaginary delight became a habit with me in my humdrum existence and gave me emotional liberation.

A specimen of a note written on those days at late hours of night then would give an idea of the sense of loneliness which I had developed in spite of my restless activities:

"Who would have thought that I would be reduced to this pitiable

condition? I have to live according to the dictates of my nature. I need someone who would care for me. I cannot put up with this lonely life without love...

"No friends can satisfy the emotions of my heart. Will they prove trustworthy or will they only distract me just for a moment? I am restless, and like a weak person, famished of love, I am eager to cling to anyone I meet, but what would happen to me if I put my trust in one unworthy of my confidence? To whom should I relate the hopeless story of my thirst for love? I feel envious of others (who are) happier. The world has thrust me aside because it is inherently cruel. How can this wrong be righted? I was born alone and am doomed to die alone, full of sorrows." (19-3-1908)

In this way I developed very early a split personality, one living in the real, the other in the imaginary, world. This led to an urge to express my moods in various forms. Once I wrote:

"I was lonely. No fetters could bind me. I trudged my way all alone, sorrow my sole companion.

Dark, dark, all round me was dark. The river of death flowed silent. I would have plunged into it and ended all, cursing the wicked gods.

But I saw a feeble ray of light and it led me on.

Something glowed and shot past.

Was an angel coming down? I was painfully perplexed. I tried to quieten my soul, but in vain. The messenger from above comforted me....."

I continued to live in this imaginary world for years till a living person gate-crashed into it and tore off the veil which parted it from the world of reality.

Yours sincerely,

Kim Murdoch

INTOLERANCE

Intolerance is the bane of religion. The story is told of a Shaivite devotee by the name Gantakarna. He was a rabid worshipper of Shiva. His devotion was so fierce that he refused to hear the name of any other deity. In order to ward off hearing other names he tied two bells to his ears which he rang to drown the sound of any other divine name being heard. Hence his name.

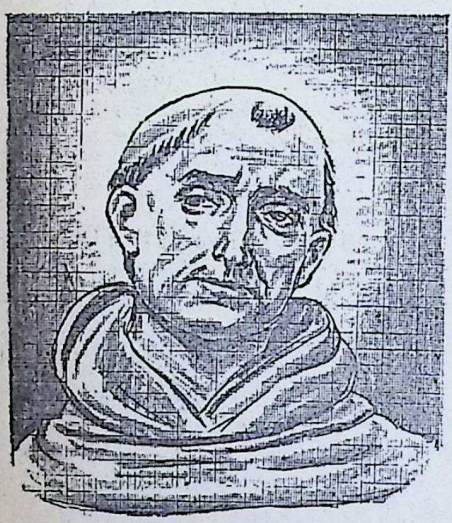
Lord Shiva wanted to cure His devotee of his bigotry.

So one day, while Gantakarna was waving dhoop *before his favourite deity, the Lord appeared before him as half-Vishnu and half-Shiva. At this sight, the devotee became so enraged that he plugged the nose of the Vishnu-part of the deity to prevent it from enjoying the fragrance of his* dhoop!

God gave him up as hopeless.

—Swami Vivekananda

Make Me Thy Instrument O, Lord!



St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226) was the founder of the Roman Catholic Order of Franciscan Friars. Determining to live as Christ had lived, he gave away his goods and renounced his inheritance, and worked at menial tasks or begged. He was a spiritual revolutionary, the preacher of a radiantly joyful gospel of self-sacrifice. He drew up a rule for the brotherhood, based on the strictest performance of the three vows of chastity, obedience and poverty. He was canonized in 1228.

Lord, let me be the instrument of thy
Where there is hatred, let me sow lo
Where there is injury, pardon.
Where there is doubt, faith.
Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light.
Where there is sadness, joy.

O, Divine Master,
Grant me that I may not so much s
be consoled, as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved, as to love.
For it is in understanding that w
understood,
It is in pardoning that we are forgiv
And it is in dying that we are born
Eternal Life.

St. Francis of Assisi

★

hey Are Fools
ho Think Not
lth To Be God's!

do Thou accept my worship!
does one thing; eyes see another;
ks of something; false tongue
:
ghts at the touch of something;
to hear something else.

nning after the rich
ring them day after day, seeking

ll I enter that state of peace and

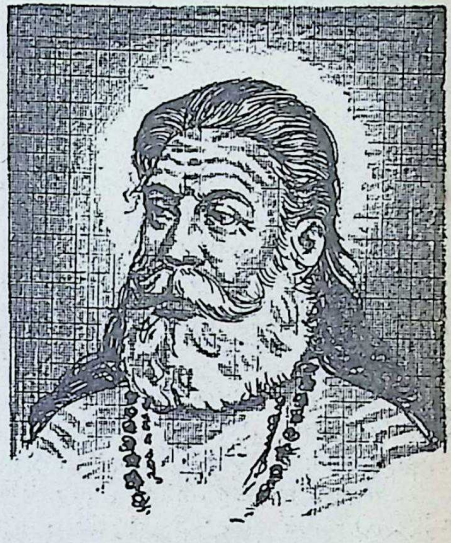
in there free from sorrows?

frame of body is treasury of envy,
of anger, palace of sex,
s, sky-scraping fort of lust.
to worship Thee, My Lord, and
e wise?

God of Death fells and breaks
as a woodman does a tree,
oving wife and children,
loud and long,
d the grave one step further,
Lord of Kanchi?

brought when I came to Earth;
hall I take when I quit.
what to say of fools
not wealth to be God's,
it not to needy at their doors,
Lord of Kanchi?

Saint Pattinathar



Pattinathar was a great Tamil saint and philosopher who lived in Kaviripoompattinam which was the seat of Chola Kings in the 16th century. His songs, meant to enlighten the common man on the essence of life, encompass all fields of human activity, and even today are sung and appreciated by millions of Tamil-speaking people.

★

SURRENDER TO GOD

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

IT is only by consciously performing one's duty and surrendering absolutely and unreservedly to God that one can attain eternal bliss.

It is only a person who has developed a proper mental outlook that can face adversities without being unduly perturbed. Such a person will have the equanimity of mind to comfort those who go to him in any calamity. On the other hand there are some people who are upset even by the smallest difficulty, because they have not developed the necessary mental equipoise.

Pleasure and pain are inevitable concomitants of life and pain has to be endured so long as unrequited *karma* exists. But the necessary strength to face good fortune without undue elation and misfortune without undue depression is acquired by a proper mental approach to things of this world.

The source of all happiness is within ourselves. So long as we grope for this source outside ourselves, we shall not have peace or cultivate the necessary mental equilibrium. That is the significance of the advice of Lord Krishna to Arjuna when he said that Isvara lives inside the hearts of all creation (*Isvara sarvabhootanam hrid-desa tishtthati.*)

By his divine power of *maya*, Isvara makes the universe function in a predetermined pattern as if motivated or impelled by a powerful machine. When we do our duty correctly and

nder to Him completely and unreservedly—a surrender which embraces all our mental and physical faculties (*sarva bhaavena*)—we become mentally and see things in their ter perspective.

e peace or *saanti* we aim at is the outcome of fear, but the natural corollary to fearlessness. That cannot come so long as we think God is somewhere beyond our h. The seeker of *saanti* must keep heart clean and clear (*prasanna*). n only can we realise God within r, in other words, we can secure *prasaada* of Isvara. But the words *nda* and *prasanna* are synony-s—*prasadostu prasannata*.

When our hearts are cleansed of all impurities, we are ready to leave the fruits of our duty, be it punishment or reward, to God. He indwells within us and blesses us with that supreme Saanti (*paraam saanti*). It is only such a bliss that is eternal. All other kinds of bliss are transient. That is the significance of the following verse in the Gita.

Isvarah sarva bhootaanam hriddese Arjuna tishtthati
Braamayan sarva bhootani yantraaroodhani maayayaa
Tameva saranam gaccha sarvabhaavena bhaarata
Tat prasaadat paraam saantim sthanam praapsyasi saasvatam.

KE CARE OF HIS LIVER NOW. IT WILL TAKE CARE OF HIS HEALTH THROUGHOUT....

* Liver is the master laboratory of the body. It undergoes heavy functional changes. The strain on the liver is great when a child changes its diet from mother's milk. Added metabolic changes during teething and the strain of unbalanced and improper diet may result in derangement of his liver and lead to complications.

Jammi's Livercure also acts as a prophylactic and tonic. It keeps the liver healthy.

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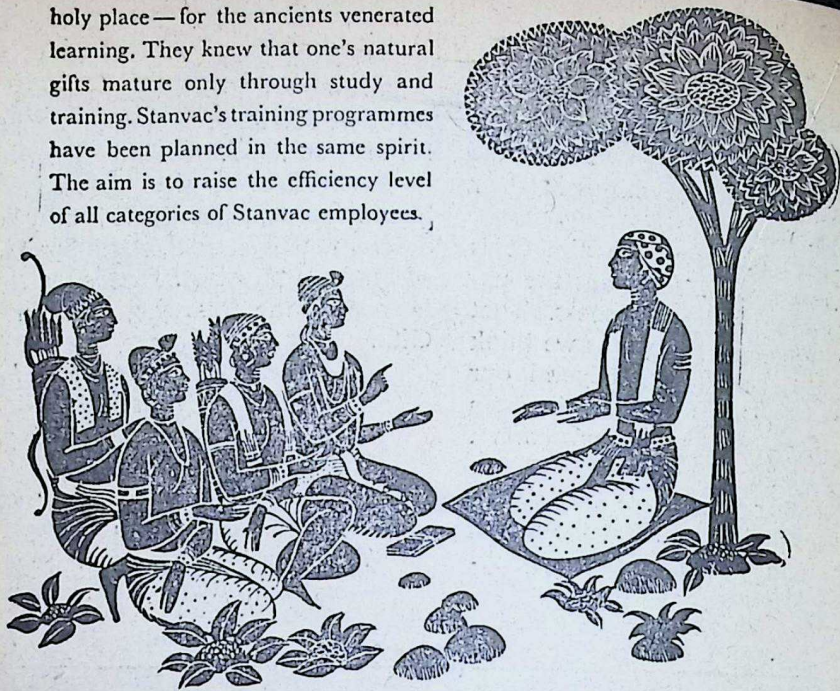
JV.56 JAMMI VENKATARAMANAYYA & SONS, MADRAS-4

BOMBAY BRANCH: Parekh Mansion, 512, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel Road, Bombay-4.

In ancient India, the "ashram" was a holy place — for the ancients venerated learning. They knew that one's natural gifts mature only through study and training. Stanvac's training programmes have been planned in the same spirit. The aim is to raise the efficiency level of all categories of Stanvac employees.



In 1959, Stanvac expended more than 48,500 man-hours to train employees in 30 subjects, ranging from basic courses in Business Management to advance courses in highly specialised phases of marketing, and technical branches of refining and exploration. Last year, as many as 18 Indian employees were sent overseas, for advanced training, while 22 employees received assistance for higher studies.

Moreover, Stanvac training programmes are not designed for employees only. To enlarge the trained personnel pool—a matter of national importance — Stanvac extends its training facilities to key groups outside the organisation. In pursuance of this policy, Stanvac provides training to Government-sponsored personnel. The number of such people trained in 1959 totalled 40.

STANVAC —*participating in the country's progress*

STANDARD-VACUUM OIL COMPANY Incorporated in the U.S.A. with Limited Liability

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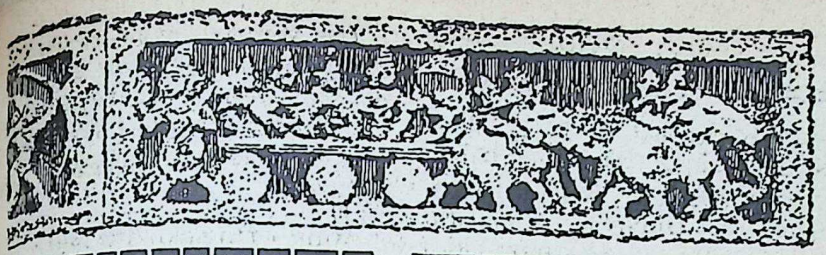

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

DASARATHA IN A DILEMMA

(Continued from last issue)

ी प्रत्युवाचेदं सापि रक्तान्तलोचना।
न्द्र किं त्वं भ्रान्तोऽसि उक्तं तद्भाषसेऽ-
न्यथा।
याकरोषि चेत्स्वीयं भाषितं नरको भवेत्॥

With bloodshot eyes, Kaikeyi re-
ed the King: "O King, are you
? Why do you want to go back
your plighted word? If you do not
l your promise, you will go to
.

न गच्छेद्यदि रामचन्द्रः
प्रभातकालेऽजिनचीरयुक्तः।
न्धनं वा विषभक्षणं वा
कृत्वा मरिष्ये पुरतस्तवाहम्॥

If Ramachandra does not go to the
st tomorrow morning wearing deer
and bark, I will commit suicide
hanging, or I will drink poison and
my life before you.

प्रतिज्ञोऽहमितीह लोके
विडम्बसे सर्वसभान्तरेषु।
परि त्वं शपथं च कृत्वा
मिथ्याप्रतिज्ञो नरकं प्रयाहि॥

You deceive the entire world by
laiming in the assemblies that you
adhere to truth. Having sworn by
Rama, now you want to falsify your
words. You will go to Hell."

इत्युक्तः प्रियया दीनो मग्नो दुःखार्णवे नृपः।
मूर्छितः पतितो भूमौ विसंज्ञो मृतको यथा॥

The poor King, being scolded by
Kaikeyi, sunk into the ocean of grief,
became unconscious and fell down
on the ground as if dead.

एवं रात्रिर्गता तस्य दुःखात्संवत्सरोपमा॥

The night passed away in grief and
it seemed a year.

अरुणोदयकाले तु बन्दिनो गायका जगुः।
निवारयित्वा तान्सर्वान् कैकेयी रोष-
मास्थिता॥

In the early morning as was the
custom the bards began singing in
praise of the King in order to awaken
him, but Kaikeyi stopped them an-
grily.

ततः प्रभातसमये मध्यकक्षमुपस्थिताः।
ब्राह्मणाः क्षत्रिया वैश्याः ऋषयः
कन्यकास्तथा॥
छत्रं च चामरं दिव्यं गजो वाजी तथैव च।

अन्याश्च वारमुख्या याः पौरजानपदास्तथा ।
वसिष्ठेन यथाज्ञप्तं तत्सर्वं तत्र संस्थितम् ॥

When day dawned all were collected in the Central Assembly hall—Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, Rishis, Maids, Royal Umbrella, *Chamara*, elephant, horse, courtesans from cities as well as villages—as per Vasistha's instructions.

स्त्रियो बालाश्च वृद्धाश्च रात्रौ निद्रां न लेभिरे ।
कदा द्रक्ष्यामहे रामं पीतकौशेयवाससम् ॥
सर्वाभरणसंपन्नं किरीटकटकोज्ज्वलम् ।
कौस्तुभाभरणं श्यामं कन्दर्पशतसुन्दरम् ।
अभिषिक्तं समायातं गजारूढं स्मिताननम् ।
श्वेतच्छत्रधरं तत्र लक्ष्मणं लक्ष्मणान्वितम् ॥
रामं कदा वा द्रक्ष्यामः प्रभातं वा कदा भवेत्
इत्युत्सुकधियः सर्वे बभूवुः पुरवासिनः ॥

Women, children and old people could not sleep the previous night, because of their eagerness to have a glimpse of Sri Rama. They wanted to see Rama, clad in his *pitambara* and all ornaments, wearing his glittering crown and bangles, Kaustubha on his chest, looking more beautiful than hundred cupids, anointed, and mounted on the royal elephant, with a smile on his face, and Lakshmana carrying the white umbrella.

नेदानीमुत्थितो राजा किमर्थमिति चिन्तयन्।
सुमन्त्रः शनकैः प्रायाद्यत्र राजावतिष्ठते ॥

Meanwhile Sumantra, the Minister, thought to himself: "Why has not the King awoke?" And he slowly went to Kaikeyi's abode where the King was.

वर्धयन् जयशब्देन प्रणमन्शिरसा नृपम्।
अतिखिन्नं नृपं दृष्ट्वा कैकेयीं समपृच्छत ॥
देवि कैकेयि वर्धस्व किं राजा दृश्यतेऽन्यथा ॥

The Minister, praising and saluting the King, saw the latter in a distressed mood. Greeting Kaikeyi, he asked: "O, Queen! What has happened to the King? He is seen somewhat different today?"

तमाह कैकेयी राजा रात्रौ निद्रां न लब्धवान्।
राम रामेति रामेति राममेवानुचिन्तयन् ।
प्रजागरेण वै राजा ह्यस्वस्थ इव दृश्यते ।
राममानय शीघ्रं त्वं राजा द्रष्टुमिहेच्छति॥

Kaikeyi replied: "The King did not get sleep last night. He was thinking of Rama and uttering his name repeatedly. It seems he is not doing well as he was sleepless. He wants to see Rama. Please bring Rama here at once."

अश्रुत्वा राजवचनं कथं गच्छामि भामिनि ।
तच्छ्रुत्वा मन्त्रिणो वाक्यं राजा मन्त्रिणमब्रवीत् ।
सुमन्त्र रामं द्रक्ष्यामि शीघ्रमानय सुन्दरम् ॥

"Without His Majesty's order, how can I stir out?" Hearing these words, the King said to Sumantra: "O Sumantra, I want to see my beloved Rama. Please bring him here at once."

इत्युक्तस्त्वरितं गत्वा सुमन्त्रो राममन्दिरम्।
अवारितः प्रविष्टोऽयं त्वरितं राममब्रवीत् ॥
शीघ्रमागच्छ भद्रं ते राम राजीवलोचन।
पितुर्गेहं मया सार्धं राजा त्वां द्रष्टुमिच्छति

At these words of the King, Sumantra hurried to Rama's abode, and getting ready entrance, told him "God save you, O lotus-eyed Rama! You must come with me to your father's palace. He wants to see you at once."

इत्युक्तो रथमारुह्य संभ्रमात्त्वरितो ययौ ।
रामः सारथिना सार्धं लक्ष्मणेन समन्वितः ।
मध्यकक्षे वसिष्ठादीन् पश्यन्नेव त्वरान्वितः

तुः समीपं संगम्य ननाम चरणौ पितुः ॥
मालिंगितुं राजा समुत्थाय ससंभ्रमः ।
त्रसायं रामेति दुःखान्मध्ये पपात ह ॥
ति रामस्तं शीघ्रं आलिंग्यांके न्यवेशयत्।

aring the words of the Minister, a anxiously got into the chariot with Sumantra and Lakshmana proceeded to his father's palace. the way he saw Vasistha and others the Central Assembly. Having ured them by his look, he ly went to his father's presence and fell at his feet. The King in haste got up and stretched out his hands to embrace Rama when lo, he fell down on account of intense grief, saying 'O Rama.' Saying 'Ha, Ha,' Rama raised him, embraced him and placed him on his lap.

राजानं मूर्छितं दृष्टवा चुक्रुशुः सर्वयोषितः ।
किमर्थं रोदनमिति वसिष्ठोऽपि समाविशत्

Seeing the unconscious King all the women there wept bitterly. Vasistha too wondered why the King should weep.

He is the son who pleases his father with his good character. She is the wife who is always watchful of her husband's welfare. He is the friend who does not leave but partakes of all the misery and happiness. Only fortunate people can get these three.

—Bhartruhari.

THE HOLY MOTHER

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

IT is said that when God incarnates in the world to reclaim errant and erring mortals from evil and ignorance, He chooses by preordination those whose services He secures in the fulfilment of His divine purpose.

The resolve of the celestial deities to be born as the denizens of Kishkindha to aid Sri Ramachandra in liquidating Ravana is a case in point.

Even so, it would appear that on the occasion of the *avatar* of Sri Ramakrishna, it had been arranged that the Divine Mother of the universe should take embodiment to be his *Sahadharmacharini* to help him in his Sadhanas, to participate in his realisations and to continue his spiritual ministrations after his passing away.

In Bankura, in West Bengal, in the little village of Jayarambati, lived pious couple, Ramachandra, a descendant of the Mukherjis and Shyamsundari Devi of the Mazumdar famil True to the dictum *yasyanugrahamichami tasya vittam haramyaham*, th were very poor. But their poverty w no bar to their deep devotion to S Rama and the Supreme Mother rather it became intense all the mor

'Once when Shyamasundari Devi w living with her father, she had occasio to sit in the dark beside a potter oven under a *bilva* tree. There sudde ly issued a jingling sound from th direction of the oven, and a little gi came down from the branches of th tree. She laid her soft hands aroun Shyamasundari's neck, whereupon sh fell down unconscious. On regainin consciousness, she felt as though th little girl entered her womb.

One day when Ramachandra fe asleep, he dreamt that a little girl golden complexion embracing hi from behind throwing her delica arms round his neck. The incompa able beauty of the girl, as also he invaluable ornaments, at once marke her as one out of the common run Ramachandra was greatly surprise and asked: "Who are you, my child?

The girl replied in the softest an sweetest of voices: Here am I com to you'.[1]

It is significant that the birth of S Ramakrishna was preceded by similar experience by both his parents

Accordingly, on the 22nd of Decem ber 1853 'the blowing of conches fro Ramachandra's house announced th

1. From *Holy Mother Sri Sharad Devi* by Swami Gambhiranand pp. 16-17. Other quotations are fro the same book.

news of the advent of Sri Sara-
ni Devi.'

e child grew up in that pious
ehold worshipping the family gods
earnestness and devotion, transpa-
simple in her make-up, yet tran-
dentally sublime in her outlook.

om an early age she learnt to
ify herself with the Divine
her, *Jagad-dhatri,* and was often
d in the rapport of intense medi-
n.

en the artless kinsfolk of Sri
akrishna determined that mar-
would remedy his malady of
intoxication, and were looking
for a suitable girl, he himself bade
'go and find the bride marked
with a straw in Ramachandra
herji's house at Jayarambati'.
was brought about a marriage
een a young man of twenty-three
a girl of five, at a time when the
groom was educating himself to
on all women as his mother and
the sweet little child had yet to
me sex-conscious.

en, in the fullness of time, Sri
a joined her husband at Cal-
during one of 'the intimate mo-
s when she had his permission to
his bed with him, by way of
g her, Sri Ramakrishna suddenly
d: "Well, my dear, have you come
drag me down to the worldly
?"

e replied without a moment's hesi-
n, "No, why should I drag you
orldly ways? I have come to help
n your chosen path"—a reply re-
scent of her great spiritual for-
Sri Sita Devi, who was handed
to Sri Rama by her father with
ords:

इयं सीता मम सुता सहधर्मचरी तव

and who, not daunted by the terrors of the forest by which her lord later tried to restrain her, determined to follow him to the ends of the earth and said:

न ते दुःखं करिष्यामि निवसन्ती सह त्वया

and

अचिन्तयन्ती त्रीन् लोकान् चिन्तयन्ती पतिव्रतं ।।
शुश्रूषमाणा ते नित्यं नियता ब्रह्मचारिणी ।
सह रंस्ये त्वया वीर.... ।।

Thus there sprang up between Sri Ramakrishna and his consort a companionship of souls of two 'birds' on the same tree, if one may adopt the Upanishadic metaphor, with the difference that the bird on the lower branch was continuously looking at the higher bird without eating the sweet and bitter fruits.

And, in keeping with her self-chosen destiny, it soon came to acquire identity with that bird in such measure that it lost all awareness of its separate individuality.

Nay, more, under the tutelage of her lord and husband, Sri Sarada Devi evinced in her being the marks of divinity appearing to his eyes as the Divine Mother Herself. For, while massaging his feet one night, she asked him: "How do you regard me?"

Sri Ramakrishna said in reply, "The same Mother that is in the temple gave birth to this body and she is now massaging my feet".

The highlight of this *divya dampatya* was displayed when she was made to sit on the pedestal intended for the Supreme Mother and the *Shodasi puja* was offered to her by her lord who

looked on her as that very Mother Herself!

So fully was she to Sri Ramakrishna the embodiment of the Devi whom he worshipped and so completely had Sri Saradamani's consciousness got lost in that super-conscious state of *samadhic* realisation of that divinity that before the *puja* had progressed for long both of them fell into a trance of supreme ecstatic bliss. This was a unique phenomenon of spiritual history.

It requires enormous education of mind to be able to realise the meaning of the prayer:

या देवी सर्वभूतेषु मातृरूपेण संस्थिता।
नमस्तस्यै नमस्तस्यै नमस्तस्यै नमो नमः॥

But to do so not merely in the understanding, but also in attitude and action and that in respect of one's own wife is an achievement which has never been conceived by the mind. Thus the dutiful consort became the Holy Mother in every sense of that term.

For the rest of Sri Ramakrishna's life, the Holy Mother ministered to her lord and husband as the simple and dutiful wife that she was and kept an open and loving house for all his devotees.

When he passed away, she felt desolate for a time, but soon regained her composure when she had the assurance of her lord that he was not dead, but had merely 'passed from one room to the other'.

She spent the rest of her days in taking maternal care of his bereaved disciples and instilled into them faith, courage and hope in carrying the message of the Master.

Having fully imbibed by transference into her person all the spiritual powers of Sri Ramakrishna, she continued his work of conferring solace and enlightenment to the countless yearning spirits who sought them from her. To the close and intimate disciples of the Master, she was the mother in the most intimate sense of that term. No wonder that Swami Vivekananda sought her approval and blessings before he started for America. All the dynamic energy that he was able to put into his speeches and writings are to be traced to the Shakti that was the Holy Mother whose favourite child he was in the fullest measure.

Sister Nivedita said of her: "To me it has always appeared that She is Sri Ramakrishna's final word as to the ideal of Indian womanhood". She proved alike by her conquest in the realm of the spirit and her conduct in the material world that the same *atman* underlies the physical body of the woman as of the man and that it is possible for a woman to rise to the greatest heights of soul-culture and that having achieved that it is her duty to remember that in practical life, in the mundane world, it is not for her to claim equality with or assert independence of her lord, but she should be content to be the conduit of the *dharmas* that she observes in association with him.

This ancient ideal of womanhood found fresh adornment in the life of Sri Saradamani Devi who practised it to perfection till she went back on July 21, 1920 into the bosom of the Divine Mother from Whom she came.

ASIAN EMANCIPATION

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN

ECONOMIC development and a political system of the Western type are what have been set before us as ideals to follow. There is a good deal in both that I am sure is of great and permanent value. But I would like radically to amend them in order that their faults are rejected and virtues assimilated.

Here I should like to remark parenthetically that I do not believe there is any pre-destined course that history must take; nor, that no matter what our idealistic images of the future be, science and technology will inexorably drive all human societies into a particular predetermined course.

It is also said that no country can build for itself in isolation a different way of life from others.

I reject all this modern version of fatalism, curiously presided over by rationalism.

I believe man has arrived at adulthood and is now capable, if he has the will, to shape his future.

Modern Western civilisation is the outcome of the forces of revolt that were set in motion for the emancipation of the individual from the bonds of the traditional society.

The revolt has been eminently successful. But in the very flower of success has been formed the seed of failure.

The emancipated individual has become the alienated, anxiety-filled, morally insecure, lonely individual.

The intermediary associations that regulated his life in a manner that was found irksome have given place to the giant monistic state, truly the Leviathan.

Direct personal relationships and participation have been replaced by their abstract, anonymous and vicarious counterparts.

In the midst of giant and all-pervading organisations, there is disorganisation and disintegration of personal individual life.

As a result there is in the Western world a search for community, so that the fragmented individual might become whole again, his abstract impersonal life might become concrete and direct, so that he might not be ruled and regulated by distant organisations of a scale beyond his comprehension which might give him all that he needed but still impoverish him spiritually.

The monistic state poses problems

that transcend the old ideologies of democracy and totalitarianism.

Whether governments are removable or irremovable by the electors, the monistic state remains the sole centre of power in society.

The issue therefore is not between democracy, socialism, fascism, communism, etc., but between the present monistic state and a state in which power and functions are dispersed and shared by other organisations of society.

In the field of economic development the same process of alienation of the worker on the one hand, and concentration of economic power on the other, has gone apace in Western society.

The remarkable gains of industrialisation and technology are, of course, obvious, but it is not sure that the same gains cannot be achieved by a different kind of economic organisation that makes it possible for the people to order their economic life more directly and immediately.

'The decline of the human community, as I see it, is threatening Western civilisation. The solution in the East is not to perpetuate the old, oppressive forms of communal life, but to essay a synthesis between the emancipation of the individual and his integration with new forms of community.

The intermediate associations between the individual and the state should be purposely and deliberately created so that freedom might not be nominal but real, and democracy might not be only government by consent but also by direct participation.

The economic forms of life should be so evolved that they subserve these ends together with improving the well-being of the people.

Planning should be made not only comprehensible in terms of the needs of the people, but should also make possible their participation in the process.

Only a synthesis of this kind will make it possible for the countries of Asia and Africa to make creative use of the national freedom that many of them have recently achieved and that others are fighting to achieve.

Only in this manner too can these countries cooperate with the advanced nations in creating a world community of free and equal peoples.

[*From his address to the recent Congress of Cultural Freedom, Berlin.*]

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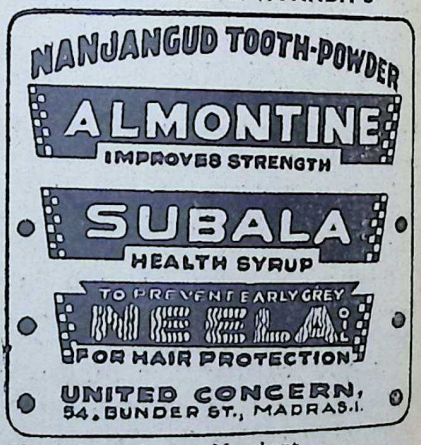

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Krishnavatara

PART II

10. A Nagakanya belongs to her Mother

IN the afternoon, the woman courtier-in-charge came to lead Krishna and Uddhava to the cred Presence. They laid aside their rms and followed her, the Punyajana thers and others following with the sents which they had brought from ship.

The corridors through which they sed were guarded by armed wo- n; that was their privilege conferred Goddess *Ma*, the Mother of the orld.

In a dark hall called the Hall of Sacred Fire, which they ultimate- entered, they could see the leading urtiers—mostly women—standing two rows. At the other end of the om was a platform with a square in the middle in which the sacrificial fire had been lit. Its flames from time to time threw fitful gleams of light on those present, creating a weird atmosphere. Behind the sacrificial fire was carved in stone a huge image of *Ma*, the Mother of the World, big-bellied and heavy-breasted.

Krishna, followed by Uddhava, was led near the steps of the platform. On one side near the steps leading to the platform stood the two Princesses, and behind them, the Prince. The Divine Father, the only person who had the privilege of being fully armed in the Sacred Presence, stood on the platform; he was a well-built man of about fifty with good nature stamped on his open handsome face.

Gongs sounded. Before the sound faded away, the flame of the sacri-

ficial fire shot up man-high, and when it subsided, there stood behind the sacrificial pit the Divine Mother. She was a strikingly beautiful woman in her middle age, bearing herself with majestic dignity. She was dressed in a large girdle, necklaces, and wore a diadem with a hooded cobra, all aflame with large sapphires, brilliantly lit up by the flames from the fire. Besides, she had a living cobra round her neck.

Every one prostrated before her and rose only when commanded by the Divine Mother in a voice of penetrating richness. Then, at a sign from her, the Father asked the Prince to step forward. Punardatta came in front and invited Krishna to give his message.

'Divine Mother, I, Krishna, son of Vasudeva, the Lord of Shooras, bring you a message of friendliness from King Ugrasena, the Lord of the Earth. From that Best of Yadavas, I have brought presents, which, I hope, the Divine Mother will deign to accept', said Krishna.

There was deep silence. Then the Mother spoke in her resonant voice: 'Son of Vasudeva, we welcome you. We knew some days before that you were coming to us. We had the commands of *Ma*, the Mother of the World, to welcome you. We accept the presents that you have brought and assure you of our hospitality.'

She paused and Punardatta interpreted her words to Krishna.

Then the Mother raised her hand and the hall was again in deep silence.

'We commend you, noble son of Vasudeva, to the care of our august Consort, the Divine Father. The commands of *Ma*, the Mother of the World, are that you shall live with us for ever and ever as one of us', said the Mother.

Krishna was going to say something when the message was interpreted to him, but the Divine Mother raised her hand to stop him and proceeded further.

'You shall be one of us. *Ma*, the Mother of the World, has so ordained and her will shall be obeyed', the Divine Mother said.

A man-high flame leapt out of the sacrificial fire and she vanished before Krishna could say a word.

●●●

The King stepped down from the platform, put a paternal hand on Krishna's shoulder, and led him through a private corridor into a chamber behind the Hall of the Sacred Fire, where on a stone couch lay the Mother, exhausted and perspiring, fanned by two women attendants. Once Goddess *Ma* departed from her body, the Mother was always left thus, drained of all vitality. The King knew the language of the Gods and with his aid the Queen asked Krishna many questions about himself, his family and about the country from which he came.

The King, to Krishna's surprise, also asked him about Parasurama, the ancient warrior who had now retired to a mountain hermitage near Surparaka, and also made enquiries about some warriors who were the pupils of that great Master of War. Evidently he knew all about them.

Krishna and Uddhava were once again entrusted to the care of the

rtier-in-charge, who took them d the town and the harbour. n they returned to their apart- t, they sent a message to Bhikru one of the Punyajana boys and du on the pretext of sending for e more presents from the ship.

At night, Krishna awoke from his mber to see a shadow sitting by his and speaking softly. He sat up sought his sword. Then he smil- the young Princess had come to o him. She sat beside him, her long almost sweeping his face, and ly patted his hand. Krishna could her slender, graceful body close him, and though feeling a strange ation of excitement, could not p feeling that it was all wrong.

In a few moments, however, a wo- n stepped up noiselessly to the cess and whispered something in ears. She got up and shot out of room like a frightened deer.

Uddhava woke up and asked, rishna, what is it?'

It is nothing. The Nagakanya is ng to twist her tail round me', said rishna, laughing.

There was a short silence ; then slow heavy footsteps came near him. rishna wished he had *chakra* with n.

You are called by the Divine ther', came a man's voice.

Shall I come with you, Krishna?' dhava asked.

No. You are not called', replied rishna. 'Don't worry about me.'

Led by the attendant, Krishna went a distant part of the palace, where, the star-light, Krishna could recog- e the stalwart form of the King.

Don't be afraid, my son. I have not called you to hurt you', said the King.

'I salute you, Divine Father. Why have you taken the trouble to call me at the dead of night?' asked Krishna as he sat in front of the King.

'Vaasudeva, you are divinely gifted, so has the Divine Mother seen in her vision. I have come to admire you —I should say, love you, as my own son after our talk this day. I have, therefore, called you secretly—you don't know at what risk—to talk to you frankly. It is very dangerous for you to stay in Nagaloka. Run away to your ship and sail away before day-break. I shall help arrange your flight,' said the King in a low whisper.

'Divine Father, from the way you speak, you are an Arya. You are the King here. Why should I flee from here when I am under your protection?' Krishna asked.

'If you stay here, you will have to marry Asika, my young daughter, and be tied up with us for your life. You will never be free, never your own master ; you will have to live in constant dread of *Ma's* displeasure. And if some stranger comes along, you run the risk of being killed and his taking your place', said the King in dead earnest.

'But you have been a King for long and nothing has happened to you?' Krishna said.

'My son, how can I describe to you the dangers that surround you here', the King said wistfully. 'Years ago— I have lost count of years—I came to Vaivasvatpur because the ship in which I was travelling sank near these shores.'

The King paused and then continued: 'I was then given a hearty

welcome by the former Divine Mother, exactly as you have been given. I had then to take part in the Festival of Choice and fight the Prince, the husband of the then Divine Princess who is now the Mother. Luckily I was a disciple of the great Bhargava, Rama of the Battle Axe, so I could easily kill the Prince. So I had to wed the Princess and stay here'.

'But you could have left when the next ship from Surparaka came', said Krishna.

'The Nagakanya takes a husband because she must, but she never gives herself to the husband. I belong to her, but she belongs to her mother always. I was a prince, at the same time a prisoner—a mere slave subservient to the will of the Mother and her daughter. Oh! How I hate myself sometimes for being one. But these are Nagakanyas. Once they twine themselves round you, there is no escape,' said the King with a sigh.

'But all these years, you have remained all powerful—of course, subject to the will of *Ma*', observed Krishna.

'You have no idea how I have suffered all these years. First, there was the dread of some stranger coming to displace me; four times strangers had drifted to these shores,' said the King.

Krishna could see that the King shuddered at the memory of those anxious years. 'What happened to those strangers, Father?' asked Krishna.

'They came, as you did, one after the other. The arrival of each was foreseen by the Divine Mother. Each time a Festival of Choice was held. Luckily the training I had in the hard school of the Master stood me in good stead and I killed every one of them, poor innocent men. Every time I think of them, I shudder at the brutality with which, in order to live, I killed those handsome young men who scarcely knew how to wield a sword or to fight with hands'. The King paused, heaved a sigh and continued: 'Then the Divine Mother died. The Princess, my wife, succeeded to the office. And now I am the Divine Father, the God of Death, who, at Mother's instance, have to kill whomever she wants to'.

'But you are all-powerful now. Why don't you change these horrid ways? And I see that the Divine Mother holds you in deep affection. You can get her to do what you want', said Krishna.

The King laughed bitterly. 'Can I?' he asked. 'My son, I dare not fall ill. I dare not take rest. I dare not deviate from the commands of the Divine Mother. Any lapse, however trivial, then my life would be forfeited.'

'Why don't you then come with me and Punardatta? We can still go to the ship, three of us, and save ourselves', Krishna said.

'Vaasudeva, you are a brave young man. But we can't get out of this world of the Nagakanyas,' the King said.

'But why?' asked Krishna.

'Punardatta will not come, nor I' repeated the King. 'The Nagakanyas are irresistible; they wind round and round you till you become their parasites. In return, they give you joys—joys which once you taste them, you can never do without'.

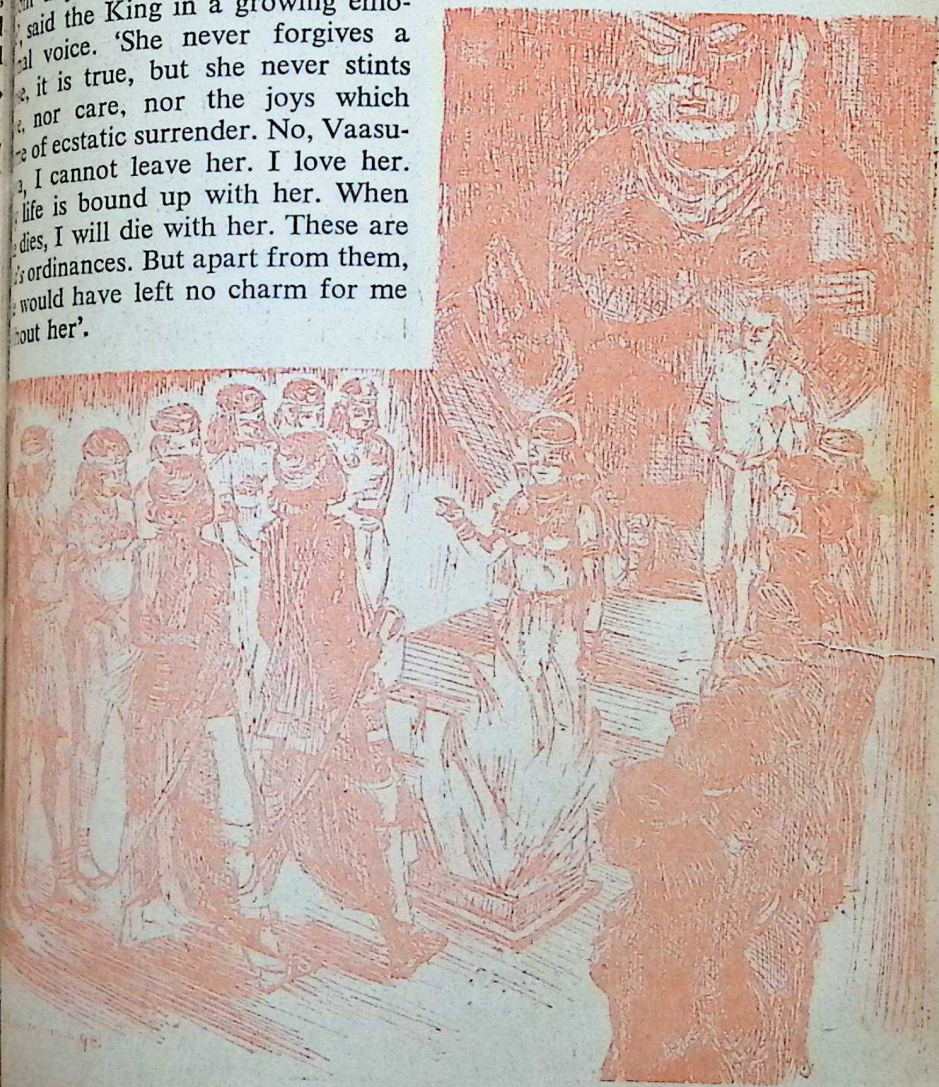
'Then you don't hate the Queen for the sufferings she has caused you?'

d Krishna in surprise. Second time day, he had heard of the joys the akanyas provide and which en- h a spirited one in helpless sub- ience.

Sufferings from the Mother!' ex- med the King. 'When the Queen not possessed by *Ma,* she is a derful woman—a woman for m any man would be ready to said the King in a growing emo- al voice. 'She never forgives a e, it is true, but she never stints e, nor care, nor the joys which e of ecstatic surrender. No, Vaasu- , I cannot leave her. I love her. life is bound up with her. When dies, I will die with her. These are 's ordinances. But apart from them, would have left no charm for me out her'.

'Divine Father, you are wise and experienced. I am but a boy. But with a Nagakanya as your wife, what happens to your desire to rise higher, to your obligations to your ancestors and to the ways of our ancient sages?' asked Krishna.

'You have only to smother them in the joys which the Nagakanyas give



you', said the King.

'But Vasistha and Arundhati, Agastya and Lopamudra, those great sages of our race gave each other and received each other. They shared their lives; they were one in learning and *tapas*; they were one in heroic deeds. They were as one. What about them?' asked Krishna.

'A Nagakanya demands all; she never gives all. And for the exquisite bodily joys she gives you, she buys you, your hopes, your obligations to your ancestors and to your ancient ways,' said the King.

'August King, I am beholden to you for your advice. But I have come here on a mission. I have promised my Guru to bring back his son, Punardatta, now your Prince, and I won't go back without him', said Krishna firmly.

'Then you are also doomed', said the King.

'Father, you are so noble-hearted. Why don't you help me to take away Punardatta?' asked Krishna.

'I can't', replied the King.

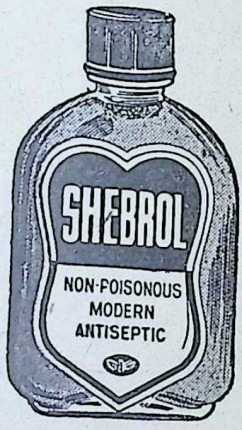
'I would prefer to die than to desist from my duty', Krishna said. Then he added: 'But, I know, Father, that you will help'.

And the King was lost in admiration of the young man who talked with God-given authority, in the same way he had heard his Master, Rama of the Battle Axe talking and which the Gods of his native land had given to the sages, whom he had almost forgotten.

[*To be continued*]

Be civil to all, sociable to many, familiar with few, friend to one and enemy to none.

—Ben Franklin.



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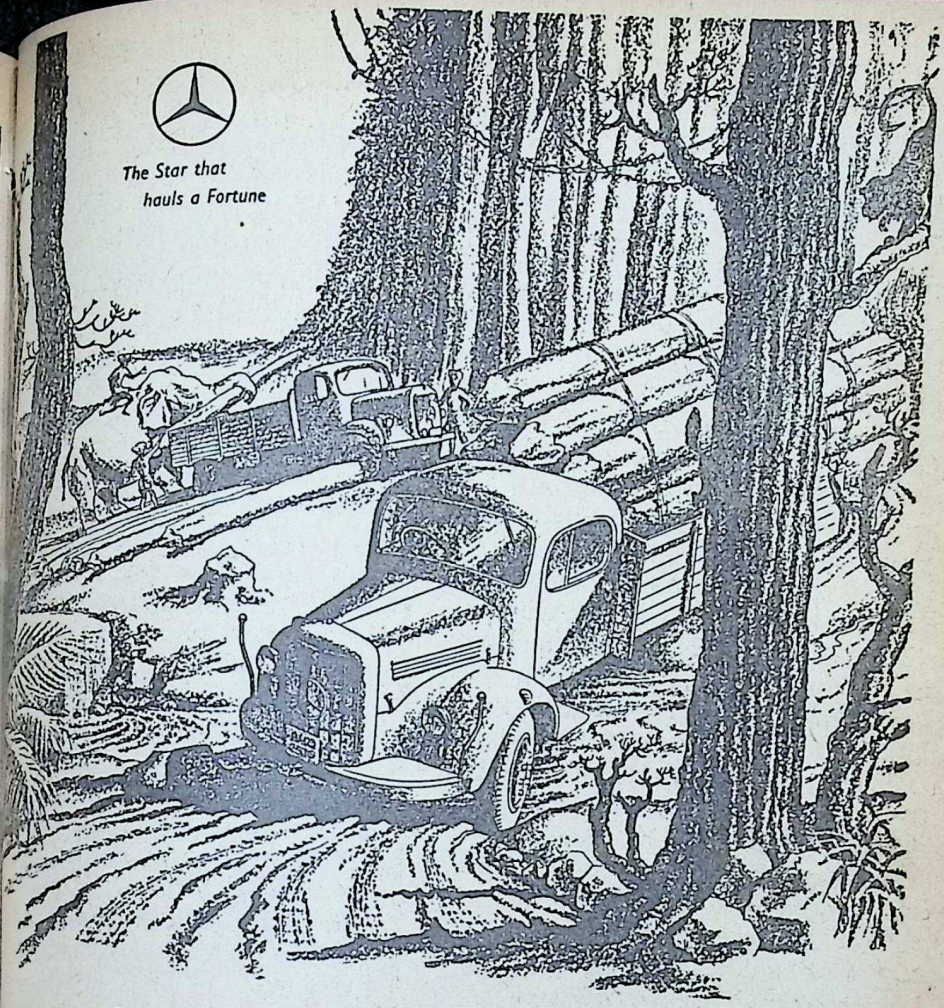

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..Unbelief came to be founded on science.. Religious illiteracy is steadily growing..

The Growth of Unbelief

S. RADHAKRISHNAN

MILLIONS of people wish to believe, but they cannot, even though these orphaned children make use of the outer framework of religions. We are christened, or baptised, married, buried or cremated according to our religious rites, but all the time we are victims of an involuntary hypocrisy.

We live in an age which is numbed and disillusioned. Our values are blurred, our thought is confused and our aims are wavering.

In the life of spirit which is the vital secret of all civilisation, which intellect may foster and develop but cannot create or even keep alive, we are uprooted. When the roots are destroyed, a tree may continue to live and even seem to flourish for a time, but its days are numbered.

T.S. Eliot in his poem "The Waste-land" describes the decomposition of modern civilisation, the lack of conviction and direction, the poverty, confusion and meaninglessness of modern consciousness. This atmosphere of negative thought is responsible for the increase of mental cases in the modern world.

Writing on the 19th of July, 1891, Lord Acton said, "For 200 years, from the time of Hobbes, unbelief has been making its way. Unbelief came to be founded on science, because about one half of the classic writing, of the creative thinking of the world was done by unbelievers. The influences that reigned were in great measure atheistic. No man could be reared except by aid of Grote, Mill, Austin, Darwin, Lewis, Huxley, Tyndall—to take England only."

Forty-five years after Lord Acton wrote this, T.S. Eliot declared, "The greater part of our reading matter is coming to be written by people who not only have no real belief (in a supernatural order) but are even ignorant of the fact that there are still people in the world so 'backward' or so eccentric as to continue to believe." Under such guidance, religious illiteracy has been steadily increasing and civilisation is getting detached from the roots. We are face to face with a philosophy of nihilism, which is not the invention of Soviet Russia.

Nietzche does not preach a conventional atheism. He disturbs the complacency of the pharisees of unbelief and portrays European nihilism, the state of human souls and societies faced

From Recovery of Faith, George Allen and Unwin.

Have you not heard of that mad man who, in the broad light of the forenoon, lit a lantern and ran into the marketplace, crying incessantly 'I am searching for God!....' As it happened, many were standing together there, who did not believe in God, and so he aroused great laughter. The mad man leapt right among them. ....'Where is God?' he cried: 'Well, I will tell you. We have murdered him, you and I.... But how did we do this deed?....Who gave us the sponge with which to wipe out the whole horizon?....What did we do when we unchained our earth from her sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving? Are we not falling incessantly? Are we not staggering through infinite nothingness? Is night not approaching and more and more night? Must we not light lanterns in the forenoon? Behold the noise of the gravediggers, busy to bury God....And we have killed Him! What possible comfort is there for us? Is not the greatness of the deed too great for us? To appear worthy of it, must not we ourselves become gods?'—Nietzche.

with a total eclipse of all values. He asks: "What does nihilism mean?" and answers: "It means that supreme values devalue themselves. There is no goal and no answer to our questioning." Completely disillusioned, he cries out: "Where is my home? I seek and have sought and have not found it. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere? In vain." "European man", says Berdyaev, "stands amid a frightening emptiness. He no longer knows where the keystone of his life may be found, beneath his feet he feels no depth of solidity."

Nihilism is the last word of metaphysics which refuses to go beyond the surface appearances. We see, on all sides, a violent loosening of the familiar bonds, a snapping of the strands that hold a civilisation together.

Oh listeners! Whatever little you know about that Vishnu, appease Him through prayer by that knowledge. He is the prime cause, He is the Yagna, He created water first of all. He can be praised if He is pleased. The name of that Great Vishnu is 'Chit' Who is capable of taking the salute of all others and is self-revealing and is the grantor of all boons. Knowing this, chant His Names loudly. Oh Vishnu! By chanting your Names thus we shall be able to behold your real form by your Grace.

—Rigveda.

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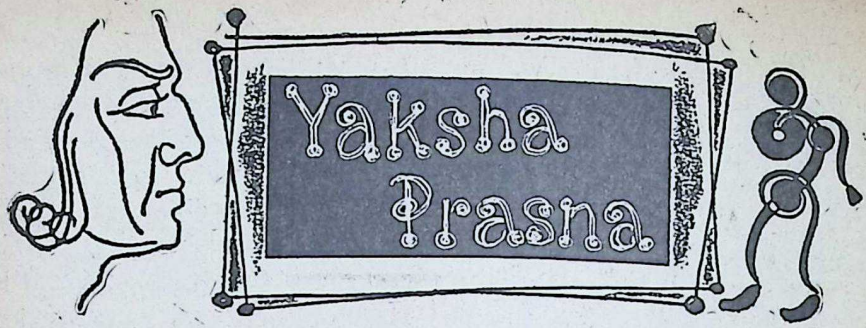

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from issue dated November 13, 1960*]

The Yaksha next asked:—

कोऽतिथिस्सर्वभतानां किंस्वित् धर्मं सना-
तनम् -
अमृतं किंस्वित् राजेन्द्र किंस्वित् सर्वमिदं-
जगत् ॥

Who is the guest of all creatures?
What is the eternal Dharma?
What, O foremost of Kings, is Amrita?
What is this entire Universe?

Dharmaputra answered:

अतिथिस्सर्वभूतानामग्निः सोमोगवामृतम्
सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः वायुस्सर्वमिदं जगत्

Agni is the guest of all creatures.
The cow's milk is Amrita.
Soma is the eternal Dharma.
Vayu is the entire universe.

These questions and the answers to them are not included in the text of *Mahabharata* published by the Bhandarkar Institute, Poona. They are referred to only in the note below as found in other editions. For all creatures Agni is said to be the guest. The word *athithi* [अतिथिः] in Sanskrit denotes the guest who must be worshipped by hospitable offering of food. Agni is said to be the *athithi* for all creatures on account of the fact that, according to our Sastras, the offering of cow's milk, clarified butter etc., to the fire conduces to the formation of clouds giving rain. By timely rains grass, cereals and paddy are produced which form the food for animals and men. Hence as the guest of all creatures Agni is the object of worship.

अग्नौ प्रास्ताहुतिः सम्यगादित्यमुपतिष्ठते
आदित्याज्जायते वृष्टिः वृष्टेरन्नं ततः प्रजाः

The oblation made in fire reaches the sun. By the sun rain is produced. By rain, food is grown, and by food are creatures born.

In another sense also Agni can said to be *athithi* for all creatures. Just as a guest consumes food, Agni consumes all creatures and all things in the world.

Neelakanta, the commentator, has interpreted Yudhishthira's answer thus for the first question, 'Who is the guest for all creatures?' He says that the answer of Dharmaputra is 'Agni'. For the next question किंस्वित् धर्मं सनातनम्
'What is the eternal Dharma?' and for the succeeding question, 'which is the Amrita?', the answer is according to him, in one sentence,

namely, सोमो गवामृतम् सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः He says that the meaning of the tence is that Soma (Moon God) is cluded in the twin-gods. अग्नीषोमौ d that Soma is really पयस् or lk of the cow and that milk is fered as *homa* or oblation to the e. That meritorious act is the eternal d immortal Dharma. According to n 'what is Sanatana-Dharma?' and hat is Amrita?' are both answered saying that Soma which is verily lk and which becomes *homa* to the e, is the eternal Dharma leading to mortality. The difficulty in this inpretation is that while the two questons of the Yaksha appear to denote fferent matters, such as Sanatana harma and Amrita or nectar, the anser combines both of them and nec-r is said to be the Dharma leading immortality. Amrita is taken as an jective meaning immortal. If the o questions are separate and reired separate answers, Yudhishira's reply may have to be interted thus: The question, 'What is mrita?' is answered as गवामृतम् lk, of the cow,' and the question hat is Sanatana Dharma?' is ansred by Yudhishthira in the followg manner: Soma by which is meant ecially the Soma Yaga is the eternal harma. We find the yagna is menned as one of the forty-eight *samras* ordered in the Smriti, namely, seven *haviryagnas* and seven *soma gnas*. The Sruti declares:

तमेवं वेदानुवचनेन ब्राह्मणा विविदिषन्ति यज्ञेन दानेन तपसाऽनाशकेन।

The Brahmanas or knowers of the edas attained the knowledge of Atman by yagna, dana, fasting and tapas." By the performance of yagnas, the purity of the mind is attained and through the purified mind the knowledge of the eternal Atman is realised. Hence here yagna is said to be the eternal Dharma. 'What is nectar?' is answered by saying, 'the milk of the cow.' The word *amrita* is used with गव denoting cow's milk. In this interpretation the only possible objection is that the word Soma has to be taken with the words सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः leaving in the middle the words ... गवामृतम्.

According to the ordinary rules of the interpretations of the sentences, the flaw of [दूरान्वय] *dooranvaya* may be there. But as the answers are in the form of verses, this flaw is not considered to be serious, as arrangements of the words may be varied by the exigencies of the metre.

There is another possible interpretation also which may be suggested, and which will avoid this objection. For the question, 'what is Amrita?,' the answer is *soma gavamritam* सोमोगवामृतम् That is, 'soma which is really in the form of cow's milk', and for the question, 'what is Sanatana Dharma?,' the answer is 'that eternal Dharma, which leads to immortality is Sanatana Dharma'. Here too the arrangement of the words in the verse

सोमोगवामृतं सनातनोऽमृतो धर्मः

is not according to the order of the questions. The answer to the third question, 'What is Amrita?' is put in before the answer to the second question namely, 'what is Sanatana Dharma?' There is authority of the

Smriti for regarding soma as पयस् or cow's milk. In the *Yajurveda, Taittireeya Samhita,* 2nd Kanda, it is stated as follows—

एतद्वा अग्नेस्तेजो यद् घृतम् एतत्सोमस्य यत्पयः, य एवमग्नीषोमयोस्तेजो वेद तेजस्व्येव भवति ॥

The God Agni is in the form of *ghrita* घृत or clarified butter and Soma (Moon-god) is in the form of cow's milk, He who understands thus the power of Agni and Soma will himself be endowed with *tejas* तेजस् or power. Therefore the answer for the question, 'What is Amrita?,' is: 'Soma in the form of cow's milk is Amrita'.

The answer to the fourth question, 'What is this entire universe?,' is that 'Vayu is the entire universe', as he pervades the whole universe. Neelakanta quotes the Sruti as authority for this, namely, वायुरेवव्यष्टिः वायुस्समष्टिः Vayu is the single entity or Pindanda and Vayu as *samashti* is the whole namely, the Brahmanda. There is also the Upanishadic text referring to the Vayu त्वमेव प्रत्यक्षं ब्रह्मासि। नमस्ते वायो Salutations to thee, O Vayu, Thou indeed art the Brahman that appeareth to our perception.'

[*To be continued*]

If thou wouldst estimate thyself, put away wealth, land, honours; scrutinise thyself within.

—Seneca

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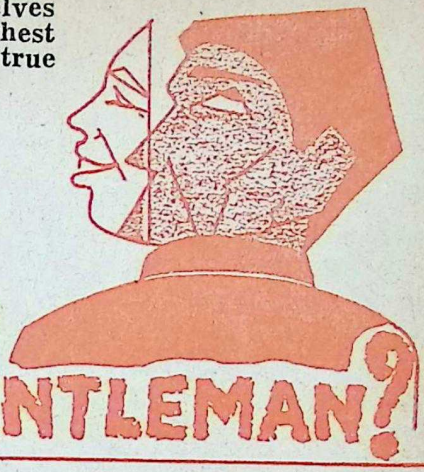
...Only they who allow themselves ...ays to live in contact with the highest ...uirement that can be said to be the true ...vants of the public...



Can a Politician be a GENTLEMAN?

Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

WHY is it not possible to be at the same time a gentleman and a politician?

have sometimes wondered whether ...itics is of such an absorbing interest ...life, for instance, as agriculture or ...rature, or for another instance, as pursuit of family happiness, or the ...ntenance and preservation of pro-...ty. Is it as absorbing an interest as one of these? The answer is inte-...ing. The answer, it seems to me, is ...t it is and that it is not. By the in-...sic nature of the case it does not ...m to me to be so absorbing a pur-...t; but by the results, the conduct ...those engaged in politics and by ...appearances of the case, it seems ...surpass in intensity almost any one ...these other interests.

Well, politics can be an ideal, poli-...s can also be degraded in practice. ...an ideal, I see no harm in it at ... As an ideal, politics requires you ...prepare yourself carefully by study ...d by observation; it requires you ...put yourself always in the position of a servant of the community, one who seeks its welfare and has trained himself systematically to put the interest above his own or that of any section of the public; it requires that you should pay unremitting attention to public business as it comes along; it requires also that in your conduct towards others engaged in a similar occupation you must show chivalry and respect, the same as you would ask for yourself; it demands further that in the final decision of any one of these questions you should carefully weigh all the pros and cons of a case, that you should try and in the calmness of your private judgment assign to each one of these its due weight and consideration, and on the top of it all, that you should cast your vote in a spirit of pure public service, whether it be a vote for a candidate at an election, or for the decision of a question in parliament. Whichever way the vote is cast, it should be cast as a matter of conscience entirely for the welfare and benefit of the com-

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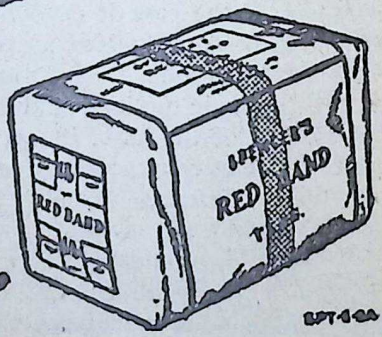
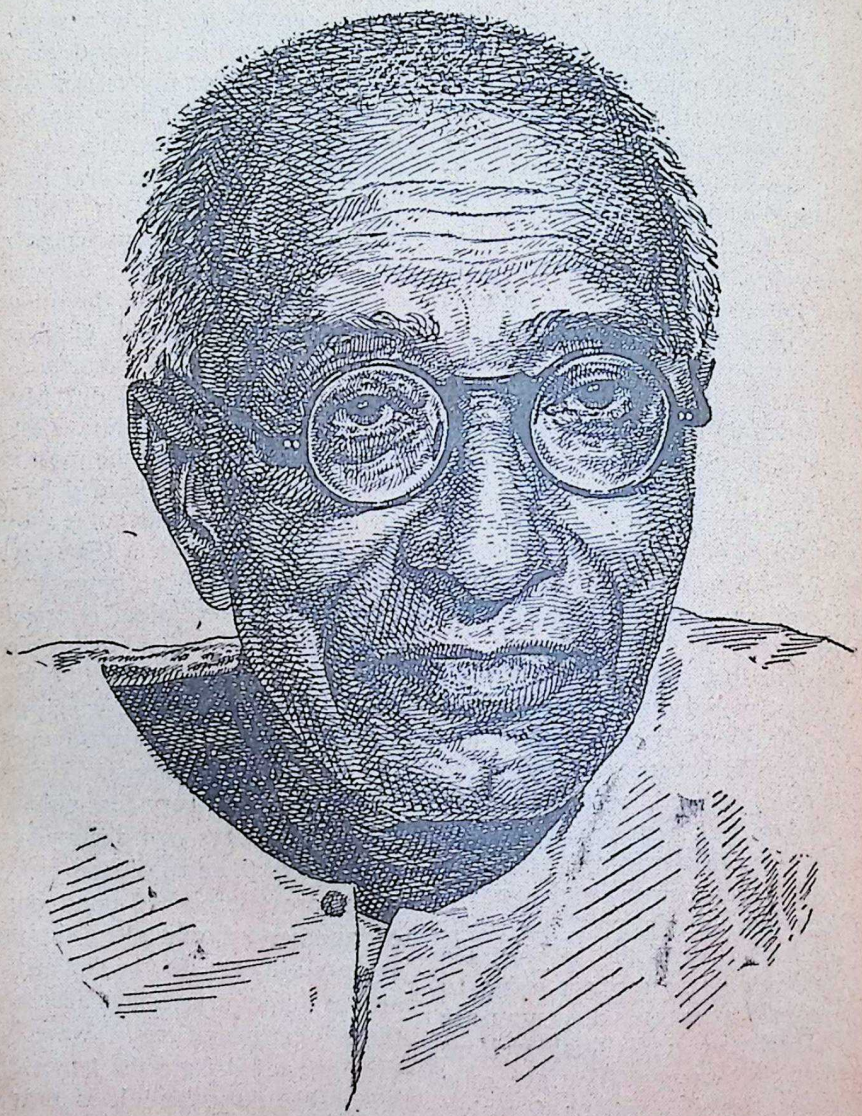


nity and not for your own. Often deed it may be against your own in-est, it may indeed be against the erests of your family or of your vate connections, smaller than that the public to whose service you ve committed yourself. But then t is the point of view from which u should prepare yourselves for the rk of the ordinary citizen. That is litics in the ideal.

But how far is it from that ideal in actual practice around you? Well, hould take you too far into the dust d dirt of politics were I to men-n the various forms in which cor-ption sets in, in which men deterio-e, in which they forget the standards public life, in which they put aside s great interest, namely, the wel-e of the community; in which in-ed all forms of casuistical argument me in and a man, not voting as the blic welfare requires him, is still abled to make his conscience go sleep because, forsooth, although has not voted upon the highest ounds, he has still voted upon un-fish grounds, because he has voted his leader desired, or as his party escribed, or as his neighbours would ve him decide the issue. Yes, that the way Satan comes in always for iding and manipulating those of us o are willing to listen to him. He ys, "After all you are not going to ake any private profits; no, you are t seeking your individual welfare voting as I suggest. You are only ting for this interest or for that her interest which is larger than the vate interest." In other words, if u are not in the top of the ladder t somewhere in the intermediate rungs you seem, by some sudden effort of conscience, to absolve yourselves from blame. Many an honest and good man who has fought for his cause against the nation says, "Still I have done well; my hands are clean; I only fought for my cause." Another man who fights for his village or for his district or his province as against the interests of the general nation or this vast country of India also sometimes lulls his conscience by saying: "Don't worry me; I am not the richer for this vote, on the other hand I am making several enemies and bringing much inconvenience upon myself, but what can I do? My party requires me to vote thus. Last night after 11 o'clock, after the most mature deliberation it was decided by a majority of one that our votes should be cast in this and not in that way." All that, however subtle, however seductive in its presentation, is certainly a degradation of public life, an obscuration of man's responsibility by considerations of casuistry, which are far indeed from the considerations of justice or of righteousness.

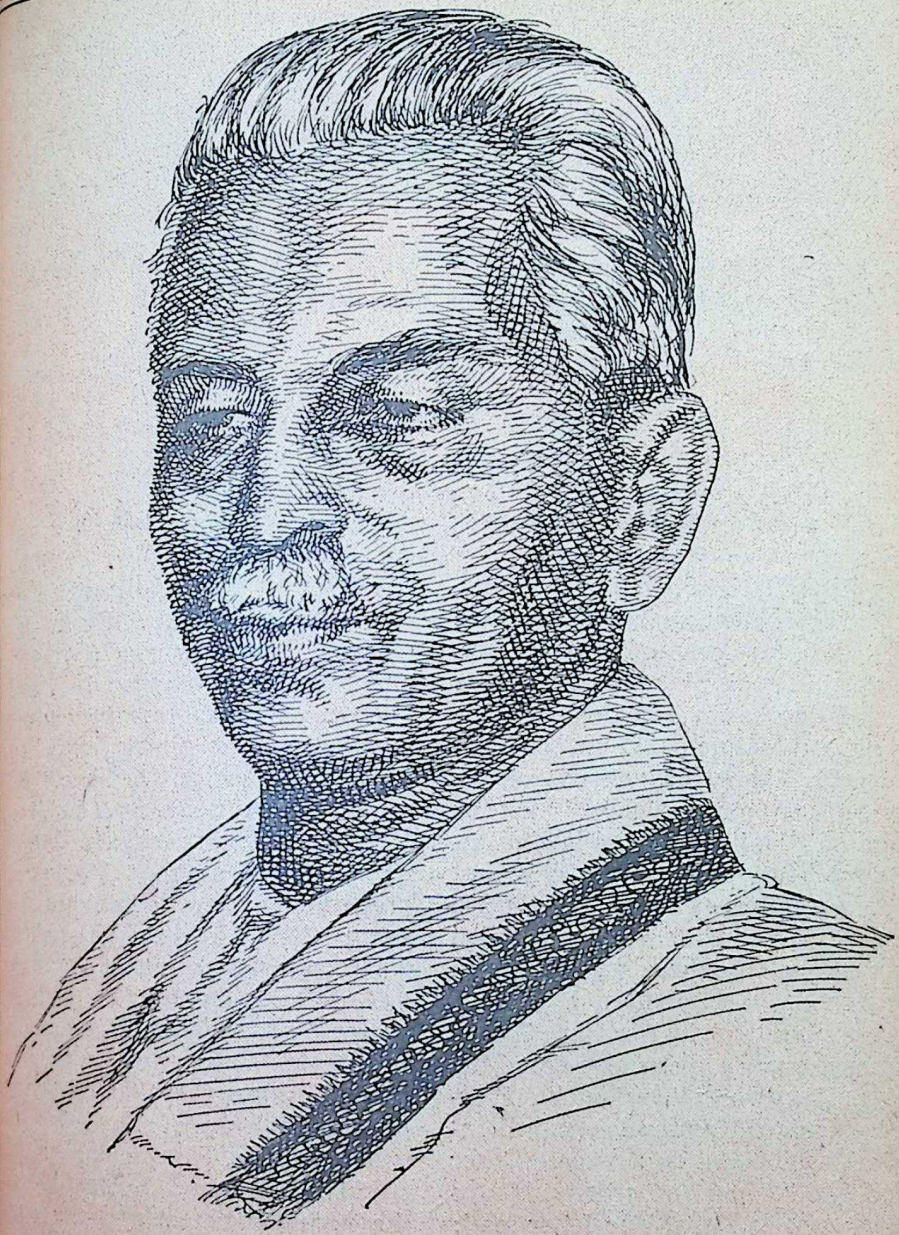
But there are very few public men who can always call themselves immune from these considerations. Most of us are approached upon one side or another of our altruistic nature. We are all ourselves in different ways and in different measures accessible to these considerations. Nevertheless, they are a fall from the true standard of public duty, and it is only they who allow themselves always to live in contact with the highest requirement that can be said to be the true servants of the public.



[Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, born: Dec. 8, 1879]

I know Rajaji enough to understand that he is too brave to need any support from anybody and he is too philosophic to harbour an injury for many hours, if not minutes. I know also that his fine sense of humour enables him to enjoy a joke at his expense.

—*Mahatma Gandhi*



[Prof. N. G. Ranga, whose *Shashtiabdapoorti* was celebrated last month in many parts of India, born: November 7, 1900]

Ranga is a great sword. This sword is as good and powerful a weapon as the one hidden on the top of a tree which Arjuna took during the Kurukshetra battle in the Mahabharata. —*C. Rajagopalachari.*

The TRAGEDY of Shah Jahan

J. M. SHELAT

LAST DAYS OF SHAH JAHAN

ON JUNE 10, 1658, Jahanara visited Aurangzib and proposed the partition of the empire. Aurangzib's reply was that Dara was an infidel to Islam and must be destroyed, and that he could not see Shah Jahan until that work was completed. He was, however, inclined to visit his father. Next day, he started in a splendid procession towards the city, but on the way, Shaista Khan and Shaikh Mir galloped on to him and dissuaded him from making the visit, telling him that Shah Jahan had laid a plan to get him murdered by his fierce Tartar slave women as soon as he entered the harem. Just then, slave Nadir-Dil arrived from the fort and betrayed into Aurangzib's hands a secret letter which Shah Jahan had ordered him to smuggle out to Dara. The letter read:

"Dara Shukoh! Stay firmly in Delhi.....take care not to pass beyond that place, as I myself shall despatch the affair here."

The letter verified the suspicions of Aurangzib's friends. Shah Jahan's captivity was now made stricter and communication between him and the outside world was completely cut off. Aurangzib now openly exercised the imperial authority. On June the 10th, he held the durbar, and on 11th and 12th, he started making fresh appointments. On June the 13th, when his preparations were complete, and he knew that Shah Jahan could not escape, he started out of Agra in pursuit of Dara. On July 21, 1658, he sat on the throne outside Delhi city in the gardens of Shalimar and crowned himself, adopting the title of Alamgir.

The captivity of Shah Jahan was now complete. He was old and infirm. All his officials had deserted him; only the harem women and the eunuchs were his Counsellors. Outside, he was surrounded by his son's guards and watched by his spies. No one could interview him except in the presence

Mahomed Sultan and with Aurang-'s previous sanction. Writing about e deposed Emperor's captivity, nucci records:

"Going several times into the fort, I noted that the imprisonment of Shah Jahan was closer than can be expressed. There passed not a day, while I and others were in conversation with the governor, that there did not come under-eunuchs to whisper into his ear an account of all the acts and words of Shah Jahan."

To add injury to insult, Aurangzib peatedly asked Shah Jahan not to ite letters to outsiders on the plea it they tended to raise tumults. Shah han declined to obey. All eunuchs o tried to despatch his letters were moved. Even writing materials were ken away. Shah Jahan could dictate only one eunuch and all such cor-spondence was open and censored.

URANGZIB'S BANDOBAST

Aurangzib now demanded the State wels from Shah Jahan and an un-emly wrangle over them ensued in hich Shah Jahan accused Aurangzib an usurper, while Aurangzib retor-d that the King was only God's osen custodian and the trustee of od's money for the benefit of the eople. All the Crown property in gra Fort therefore belonged to him the reigning Sovereign. He even ked for the jewels on the person of s father. Shah Jahan had now taken a life of meditation and retirement. hose jewels were therefore unseemly ith his present character of a recluse. Aurangzib next demanded jewels orth Rs. 27 lakhs deposited in the fort of Agra by Dara before his flight. Shah Jahan resisted long, but at last yielded. The son even demanded the rosary of 100 pearls worth Rs. 4 lakhs and the ring of diamond worn by Shah Jahan. The Emperor yielded the ring but not the rosary.

After Mahomed Sultan left Agra, his place was taken by the eunuch Mutamad who made it a point to make the deposed Emperor feel that he was a wretched captive. When Shah Jahan wanted a new pair of slippers, Manucci observes:

> "The eunuch, immeasurably stingy, sent him shoes, neither of 8 rupees, nor of 4, nor of 2, but the common leather shoes. He smiled over it as if he had done some great deed".

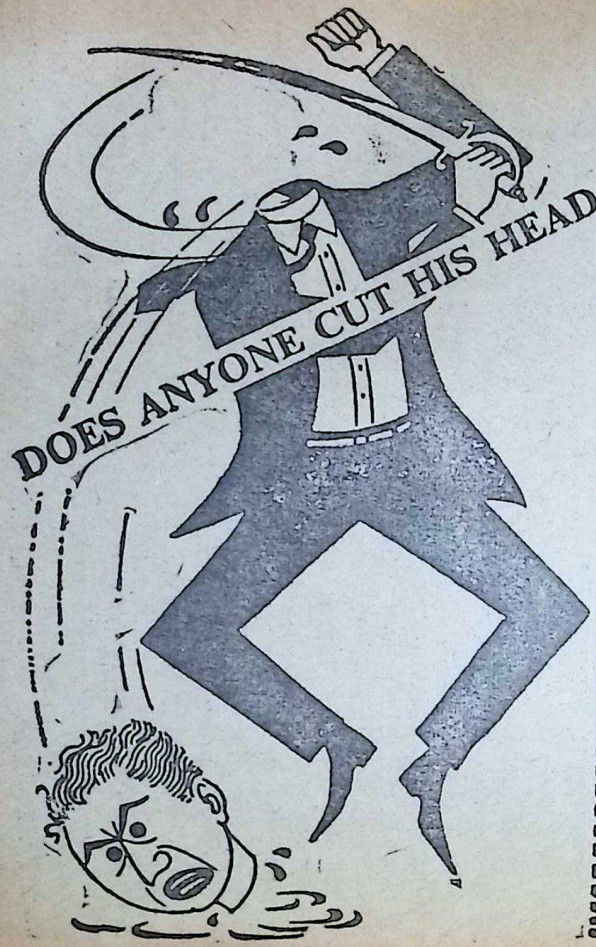
When Khwajah Manur, the Emperor's keeper of the wardrobe, died, Mutamad locked and sealed the rooms of the wardrobe for some days. The Emperor could not get a change of apparel till a successor at last was appointed.

Throughout these years of captivity, acrimonious controversy went on between the father and the victorious son. We find glimpses of these letters in Bernier, Manucci and Khafi Khan and a few letters of Aurangzib in *Adab*.

The son poses in this controversy as the champion of Islam and an humble servant of God in the work of reform and popular beneficence, condemning the incompetence and unjust reign of his father, defending his own conduct with self-righteousness and affecting humility of a Pharisee.

In one of his letters, the son wrote:

> "So long as you held the reigns



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of Government, I never did anything without your permission, nor did I ever step beyond my jurisdiction. The Searcher of Hearts be my witness for this. During your illness, Dara usurped all power, girt up his loins to promote Hinduism and destroy Islam and acted as a King, totally setting you aside."

He explained that his march to Agra s not due to a rebellious sword, but

"I was compelled out of regard for the next world to undertake the heavy load of this task and engage in looking after the interests of the populace and peasantry."

Regarding the fratricidal war, he asbed it to the partiality of the father vards the eldest son:

"If you had not helped in various ways and raised to a position of trust your eldest son, whose ability and God-fearing character are probably manifest to you now, and if out of regard for him, you had not failed to make any provision for the safety of your other sons, then all the brothers would have lived together peacefully and the fire of civil war would not have blazed forthwith."

He was satisfied that there would no peace until Dara and Shuja were her driven out of the country or t to share Murad's captivity withit which "the work of God and the ople" that he had undertaken could t have been carried out to a successful end. He had to take up "the rilous load of the Crown" out of er necessity and not from volunty choice for restoring peace, "and rules of Islam in the realm so as be able to answer on the day of

Aurangzib

reckoning." He taunted his aged prisoner that "Kingship means the protection of the realm and the guardianship (of the people) and not the enjoyment of the bodily repose or the lusts of the flesh." This was with obvious reference to Shah Jahan's fondness of doubtful company with some of the members of his nobles' harems.

SHAH JAHAN HUMILIATED

Aurangzib had no doubt that he was the choice of the Almighty and so he wrote to his father that his success against all odds was the proof of God's favour to him and his cause. "As my aim was good, I gained the victory in spite of my small force" at Dharmat and Samugarh. He advised the King that as a man of prudence, he should submit to the divine dispensation and accept his victory as the best thing that could have happened

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RSTA'S

him, for "nothing can happen with-
t God's will." The royal prisoner
ould submit to that will and "your
rows and tribulations will turn in-
peace and contentment." More than
t, his father should be beholden to
son who had deposed him. "If you
k (at the matter) with eyes of
tice, you have no cause of com-
int, in that I have relieved you of
h a heavy load and taken it on my
n shoulders and made my free
nd the slave of thousand afflictions
d fatigue."

These letters served as salt on the
unded soul of the aged monarch
o had only just witnessed the grue-
me murders of his beloved eldest son
d of Murad, the expulsion from
dia of Shuja and the captivity of his
and-children. The lacerated spirit
the monarch broke out in blazing
rn against his son's hypocrisy
anting him that he was nothing but
robber of other people's property
hile affecting to be a true Musal-
n. Aurangzib, defending himself
hollow platitudes, wrote:

"You have written that it is contrary to the Muslim faith to seize another's property. Know that the royal property and treasures exist for the good of the people. A kingdom is not a hereditary private property. The King is merely God's elected custodian and trustee of His money for the good of the subjects."

The contempt reflected in these
tters against Dara and Shuja had
rt the old monarch's heart. The
iumphant son touched it with red
ot iron by reminding his fallen
ther:

"How do you still regard the memory of (your brothers) Khusrau and Parviz, whom you did to death before your accession and who had threatened no injury to you?"

THE CLIMAX AND THE DELIVERANCE

The injured father could only warn his son that his sons might treat him in future in the identical way he had treated him. But there were no limits to the boastful self-righteousness of Aurangzib. "Every one", his reply was, "gets from God a return according to his intentions, and as my intentions are good, I believe that I shall not get anything but good (from my sons)." Little did he realise when he penned this letter that his fourth son, Mahomed Akbar, would write to him twenty-three years later a letter bearing a striking similarity to his own letters to Shah Jahan. When Akbar rebelled in 1681, he taxed Aurangzib with administrative failure, advising him to pass his old age in meditation as an atonement for the sin of having deposed his father and murdered two of his brothers. His partiality towards his eldest son, Shah Alam, is flung in his face and young Akbar justified his rebellion with the same hypocritical averment that he had taken on his own shoulders the heavy burden of kingship in order to save the people from ruin and his patrimony from waste and misgovernment by his father. Akbar asked Aurangzib with what sense of justice he could allege him to be an unnatural son when he himself had rebelled against his own father.

As time went on, the correspondence

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ween Shah Jahan and Aurangzib ame so bitter and unbecoming that son gave up writing any letters "to se the path of saying and hearing" h taunts. Shah Jahan thus secured mph over his disloyal son with pen, ot with sword.

Seven years of cruel captivity had ken the heart of the once magni- nt Emperor, first the murder of rad, then the murder of Dara and ly of Sulaiman. Shuja and his chil- n had been driven to destruction ongst the unknown horrors of the d of the Araccans. The Emperor ned to religion for comfort to his tured mind. His constant compa- n now was Sayyid Mahomed of noj, who discoursed to him of *ran* and the Prophet's Traditions. s daughter Jahanara, now his only stant companion, took care of all earthly needs, giving him comfort d solace, atoning for the cruelty of his other offsprings. A disciple of am Mir, she led the life of a nun the once resplendent harem of the g who had scattered gold jewels d pearls amongst its members in a nificent manner unknown till then t which was now turned into a ary home for the forlorn father. h Jahan prepared himself for the t world in such religious company ding the Holy Book or having it cited to him or copying its verses. lost all fright of death and even lcomed it as a release from all the gedies he had seen in the last few ars.

The deliverance came on January 7, 66, when he was seized with fever. on strangury and griping of the sto- ch supervened. A Hindu surgeon, Brindaban, removed the obstruction and the royal patient had some relief. Shah Jahan had completed his 74th year and his bodily weakness increased. The intensive cold of the winter of that year sapped at his decreasing vitality. Early in the night of Monday, the 22nd of January, his physicians declared his condition beyond repair. The end was near. With full composure, he gave instructions for his funeral, offered comfort to his surviving wives, Akbarbadi Mahal and Fathpuri Mahal, and left them to the care of Jahanara. He then made his last will and testament giving away gifts and mementos and ordered the *Koran* to be recited.

While the Holy Book was being recited amidst the wailings and sobs of Jahanara, who sat at the foot of the royal bed, Shah Jahan, now fully rid of the unhappy memories of the recent tragedies, turned towards Taj Mahal and gazed long and peacefully at that resting place of his beloved Mumtaz as if communing to her that he was joining her company in a few moments, muttering in a slow but distinct voice of utter peace, "Oh, God! Make my condition good in this world and the next, and save me from the torment of holy fire." The next moment he sank into eternal rest.

CONCLUSION

The tragedy of the Mughals was the revolts by sons against their fathers and the destruction of their brothers and other kinsmen, first Jahangir against Akbar and then Shah Jahan against Jahangir. Both Jahangir and Shah Jahan had fought against and even killed their fathers' captains, their

brothers and kinsmen, but had at least shown repugnance to battle against their fathers. But Aurangzib's greed for the Crown had ridden all decency and the social decorum of the age. Even the Court historian wrote of him in scorn:

> "His imperial robe of State thinly veiled the Darvish's frock that he wore beneath it."

Of the three personalities that figured most in the last days of Shah Jahan, Dara, though a failure in war and statecraft, stands out the best. Manucci, friendly to Dara, and Bernier, less friendly to Dara, agree that he was not deficient in qualities. Dara proved a failure because he made war and statecraft secondary objects of his pursuits. He devoted the greater part of his time and energy to carry on a literary propaganda for the promotion of peace and concord between the followers of Islam and Hinduism. On the other hand, Aurangzib's half a century of barren rule is the most conspicuous failure in Indian history. The world did not become the richer by the long reign of Aurangzib, but it would certainly have been poorer without a Dara Shukoh.

Both had idealism; both were true to Islam; but one was true to its spirit, the other to the letter of his faith. Dara thought of saving the spirit of his creed. Aurangzib was a militant Pan-Islamist to whom the only solution of the quarrel of creeds appeared to be the conversion of the whole world to Islam. Both personify the spirit of the age they lived in, one the spirit of progress and the other reaction. The forces of conservatism being stronger in the middle of the 17th century it is no surprise that Aurangzib won over Dara.

The character of Shah Jahan partook of a double nature, a combination of Muslim orthodoxy and the profane tradition of the age of Akbar. He was Dara and Aurangzib in one. His reign was a period of transition from the enlightened traditions of Akbar to the gloomy orthodox reaction of the days of Aurangzib. Though his Court appeared to be a happy meeting ground of Hindu and Muslim cultures, the strong undercurrent of reaction was sapping the foundation of the Empire. Yet, he was peculiarly fortunate in receiving the approbation of both his Hindu and Muslim subjects. The Mulla held him as the Mahdi, the guide. The most gifted of the Hindu poets, Pandit Raj Jagannath, eulogized him:

दिल्लीश्वरो वा जगदीश्वरो वा मनोरथान्
पूरयितुं समर्थः।
अन्यैर्नृपालैः परिदीयमानं शाकाय वा स्याल्लवणाय वा स्यात्॥

But this cultured and benevolent despot was at heart as bigoted as Aurangzib. Poet Shaida was banished for composing a couplet on wine:

> "Dost thou know, what wine is, which is crimson like the rose, and pure and sparkling like a gem? It is the nourisher of body, the message-bearer of love."

The greatest paradox of the unparalleled love of Shah Jahan and Mumtaz is not that it gave birth to Taj Mahal but to Dara, the greatest philosopher-prince and a great student of comparative faiths in the mediaeval age. Yet the result of that great love brought forth tragic consequences to the very procreator of its fruit.

[The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Kanungo's *Dara* and Sirkar's *Aurangzib*.]

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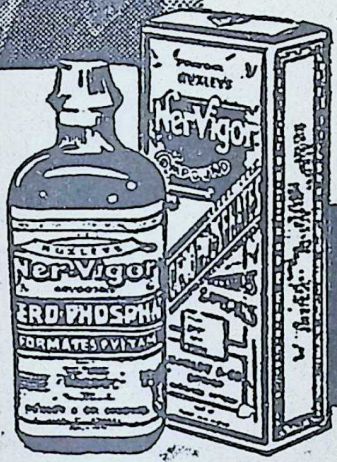

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HEART: its virtues & vagaries

Dr. Rustom Jal Vakil

(*Continued from last issue*)

DEFECTS or diseases of the heart from birth are usually known as congenital heart diseases or anomalies, and are due to some natural error in the development of the heart. Contrary to popular belief, only a percentage of these defects are crippling in character or fatal early in life; many of them are compatible with fairly long and useful lives and may be discovered only by accident. Congenital heart disease accounts for about 1 or 2 per cent of all heart cases; about one child in every fifteen with heart disease belongs to this category.

Why a baby should be born in the first place with a defective heart has not been properly explained; it is possible, as shown by an Australian doctor recently, that some of these defects may be due to the mother having German measles during the first three months of pregnancy.

Heart disease from birth has attained great prominence in recent years, partly due to the indefatigable pioneer efforts of two lady doctors in America, Maude Abbott and Helen Taussig, and partly to the introduction of new methods of diagnosis and surgical treatment. Once abandoned as hopeless and irremediable, many of these congenital heart cases have recently been given new leases on life by the introduction of new techniques. Since it is possible nowadays to restore some of these cases, by timely surgery, to a normal or almost normal and healthy span of life, it is imperative that every case of heart disease from birth should be thoroughly investigated by an expert to determine its suitability for operation and cure.

Although it is popularly believed that babies with congenital heart disease are always born blue ("blue babies"), such is not the case in the majority of cases. Babies with serious heart defects may appear normal in all respects, although they do display a tendency to frequent coughs, colds and feeding troubles.

Congenital heart defects are of many types: they may be simple and single, or complex and multiple, they may be mild enough to remain undetected until middle age or severe enough to prove fatal within a few days or weeks of birth. The most common varieties of congenital heart defects are *septal defects*, where the partition between the two auricles or the

o ventricles displays a "hole" or com-
unication, *patent ductus arteriousus,*
ere an abnormal passage or vessel
nnects the two major vessels of the
dy (viz., the aorta and pulmonary
ery), *coarctation of the aorta,*
ere there is an abnormal narrow-
or constriction of the biggest blood
ssel of the body, and *Fallot's tetra-*
y, a common but complicated
riety of congenital heart disease
h four different defects combined
the same heart.

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wadays to determine the exact na-
e of a congenital defect of the heart.
ce the diagnosis is established, the
visability or not of an operation be-
mes easy.

ECTIONS OF THE HEART

The three major infections of the
rt are rheumatic fever, syphilis and
cterial endocarditis. Thanks to im-
ved sanitation, public health mea-
es and the discovery of new drugs
antibiotics, the incidence and crip-
ng effects of these three dreaded dis-
es of the heart have been greatly
duced.

Rheumatic fever, which has been
years one of the leading causes of
ath, disease and invalidism all over
e world, is particularly common in
ldren and young adults living in
rcrowded, damp and unhygienic
roundings, in cold and humid cli-
tes. Besides fever and joint pains,
umatic fever, particularly in children, may cause permanent damage or deformity of one or more valves of the heart; it is said to "lick the joints but bite the heart."

Usually secondary to streptococcal infection of the throat, rheumatic fever leads to permanent affection of the heart in a minority of cases only. Rheumatic affection of the heart may take the form of *pericarditis* or inflammation of the outer covering of the heart, *myocarditis* or inflammation of the muscle coat, or *valvular heart disease* or *endocarditis,* usually involving the *mitral* or *aortic* valve.

Improved sanitation, prevention of damp and overcrowding, health education of the public, early treatment of "sore throat" with penicillin or sulfa drugs, removal of septic tonsils, complete and prolonged bed-rest together with large doses of salicylates or cortisone during the acute stage of rheumatic fever, and a suitable modification of the patient's life after the development of valvular disease are a few of the measures which have been successfully employed in the last few years with a view to eradicate the scourge of rheumatic heart disease.

The incidence of rheumatic heart disease has been investigated all over the world, because of its high incidence and crippling effects in children and young adults. In England, it accounts for about 30 per cent of heart cases and for about twenty thousand deaths per year. Once considered rare or non-existent in tropical climates, rheumatic heart disease has now been shown to be one of the major causes of disease and death in these countries also.

Inadequate treatment of *syphilis,* the

most dreaded of venereal diseases, may result in a progressive and serious enlargement or ballooning of the *aorta*, years after the exposure. This condition of *aneurysm* of the aorta has been more or less stamped out within the last two decades by early and adequate treatment of venereal infections and by other public health measures.

The third major infection of the heart is *bacterial endocarditis*, which is due to infection or invasion of the valves of the heart by a special variety of streptococcus from the throat, teeth or skin. Such an infection may follow a tooth-extraction or removal of septic tonsils in a person with previously damaged valves or congenital heart defect.

Once considered incurable or invariably fatal, bacterial or *malignant* endocarditis can now be cured in 80 to 90 per cent of cases, thanks to penicillin. In view of the danger of bacterial endocarditis, tonsillectomy or dental extraction must be carried out under penicillin protection in cases of congenital and rheumatic heart disease.

CORONARY THROMBOSIS AND ANGINA PECTORIS

Of the various forms of heart disease known to us today, the most in the public eye is unquestionably coronary heart disease. The average layman is quite familiar with the dreadful implications of the word "coronary."

According to statistics, about 50 per cent of men over the age of 45 years in the United States are subjects of coronary disease, the latter being said to be the major cause of death of the American male in the most economically productive part of his life. The increasing death-rate of middle-aged males, during the past 30 years, is mainly attributable to an increase in the incidence of coronary disease. The incidence is much higher in males than in females (the ratio is about 6 to 1), in the middle-aged than in the young or elderly, in the fat or obese, in those suffering from high blood pressure, diabetes or chronic gall-bladder disease and in the intellectual and well-to-do classes; it is roughly proportional to the "index of prosperity" of a nation or individual, and dependent on the intake of "fats" in the diet.

It is indeed amazing that a disease as common and dramatic as coronary thrombosis should have been completely missed by the medical profession until 1912, when Herrick in America focussed attention on it for the first time by a masterly account of the disease. Since that time innumerable cases of the disease have been diagnosed and treated with varying success all over the world.

The coronary arteries, which spring from the aorta, and supply the muscle of the heart with the two essentials of life—oxygen and food, are the most important blood vessels of the body. They supply to the heart, the "fuel" necessary for its odious task of supplying nourishment and removing waste products from the innumerable "cells" of the human body. The blood supply to the heart through the coronaries is by no means constant; it varies from moment to moment according to the requirements of the heart, which in turn depend on those of the body. During violent physical

rtion in a normal person, the heart y require as much as five times its rmal quota of blood to carry out work efficiently, a demand that is ays promptly and efficiently met h by healthy coronary vessels.

With advancing age (or senility) in st individuals, and prematurely those afflicted with high blood pres- e, diabetes, chronic gall-bladder dis- e or obesity, the blood vessels of body and particularly those of the rt and brain (*coronary* and *cere- l* arteries) tend to degenerate or den; such hardening of the arte- s, commonly referred to as *arterios- osis* or *atheroma,* by leading to rowing or slowing down of the od stream through their lumen, may se serious repercussions in the vital ans of the body.

Atheroma or sclerosis of the coro- y arteries may be entirely *silent* or ptomless in its early stages, re- ring an electrocardiogram, particu- y after exercise, to detect its pre- ce. The process being extremely dual, the patient may experience distress at all for the first few nths or years. With further sclero- and narrowing of the blood stream the heart muscle, symptoms of *an- a pectoris* may make their appear- e, but only during physical effort, h as fast walking on the level, lking up-hill or climbing a stair- e. Anginal pain usually starts in the tre of the chest, behind the breast- e, as a weight-like, constrictive or ning pain, spreads down the left n, lasts for only a few moments d responds promptly to rest or tri- rin tablets. By a wise regulation of mode of life of the patient, treat- ment of the causative factor if any, and a prophylactic use of trinitrin tab- lets, many a patient can be rendered free or almost free of anginal attacks.

When the blood-stream through a coronary vessel or twig becomes un- duly slow or sluggish, in a case of ad- vanced coronary sclerosis, a clot or thrombus may form in its lumen (*coronary thrombosis* or *occlusion*), cutting off the blood supply of a por- tion of the heart muscle and result- ing in its degeneration or death (myo- cardial *infarction*). In the great ma- jority of such cases, the clot tends to be absorbed in a few weeks, the dead muscle is replaced by a scar and the patient returns to normal or almost normal health. With early diagnosis and effective treatment, the mortali- ty rate of coronary thrombosis has been reduced from 50 to about 15 per cent in the last three decades.

HEART FAILURE

The term heart failure or cardiac failure, to the average layman, means sudden death or demise. The medical profession, however, uses the term in quite a different sense, i.e. failure on the part of the heart to perform its functions efficiently or its inabi- lity to meet with the demands of the body. Depending on which chamber or ventricle of the heart suffers the initial breakdown, it is customary to recognize left-sided (or left ventricu- lar), right-sided (or right ventricular) and mixed or right and left ventri- cular failure of the heart. It is pos- sible for a patient of heart failure to live for years in spite of the ineffi- cient working or decomposition of the heart.

With the dawn of the present century, such a radical change has come over the "face" of cardiology, that an entirely new science of *neo-cardiology* may be said to have been born. Many of our most cherished concepts of the past have had to be abandoned, and innumerable new ones added during the past few decades.

Amongst the latest advances in treatment may be mentioned the new drugs for high blood pressure (such as rauwolfia, veratrum, hydralazine and ganglion-blocking drugs), penicillin treatment of bacterial endocarditis and syphilis, anti-coagulants in coronary thrombosis and the judicious use of radioactive isotopes in certain types of heart disease.

Cardiac surgery has made such rapid strides within a few years that many cases of congenital and rheumatic heart disease and of hypertension and coronary disease, once abandoned as hopeless or irremediable, have been given new leases on life by timely surgical measures.

Until a few years ago, a stoppage of the heart was considered a terminal even with no possibility of survival. Today, the question of resuscitation of the dead is no longer in the realm of the unattainable. In a recent review from the U.S.A., 110 out of 322 cases of apparent death with cessation of cardiac activity, revived sufficiently after appropriate measures to return to work or normal activity. Amongst the outstanding scientific achievements of the last decade may be mentioned the highly intricate man-made appliance called the "mechanical" or "artificial heart" designed with a view to temporarily replace the heart during surgical manipulations and the ingenious electrical gadget, the "artificial pace-maker" which has been successfully employed to shock the heart back to normal activity even minutes after cessation of activity.

Of late, considerable attention has rightly been paid to the question of rehabilitation and useful employment of cardiac and coronary invalids. Since cardiac invalids are often in the prime of life and high up on the social or intellectual ladder, their rehabilitation or return to "the maximum physical, mental, emotional, social, vocational and economic usefulness" becomes a matter of great importance and urgency. In a recent review of such cases, Hellerstein and his associates were able to report a return to "gainful employment" within four years of 75 per cent of a series of 535 cardiacs.

Rapid increase in knowledge regarding the heart and blood vessels in recent years has made specialization in cardiology a matter of necessity or expediency. In view of the ever-widening frontiers of modern cardiology necessitated by the increasing impact of allied sciences, the cardiologist of today no longer conforms to the classical definition of a specialist as one who knows "more and more about less and less". Present-day cardiology "embraces and is embraced by all of medicine".

Considering that thousands of trained workers all over the world are engaged in the pursuit of further knowledge regarding the heart and blood vessels, it is but natural to expect in the near future greater achievements and success in Man's campaign against death and disease.

[Concluded]

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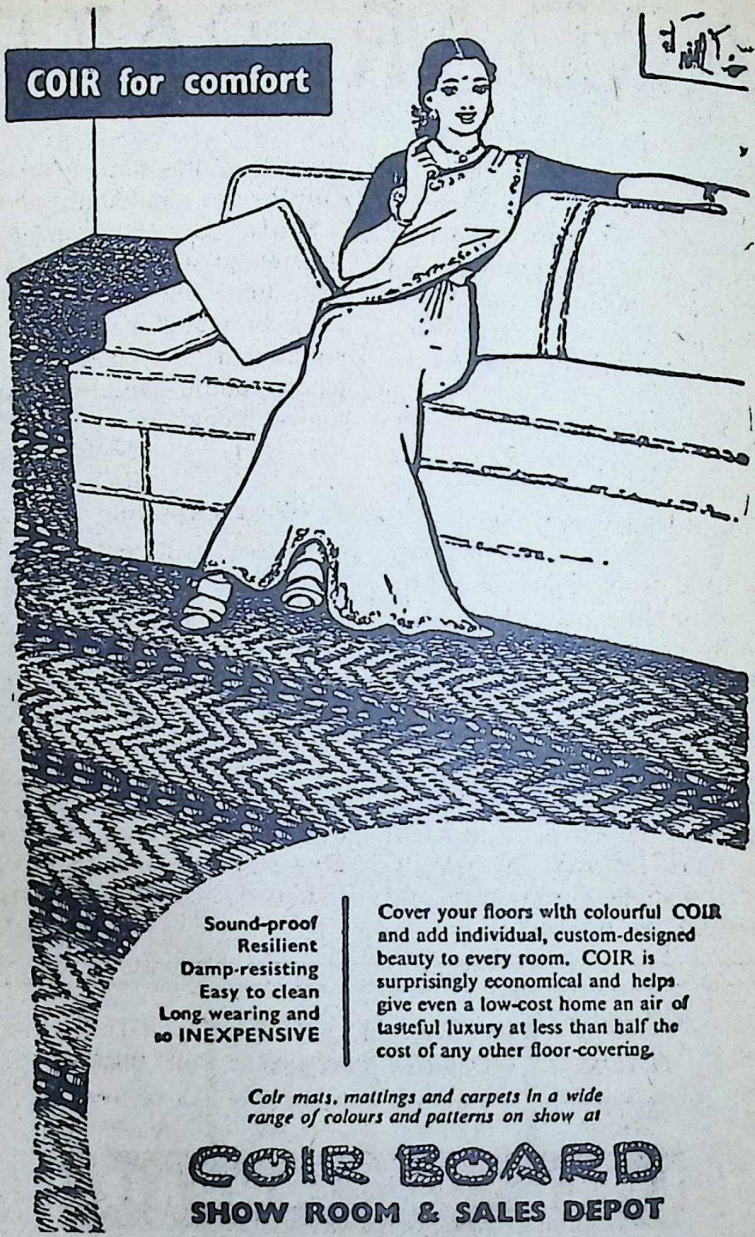

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d kind, as all great men are. He
ought about the integration of the
untry in a quiet and persuasive
nner.

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cisions in tackling problems.

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g events, forestalling situations and
aling with them. When once you
low the situation to develop, it may
difficult for you to overcome it
acefully and quietly.

People should take a warning from
hat had happened and do their ut-
ost to consolidate the country and
ake everyone see that he or she be-
longed to the nation first and then only to the community and province.

Sardar Patel might have had some differences with Gandhiji and argued with him, but once a decision was given by Gandhiji, Patel as a true disciplinarian, obeyed it. He was totally against untouchability, caste and communal prejudices.

—*Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.*

A Great Captain

History will record many things about him in its pages and call him the Builder and Consolidator of New India. But, perhaps, to many of us here he will be remembered as a great captain of our forces in the struggle for freedom, as one who gave us sound advice in times of trouble as well as in moments of victory, as a friend and colleague on whom one could invariably rely and as a tower of strength that revived wavering hearts.

—*Jawaharlal Nehru.*

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

848

Sri P. Suryanarayana, Saamshabad.

Q: *What is "Moksha"? Please define.*

A: "Moksha" is to be free from attachment, fear and wrath and live in God.

849

Sri N. Chandrasekhar, Gulbarga.

Q: *I understand Swami Vivekananda to have concluded that only individual spirituality backed by religion can be the base for a good social and political reform in India. Am I correct?*

A: Swami Vivekananda said so, and so did Sri Aurobindo and Gandhiji. If there is no spiritual outlook, social and political reform is a mockery. Reform is not external change, it is the internal change in man, which only comes of developing spiritual outlook.

850

Sri A.B. Pal, Bhagalpur, Bihar.

Q: *Unlike Mohammedans or Christians etc., most of the Hindus are very irregular in going to the temples or devoting time for worship. Is this a freedom to our religion or indiscipline?*

A: It is not freedom. It is lack of moral responsibility which is only kept alive by observing forms of maintaining contact with ceremonies or places associated with God.

851

Sri K. Vasudeva Rao, Afzalpur.

Q: *What is your opinion regarding "Dvaita" and "Advaita" philosophy?*

A: The universe, including matter, life and mind, are manifestations of God, through which He unfolds himself. But as it is very difficult to establish a living bond with a universal Existence, it is essential that we begin by surrendering ourselves to God. Surrender of an individual to God viewed as living Power—which is implied in Dvaitism —is an essential stage for most of us for attaining God-mindedness.

852

Sri T.S. Krishna Iyer, Somanur.

Q: *If Lord Buddha is considered an incarnation of God by the Hindus, why should Adi Shankaracharya rise much against Buddhism and cause its downfall in the very land of its birth?*

A: Adi Shankaracharya did not fight Buddha ; he fought the doctrines which had sprung up round eighth century Buddhism. Perhaps Buddha was accepted as an incarnation after Shankara's time.

K. M. MUNSHI'S

Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

36. HIS HIGHNESS

IT was the New Year Day; everyone was up and doing early. After Sheela had distributed New Year gifts to the servants, the three of them went out for a walk to the 'Chowk Point'. They were all in such a buoyant mood that every topic they discussed and every comment they made amused and delighted them. By the time they returned, it was midday. As they passed the Railway Station on their way back, they found that the train had just steamed in and the passengers were streaming out.

Radharaman's sharp eyes spotted the ruler of Premkot, Sir Samarsinh, K.C.I.E. Radharaman was by nature vain and susceptible to flattery. Though he was elated he took care to conceal it whenever any well-known personality or influential individual came seeking his professional advice. The previous day he had received a telegram from the Ruler of Premkot saying that he proposed to arrive in Matheran the next day to discuss with Radharaman something very urgent and important. When Radharaman informed Sheela of this, she had protested vigorously and indeed suggested that the Maharaja should be asked to postpone his visit. She considered it absurd that, however urgent, the matter could not wait for 24 hours; after all, they were due to return on the following day.

"But my dear, he also knows that today is the New Year Day. And if he is nevertheless coming up, it must be because he has something that is very important and urgent and cannot wait," remarked Radharaman.

Sheela did not press the matter further. She knew her husband and had realised intuitively that he was feeling flattered that someone as important as the Maharaja was coming up specially to consult him.

Having seen His Highness alight from the train, Radharaman thought it polite to wait for him. And Sheela halted with him. Uday, who was anxious to get away so as not to embarrass the Maharaja who early in life had treated them so shabbily and would have preferred to walk away, was detained by Radharaman. So they all waited until His Highness came out.

Samarsinh had succeeded to the rulership of Premkot with the help of the eight lakhs of rupees lent him

by the late His Highness Gangasinh. Thereafter, because of his inherent ability and the favour of the British Officer who liked him, he acquired a position of some importance among the Indian Princes. Radharaman had also played a vital role in helping him to climb to his present position of influence and importance. It was His Highness's invariable practice, whenever he came up against some difficulty, to consult barrister Radharaman, who had thus become his friend, philosopher and guide.

His Highness was not able to come out of the station straightway; he was stopped on the way and had to talk with some people. His face was wreathed in smiles, and his movements, despite an incipient corpulence, were by no means undignified.

In the meantime, Sheela's attention was drawn to two Eurasian women who had also alighted from the train. They were tall, and fair; their faces were heavily made up, and they were attractively dressed. They walked up to a place quite close to them, and there waited for an unengaged rikshaw. Radharaman looked at them; he was a gay dog, and could not keep his eyes off attractive women. Sheela was aware of this weakness of her husband. So after a glance at her husband, she turned her attention to the women; to her surprise, she found one of them smiling pointedly at Radharaman. Radharaman seemed to respond with a smile, before he turned away, almost as if to indicate that he did not know them. Sheela, who saw this by-play, shuddered. By now, she had become a good judge of these things, and intuitively felt that Radharaman and these women were old acquaintances.

Sheela heard one of the women telling the rikshaw driver to take her and her companion to the Rugby Hotel. Sheela had no doubt that the women had spoken loudly so that Radharaman should be able to hear the address given.

By this time, His Highness had come out of the station. He shook hands warmly with Radharaman and Uday, and greeted Sheela with folded hands, with a 'Jai Mahadev'. Though a little stout, he looked attractive in his Jodhpuri breeches and closed collar coat. On his little finger he wore a large diamond ring. His manners were suave, as befitting a prince, and the charm of his smile had a naturalness about it that was very attractive.

"Sheelaben, how are you? Well, I trust. I must ask you to forgive me for spoiling your husband's New Year Day. But you know more than anyone else how much I rely on him and how I cannot take a single decision without his advice. It is most fortunate that Uday is also here." Then turning towards Uday, His Highness continued as if his relationship with him was very old and cordial. "How is Rajba and Majiba?"

Not quite understanding the reason for His Highness's sudden concern for their welfare, Uday replied rather hesitantly: "They have gone to Pondicherry to see Sri Aurobindo Ghosh and seek his blessings."

"But they are well, I hope" observed His Highness.

"Yes, of course," said Uday.

"Sheelaben, Uday is an old friend of mine. We were together in London.

lay, I need your help as well. But I ll not take your time and Sheela- n's now. I am going to stay in Sir stonji's bungalow at Louisa Point. hen will you come there? Sheela- n, please excuse me once again for ing away your husband on such a y. I really have no alternative," said s Highness.

"He is yours. Isn't he?" replied eela lightly.

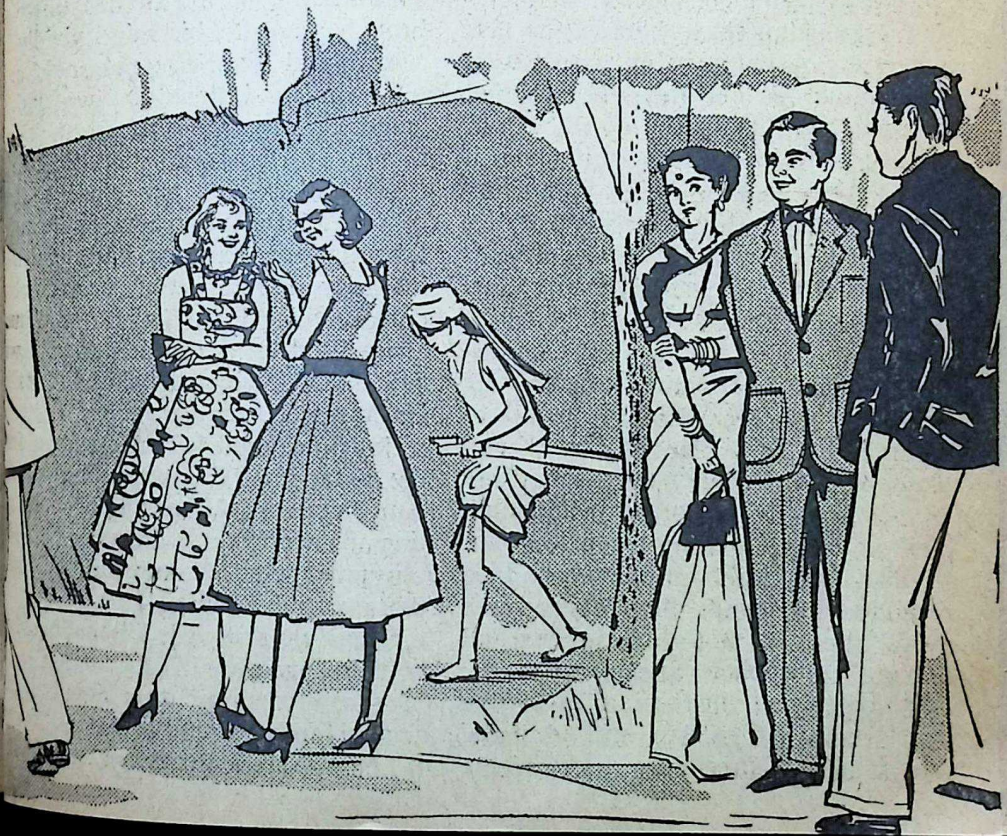
"I shall come for tea at four", said dharaman.

"But please promise me that you ll bring Uday along. I want to talk him," said His Highness.

"Certainly. Uday will also come", serted Radharaman.

"Sheelaben, do excuse me," said His Highness. "I would have asked you to come along, but we shall be discussing business. We would only be boring you. I shall be waiting for you at four o'clock, Radharamanbhai. And Uday, you must also come. 'Jai Mahadev', Sheelaben. Good-bye. Uday, my boy, do not disappoint me". With a 'cheer-io' His Highness bestrode his horse and rode away.

Uday was a little upset at this meeting with His Highness. Samarsinh had behaved very badly towards Rajba and his family, and ever since, they had avoided him. Samarsinh could not have been unaware of the contempt in which Uday and his family held him. Nevertheless, today he had behaved in an excessively friendly manner. This



puzzled Uday. He was not unaware of His Highness's doings during the past six or seven years. The whole of Saurashtra talked of little else.

After the death of Uday's uncle, the Maharaja of Manigadh, Ganga Sinhji, his nephew Ramsinhji had come to the gadi. Ramsinhji had treated Hanskunverba generously despite her past behaviour, and indeed looked after her as if she were his real mother. The only thing he had insisted upon was that Hanskunverba's mother must leave the State, and she for her part was also most anxious to get away. She had therefore moved to Rajkot taking with her as much money as she could extract from Hanskunverba.

After becoming the Ruler of Premkot, Samarsinh set to himself the task of getting his natural abilities generally recognised. Before long, his brother Rulers conceded that he was a man of ability and judgment. And when it was found that he enjoyed the confidence of the Viceroy, his prestige soared high. Socially too, his status as a prince went up when he succeeded in marrying into an important ruling family.

For a year or two he tried genuinely to run his State well. Compared to life in London, Paris, Vienna and Monte Carlo, His Highness found life in Premkot much too drab and dull. Her Highness had all the pride of a Rajput princess, and to that was added the pride of her beauty. But she was orthodox in her ways and outlook and it was beyond her capacity to satisfy His Highness's hankering after the European way of life and pleasure. His Highness soon grew tired of the usual entertainments available in a Princely State in India; and every summer found him in gay places of Europe.

At Manigadh, meanwhile, Hanskunverba found the very strict life of the palace unbearable. His Highness Ramsinh, while treating her with all respect, was also insistent upon her conducting herself in a manner befitting the Dowager Queen Mother. Hanskunverba who hated the very idea of widowhood and restraint, soon became so thoroughly unhappy that she decided to remind Samarsinh of the old days and to ask him to arrange a meeting.

Samarsinh had never quite got over his passion for Hanskunverba. This communication from her therefore brought back to his mind vividly her charm and vivacious personality and the wonderful time the two had together during the unforgettable one month in Bombay. Then the two of them had come very close to each other and the very care and caution they had to exercise had tended to intensify their attraction for each other. Samarsinh's imagination was once again fired by these memories. He recalled with delight the skill with which Hanskunverba had managed to extract as much as eight lakhs of rupees from the late His Highness Gangasinhji. And how skilful she had been in getting the work done through Col. Pratapsinh's wife! Samarsinh felt that there was his opportunity to banish the dullness from his life in Premkot: he therefore decided once again to see Hanskunverba and to enjoy her passionate embraces.

Letters and messages were ex-

nged. Hanskunverba's letters were suggestive of her own longing to be h His Highness that he also became atient to end their continued phy- l separation and his replies in their , were equally passionate.

t was not however an easy thing Hanskunverba to leave Manigadh. ween them they finally evolved a . Hanskunverba had still to go a pilgrimage before she could for- lly terminate her period of mourn- It was also her supreme duty as a oted widow to consign the ashes of departed husband at Prayag per- ally and then after offering wor- at the temple of Viswanath in aras, to visit 68 other sacred places pilgrimage. The special railway on in which Hanskunverba was to t her pilgrimage to Prayag, how- , had to be attached at the junc- station to the train that went Premkot. So it was in the fitness things for Hanskunverba to be nally honoured at Premkot station ; r all, it was her late husband's help ch had enabled Samarsinh to get rulership of Premkot. And once skunverba was at Premkot station was there to stop her from doing tever she liked? Once we decide gnore conventions and public cri- m, what else is there to stop one n behaving as one liked?

ight miles away from Premkot, one s former rulers had built a palace d 'Vihar Bhavan', as a place for recreation and pleasure. It had n screened off from the public gaze a very high wall. As soon as his respondence with Hanskunverba ted, His Highness Samarsinh got palace refurnished. There would be, he argued, nothing improper in accommodating such an important and distinguished guest as Hanskunverba in a comfortable and elegant palace.

Their plan succeeded. Hanskunverba left Manigadh for the pilgrimage and when the train carrying her saloon arrived at Premkot station His Highness received her with the ceremonial respect due to the Dowager Queen Mother of Manigadh. The Vihar Bhavan was placed at her disposal. Every day, His Highness called upon Hanskunverba and remained with her for long hours. Those who accompanied His Highness when he visited Vihar Bhavan not unnaturally exercised their imagination to the full when describing to their friends the luxury and the comfort of the palace. This naturally caused a great deal of talk among the people.

Month after month went by, but Hanskunverba showed no signs of resuming her journey to holy Prayag. His Highness now found Premkot sufficiently entertaining and gave up his trips to Europe.

Her Highness the Maharani of Premkot came of an ancient ruling family of Rajputana. She was brought up by an English governess and had received her education at the hands of English teachers. Nevertheless she was by temperament a Rajput lady. She was angry but did not quite know what to do. She knew full well that among ruling families in India, the tradition of being faithful to one's wife had disappeared with Sri Ramachandra. She had therefore to suffer in silence. So far she had not given birth to a son and was afraid that if His Highness took it into his head, that

fact alone would be sufficient excuse for him to marry again. She therefore swallowed the bitter pill of humiliation. In desparation she had recourse to Sadhus and other quacks to ensure through the help of supernatural powers that His Highness might cease to have anything to do with Hanskunverba, but the powers remained unresponsive.

Meantime, at Manigadh the saintly ruler Ramsinhji was deeply distressed at his aunt's shocking behaviour. He wrote repeatedly urging her to return but she did not even deign to reply. He sent his officers to escort her back but they were not allowed admittance to Vihar Bhavan. He sent her telegrams requesting her either to go to Banaras or to return to Manigadh. He pointed out to her that her conduct had made it impossible for the ruling family of Manigadh to hold up their heads. No reply was vouchsafed to these telegrams also. His Highness Ramsinhji tried the last expedient of stopping Hanskunverba's allowance. This too was treated by Hanskunverba and His Highness Samarsinh with scorn. Throughout Saurashtra, people talked of nothing but the love affair of Hanskunverba and His Highness Samarsinh in Vihar Bhavan.

No one in Uday's own household ever referred by name to these two. Uday was therefore astonished to find His Highness's effusive cordiality for him. He could not help thinking that behind the mask there lay some scheme concerning Hanskunverba. Uday was afraid that Majiba and Bhupatmama would be annoyed with him if they learnt that he had had any kind of contact with His Highness. All of them had nothing but contempt for His Highness inspite of his handsome and dignified appearance, his skill, his good fortune, and his courage. For them his love affair with his aunt was sufficient to make him unworthy of entry in any decent home. Uday did not, however, know how to disregard the invitation which had been extended to him so cordially.

Apart from all this, Uday was also deeply concerned at the sudden change he saw in Sheela. She had become visibly pale, her eyes showed distress, while her lips trembled from time to time as if she was trying to suppress some hidden pain. All the joy he had experienced in the last three days had vanished and he did not feel sufficiently composed to take any interest in Radharaman's conversation.

Fortunately, Radharaman was in an extremely happy and expansive mood. His vanity had been flattered that His Highness had left Bombay on the New Year Day to come to Matheran solely to seek his advice. He had also had a fleeting glimpse of his former mistress which had rekindled in him his slumbering passion for her. He was excited and jubilant, and kept talking of his achievements. So deep was his satisfaction with himself that he failed to realise that neither of his two companions was paying any attention to what he was saying.

Sheela had instinctively realised the danger that confronted her. Somehow or other she managed to preserve her composure but she dared not allow herself to speak lest others should discover her discomfiture. She could not eat the excellent dinner that she had got prepared for the New Year Day.

day tried unsuccessfully to arouse me interest in her. Luckily for her, thing could stop Radharaman once started narrating his latest version the story of how he managed to t His Highness the rulership of emkot.

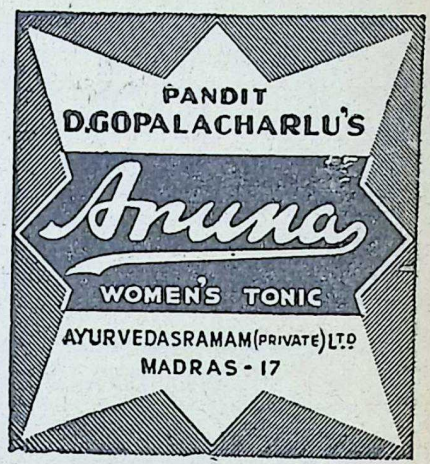
It was Sheela's wont to retire to her droom after the mid-day meal, but at day she did not do so. She went t instead into the garden and sat a bench under a shady tree. Uday uld see and feel her distress, but he d no idea what had brought about e sudden sadness. If he could have stered up sufficient courage, he uld have liked to go up to Sheela d sought to console her, but he did t dare do so.

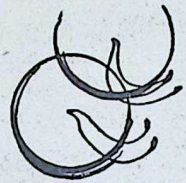
Radharaman was also in the habit reposing for half an hour or so er mid-day meal, but that day he s too excited to rest. He was no re concerned with what was beming. He forgot Sheela. His mind s completely engrossed with Becky. e is really wonderful," he murmur- to himself. "She is such fun: so nd." The recollection of the wonful time he had had with her ined his imagination. Becky's insole, crudeness and vulgarity had atted him most to her. "She is nd," he murmured again. Old exiences had revived in his memory. e would sit stretching out her bare s unconcernedly, blowing out curls smoke through her nose. She was eed jolly. She was great at mimi. She would pick out some pecuities of her friends, may they be r so vulgar, and imitate them. unk or sober, without a second ught, she would tell Radharaman insolently "Get away Radhi, I am sick of you." She would make love with such complete abandon that one was delightfully surprised at her shocking way. She was undoubtedly of the gutter but a wonderful creature all the same!

Learning, politeness, manners, culture, charming smile, all appeared to Radharaman insipid, even odious. Indeed he thought them all to be shades of hyprocrisy.

As soon as it was three, Radharaman dreaming of Becky got up to change and by half past three, he left the house, taking Uday with him.

Sheela had completely broken down. For three days, she had been really and truly happy. And now all of a sudden there was this catastrophe. After a while, she got up, splashed some water on her face, put on a new *sari* and went out for a lonely walk.





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a moment she thought that it her imagination which was mis-ing her. Did that woman really e on seeing Radharaman or was ly her fancy which made her think Perhaps her smile was meant for one else? Could there be no sig-ance in Radharaman's respond-wink? For months now Sheela had her best to please her husband now she had almost begun to be-that he had given up all the urge e the gay lothario that he had been. She began to blame her-even for imagining that her new-ained confidence in her husband slipping.

n returning from her walk she gave uctions to the cook about the ing meal. Then she thought of pleting *Tapaswini* which she had begun to read. That brought to mind its author. In her efforts to e her husband she had given no ght to building up a circle of ds. Today she felt the need of pathetic friends around her. In-bly the question arose in her mind her Uday could be such a friend. eela was soon absorbed in the . As she came to the end, she d her heart beating fast and her ination taking possession of her ghts. Was Uday himself the pro-e of the poet in that book, and , what was she? She picked up *arangi* and began to tune it. But could not concentrate. It was as e story of the poet and *Tapaswini* upset the balance of mind she had ined.

[To be continued]

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riddles

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES III

1. *The chariot runs on the top of a hill,*
But the charioteer is sitting on the ground;
It is going with the speed of wind,
But does not move a single foot.
What is that?

—N. S. Sridharan, Calcutta.

* * *

2. *He will run but he is no sprinter;*
He has no office but will work day and night;
He reminds you but is not at your beck and call;
He has a heart but works only for a day.
Who is he?

* * *

3. *When you are alone you seek her;*
When you travel you get her;
When you relax you receive her;
When you are bored you throw her away.
Who is she?

—V. V. Visveswaran, Coimbatore.

4. *I grow fast but I am lifeless;*
I prick others, but I am not needle;
I draw pictures, but I am not pencil;
I protect my master but I am n a dog.
Who am I?

* * *

5. *I am always wet but not a spong*
I live in a cave, but not a lion;
I leap at good things but not frog;
I withdraw when in fright but not a tortoise;
I clean my abode always, but n a brush.
Who am I?

—G. Srinivasan, Tinnavelly J

RIDDLES

Answers to Series II

(1) Lotus (2) Spectacles (3) Lock (4) Future (5) Mango

HE PRINCE'S ROMANCE

OVE is such a sacred emotion that even Gods are not immune to its power. Its rules are the here as in heaven. When the di- damsel fell in love with the tor- Prince, she had abdicated herself e Prince's favour. Her mind was onger her own. When the Prince ed only one Parijata flower, the sel decided to shower many at his irrespective of why he wanted it ow he would dispose of it.

ell has it been said that the femi- mind is unfathomable. Its ways so ingenious and implacable that reat minds of the world had been spectators at its sweep and range. damsel, therefore, had little diffi- in planning out her next step. she returning to her other friends were still sporting in the waters: ve cursed the man who stole my es into stone and have hurried to you. Now it is time. All of you oing!"

hearing the command of their r, all the girls came out of the r, towelled their bodies and wrap- themselves in their clothes. They heir hair up so daintily for dry- p that even the holiest of saints d not help losing their breath for ond at the sight.

eaching heaven, the love-lorn dam- ent for Maya and ordered him ake a guitar for her quickly. In the meantime she went into Nandana, the heavenly garden, and picked a whole basketful of Parijata flowers. After paying Maya for the guitar, she prepared a plateful of delicious dishes for her lover and together with the guitar and Parijata flowers flew to the temple on the earth where the tortoise-Prince was waiting for her.

Seeing her floating down the heavenly path bewitchingly, the Prince ran towards her and locked her fervidly in an embrace which set the seal on their mutual love. Long did they lie on their back on the green lawns outside the temple, chatting, laughing and partaking of the divine food, while the autumnal moon shone above their heads in her full glory. The feathered fraternity with their sweet and muffled chirpings provided music for the eternal song the two lovers were composing.

Said the Prince: My love! All that I asked of you was a single Parijata flower and you have brought me a basketful. Why?

Damsel: By bringing you a basketful of those flowers, I wanted to indicate in a small way the measure of my love towards you!

Prince: Well said! Now what for have you brought this guitar? Unfortunately I am not a musician at all!

Damsel: I was just coming to it. One need not be a musician in the

technical sense to play on it. Don't you know that it is of divine origin? It will play the music of your heart! All that you have to do is to touch its strings when you feel strongly for my company and I shall be there, no matter what time or place, to be at your service.

Prince: That is very thoughtful of you; in fact I was despairing how to get in touch with you when you go away from here at the call of your duty.

After indulging in all the meaningless talk which all lovers nevertheless love to do, the divine damsel took leave of him, leaving the guitar to which the Prince clung as his own life's breath.

As he started on his return journey with the basket of Parijata flowers flung over his back, he accosted the last sage who directed him to the Parijata flower. As a matter of courtesy, he told the sage about the success of his mission. Noticing the guitar, the sage asked: "What is that instrument, my child, and why do you carry it?"

The Prince replied: "It is a gift from a divine friend. Would you like to see its effect?"

"If you have no objection!"

"Of course no. Look!" said the Prince and twanged the guitar, when lo! came floating like a flake of snow the divine damsel holding the platter of delicious food. The bond of love between the two was so great that the sage's presence made no difference to them as they clung to each other in fast embrace while the sage turned aside for all appearances.

Not for nothing have the ancients stigmatised lust as the most die-hard

of instincts. It manages to keep alive beneath a heap of ashes accumulated by years of penance. The sage, despite years of *tapas*, was shaken to the core of his being by the sight of this ravishing beauty and could not help coveting her for himself. Once his heart was set on its trail, his mind quickly devised the means of achieving the desire.

When the Prince returned to the sage, the latter asked him: "Great Prince, of what use are musical instruments to people who are born to protect others! Men like me on the other hand can put them to better use by singing the Lord's name. On the other hand, look at this wand of mine

magically potent. Once you direct ith a formula nothing human or r-human can stand before its nt. It will annihilate single-handed le armies. Just as the guitar in hand, I have pretty little use for low about exchanging it for your ar?"

he Prince being essentially a *ksha-* readily agreed to the suggestion got the magic wand with its for- a in return for his guitar and after ing *pranams* to the venerable sage inued his journey.

s he had proceeded but a few ls the magic stick which was duly eathed to him suddenly jumped of his hold and falling at the ce's feet said in a human voice: ster! I have been on starvation diet e the sage acquired me. Now that has coveted your guitar for any ose other than what he told you, don't you permit me to pound to death and satisfy my hunger?"

ust as you please!" replied the ce and it was done so sooner than The Prince thereupon took hold e guitar as well as the magic wand proceeded further on his journey- hat sage was not the only one who from the chosen path at the sight mptation, for both the other two s whom he met and to whom he essed his gratefulness for their ince met the same fate and the ce became the gainer of a coat h could give at will all that one red by way of food or clothes etc., a pair of sandals which could take to any place in this world or any r.

s soon as he reached the sea-shore again sent an s.o.s. to the divine damsel in the usual manner. When she alighted, they had their fun, and at the time of their departure, the Prince addressed the damsel: "My love! I am the Crown-Prince of Amaravati," and related his story and the cause of his quest in detail and concluded: "You will now realise that I shall, on reaching my city, present this Parijata flower to the Minister who in duty bound will marry his first daughter to me. Till that time I shall deposit this guitar and my three magic implements at the foot of this tree. You should wait here guarding them till I come back to take them."

The damsel nodded and the Prince thereupon took out the tortoise shell from his pocket and adjusting it over him, shrunk his body into it, becoming a tortoise; carrying in his teeth the basket of Parijata flowers hung by a rope he dived into the sea.

Reaching the city, the tortoise-Prince stood before his father with the Parijata flowers. The King who was astonished by the feat of his son, promptly sent word to his minister who on seeing the Parijata flower, had no option but to abide by his word by agreeing to give his daughter in marriage to the tortoise. The minister's daughter, however, who heard of the success of the Prince, felt innately glad that her would-be husband was no ordinary tortoise which could never perform such a feat. She felt confident that he was superhuman and decided to wait patiently for the disclosure.

The minister performed the marriage of all the three daughters, the others being given to two other princes. All the three were treated equally.

[To be continued]

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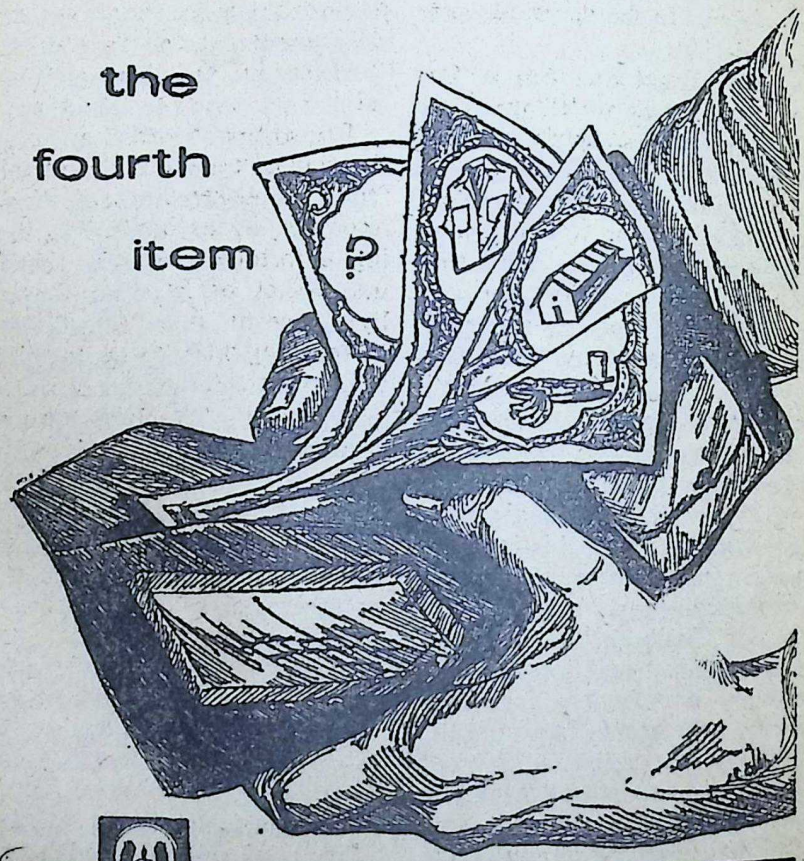

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NEWS & NOTES

A student of the Sangit Shiksha Pith garlanding Dr. B. V. Keskar, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, who was the Chief Guest on the occasion of the Bhatkhande Anniversary Celebrations conducted on 19th and 20th of last month.

SMT. SARAYUBALA KHANDALLA

ER the joint auspices of the tiya Vidya Bhavan, Bharatiya Seva Sangh (women's wing of havan), Bharatiya Kala Kendra the Bhavan's College, a con- e meeting to mourn the sad ntimely demise of Smt. Sarayu- Khandwalla, was held on Mon- he 21st November, at 5 p.m. in havan's Gita Mandir, when Sir Divatia, Vice-President of the n and the Ex-Vice Chancellor Gujarat University, presided. A number of friends, co-workers dmirers of the deceased as well mbers of the participating insti- s were present.

Harsidhbhai traced the life and ies of the late Smt. Khandwalla her childhood days and recalling mber of noteworthy incidents in life, said that she was always ous, active and ever ready to pion women's welfare activities. er untimely and sudden demise havan in general, the Stree Seva and the Kala Kendra in parti- had lost an able, conscientious energetic social worker.

re than a dozen speakers re- ting different cultural, literary and social institutions of Bombay paid their tribute to the indefatigable energy and profound sense of duty which the late Smt. Khandwalla brought to bear on all her assignments in the cause of the various institutions.

A condolence resolution was passed all standing.

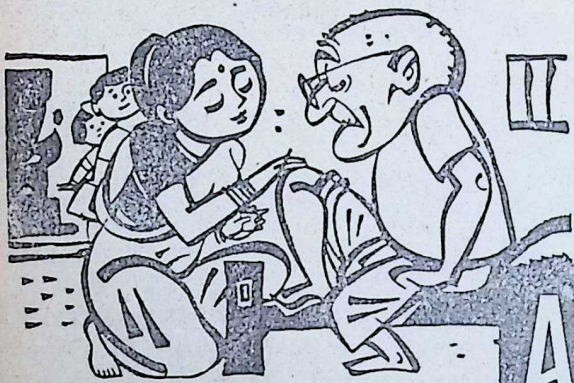
KALIDASA JAYANTI IN CEYLON

KALIDASA DAY was celebrated at the Jaffna Central College, Ceylon, on 1st November, 1960, under the auspices of High School Students' Union. Mas. M. Mac Intyre presided over the function. Proceedings commenced with a verse from Kalidasa's *Sakuntalam* recited by Mas. T. Sagadevan.

Sri S. R. Kumaresan, in his welcome address, referred to Jaffna Central College as one of the pioneer institutions in Jaffna to introduce Sanskrit in the curriculum.

Pandit S. Ramachandran who spoke in Tamil explained some of Kalidasa's

Pain in the joints?



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tiful similies. He discussed the er of imagery of the poet.

i M. D. Balasubrahmanyam, M.A. e-President of the Jaffna Branch he Vishva Parishad), Lecturer in krit, Jaffna College, said "The elements found in Kalidasa's s are not of a physical type. is supreme. Though Sakuntala centre of attraction, the dramatist es the character full of humility kindness."

s. Mac Intyre proposed the vote anks.

VAN'S MADRAS KENDRA

Prize Distribution function of the as Kendra took place under the dentship of Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. tor of the Bharatiya Vidya Bha- Bombay, on Monday the 21st Nov- r 1960. A distinguished gather- was present. Sri J. H. Dave took opportunity of giving a reception ehalf of the Bharatiya Vidya Bha- to the Members of the Central krit Board, who happened to be at as and were present on that occa-

i K. Balasubramania Aiyar, Hon. tary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, as Branch, in welcoming Sri J. H. , Members of the Central Sanskrit d and other guests, paid a tribute ulapati Sri K. M. Munshi and the atiya Vidya Bhavan for the servi- endered by them to the cause of n Culture and Sanskritic studies. aid that although started very re- y, 175 students appeared in the l Sanskrit Examinations held this mber from the Bhavan's Centre, as; National Girls' High School, licane and the Jain Mission Society, as, of whom as many as 150 pass- 24 with distinction.

i J. H. Dave gave away the Prizes Certificates to the successful stu- s of whom the majority were girl nts.

In his opening speech, Sri J. H. Dave recalled the work being done by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in the cause of Indian Culture and Sanskrit in particular. Over 35,000 students, he said, took the courses from 360 centres spread all over India. Students who took the four Easy Sanskrit courses offered by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan were any day superior in Sanskrit knowledge to the present-day college students. As a member of the Sanskrit Board, he said, he was confident of a great future for Sanskrit and that there was no need for despondency or pessimism.

Students of the National Girls' High School, Triplicane, gave an excellent recital of Mahishasuramardini Stotra in Sanskrit. After a vote of thanks proposed by Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, the meeting terminated with the National Anthem.

After the conclusion of the function, Sri J. H. Dave, on behalf of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, entertained the Members of the Central Sanskrit Board to tea.

HONOURING A POET LAUREATE

POET V. RAMALINGAM PILLAI who inspired the people of Tamil Nad to be in the forefront of the Freedom Struggle by his soul-stirring national songs is now 73 summers old. Now he is a member of the Madras Legislative Council where he espouses all good and deserving causes. Apart from being a great poet, he is a rare soul, whose motto is 'service to humanity.' To Honour and pay homage to the great personality of the poet, the Bharathi Memorial Sangam, Madras is, issuing a Souvenir about him and all interested in this noble cause are requested to send donations to Sri P. Kalyanasundaram, Treasurer, Bharathi Memorial Sangam, 4, Bhagavatam Gupta Street, Thyagarayanagar, Madras-17.

The definitive edition of Sri Pillai's poems (published by the Little Flower Co. of Madras) will also be released on that occasion.

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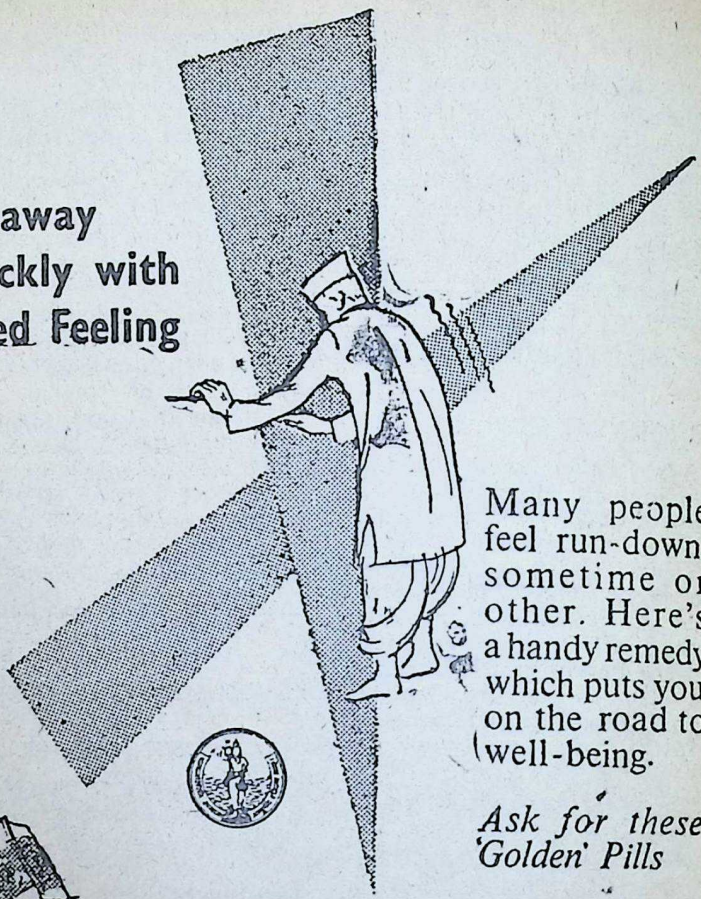

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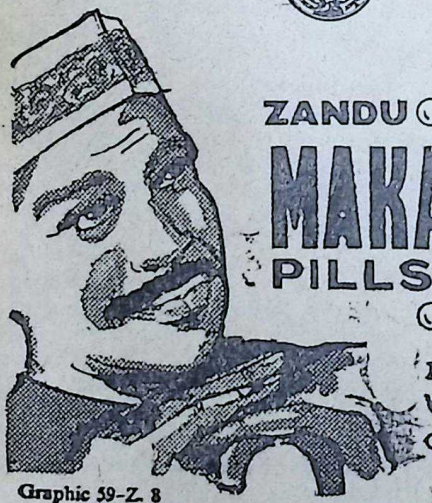

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WER AND MORALITY. By Piti-rim A. Sorokin and Walter A. Lunden. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7 pp. 192. Price: Rs. 2.

HE BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN s already placed the world of lian students of ethics and socio-y under a deep debt of gratitude publishing Sorokin's *"Reconstruc-n of Humanity"* in their Book iversity series. It is a great service popularise the writings of this Sage-ofessor's views on society and his conception of the blueprint for the future. His is the wise voice in the present world of confusion arising from the welter of fantastic ideas and insane power. Sorokin has no patience with the petty, sensational political nostrums of our age. He criticises ruthlessly and exposes the silly fashionable sophistries of our age.

In the volume under review we get an integrated picture of the well-knit philosophy of Sorokin. His thesis is neatly set out. He holds the view that the present governments in the differ-

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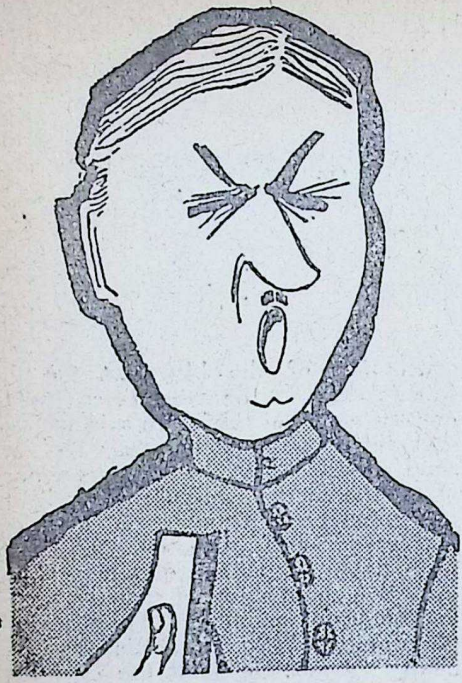

THE BUSINESSMAN
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ent countries, i.e., the democracies in different countries, "do not display the minimum of intellectual, moral and social qualifications necessary for a successful solution of the tremendous problems confronting us". Sorokin argues that the well-being of mankind cannot be entrusted to governments which are today in charge of the alarming nuclear weapons and competing with one another. Our author examines the morality of the ruling class, its tall claims to greatness and its exemption from the normal rules of morality that governs the ruled. The double standard of morality, one for governments and another for the people, adumbrated by the audacious Florentine Machiavelli in his celebrated book *'The Prince'* is exposed in a convincing manner. That which is politically expedient cannot be and should not be morally reprehensible. Morality is one for all. Otherwise "power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely...great political men are almost always bad men' (Acton). Sorokin argues that it is a great gamble and utmost folly to entrust our lives and ideals to the governments that hold the monopolistic control of nuclear weapons. We need to replace "the government of the politician, by the *government of the scientists, saints and sages*". Further, we need "an universal total disarmament which alone can, automatically, prevent the misuse and abuse of power. We also need a revaluation of our current tattered values in the light of the real nature and true needs of man. Society must be organised on such a basis as to generate and make possible the mobilization of the creative forces of humanity, arising from the spontaneous cooperation of the best minds, pure hearts and sincere conscience. Without love and creative freedom being released in man we cannot have any enduring, new, nobler, and better social order. Individual remaking is necessary for social reconstruction. Sorokin stresses the value of human

nity and fellow feeling called love d *altruism.*

orokin's criticism of current doc- es and his analysis is astounding full of details. His style is simple, ect and forcible. His luminous ments are hewn from life and in m he has distilled the wealth of accumulated experience and wis- n garnered through his span of

he conclusion of Sorokin is accep- by the eminent and unrepentant onalist Bertrand Russell and the t psychiatrist, C. G. Jung.

orokin and Lunden have done r job in an admirable manner. The dpoint of the author is a fresh in- retation of the ancient Indian dpoint in the modern context.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

V OF GOD. By T. V. Kapali astry. Published by M. P. Pandit, ri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondi- erry. pp. 64. Price: 2.00.

S little book contains the life- ches of Sri Krishna Chaitanya, u Nanak and Guru Govind Singh. describing in each the background he age, the author has been at s to impress on the reader that coming of these saints on India's tual horizon was a necessity of respective periods in which they . In other words, the lives of e saints are fine illustrations of spirit of the *Gita*: that God des- s on earth whenever Dharma nes.

e birth of Chaitanya was at a when Indian society was in a tic condition. It had degenerated by influence of Buddhism and Tantric tuism. Moreover, political humilia- at the hands of Muhammedan in- rs well-nigh over three centuries st shook its moral foundations. ara's Advaita Vedanta appealed to a learned few who could do ing to regain the lost faith of the non man. It was at this time that tanya appeared with his Bhakti which could by its very nature

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attract a mass following. His greatest triumph was to re-create the mystic love of Radha and Krishna among the people, a parallel of which we saw some centuries later in the life of Sri Ramakrishna.

Guru Nanak who founded the Sikh religion was, in the words of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, the incarnation of King Janaka. He had as his followers Hindus as well as Muhammedans. By fusing the best out of the two religions Nanak evolved his sect which even today remains a prominent community.

Nanak's successor, Guru Govind Singh who was the Tenth Guru of the Sikhs, gave this sect militant form and called upon every Sikh to wear the five symbols which are their inseparables—Kesh (unshorn hair), Kripan (sword), Kachch (breeches), Kankana or Kara (iron ring worn on the turban or iron bangle worn on the wrist) and Kangha (comb for dressing the hair).

Present-day India which is fast losing its grip on its glorious traditions will benefit much if her men, women and children study the lives and preachings of these saints.

—*Sri A. P. C. Nayar.*

GUJARATI

DHARMAVARNAN (An outline of Religions) By A. B. Dhruv. Published by the Director, Oriental Institute, M. S. University, Baroda. Second edition, 1959. pp. 16+264. Price: Rs. 3.25 nP.

THIS is a reprint of late Prof. A. B. Dhruv's introductory text-book on world religions first published in 1913. As the only book of its kind in Gujarati and a work coming from the pen of a distinguished scholar and dominant Gujarati literary figure of his times, the book has its distinctions. It presents in a brief outline and under convenient arrangement the basic tenets and principles of all the chief religions, with Hinduism in the van. It also gives translations of select scriptural passages. The presentation is not intended to be quite so objective, as it is admittedly tilted in favour of emphasizing the common traits of the religions treated. The purpose is admirable and the book might have been found some fifty years back to have served it usefully. But since then the very concept of religion has altered and the attitudes towards traditional religions have undergone a radical transformation. A present-day student or intelligent reader desirous of understanding the common ground of religions would hardly be helped by a mere collection of different religious tenets, because religions are after all self-contained systems, and similarly-looking ideas might be playing vastly different roles within respective systems. In order to find the common core, it is first required to dispel the thick terminological fog and to interpret the systems with reference to a basic conceptional frame. Then and then only we can think of some sort of synthesis to meet the present-day needs. Surely, the pedagogic value of the book under review for making available reliable information in a simple and succinct form cannot be denied. We badly need works on comparative religions which keep academic and practical aims quite distinct.

The interest of the book as one of Prof. Dhruv's contributions towards broadening contemporary Hinduism is historic.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani.*

Confidence always gives pleasure to the man in whom it is placed. It is a tribute which we pay to his merit; it is a treasure which we entrust to his honour; it is a pledge which gives him a certain right over us, and a kind of dependence to which we subject ourselves.

—La Raochefoucauld.

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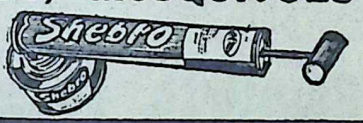

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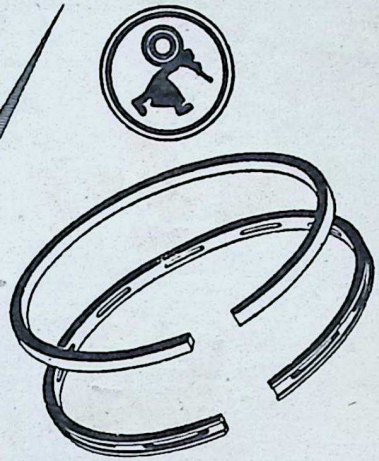

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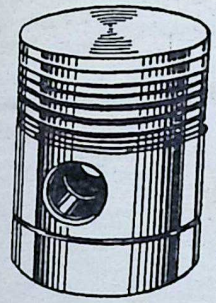

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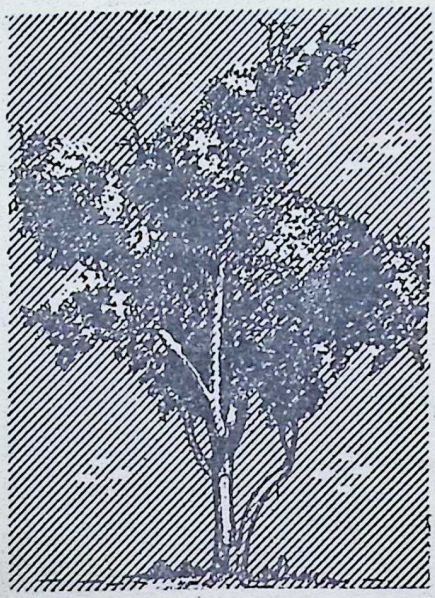

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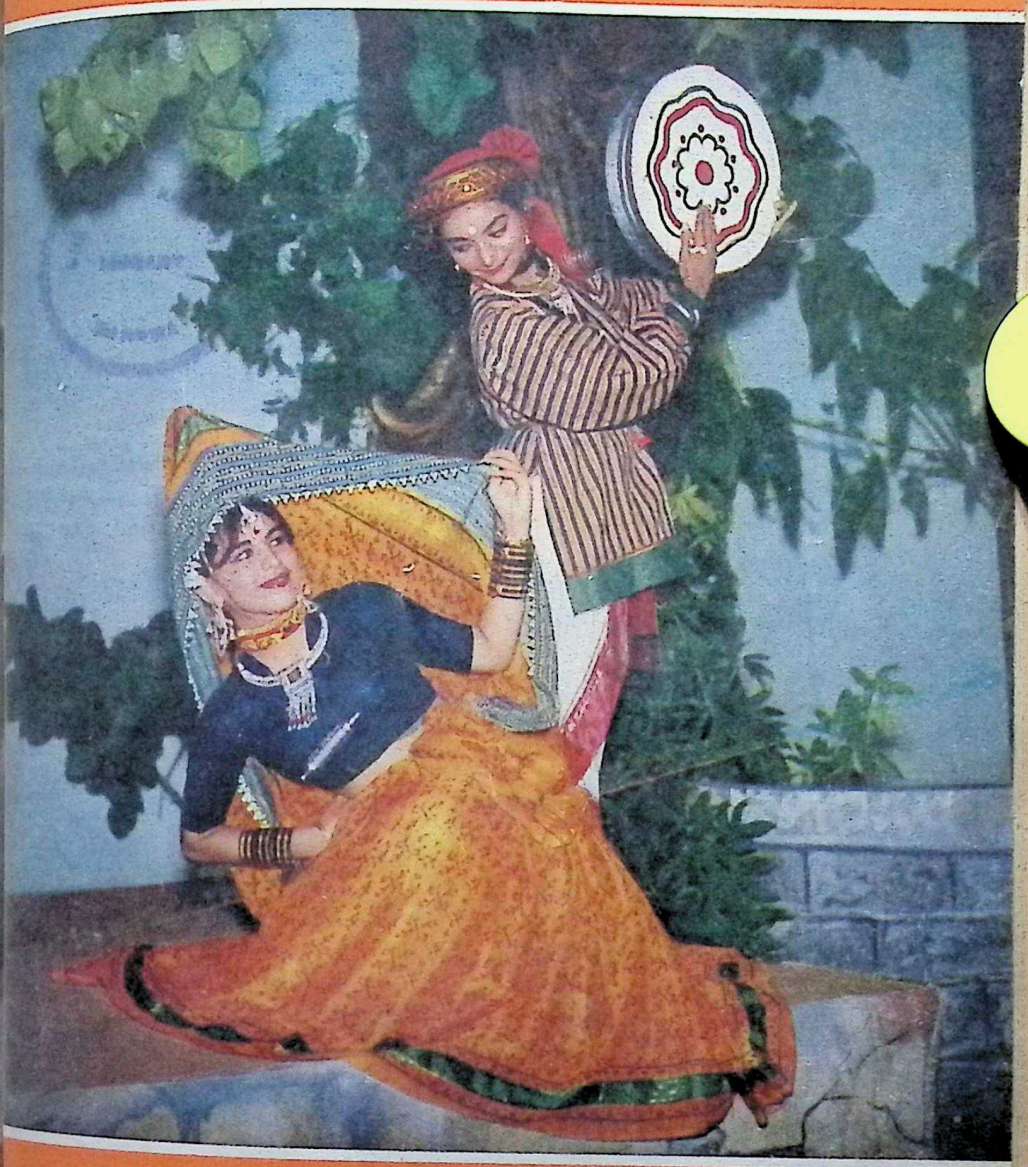

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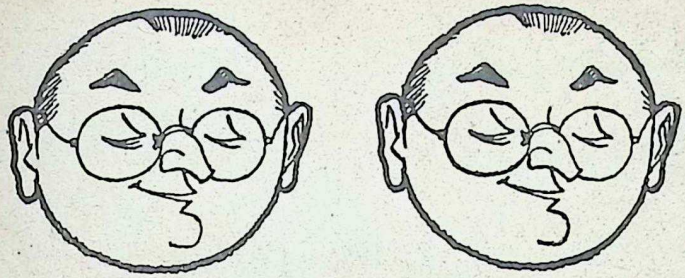

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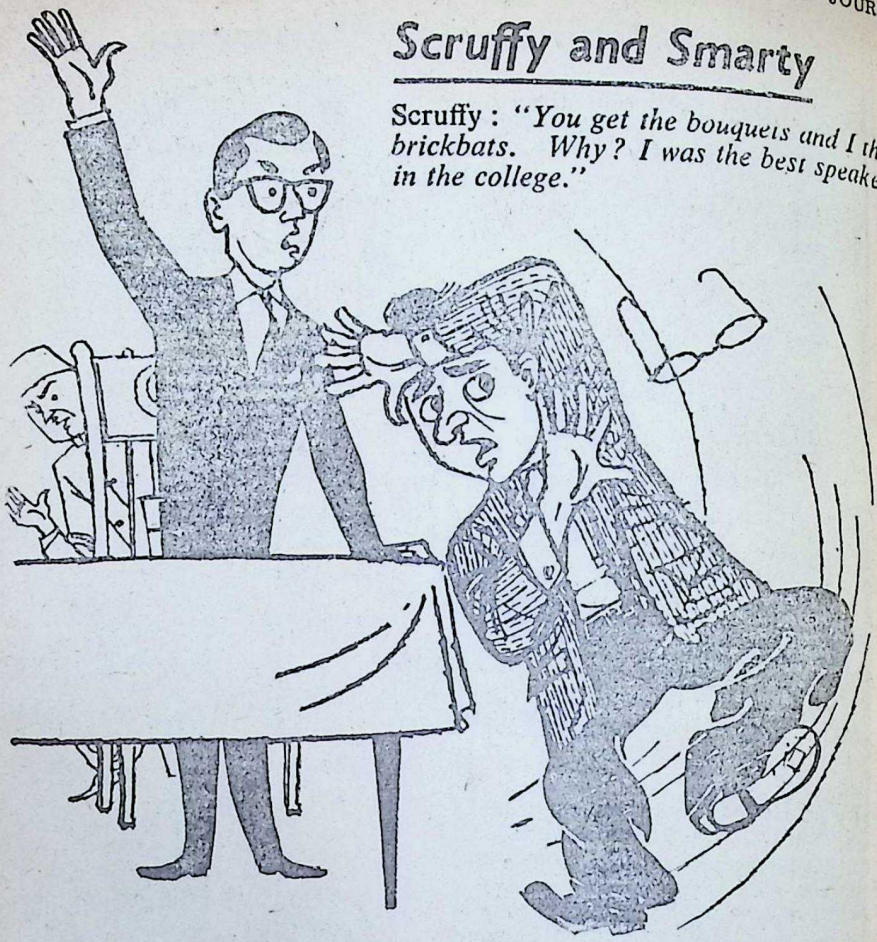
Scruffy : *"You get the bouquets and I the brickbats. Why? I was the best speaker in the college."*



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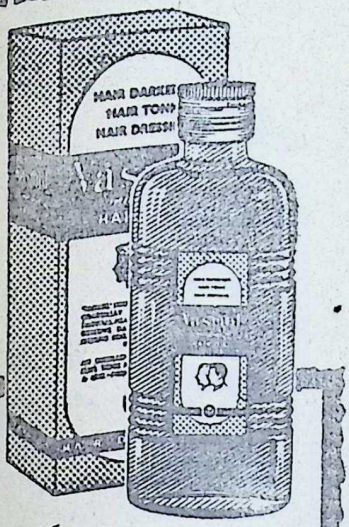

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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FRONT COVER

DANCING COUPLE

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, 1-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

VII DECEMBER 25, 1960 No. 11

GOD, THE SAVIOUR

त्रातारमिन्द्रं अवितारमिन्द्रं
हवे हवे सुहवं शूरमिन्द्रम्।
ह्वयामि शक्रं पुरुहूतमिन्द्रं
स्वस्ति नो मघवा धात्विन्द्रः॥

God the Rescuer, God the Saviour,
Mighty God, happily invoked
at each invocation,
God, Powerful, invoked of many,
I invoke,
May God, the Bounteous,
confer on us blessing.

—*Rigveda*

Editorial

Kulapati Munshiji, who will be 74 next Friday (Decem 30), belongs to the galaxy of gifted, dedicated men, w India of the last century has produced. His life has been of complete consecration to the cause he has set forth as Bhavan's ideal:

> "We seek the dignity of man, which necessarily plies the creation of social conditions which allow freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temperam and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual eff and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but w in the framework of the Moral Order; we seek the crea art of life, by the alchemy of which human limitations progressively transmuted, so that man may become instrument of God, and is able to see Him in all and in Him."

Munshiji's gifts and achievements are remarkable. H today one of the most popular literary men in the cou Many of his Gujarati works have gone into translation many Indian languages.

Munshiji's activities in the many and varied public of of distinction he has adorned, have been characterised courage and decisive energy. He has rendered yeoman ser to India as an ardent patriot, incisive thinker, a pioned vision and drive and a farsighted statesman making an delible impression on contemporary life.

As a lawyer and Constitutional authority, Munshiji st among the very few who command all-India esteem for fo sic mastery and skill.

Above everything, Munshiji is a humanist—a man rare breadth of outlook, lofty idealism, a large and warm h cheerful and understanding temperament and deep symp for all in need and loyalty to friends and colleagues.

More, Munshiji has the capacity to touch the chord the minds of his co-workers and staff that transcends fo relations.

Today the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, with its many tres, Branches and allied institutions, the Sanskrit Vishva

l, the Anand Institute of Agriculture, the Hansraj Morarji lic School, the Kabibai Trust and the Kanji Khetsey Trust the scores of other educational, cultural and charitable tutions which he directs are eloquent monuments to his on, energy and faith.

In his 74th year, Munshiji will have the gratification of ng two more of his dreams—a composite Engineering Col- at a cost of Rs. 70 lakhs to enshrine the memory of Sardar abhbhai Patel and a College of Journalism, Advertising, s Promotion and Printing being fulfilled. With God's grace, e will start functioning from June next.

Sanskrit, the mother of all languages, is slowly regaining ightful place. There is a welcome ethico-spiritual and cul- l resurgence in the country. Munshiji's indefatigable efforts his behalf need no special mention.

Many rightly hail Munshiji as the pioneering crusader in cause of India's renaissance.

To few is it given to see the fruition of their labours in lifetime. Happily, God has vouchsafed to Munshiji that t good fortune. Fewer still are blessed with partners in who share in full measure their ideas and ideals, trials and lations, failures and triumphs. Sri and Smt. Munshi are e and happy couple serving as a model and source of in- tion to others.

Many wonder at the inexhaustible energy, creative urge, versatility of this frail but agile man, whom Rajaji has described as 'a ceaselessly working human dynamo'. shiji's zest for this vibrant, rich life springs from his bound- faith in God and from joyful surrender to the mandate of Lord:

मन्मना भव मद्भक्ता मद्याजी मां नमस्कुरु।
मामेवैष्यसि सत्यं ते प्रतिजाने प्रियोसि मे॥

May the Almighty grant our revered Kulapati and his ted spouse many more years of useful, significant ce to India and mankind.

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 221

★ *AN EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE* ★ *THE DANGERS OF POSSESSING 'THIRTY-TWO PERFECTIONS'*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.
DECEMBER 25, 1950

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE period from January 1909 to June 1910 had nothing noteworthy to look back to. I had kept my terms and so lived at Broach and at Baroda with Manukaka. When we were together we gossiped, played tennis, quarrelled, and then made up. In December examinations he failed and, busy with coaching him, I failed in mine too. But the year after I passed in March-April examinations and took my final LL.B. in June 1910, when I entered a new stage of life.

In 1909 Dalpatram and I started our caste magazine, a quarterly, wrote for it, read its proofs, posted the copies; in fact it was a two-man journalistic venture.

One experience of these years however stands out of confused memories of the period. It was perhaps the most embarrassing one in my life.

I have never been able to realise the logic of embarrassment. But the embarrassing moments are the most difficult moments in one's life in the present, and the most enjoyable when viewed as an incident in the past.

Perhaps you would have liked me to keep it out of this series. But it a real experience, and as such need to be told. No one becomes better being kept out of an experience truly lived.

In 1909—if I am not mistaken—I had failed in the First Part of 2nd LL.B. examination and as I was passing through a period of severe nervous strain, I spent my days in trying to play on harmonium and *tablas*. At that time my mother who was fond of religious literature had joined a few elderly ladies in reading *Yogavasishtha* and discussing religious and philosophical topics once or twice a week.

At that time, Broach, where we lived, was a kind of Kashi for neighbouring areas. Pious people came from outside to bathe in the river Narmada. Sannyasis, sadhus and religious preachers—of both varieties, real and

e—came there now and again to e their dip in the sacred river, per- m *sadhana* and deliver discourses. e people of Broach, temperamen- y devout, lavished hospitality on m; heard their discourses, though h complete lack of understanding; ched their feet day after day in hope of gaining salvation, and er failed to give them a hearty send- in a procession.

One very learned yogi—I would call Yogi Maharaj—used to come ry year to Broach with a large nber of followers and stay in the n for about a fortnight. He was a liant conversationalist, a very im- ssive speaker, and every time he he he initiated a select group of iples in yoga.

About 1905-6, I remember to have e to him to discuss the sanctity of caste and the existence of God, blems which I was very much agi- d over in those days. Having been er the spell of Mill and Spencer, ame away dissatisfied, though im- ssed by his personality and eloqu- e.

To return to my experience, one day ther came home from her religio- losophy club and told me of a new tor to Broach who had given them scourse on some philosophic topic. was, Mother told me, a disciple Yogi Maharaj and had come to ach for performing a vow by tak- bath in the Narmada every day a whole year. Mother was very ressed with her and naturally from talk so was I.

he fairly spacious room on second r of our house, with windows over- ing the neighbouring roofs, was my study and bed-room, where I spent the best part of my days. The other side of the room opened on a terrace. The next morning, as I was sitting there playing on *tablas,* Mother and the Mahatma—as she was then called by Mother's group—came up the stairs.

The Mahatma was a well-built woman of about twenty-five or twenty-seven years. Though not good looking, she glowed with robust health.

She was dressed in one white cloth: no skirt, no bodice. She had on a *mala* of *rudraksha* beads on her, had applied *vibhuti* on her forehead and looked every inch a holy person. I had seen holy men by dozens, but of holy women, she was the first. Needless to say, I felt aglow with reverence.

Mother explained the purpose of the visit. The Mahatma had to stay in Broach for a year. During her stay, she had agreed to be the guide, philosopher and friend of her philosophy group. So two ladies of the group, Mother and another, who had commodious houses of their own, had offered hospitality to the Mahatma. Now she had come to see whether the accommodation offered by Mother would suit her.

Mother took the Mahatma to the small room situate in the rear of the house across the terrace into which my room opened. Then they returned to my room and sat down.

'Bhai, the Mahatma likes the small room in the rear.'

'Yes. It is a good airy room, quiet and isolated where I can perform my *sadhana* undisturbed. I think I will prefer to stay here.'

Mother, normally very shrewd, was carried away by her newly born regard for our saintly guest and agreed.

I was for some time dabbling in yoga and was trying to understand *Yogasutra*. I felt that it was a happy coincidence: I would also learn a little of practical yoga from Yogi Maharaj's disciple.

That night at supper-time I found that the Mahatma ate only fruits and a few things cooked in ghee which Mother had prepared.

At that time, when educated women were rare, I had the fresh ardour of a zealous champion of 'female education'—as it was then called. Even today, when we stumble upon them at every step, a lady knowing Sanskrit, who can discuss the *Gita*, yoga and God with ease and authority is difficult to meet; in those days I could hardly have conceived of meeting one. For two hours I felt transported into the seventh heaven while I talked with Mahatma about *karma yoga, bhakti, dhyan* and other allied subjects. I was new to the world of sadhus; I did not then know that in that world the views which she expressed were just commonplace.

I went to sleep, and I am sure, I dreamt of Gargis and Maitreyis of King Janaka's court.

● ● ●

Next day, the Mahatma 'entered impurity.' She had her meals separately served and spent her day seated on the swing in a room on the ground floor. She slept there as well.

The next day, when I went down for my meals, I was surprised to find the Mahatma swinging herself (on the wooden swing) and singing Mira's famous song: *Kanudo shu jane ma prita*. 'Kahn does not know the lo I bear him.'

This was a bit removed from yog I felt.

In the evening, when I came dow from my room, I found the Maha ma busy singing the same song. Th was rather disturbing.

On the third day she had her usu purificatory bath. Though according custom she had to remain at a di tance, she could go about the house

About 10 o'clock, as I was pra tising on *tablas*, she came up to m room, all smiles. She sat at a distanc on a chair placed on the uncarpette part of the floor.

'Bhai, I want you to help me.' Sh had already adopted the pet name which Mother called me. 'I have r ceived a letter in Sanskrit. I can't mak sense out of two sentences. Can yo explain them to me?'

With the little Sanskrit I knew was only too willing to help. I rea the letter and gave her what I thoug was the substance of the two sentence The Yogi Maharaj had banished he from his august presence for twelv months and promised to receive he back only if she spent that time i religious study and yogic *sadhana*.

I began to play Sherlock Holme 'It seems you have been punished b Yogi Maharaj for some fault. Yo have come here to expiate some sin I said, and in doing so, committed th folly of inviting confidence.

The Mahatma bristled up. 'Noth ing of the kind.'

'The letter means that and noth ing else. I have met the Yogi Maha raj. He is not likely to punish yo

something trivial,' I said, think-
I was a very clever person.
will tell you the whole thing then,
' she said. 'I became a widow
I was about four. Then my help-
mother, who was also a widow,
me to Yogi Maharaj. He brought
up, educated me, taught me the
as and *yoga*. Do you know that
Maharaj is also the head of a
ta cult called 'Kanchalia Panth?'
it?' I exclaimed. 'I had thought
as a yogi living in the light of
Gita.'
es, he is that and this also!'
felt interested. I had heard a lot
t Shakta cults, but had not come
ss anyone connected with them.
hen, when I grew up, he initiated
into the cult,' she continued. 'I
me his principal disciple and his
ner in performing Shakta rites.'
smiled mysteriously.
hy did you fall out?'
was his most favourite Shakta dis-
. Then he began to have other
ples who joined him in perform-
he rites. I grew jealous. We quar-
d. He claimed the right of a Guru
ispense his favours as he liked.
I decided to take my revenge.
n I accompanied Yogi Maharaj
mbay, I made some friends to ful-
e vows of the Panth. Yogi Maha-
was angry. He took me to task
breaking the vow of discipleship.
orted: 'If you take other women
ourself, why should I not take
men to myself?' He was furious,
passed this sentence on me. He
ts that I am more than a match
him.'
say that I was shocked would
n understatement. However, I found it hard to believe that Yogi Maharaj could have anything to do with such a notorious Panth; I almost suspected that the Mahatma was telling a lie.

I was then living in dreams of high purity induced by Plato, Pascal and Patanjali's *Yogasutra*. No doubt, I dreamt of love and the joys it brings; my notions were coloured by the effusions of my favourite poet, Shelley. But I was squeamish too—and have always been so. Love to me has been a spiritual affair. Brought up in a strict home-atmosphere, I looked upon moral lapses with horror. And so I was horrified.

I was in great distress. This woman had been a yogi's mistress. And now she was going to live with my family and spend her nights in the small room, separated from my room by a terrace and accessible only through it. Oh God!

When I went down for my bath and meals, I found the Mahatma swinging, singing *Kanudo shu jave mari prita* for all she was worth. A new light dawned on my mind. Was she invoking Krishna, or his namesake living in the same house?

'Why do you sing this song always, Mahatma?' I asked her.

'Oh, I believe in *prema-lakshana bhakti*.' (Devotion characterised by love).

In the evening I talked to Mother. She also did not like the songs the Mahatma sang and was thinking as to how to get out of her promise of hospitality, once she was out of 'impurity'.

● ● ●

On the fourth day,—still it was a day of 'impurity'—Mahatma went to

the river, had her bath, and at about 10 o'clock, came up to my room.

She sat at a distance on the same chair and began to talk to me about Shakta rites of her Panth. The day before I had asked her about them; so she went into details, which highly interested me.

'Bhai, I have a request to make to you. I am performing certain rites. But they cannot be fulfilled without an appropriate partner, who has all the thirty-two perfections described in the *shastras*.' All heroes in our old literature happened to have *batrish lakshanas* (thirty-two perfections).

I knew what was coming and at first was inclined to kick the woman out of the house. But my heart sank as I realised my plight. We were alone in a room; the room was overlooked by no neighbouring windows. If displeased, all she had to do was to shout that I tried to molest her, and I would be done for. It was a very embarrassing situation from which I had somehow to extricate myself.

'What are the rites which your partner is expected to help you perform?' I asked, controlling my nervousness as best as I could.

With cool effrontery she described, with appropriate quotations from authorities, how the rites were to be performed. Incense, flowers, Sri chakra, a sip of wine, the incantations to invoke Shakti, the final culminating rite of ecstatic merger in which alone identification with the Goddess could be secured!

'Well, you will never get a partner with the perfections described by the *shastras*,' I said, relying upon a woman's native modesty not to make to bold an approach.

'Don't be modest,' she said coolly 'You have all the thirty-two perfections.'

My brain was working double quic time as my fright broke all bounds.

A young man, not too bad looking a doting mother, a child-wife who stay ed with her parents most of the time Then the 'impurity' over,—these tw quiet rooms with a common terrac between! It was a paradise for per forming the rites as defined by th Mahatma.

'We cannot perform the rites her even if I had not one of the thirty two perfections,' I said modestly. 'Mo ther will never put up with such things We must go to Chandod. It is a hol place on the bank of river Narmada There are a number of *dharmashala* where we can stay. Our family pries is also very hospitable,' I said.

'But will you come with me?' sh asked.

'Oh yes. We can stay there for som days.'

She thought for a while. She ha to make terms with me. So she agreed I promised to take her to Chando the next day by the afternoon train.

* * *

Immediately she left, I hastened t tell Mother all about my bein having thirty-two perfections. Her ad miration for Mahatma had launche me in a pretty mess, I told her.

Mother cheerfully joined the cons piracy and we talked upon the sanc tity and beauty of Chandod when w sat for meals with the Mahatma.

I called Mahomed Shafi, our faith ful Muslim servant, and in the Ma

atma's presence asked him to buy wo tickets for Chandod for the next ay. Then, when alone, I gave him ecret instructions.

The whole day I was in a fright est the Mahatma might invade the olitude of my room. In the afternoon, I went to a friend's house and tayed there till meal time.

I came home. Mother, the Mahatma and I took our meals together. While parting, the Mahatma said: Bhai, we shall meet tomorrow.'

'Certainly.'

And as I climbed the stories, I heard her singing *'Kanudo shu jane mari prita.'*

There was no need to sing it. He knew it very well to his own misfortune!

As instructed, at 6 A.M. Mahomed brought a hackney carriage for me. The Mahatma had already gone to the river for her bath. I jumped into the carriage and told the driver to drive fast to the station.

'But, sir, if you are going to Baroda, the train arrives at about 9-30.'

'Oh, I like waiting for the train in the waiting room.'

The driver did not know that I dared not stay at home. I had too many perfections to be safe. My heart stopped thumping only when the train puffed out of the Broach station at about 9-45 A.M.

● ● ●

The Mahatma returned from the bath, performed her *sandhya, puja* and whatever else she had to do. Then she started to come up to my room.

Old Mahomed Shafi was waiting for her.

'Bai Saheb, Bhai has gone to Baroda. He has asked me to go with you to Chandod and leave you there.'

'But Bhai was to come with me to Chandod.'

'No. He had to go to Baroda for urgent work.'

'Then I will stay here till he comes.'

'No. Bhai has given me his orders,' Mahomed improvised. 'If you do not go to Chandod, my instructions are to inform the police.'

The Mahatma agreed. At 2-30 P.M. Mahomed brought the hackney carriage, took her to the railway station and saw that she left Broach in the train.

While leaving our house, the Mahatma took my little wife aside and said: 'Bhabhi, give my message to Bhai when he comes: We shall meet again, perhaps in the next birth.'

God forbid!

Since then I have never felt like having any perfection—leave aside thirty-two!

● ● ●

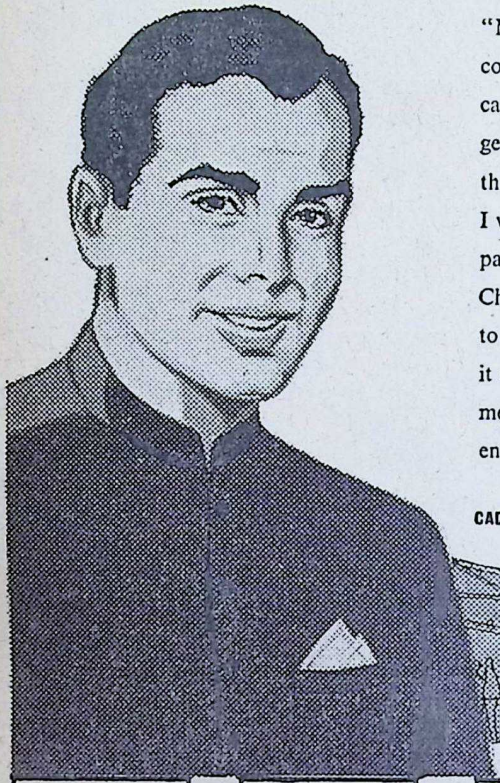
Thus ended the next trying stage of my early life, 1906-1910. When I passed my LL.B. examination, I entered a new stage, when life in Bombay opened out new prospects.

Of that period, I shall write sometimes when I feel like it.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

YOU AND CADBURYS



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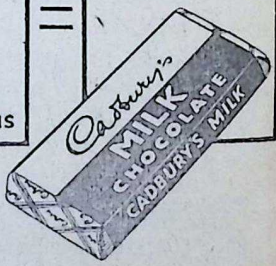

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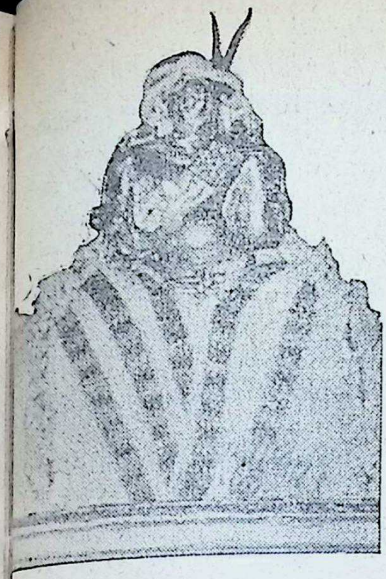

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Infinite Bliss

NAMMALVAR

transient than lightning
hese material bodies;
ing this, fix thy mind on Him.

out this consciousness of 'I'
'mine',
betake thyself to Him.
t of good like unto that
he soul attain.

He is not; neither is He non-
g
e bliss is He.
o everything and clasp Him.

from love and hatred is He,
ll-embracing Lord of the
erse.
him unattached merge thyself
fullness and perfection.

ting on the beauty
is manifold qualities,
And realising that it is His
Who is thy loving Lord,
Enjoy it by becoming one with Him.

Know the true purpose
Of thought, word and deed,
And withdrawing these from objects
Other than He, take refuge in Him.

Merge in Him; merging, thou art free
From the bonds of ignorance.
Thereafter thou hast only to await
Release from this gross body.

He, the luminous Being
Of manifold form
And virtues infinite,
He is Narayana, Bliss Eternal.
Seek thou protection at his firm feet.

[Tr. by Sri R. Sivaramakrishna Iyer, Trivandrum.]

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.
2. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
3. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
4. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled.
5. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
6. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
7. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.
8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.
9. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
10. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.
11. Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.
12. You are the light of the world. A city that is set on the hill cannot be hid.
13. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.
14. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.
15. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.
16. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least Commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of heaven.

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

THE FATEFUL INTERVIEW

(*Continued from last issue*)

रामः पप्रच्छ किमिदं राज्ञो दुःखस्य कारणम्।
एवं पृच्छति रामे सा कैकेयी वाक्यमब्रवीत् ॥
त्वमेव कारणं ह्यत्र राज्ञो दुःखोपशान्तये।
किंचित्कार्यं त्वया राम कर्तव्यं नृपतेर्हितम् ॥
कुरु सत्यप्रतिज्ञस्त्वं राजानं सत्यवादिनम्।
राजा वरद्वयं दत्तं मम सन्तुष्टचेतसा ॥
त्वदधीनं तु तत्सर्वं वक्तुं त्वां लज्जते नृपः।
सत्यपाशेन संबद्धं पितरं त्रातुमर्हसि ॥
पुत्रशब्देन चैतद्धि नरकात्त्रायते पिता ॥

Rama asked: "What ails the King?" Replied Kaikeyi, "You are the cause, and you should do something to alleviate the King's sorrow. A man of truth yourself you must make the King act true to his word. Pleased with me, the King gave me two boons. As they relate to you, the King feels embarrassed. You owe it to yourself to untie the noose of truth with which your father finds himself rigged. Doesn't the word Putra connote that he should emancipate his father even from hell?"

रामस्तयोदितं श्रुत्वा शलेनाभि हतो यथा।
व्यथितः कैकेयीं प्राह किं मामेवं प्रभाषसे ॥

Hearing her, Rama felt like being pierced by a spike. Greatly pained, he asked Kaikeyi, "Why do you speak thus?

पित्रर्थे जीवितं दास्ये पिबेयं विषमुल्बणम्।
सीतां त्यक्ष्येऽथ कौसल्यां राज्यं चापि त्यजाम्यहम् ॥
अनाज्ञप्तोऽपि कुरुते पितुः कार्यं स उत्तमः।
उक्तः करोति यः पुत्रः स मध्यम उदाहृतः ॥
उक्तोऽपि कुरुते नैव स पुत्रो मल उच्यते।
अतः करोमि तत्सर्वं यन्मामाह पिता मम ॥
सत्यं सत्यं करोम्येव रामो द्विर्नाभिभाषते ॥

"For the sake of my father, I shall sacrifice my life; I shall drink deadly poison; I shall forsake Sita, even Kausalya and my Kingdom. He who does his father's work unasked is the most praiseworthy son; he who does it after being told belongs to the middle cadre; he who fails to do it even after being asked is a cad. Hence I shall do all that my father has asked me to do without hesitation. I swear I shall do so and Rama will never talk with two tongues."

इति रामप्रतिज्ञां सा श्रुत्वा वक्तुं प्रचक्रमे।
राम त्वदभिषेकार्थं संभाराः संभृताश्च ये ॥
तैरेव भरतोऽवश्यमभिषेच्यः प्रियो मम।

अपरेण वरेणाशु चीरवासा जटाधरः ॥
वनं प्रयाहि शीघ्रं त्वमद्यैव पितुराज्ञया ।
चतुर्दश समास्तत्र वसमुन्यन्नभोजनः ॥
एतदेव पितुस्तेऽद्य कार्यं त्वं कर्तुमर्हसि ।
राजा तु लज्जते वक्तुं त्वामेवं रघनन्दन ॥

Hearing Rama pledge thus, Kaikeyi declared: "Preparations have been made for your coronation. Now, Bharata, my beloved, should be coronated with the same materials. The other boon is that you should wear bark cloth and matted hair and depart to the forest quickly today itself. These are your father's orders. You should live in the forest for 14 years as *muni* (eating bulb and fruits). O delighter of the Raghu race! This is all that is required to be done by you for your father and it behoves you to fulfil them, as the King feels embarrassed to tell them himself."

भरतस्यैव राज्यं स्यादहं गच्छामि दण्डकान् ।
किन्तु राजा न वक्तीह मां न जानेऽत्र कारणम् ॥

Replied Rama: "Bharata shall have the kingdom and I shall go to Dandaka, but what I cannot understand is why the King himself doesn't say so?"

श्रत्वैतद्रामवचनं दृष्ट्वा रामं पुरः स्थितम् ।
प्राह राजा दशरथो दुःखितो दुःखितं वचः ॥
स्त्रीजितं भ्रान्तहृदयमुन्मार्गपरिवर्तिनम् ।
निगृह्य मां गृहाणेदं राज्यं पापं न तद्भवेत् ॥
एवं चेदनृतं नैव मां स्पृशेद्रघुनन्दन ॥
इत्युक्त्वा दुःखसंतप्तो विललाप नृपस्तदा ॥
हा राम! हा जगन्नाथ! हा मम प्राणवल्लभ! ।
मां विसृज्य कथं घोरं विपिनं गन्तुमर्हसि ॥
इति रामं समालिंग्य मक्तकण्ठं रुरोद ह ॥

Hearing Rama speak thus and seeing him seated in front of him, King Dasaratha uttered these pitiful words, grief-stricken: "O, Delighter of the Raghu race! Consign me to the prison, me who, becoming a slave to lust, has lost his judgment and does wrongful deeds. I say, (by doing so) no sin shall befall you, and I shall not be termed a liar. O, Rama! O, Protector of the world!! O, my beloved!!! How can you enter the cruel forest, leaving me here?" Saying this, he threw his hands round Rama's neck and sobbed.

विमृज्य नयने रामः पितुः सजलपाणिना ।
आश्वासयामास नृपं शनैः स नयकोविदः ॥

(Continued on p. 22)

EEK THE SAGES

HAGWAN RAMANA MAHARSHI*

ASSOCIATION with Sages who have realized the Truth removes material attachments; on these achments being removed, the at-hments of the mind are also des-yed.

Those whose attachments of mind e thus destroyed become one with at which is Motionless.

They attain Liberation while yet ve.

Cherish association with such Sages. That Supreme State which is ob-ined here and now as a result of as-ciation with Sages, and realized rough the deep meditation of Self-quiry in contact with the Heart can-t be gained with the aid of a Guru through knowledge of the scriptures, by spiritual merit, or by any other eans.

If association with Sages is obtained, what purpose are the various me-ods of self-discipline?

Tell me, of what use is a fan when e cool, gentle, south wind is blowing?

The heat of mental and bodily ex-tement is allayed by (the rays of) e moon; want and misery are remov-d by the *Kalpaka* tree; sins are ashed away by the sacred waters of e Ganges.

All these afflictions are altogether anished by the mere *darshan* of the eerless Sage!

Neither the holy waters of pilgrim-ge, nor the images of gods made of rth and stone, can stand comparison ith the benign look of the Sage.

Disciple: Who is God?
Master: He who knows the mind.
D: My mind is known by me, the Spirit.
M: Since the *Srutis* declare "God is only One", you (as the knower of the mind) are really God.
Master: What is the light for you?
Disciple: By day the sun; by night, a lamp.
M: What is the light that perceives that light?
D: The eye.
M: What is the light that illumines the eye?
D: That light is the intellect.
M: What is the Light that knows the intellect?
D: It is the 'I'.
M: You are (therefore) the Supreme Light of (all) lights.
D: That am I.

They make one pure only after countless days of grace, but no sooner does the Sage bestow his gracious glance than he makes one pure!

* [*81st Birthday Jayanti on 3-1-60*]

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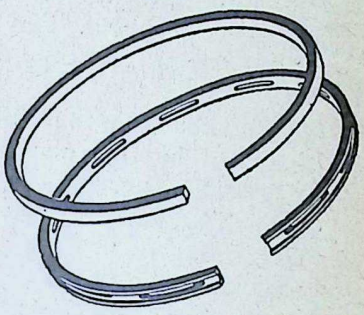

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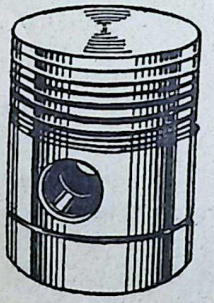

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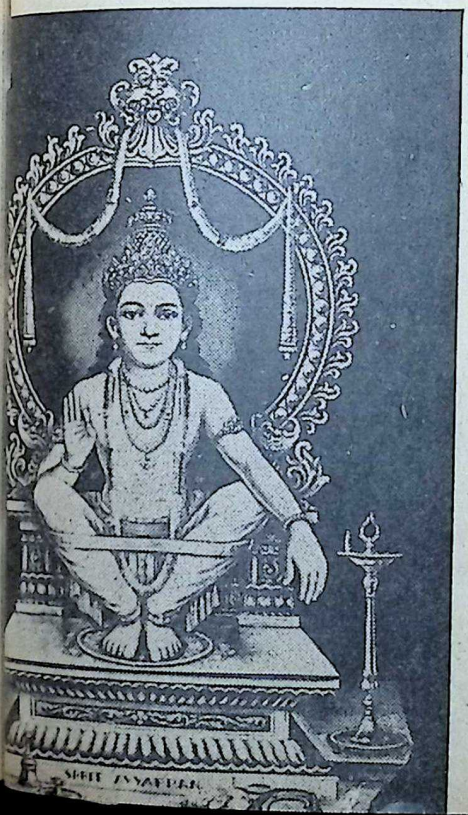
. . He keeps guard over us, protects us from evil spirits and also endows us with Jnana . . .

DEVOTION TO SRI AYYAPPAN

H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi



THE Supreme Being manifests Himself as Siva and Narayana, the former to teach us *jnana* (true knowledge) and the latter to protect us.

We conceive of Siva as one sitting under a tree or on the peak of a mountain, besmeared with sacred ash, wearing the skin of the tiger and the elephant, calm and serene, contemplating inwardly, and showing the symbol of knowledge or *jnana mudra*. He is the Supreme Teacher who taught us the ultimate Truth which is nothing else than Himself.

Protection is a kingly duty and so we contemplate Narayana as one gorgeously dressed and wearing priceless jewels.

Siva likes to be bathed with holy water always, while Narayana likes to be decorated.

So we say, *alankaara priyo Vishnu, abhisheka priya Sivah.*

The beauty of Vishnu's form is such that one would not like to withdraw one's eyes from Him.

The beauty of this physical form is carried in His *avatars* like Sri Rama and Sri Krishna.

The *Brahma-amsa* of Siva, associated with *jnana* and *tapas* (penance) and the *Kshatra-amsa* of Narayana, associated with *bhakti, prema* and *kripa* (devotion, love and mercy) are both required to guide and protect us.

The *puranas* contain instances of Narayana assuming a feminine charm capable even of attracting the austere mind of Siva. When this merciful charm of Narayana and the serene *jnana* of Siva combined, an effulgent light (*tejas*) was the outcome.

Out of this *tejas* was born Ayyappan, also known as Ayyanar, Sasta or Hariharaputra.

Ayyan is a corruption of Aryan, which means 'one worthy of reverence.'

Ayyanar has come to be regarded as the third son of Siva, the other two being Pillaiyar (Ganesa) and Kumaran (Kartikeya), both names conveying the meaning 'child.'

Ayyanar embodies in Himself the qualities of both Siva and Vishnu.

There are temples dedicated to Him in the South, in Tamil Nad and largely in Kerala. He keeps guard over us, protects us from evil spirits, and also endows us with *jnana*, leading to salvation.

It is significant that while on the one hand, the freedom of speech guaranteed to us under the Constitution is being utilised by some people to spread atheism, devotion to Ayyappan is also growing steadily.

From distant Kerala, Ayyappan is gradually extending His sphere of influence into Tamil Nad too.

It is an encouraging sign and a sure antidote to the anti-God propaganda.

If we do our duty invoking His grace, we are bound to succeed and prosper.

THE FATEFUL INTERVIEW—*contd.*

किमत्र दुःखेन विभो राज्यं शासतु मेऽनुजः ।
अहं प्रतिज्ञां निस्तीर्य पुनर्यास्यामि ते पुरम् ।।
राज्यात्कोटिगणं सौख्यं मम राजान्वने सतः।
त्वत्सत्यपालनं देवकार्यं चापि भविष्यति ।।
कैकेय्याश्च प्रियो राजन्वनवासो महागुणः ।
इदानीं गन्तुमिच्छामि व्येतु मातुश्च हृज्ज्वरः ।।
मातरंच समाश्वास्य अनुनीय च जान कीम् ।
आगत्य पादौ वन्दित्वा तव यास्ये सुखं वनम्।
इत्युक्त्वा तु परिक्रम्य मातरं द्रष्टुमाययौ ।।

Wiping the tears from his father's eyes with water deftly, Rama uttered these words calmly: "Lord! Why should you weep thus? Let the kingdom go to my brother. After fulfilling my pledge, I shall certainly return to your presence. Life in the forest will be a crore times happier by the company of sages. Incidentally, the fulfilment of your word, the work of the gods, and Kaikeyi's wish will all be fulfilled. Forest life is indeed praiseworthy. I would like to start immediately. Mother Kaikeyi's anxiety too will vanish. Keep all the preparations for the coronation intact. After passifying mother Kausalya and informing Janaki, I shall return to seek your blessing before starting to the forest." He then went to see his mother.

The Parable of the Road

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

THE city was full of life. The roads were full of people seeking to move on, vehicles, pedestrians and cyclists.

But everyone was pushing and obstructing everyone else. Everyone was trying to overtake everyone else. There was great shouting and swearing. There were important men commanding "move on!" "move on!" But the result was that everyone took up the words and re-shouted, but the pushing, the impeding and the nullification continued. Some weaklings screamed in pain for they were being crushed in the confusion and struggle.

Then an angel came on his wings: the Angel of Progress.

"Children of God, do not shout and scream.

"All ye that wish to go North go to the West half of the road. All ye that seek to go South go to the eastern side.

"All vehicles going North, drive on in the western half of the road. Do not overtake one another unless the vehicle in front deliberately slows down or stops and signs to you to go up. All vehicles going South, drive on the eastern half of the road, drive steadily. If you stop or have to slow down, give a sign to the vehicle behind you to pass you and go on.

"Cyclists, do not go abreast, do not try to run club life and chat on the road; do it all after you have done the journey and your work.

"All ye who ride in vehicles or cycles, keep your light burning and don't forget to keep a warning red light behind

"Pedestrians, go North by the western foot pavement and ye that go South, go by the eastern pavement. If you have on the roadside only one foot path, do not jostle or push or lose temper, wait a while or yield beforehand. Smile as you face anyone."

The Angel's voice was heard. He did not shout angrily but commanded and waited in silence and spoke again but lapsed into patience again. Soon the road was in order. Everyone was moving. There was no noise, no swearing. It was wonderful to see how everything went on as if there were no difficulties whatsoever.

This is not a chapter on traffic regulation. It is just a parable.

There is great desire for progress, great ambition all round—among people, among Government-men, among traders, among workers, among men,

Courtesy: *The Kurukshetra*

among women. There is great energy, there is bubbling life. But there is no noise, hustling, pushing, obstruction, confusion and nullification.

"You have life, God-given life, God-given energy, God-given desire, but regulate it, my children, regulate your desires, regulate your energy, regulate your life, move on, do not try to overtake, give a sign when you slow down and let others pass, go left, go right according to rule: patience and smile, no swearing." Thus says the Angel of Progress.

Not today but He has been saying this all along from the beginning of civilisation. The *Isopanishad* says it in its own quaint way.

Isaavaasyamidam sarvam
yatkincha jagatyaam jagat

The road belongs to everyone. It is holy ground.

Tena tyaktena bhunjeethaa
maa gridhah kasyachiddhanam

Enjoy what God has given you. Do not cast eyes of greed on what others enjoy.

Kurvanneveha karmaani
jijeevishet satam samaah
Evam tvayi naanyathetosti
na karma lipyate nare

Work, work, thus alone may your live here on earth. Work, but let not the fruits thereof contaminate your soul with greed or anger, work with detachment: thus may you live, if you will, a hundred years and more, worthily and well.

This is the rule of life's road. Keep the light burning. Do not let the light go out, for then the road will be all dark, and you will be enveloped in confusion and error:

Asurya nama te lokaa
Andhena tamasaavritaah
tamaste pretyaabhigachchanti
ye ke chaatmahano janaah

Do not put out the light by denying the soul. Those who deny the soul kill it and they will wander in dense darkness, not knowing right from wrong, making a hell of this very life by converting the world into a sunless place.

Deny God, deny the soul, and you will be like vehicles without lights on the road in a dark night.

But is there not Morality, though there may be no soul? Yes, the moon may be there though the sun may not be seen. But the light of the moon, you know, is got from the sun, and it wanes and waxes and wanes again and there are a great many clouds that hide the light of the pale moon.

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Krishnavatara

PART II

11.

'Asika, Come Back'

KRISHNA and Uddhava spent the early part of the next day seeing the sights of Vaivasatpur. Raddu also came from the ship bringing presents, which Krishna gave to the King, the Crown Princess and the Prince. Asika, the younger Princess, who had by now practically appropriated Krishna to herself, was wild with joy when she received the presents from him.

In the afternoon, Krishna was discussing with Uddhava the plans for making an escape when Asika, the young Princess, wild with grief, burst upon him. With hair flying like so many snakes, she clung to him, crying hysterically. Krishna, who could not understand what she was saying, had to call in one of the Punyajana boys to interpret what she was sobbing about.

'V*aa*sudeva, she says that the Divine Mother has issued fresh commands. You are to fight the Prince for the hand of Larika, the Crown Princess, in the Festival of Choice.'

Krishna was shocked; he could scarcely believe that he had been chosen by *Ma* to kill Punardatta and wed the elder Princess. Now he could understand the grief of Asika, for she had taken it for granted that he was to wed her.

It was an unexpected blow to all the plans they were making for kidnapping Punardatta. But before Krishna could see some light in the murky situation that had developed, he was himself summoned into the presence of the Divine Mother. She was now lying prostrate on account of the strain to which her mind and body had been put when *Ma* had entered her. The King,

as before, sat by her side, looking at her with affectionate concern.

After salutations, the King, in a very gentle tone, spoke to Krishna: 'V*aa*sudeva, *Ma,* the Mother of the World, has spoken. You have been chosen to take part in the Festival of Choice and fight the Prince to the finish. If you survive, you shall have the honour of wedding the Crown Princess and, maybe, when we depart for the Land of *Ma,* you will become the Divine Father.'

'These are the commands of the Mother of the World,' corroborated the Mother wearily.

'But, I don't want to fight the Prince,' said Krishna.

'Then, it would be for me to kill you,' said Father. 'So have the unalterable ordinances of *Ma* prescribed'.

'The ordinances of *Ma* are very strange,' Krishna commented. The Mother appeared to be shocked at hearing those words bordering on sacrilege. 'Why should I kill the Prince who has done me no harm?' he asked.

'Orders have already been issued to hold the Festival of Choice day after tomorrow,' said the King definitely, leaving no scope for discussion.

Krishna, after due salutation, left, trying to fathom the significance of this new development.

He then sought an audience with the Prince, who, however, was surprisingly resigned about the matter.

'Krishna, V*aa*sudeva, did I not tell you that there is no escape from Nagaloka? I must fight you now,' said Punardatta sadly. '*Ma's* edicts are inexorable; no one shall defy the Nagakanyas.'

'What do you propose to do?' asked Krishna.

'Uddhava has told me how you killed both Kamsa and Chanur, the invincible athlete. You have been trained in arms under my father, Guru Sandipani, than whom there is no greater teacher of warfare. You are sure to kill me,' said the Prince as if he was tired of waiting for death.

Krishna thought for a while and said: 'It is a difficult situation. We are spiritual brothers—you are the son of my Guru. But as things are, either you must kill me, or I must kill you. It is fratricide either way—*adharma*—,' Krishna said, placing a hand on the Prince's shoulder with tender affection.

Suddenly the eyes of the Prince were filled with tears as he laid his head on Krishna's shoulder.

'V*aa*sudeva, I can't fight you. I don't want to. To make my father happy, you risked death to come here and take me away. So how can I kill you?' said the Prince as he wept.

'Nor am I going to kill you, Punardatta. Don't give up hope, my brother. We will still find a way out. The God of gods does not forsake those who stand firm in Dharma,' said Krishna.

'Krishna, brother mine, you are full of hope only because you don't know the Nagakanyas. I do. You can't escape their smothering power, in life or death,' replied the Prince sorrowfully.

●●●

Deep in thought, Krishna returned to his apartment and discussed with Uddhava the terrible plight in which they were placed.

A little later, the King again summoned Krishna into his presence. He

was now by himself and his old parental sympathetic self.

'*Vaa*sudeva, I am very sorry that the commands of *Ma* have upset everything. When you came here I had looked forward to your wedding Asika. She is a good, affectionate girl, different from her sister and mother—more like our girls. I love her so much. But now *Ma* has willed otherwise. Asika is disconsolate. Her heart is broken. I cannot even hear the piteous words in which she pours out her misery to me. I can understand her distress; I am very unhappy myself at the prospect. If you survive the Festival, you will wed the Crown Princess. Anyway, she will have to wait for another stranger to come, and she is mad after you,' said the King.

'I fully realise the situation. But what is the way out? You alone can help us,' said Krishna.

'How can I help in face of *Ma's* commands?' asked the King.

'What if Punardatta and I both refuse to fight each other?' asked Krishna.

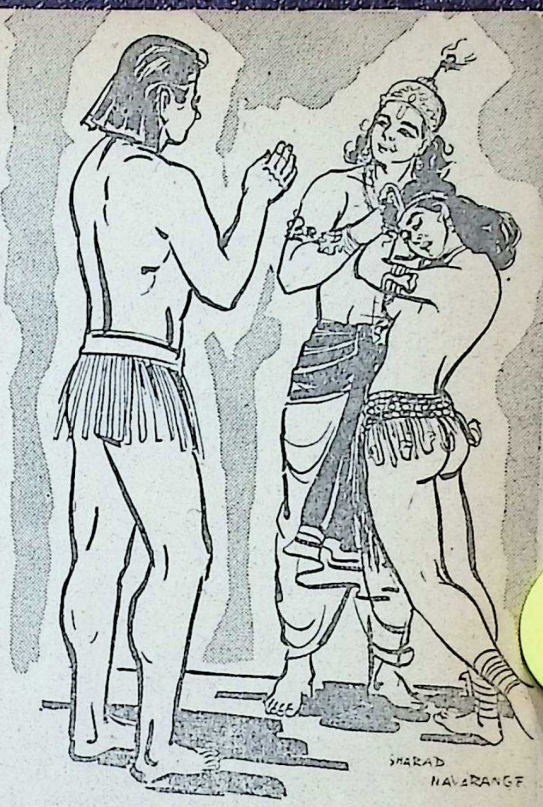
'Then I will have to kill you both with my own hands,' said the King. 'I am the God of Death,' he added with a touch of bitterness.

'Then both your daughters will have to wait for other husbands,' said Krishna.

'I wish I knew what my master, Parasurama, would have done in a situation like this,' the King murmured and sighed.

'He would have taken back Punardatta to his father, to follow the Dharma,' Krishna said.

The King was silent for a moment. Then as if a thought had struck him, he added: 'It is the will of *Ma*, and we



must obey. And I don't want Asika to die of grief, or attempt suicide. Please go to her and assure her that *Ma*, in her wisdom, will send her a proper husband at the appropriate time.'

'How can I give her an assurance? It will make her all the more miserable,' said Krishna.

'V*aa*sudeva, I wish I could save you, even at the cost of my life,' murmured the King, as he looked at this young boy who was willing to face death to save his Dharma.

'Do exactly as the great Master of Dharma, Parasurama, would expect you to do,' said Krishna.

'Please, V*aa*sudeva, do me this favour. I don't want the girl to commit suicide before I can smooth things

out for her. I will send my confidential man with you. He will interpret whatever you say to her, without anyone being the wiser,' said the King.

Krishna was taken by the King's confidential man to Princess Asika, who no sooner saw him than clung to him, sobbing piteously.

'Don't leave me, V*aa*sudeva. I will die if you leave me. Everybody is my enemy. Even the Divine Mother. Larika is *Ma's* favourite. No, no, I won't let you leave me,' said the Princess.

Krishna hated this Nagakanya clinging to him with such unrestrained abandon, but he understood her feelings. He patted her, smoothed her hair, and through the interpreter, talked to her.

'Princess, don't give way to grief. I am but a stranger. It is *Ma's* will that you will have to wait for another and a better husband,' said Krishna.

'No, no, I want you—you—and no one else,' she sobbed. 'There is no one in the world like you.'

'But I am going to be killed tomorrow; so there is an end of me. So why worry?' said Krishna.

'No, no,' Asika sobbed. 'I won't let you be killed. If you are killed, I will kill myself.'

'Don't talk nonsense, Asika. No Nagakanya ever dies after her husband. She soon takes another. Those are the ordinances of the Mother of the World,' Krishna said a little sarcastically.

'No, I am going to die the moment you die,' Asika said, shaking her head decisively.

Krishna smiled indulgently. 'You people are funny. You will die for me after I am killed, but will not come with me to my land when I am alive.'

'No Nagakanya leaves her home. Those are *Ma's* commands. How can I?' Asika asked helplessly.

Krishna laughed outright. 'Therefore, I must die, so that you may die for me. But you won't try to live and follow me wherever I go.'

Asika was dumbfounded. It was an alternative which, as Nagakanya, she could never have conceived. Then she looked up and her tears dried up.

'Will you take me with you to your land?' she asked.

Krishna saw a gleam in the darkness which enveloped the situation. Divine Father was right. Asika was different.

'Provided I get away myself,' he replied.

'Oh, oh, oh,' she sobbed. 'I don't want to live without you.'

'If I don't fight the Prince, the Divine Father will kill me; then you will kill yourself. So there will be no going away for us,' Krishna said with a teasing smile. 'We will be together in the land of *Ma*. But you won't come with me. Isn't it?' asked Krishna.

'Oh yes, I will. I will—wherever you take me. I hate this place,' she said. 'I hate everybody here—except you.'

Krishna saw that Asika smiled, though her eyes were full of tears.

●●●

Next day, in the afternoon, the residents of Vaivasvatpur, men, women and children assembled on the sloping bank of the river on both sides of the stone-steps leading to the jetty and on the open space between the steps and the jetty. On each step, on both

sides, were ranged armed women.

The open space was surrounded by men guards who squatted on the ground to fence it off as an arena for the fatal combat. Across the arena stood Bhikru and other members of the crew, who had come from the Punyajana ship in boats to witness the festival. Uddhava stood in front near the arena, with Hullu and Hukku just behind him.

At the appropriate time, the Divine Mother came out of the gate of the fort, glistening in sapphires, accompanied by the Father, the Princesses and the courtiers, and was received by the people with shouts of joy. The Festival of Choice was the greatest festival of the people of the City of the Sun; it was good sport; it was bloody and therefore exciting; it decided the fate of the sacred royal house, also settling the domestic problem on the Crown Princess, the Divine Mother of the future.

Wooden fifes blared; drums sounded. There was a hushed silence in the crowd when Punardatta and Krishna stepped forward before the Divine Mother and prostrated themselves. She blessed them both and so did the King after her. Hailed by the crowd's exultant shouts, the two combatants came down the steps to the arena.

As they were stepping down, the Prince whispered: 'Vaasudeva, forgive me if I happen to kill you.'

'Brother, neither of us is going to be killed. Fight your best. Forget that I am your father's spiritual son,' Krishna replied.

'Father will be pining away in Avanti,' murmured the Prince.

'Don't think of him. I have given him a promise to bring you back and I am going to keep my promise,' replied Krishna with an enigmatic smile.

Both entered the arena, took the short swords which the attendants held out for them. The Divine Mother gave the signal. Drums sounded. The weapons clashed and sparks flew. Punardatta was surprised to find Krishna on the defensive and slowed down his attack lest he might be killed.

'Fight on. Don't be a fool,' Krishna whispered to the Prince, and attacked him with seeming fury. The attack drew the Prince into an offensive. He had seen through the game. Though Krishna was immeasurably superior to him, he was exerting himself just as much as would put him, Punardatta, on his best; whenever he dealt what he thought a powerful blow, Krishna would parry it with easy grace.

Soon the attack and the counter-attack were matched; the fight became exciting. People grew enthusiastic. But neither of them gained any advantage over the other. The Mother and the Crown Princess looked on puzzled. Asika's heart was in her eyes, which were fastened on Krishna to see whether he was losing, for she had made up her mind: she was not going to survive Krishna.

The swordplay went on merrily, for both combatants, in performance, appeared equally matched. However, when the audience was getting tired of the stalemate, Krishna, by an adroit stroke, sent Punardatta's sword flying in the air, at the same time letting his own sword slip out of his hand as if by the impact of swords.

The audience became impatient. The

people of Vaivasvatpur had never seen such a well-matched but tiresome combat, which went on and on, but drew no blood. In a moment, however, the two combatants closed on each other, body locked in body. Krishna found that Punardatta's skill was limited and had to exert his utmost to keep his strength and skill to the level of those of the Prince.

Punardatta understood what Krishna wanted. He was staging a shadow fight, so that neither of them could be killed by the other. He could not discover what the motive was, nor what the end would be. But he had entered into the spirit of the mock combat and was quite content to play the part which his adroit antagonist had assigned to him.

They fought with hands and feet; they rolled, one on the other; they threw each other on the ground, but to rise again.

The crowd, excited at first, was soon disgusted at what was becoming a tame affair. They were impatient to feel the thrill which comes of the climax when the victor kills the vanquished. The crowd felt that it was going to be cheated of it. Murmurs of angry protest rose from the people.

The sun was setting, when the King rose from his seat, evidently in a determined mood to discharge his duty.

'Neither of them can kill the other. The ordinance of *Ma* is clear.' His voice rang out clear.

The Divine Mother had risen, grim as death. The crowd grew silent, expectant. So had the King, stern and concerned. Now the combatants, having failed to work out a choice, both had to be killed. Then, when the King began to step down to the arena, the crowd felt that the great moment had come, and broke out in wild shouts. It was blood-thirsty.

The King entered the arena and strode towards the combatants, who now stood locked in each other's arms, apparently resistant in equal strength, balanced in strength, unable to move forward or backward.

As the King approached the combatants with sword uplifted, a slender figure with bejewelled girdle and flying hair, ran down the steps with a wild shriek which pierced all hearts, and flung herself on the combatants and stood between them and her father.

The crowd, for a moment, was stunned. They saw Princess Asika flying down the steps—protecting the two combatants with her body—and a roar as of a hungry lion, issued from a hundred throats. The people were deprived of their expected thrill by the sacrilegious conduct of the young Princess!

The King had barely approached the combatants when Krishna sent Punardatta sprawling on the ground, caught hold of the sword held out by Uddhava, shook himself free from the shrieking Asika and pushed her into Uddhava's arms. Then he turned on the King.

'Uddhava, take them away,' Krishna shouted to Uddhava as he faced the King.

He immediately engaged the King, retreating step by step with his back towards the jetty on which the crew of the Punyajana ship were standing.

The people first looked on with awe. Then they howled in anger. Arms raised against the sacred person of the

King! It was sacrilege. They shouted death to the stranger.

Armed guards stood near the King, ready to help him, but he waved them aside. "Stand aside. I alone can offer the sacrifice to the *Ma*', he shouted angrily.

Krishna now had retreated right up to the jetty, the King pressing him hard. Suddenly the jetty was cut loose from its moorings. Hullu and Hukku lifted Punardatta and Asika, and jumped into the waiting boats.

Krishna then turned to the King, stepped back a little and threw his sword away. 'Disciple of Venerable Bhargava, if you think that it is your *Dharma* to kill me, here I am', he said, eyeing the God of Death defiantly. 'But I know you can't,' he added slowly, as his eyes, flaming with power, hypnotized the King.

The King, arrested in mid career, stood as if transfixed. The sword fell from his nerveless hand. Then he tottered as if he was fainting.

Krishna stepped back, jumped into the boat which Bhikru, oar in hand, had kept ready.

The crowd grew mad and roared with anger. The King stood near the water, as if dazed.

The jetty was floating away in the water. The Punyajana boats were fast being rowed away to the ship.

Some guards flung themselves in the water to reach the boat in which Krishna stood sword in hand. But one guard after another, as he swam to the boat, met his fate.

Drums sounded a weird note as a flame leapt up on the top step where the Divine Mother was standing. The crowd turned to her in awesome silence. *Ma*, the Mother of the World, had entered the body of the Queen. She came down the steps slowly, majestically, the women guards ranged on either side, bowing low before Sacred Presence.

The Mother stepped into the arena and slowly walked up to the place where the King stood as if dazed. She gave the orders. The women guards carried the King to the Palace.

Then the Divine Mother stood gazing at the sea, her eyes fixed on the Punyajana ship. The crowds looked at her rigid and concentrated face in silent awe.

Krishna and his friends were now on the ship, looking at what was happening on the shore. The anchor was lifted. Asika clung to him benumbed with fright.

With wide open eyes, those standing on the deck of the ship looked at the receding shore. They saw the Divine Mother standing on the brink of the sea—alone—looking at them. Then she spoke: "Asika, come back. I command you. Come Back.'

As the voice was wafted to the ship, Asika stood rigid, upright, gazing at the distant figure of her mother, who, like the very embodiment of power, appeared to command the waters.

'Come', came her voice strangely conveyed across the water, 'Asika, come.'

Asika, as if in a trance, shook herself free, took a step, flung herself into the waters, and was seen swimming back to the Divine Mother.

'I knew that a Nagakanya is ever her mother's, never her husband's,' said Krishna with a smile, to Punardatta who stood in frightened silence.

[To be continued]

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K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

[*Continued from last issue*]

YAKSHA asked next the following questions:

किंस्विदेको विचरते जातः को जायते पुनः
किंस्विद्धिमस्यभैषज्यं किंस्विदावपनं महत्।

What is that which journeys alone?
What is that which is born again?
What is the remedy against snow or fog?
What is the large receptacle?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

सूर्य एको विचरते चन्द्रमाजायते पुनः
अग्निर्हिमस्य भैषज्यं भूमिरावपनं महत्।

The Sun journeys alone.
The Moon is reborn.
The Fire is the remedy for snow or fog.
The Earth is the large receptacle.

Sri Neelakanta in his commentary gives his philosophical interpretation for these questions and answers and shows the connection with the answer to the last of the previous set of questions, namely, that Vayu is the entire universe. When Vayu disappears the question naturally arises, 'What remains?' Therefore the first question in this set and the answer to it according to him relates to that. Yudhishthira says that Surya, which, as a Jyotis or light, signifies *Atma* which is referred to as *Paranjyotis* in the *Brihadaranyakopanishad,* alone remains, after the phenomenal universe entirely disappears. For, the *Atma* alone shines during the three stages of consciousness, namely, waking, dream and dreamless sleep. The further question arises how the *prapancha* or the phenomenal universe is perceived again.

The answer is based on the Sruti text 'चन्द्रमा मनो भूत्वा'. Due to *avidya,* the mind functions and projects the world once again. That is the significance of saying that it is the moon (which is equated with the mind) is born again. This *avidya* produces sorrow. The next question is: What is the remedy for this *avidya* which like the fog is the superimposing agency? The answer is that *agni* is the remedy for snow or fog. In accordance with the Sruti अग्निर्वाभूत्वा the answer is to be understood as saying that the resplendent knowledge of

the Mahavakyas *Tattvamasi* etc., is the remedy for the fog of *avidya*.

All these four questions and answers which are similar to the four questions and their answers in the *Taittireeya Samhita*, 7th Kanda:

कस्विदेकाकी चरति कस्विज्जायते पुनः।
किँस्विद्धिमस्य भेषजं किँ स्विदावपनं महत्।
सूर्य एकाकी चरति चन्द्रमा जायते पुनः।
अग्निः हिमस्य भेषजं भूमिरावपनं महत्॥

Yaksha asks the following questions:

किंस्वित् एकपदं धर्म्यं किंस्वित् एकपदंयशः
किंस्वित् एकपदं स्वर्ग्यं किंस्वित् एकपदं सुखम्॥

What is the all-comprehensive virtue?

What is the all-comprehensive thing of fame?

What, in one word, leads to Heaven?

In what is comprised all happiness?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:

दाक्ष्यं एकपदं धर्म्यं दानं एकपदं यशः।
सत्यमेकपदं स्वर्ग्यं शीलमेकपदं सुखम्।

Integrity is all-comprehensive virtue.

Dana or charity is the one comprehensive matter of fame.

Truth alone leads to Heaven.

Character comprises all happiness.

It is not clear what is meant by the word दाक्ष्यम् According to Apte's Dictionary, the word दाक्ष्यम् is stated to mean "honesty or integrity" and also "cleverness or ability." In the present context, the former meaning, "honesty or integrity" is appropriate. In the Amarakosa, the word दक्ष is said to be used in the sense of *chatura* (चतुर) or *patu* (पटु) which means *clever* or *skilful*. It also means *ushna* (उष्ण) which according to the commentary in the Amarakosa means "capacity to accomplish quickly." Dharmaputra may have meant by the use of the word दाक्ष्य this quality also. Virtuous deeds always demand quick decision and action. The man who hesitates, doubts and delays cannot accomplish righteous acts. It is well-known that one's name is perpetuated by charity alone while every thing else about him may be forgotten.

The story of Indradyumna in the Mahabharata, Vana Parva beautifully illustrates this truth. King Indradyumna was for long living in Heaven. His merit being exhausted, he dropped from Heaven, crying, "My fame has fallen." He met Markandeya and asked him whether he recognised him. But Markandeya replied in the negative. He then asked Markandeya whether he knew any one more long-lived than Markandeya. He mentioned a *baka* or crane. Then Indradyumna met the crane. It said "I have heard of Indradyumna. He was a noble man and a charitable king. More than that I do not know. You may ask a tortoise, more aged than myself living in a tank nearby." He came and asked the tortoise. It said, "Don't you know King Indradyumna of blessed memory who did many notable acts of charity? He was who dug and constructed this tank and I am living in it for thousands of years and it is named after him." As he said so, his eyes were filled with tears. At this moment, a celestial car came to take him back to Heaven. An aerial

voice was heard to say as follows:

दिवं स्पृशति भूमिंच शब्दः पुण्यस्य कर्मणः।
यावत् सशब्दो भवति तावत् स्वर्गे महीयते॥

"The fame of the meritorious act touches Heaven and Earth; so long as that fame remains, it attains glory in Heaven."

Truth alone leads to Heaven. It is the same thing that is affirmed in the well-known sentence.

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः।

In the Taithiriya Aranyaka, the Veda declares.

सत्येन न सुवर्गाल्लोकात् च्यवन्ते कदाचन।

'Sustained by Truth, they never fall from Heaven.'

In the Ramayana, Ayodhya kanda, sarga, 109, Rama says

धर्मस्सत्यं परोलोके मूलं सर्वस्यचोच्यते।
सत्यमेवेश्वरो लोके सत्ये पद्मा प्रतिष्ठिता॥
सत्यमूलानि सर्वाणि सत्यान्नास्ति परं पदम्।
दत्तमिष्टं हुतंचैव तप्तानि च तपांसि च।
वेदास्सत्यप्रतिष्ठितास्तस्मात् सत्यपरो भवेत्।

Character is the best way to happiness. The following sloka of Bhartrhari illustrates this:

ऐश्वर्यस्य विभूषणं सुजनता शौर्यस्य
वाक्संयमः ज्ञानस्योपशमः श्रुतस्य विनयः
वित्तस्य पात्रे व्ययः। अक्रोधस्तपसः
क्षमा प्रभवितुः धर्मस्य निर्व्याजता।
सर्वेषामपि सर्वकारणमिदं शीलं परं भूषणम्॥

Goodness is the ornament for rulership, restraint in speech for heroism, tranquility of mind for wisdom, humility for learning, gift to the deserving for riches, absence of anger for tapas, patience for the powerful and sincerity for Dharma. Character is the foremost foundation for all these.'

The next questions of the Yaksha are as follows:—

किंस्विदात्मा मनुष्यस्य किंस्वित् दैवकृतः सखा
उपजीवनं किंस्विदस्य किंस्विदस्य परायणम्॥

What is the soul of a person?

Which is the friend bestowed by divinity?

What is it that aids to sustain him?

What is his greatest resort?

Dharmaputra answers as follows:—

पुत्र आत्मा मनुष्यस्य भार्या दैवकृतःसखा।
उपजीवनं च पर्जन्यः दानमस्यपरायणम्।

The son is the man's soul.

The wife is a friend bestowed by divinity.

Rain is the chief aid to life.

Charity is the great resort.

One's own soul goes by the name of son, says the Veda

आत्मा वै पुत्रनामासि।

[*To be continued*]

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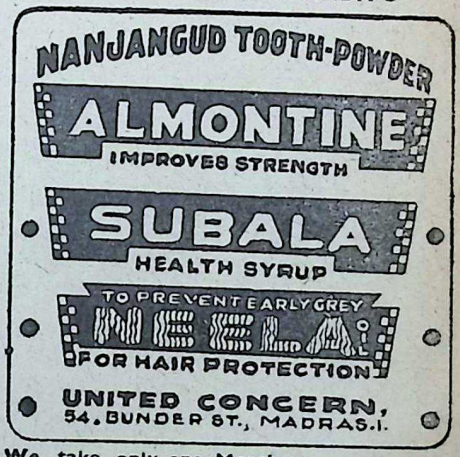

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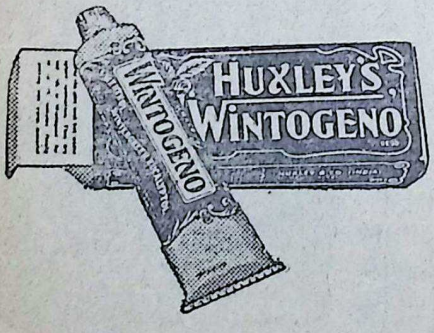

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ARDRA

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ON the day when the Sun stays in the zodiacal sign Sagittarius and the Moon enters the man-ion Ardra (Dec. 2 this year), pious Hindus congregate near the shrines of Siva after a ceremonious bath in the morning, eager to see Him in His as-pect as Nataraja.

The *Samkara Samhita* states that on this day, Sambhu with a view to pro-tect the entire Universe indulges in the Dance of Bliss.

तस्मिन् रुद्रतिथौ शंभुः परमानन्दनिर्भरः।
सर्वेषामपि रक्षार्थं करोत्यानन्द ताण्डवं।।

The *Halasya Mahatmya* adds that by witnessing this dance of bliss one crosses over the tides of mundane exis-tence, besides attaining divine com-munion. Manjukesa observed this festival with great devotion and wit-nessed the scene of the Lord's dance, thereby absolving himself of all sins. Similarly, the sage Patanjali as also the python Karkotaka obtained beatitude.

विधूतकिल्बिषो विप्रो जीवन्मुक्तो बभूवहि।
पतञ्जलिर्महायोगी कार्कोटोपि महोरगः।।

(*Samkara Samhita*)

The sage Vyaghrapada by dint of his austerities was blessed with a son Upamanyu. So also Vipula obtained for himself all attainments.

Lord Siva, the connoisseur of all arts, is described as having descended on earth in the form of a *siddhapuru-sha* at Madura and played the sixty-four *leelas* representing the sixty-four *kalas* (arts and crafts), so much so, that the genesis of every branch of learning is assigned to Him. Sanskrit grammarians state that when the Lord gave fourteen strokes to His drum at the close of the mystic dance, the four-teen axioms (*sutras*) known as Maheswara-sutras of the science of language took shape with the Samjnarthas: अण्, अच् and हल्.

Regarding the origin of the dance, it is stated that once a demon prayed the Grandsire that the world should be brought to an end. The latter parried. In the meanwhile, the celestials were panic-stricken and approached Lord Siva for protec-tion. Siva, with a view to save the world, indulged in His dance. The time stipulated for the grant of the boon passed away unnoticed. So, Pushpa-danta in His *Sivamahimna Stotra* re-fers to this anecdote.

There is another version relating to the origin of the dance of Siva. A sect of heretics dwelt in the forest of the Titan Taraka. They were approach-ed by Siva, accompanied by Vishnu, disguised as a woman. An altercation arose among them, with the result that the heretics decided to destroy Him by charms and incantations. From out of the sacrificial fire sprang forth a tiger, which in turn tried to attack the Lord. Siva seized the brute and peeled out its skin and wore it as a mantle. The

sages did not stop. They pursued further in creating a dragon in the form of a serpent. This was directed against Siva, who in turn snatched it and wore it on His neck like a garland. Siva next commenced the dance. The heretics as a last resort produced a dwarf-like form in Muyalaka (the Apasmara Purusha). This form attacked Siva, when He set the tip of His foot on him and broke his back. After suppressing him, the Lord again resumed the dance. It was witnessed by the sages as also the celestials.

The sage Bharata, while discussing the genesis of the art of dance, says that the Lord made it by a synthesis of the Vedas and Sastras. Thus, the dialogues from the *Rigveda,* the chants from the *Samaveda,* gesticulations from the *Yajurveda* and the sentiment (रस) from the *Atharvaveda* brought forth a nice blending.

The author of the *Sangita Vidya Vinoda* observes thus: That eminent pioneer-dancer among the celestials, being eager to originate with His two feet the terrific dance (Tandava) as also the higher ascending pastime of *lasya,* shines with His splendour, His body being reckoned as having for its other half that of a damsel.

In the term *tala,* which is used to express the unit of time measurement (rhythmic movement or regulated succession of time), the syllable *ta* indicates the frantic or violent dance of Siva, while *la* symbolises *lasya* or the dance of Devi, which is accompanied by vocal and instrumental music. The emotions are represented by means of various gesticulations and attitudes. In Indian music, *nritya* is the *sine quanon* of Samgita. Musical texts describe the body of the Lord as being made up of *nada* or sound.

The Saivagamas depict one hundred and eight types of dance. These types are exactly the very same ones as are dealt with in the *Bharata Natya Sutras*. The first of these is associated with the figure of Nataraja, which is generally seen in all Saiva temples. The Gopura (pyramidal tower) of the shrine at Chidambaram is embellished with all the types of the dance poses of Siva.

Lord Siva, that great master of dance (Mahatandava-pandita), selected the entire cosmos for His theatre. Tamil mystic poets describe Tillai (Chidambaram or garment of pure intelligence) as His court. He is the actor as well as the audience, the very manifestation of primal energy.

The Puranic and Agamic lore speak of three types of the dance of Siva. The first of these is the *sandhya* or evening dance. A description is given in two of the *slokas* from the *Siva Pradosha Stotra* (*Skanda purana*) of this type of dance. Devi is placed on a golden throne adorned with precious gems, while Lord Siva (Sulapani) dances. The gods participate in this celestial dance. Saraswati plays on the lute, Indra on the flute ; Brahma plays on the cymbals to mark the time (*tala*) while Vishnu takes up the drum. The celestials gather and witness the divine dance, besides hearing the melody.

The second of these represents the Tandava or the midnight revels in the cemetery (Tamasic in its aspect). The last but not the least is the Nadanta dance conducted before the assembly, which is *sattvic* in character. The

South-Indian copper images generally have this as the motif.

The Agamas maintain that the icon of Siva as Nataraja should have four arms. Of these, the front left hand is held in the *danda* or *gajahasta* pose, while in the back left hand is held the fire (either in a container or in the palm). The front right hand is held in the *abhaya* pose. On the fore-arm is borne a snake ring (*sarpavalaya*). In the back right hand is held the *damaru* or drum. The right leg is slightly bent and placed on the back of a figure known as Apasmara. On the right side of the image of the Lord, the idol of Parvati is placed. The Apasmara-purusha who is trodden by the Lord has his head turned to the right side and his legs are placed on the left side of Siva. The figure is represented as playing with a snake, perhaps to denote Karmapasa with the fingers in a cuplike shape to present the appearance of a snake's hood. While the colour of Nataraja is white to indicate *sattva* form, the Apasmara's hue is black, the symbol of the *tamasic* state (forgetfulness, loss of memory caused by falling sick and other evils.)

In the dance, Siva is stated to exhibit the *panchakrityas* or activities: viz. *Srishti* (creation and evolution), *Sthithi* (support and maintenance), *Samhara* (destruction), *Tirobhava* or *Tirodhana* (veiling, embodiment of illusion) and *Anugraha* (release, salvation and grace). These, it may be said, are the functioning of the five forms: Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Maheswara, and Sadasiva respectively according to the tenets of Saivism.

In Saiva literature, different interpretations are given of the *mudras* of Nataraja. Thus the drum symbolises creation. The *abhaya* pose is an indication of the hand of hope or assurance. The fire may be said to denote death. The foot held above is a sign of *anugraha* or release from bondage. The fourth arm that is lifted up is considered to be an emblem of the refuge of the soul.

The *mudras* of Siva also denote the five letters of the *Siva Panchaksarimantra*. Thus the hand which holds the drum denotes *Si*, while the hand that is held out symbolises *va*. The hand that promises protection (*abhaya*) indicates *ya*, the hand holding fire is *na*; and the foot trampling the Apasmara is *mah*.

These letters also represent God, Sakti, Atma, Tirobhava and Mala.

The Ananda Tandava Murty is the basic *tattva* for all the other Truths of the Saiva cult. In the order of importance, the nine *tattvas* or doctrines are as follows: Hiranyagarbha or Brahma, Vishnu, Hara, Iswara, Sadasiva, Bindu, Nada, Sakti, and Siva.

Above all these forms, the form of the dancing Lord is considered to be the highest. He is Chidananda. To Patanjali, that great expounder of the *Vyakarana Sutras*, the Lord said thus: "Here the art of dance is wonderful, giving for the aspirant both living (attainments) as well as the highest good of existence (*summum bonum*). In this forest of Kadambas, I exhibit this dance. Have pleasure in viewing it quickly." (*Halasya Mahatmya*).

This perpetual dance of the Lord is intended for the maintenance of life and also to give relief (release) to those who are in quest of Him.

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Pageant of Great Lives—14

JESUS CHRIST

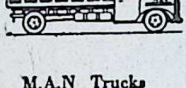
Rev. J. W. Airan

"Life of Jesus is an act of faith"—Abbe Fouard

THE period between their slavery in Egypt (*c* 1500 B.C.) and their settling down in Palestine (1200-1000 B.C.) several years before the birth of Jesus Christ was an extremely critical period in the national history of the people of Israel. Their journeys through the vast deserts that lay between Egypt and Palestine and their continuous struggle against the powerful inhabitants of the lands through which they had to pass, together with some of the unique leadership in all history and a very definite faith in a righteous God welded these people into one nation.

Their national life had been one of ups and downs. Thus, for instance, they had kings like David and Solomon whose fame had spread far and wide and during whose reigns the neighbouring nations paid tributes to the Kingdom of Israel. On the other hand there were periods in their history when they were carried away as captives by conquering armies!

There were however some unmistakable trends in their national culture which converged on a firm belief in the existence of a living personal and righteous God and a knowledge of the corrupting influence of sin. They believed that an individual's sin could bring



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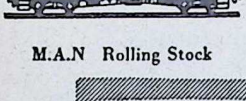

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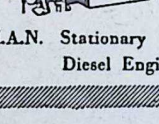

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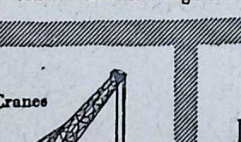

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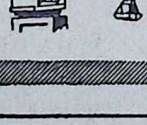

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calamity over the *entire* nation. This developed in them a desire for a God who could forgive sin.

Any calamity which befell these people brought them to repentance and redirected their hopes towards a time when God would send a Deliverer. There were some who believed that the mission of that Deliverer would be to free the people of Israel from foreign domination. But there was always a small minority which continued to believe that such a Deliverer would deliver them from the bondage of sin, which done, they would be a happy people.

It is this expectation which gives a peculiar significance to the birth of Jesus Christ in Palestine and among the people of Israel. The people of Israel were awaiting the coming of the "Messiah"—the Deliverer. The prophets including Isaiah and Jeremiah, and in the days of Jesus himself John the Baptist, prepared the way for the coming of the Messiah. It was in the midst of such expectations that Jesus Christ was born in the little village of Bethlehem, not far from Nazareth, in the year 8 or 6 B.C. as the son of Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth.

After an intensive preparation Jesus set out to proclaim his mission at the age of 30, and after an eventful career of less than three years met his end at the hands of the people among whom he was born. To those who constituted the religious hierarchy of the Jews this Jesus was one who was out to destroy their ancient culture whereas to those who followed him (even after his death and who were later called Christians) he was the Son of God who came into this world at an appointed time in history and according to a definite promise of God to reconcile man to God.

The life story of Jesus Christ is told in the first four books of the New Testament of the Bible. The Bible itself consists of a collection of books known as the Old Testament and another collection of books known as the New Testament. The first four books of the New Testament are known as the "Gospels". The word "Gospel" means *good news* and hence it is obvious why these biographers of Jesus were not so keen on telling the whole life story of Jesus as on conveying what to them was the "good-news". All these four Gospels end with the story of the Crucifixion, the death and the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The fifth book of the New Testament known as the "Acts of the Apostles" tells of the missionary work of Jesus' disciples after the earthly existence of Jesus had come to an end. It also tells of classic missionary journeys of Paul and of the establishment of the Christian Church. One has therefore to read these five books together to find out what essentially was the good news and the kind of new life which was made possible through this good news.

There is very little known of the details of the life of Christ out of these sources. Jesus himself wrote nothing, nor did he cause anything to be written. And yet it cannot be denied that Jesus Christ was a historical figure, who lived in Palestine, who "went about doing good", and who spoke of the Kingdom of God, and was towards the end subjected to great humiliation and torture by the Jews when Pilate

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was the Roman Governor in Palestine. (The Jews were then a subject nation and Palestine was a part of the Roman Empire.)

The first words of Jesus ever to be recorded are significant of the Work and Mission of Jesus. At the age of twelve, Jesus had gone to Jerusalem along with his parents to observe a religious Feast. When they were about to return, the parents found Jesus missing. Later on they found him in the temple engaged in discussion with the great religious leaders of the day. Asked by his mother why he acted that way, he quickly asked, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" These were the first recorded words of Jesus. It was this "Father's business" which engaged his attention even from the age of twelve and from that time to the age of 30 he prepared himself for his Ministry and as one of his biographers had stated "he increased in wisdom and in stature and in favour with God and man".

The ethical teaching of Jesus *cannot* be separated from the religion of Jesus. In fact, some critics point out that the bulk of his teaching cannot be called 'original'. He himself often began his discourses by saying "you have heard it said ....." And yet the *emphasis* that he laid on certain aspects of man's behaviour vests his ethical teaching with an authority which makes him stand out as "the moral leader of humanity."

Thus, for instance, Jesus wanted his disciples not to withdraw from the world but to face its problems, but *always relying on God*. It has sometimes been pointed out that Jesus merely wanted people to love their neighbours as themselves, to be good Samaritans and to conform their lives to the precepts contained in the Sermon on the Mount *so that* there may emerge the ideal society of the future. This is not so. The Kingdom of God of which Jesus spoke was not to be a product of human effort. Men, no doubt, were expected to exercise their free will in seeking the Kingdom of God, but the Kingdom of God itself was to be the gift of God. While seeking this Kingdom of God, men were *not* to withdraw themselves from the world for fear of its contamination, but to re-

What does Jesus mean to me? To me, He was one of the greatest teachers humanity has ever had. To His believers, He was God's only begotten Son. Could the fact that I do or do not accept this belief make Jesus have any more or less influence in my life? Is all the grandeur of His teaching and of His doctrine to be forbidden to me? I cannot believe so.

I have not been able to see any difference between the Sermon on the Mount and the Bhagavad Gita. What the Sermon describes in a graphic manner, the Bhagavad Gita reduces to a scientific formula. It may not be a scientific book in the accepted sense of the term, but it has argued out the law of love—the law of abandon as I would call it—in a scientific manner. The Sermon on the Mount gives the same law in wonderful language. The New Testament gave me comfort and boundless joy, as it came after the repulsion that parts of the Old had given me. Today supposing I was deprived of the Gita and forgot all its contents but had a copy of the Sermon, I should derive the same joy from it as I do from the Gita.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

The great symbol of Christianity is the Cross where Jesus suffered material defeat for the sake of spiritual victory. If we feel that we are on the right lines, it is essential for us to adopt the attitude that we do not undertake things in the hope of succeeding but we undertake things because they are right.

—Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

main in this world. And yet in a way they were not to be of this world. Since Jesus did not think of the Kingdom of God as separated from the common man whom God yearned to save, his teaching has been deeply social and has supplied a unique dynamism for social progress all along.

And yet it is significant that Jesus did not step forth as a social reformer. It is true that he preached the equality of man and insisted that the rich share their wealth with the poor. It is also true that he openly mingled with the outcastes of the society in which he lived. But this he did, so that men may realize that they are the children of God, that God is eager to save them and that *all* are in need of being saved. This is where one may discover the religious basis of his ethical teaching. When he lays stress on obedience to certain laws and rules, he does so with a motive "that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven". It is in this light that his insistence on obedience to God and on imitating Him to attain fulness of life needs to be viewed.

Jesus was the weak man's friend. How can a mere man fight against evil? What did Jesus mean when he said, "resist not evil"? Did he recommend a mere passive toleration of evil? In this connection one or two incidents from his life may be cited.

Once he entered the Jewish temple in Jerusalem and made a whip of cords and drove out those who sold and bought in the temple (For, they re-sold right in the temple the very offerings which the worshippers had placed in the temple).

He once expressed his indignation of the priestly class by calling them "a brood of vipers". He did not stand by helplessly when a wrong was being perpetrated. His precept to "turn the other cheek" was meant to check the obvious tendency to retaliate rather than to encourage a sense of helplessness. Jesus' teaching on this point has been misunderstood. It does not call for creating conditions for encouraging the evil, but emphasizes the possibility of "overcoming the evil with good".

When Jesus preached the Kingdom of God he did not leave out of account the fact of the existence of the kingdoms of this world. Whatever the motive which prompted some of his Jewish audience once to ask him "Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Caesar or no?", the forthright answer which Jesus gave: "Render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's", has lent itself to various interpretations. (The Jews were Roman subjects at that time). Was this answer which Jesus gave evasive? He asked of the enquirer to show the coin which he carried and used for his own convenience and benefit. It bore the effigy of Caesar! If the enquirer used the Caesar's coin and

derived benefit from it, where was the moral issue involved in giving the Caesar something in return? Jesus himself observed all laws of the land—nothing could be brought against him at his trial! He may have been silent on many points; but this should be viewed in the light of the political situation in his country at that time, but above all *in his faith that with the coming of God's Kingdom all injustice will be removed.*

It is not possible in such a short article to touch upon all the aspects of his teaching. Suffice it to say that while announcing the establishment by God himself of the Kingdom of God, he did not ignore the realities of the earthly life, the need for developing personal virtues and a proper attitude towards human society. But all this was motivated by his faith in the Kingdom of God which was not something that men will establish by their personal efforts, but which will be in accordance with the will of God.

Finally, failing to bring any substantial charge against Jesus, the princely hierarchy of the Jews accused him of blasphemy since he called himself the son of God.

The Roman Governor, Pilate, pronounced the judgment saying that he found no guilt in Jesus but he bowed to the fury of the mob and handed Jesus over to the Jews.

According to the prevalent practice Jesus was to be crucified. He was not crucified alone but there were two malefactors who were awaiting the sentence of death, and were also crucified along with Jesus one on either side.

One of the biographers reports a conversation on the cross between Jesus and the malefactors. One of the malefactors mocked at Jesus whereas the other turned to Jesus and said, "please remember me when you come back in your glory". Without any bitterness towards those who tortured him and mocked at him, he turned to this malefactor and promised him "God's peace".

It is typical of the life of Jesus that even at the tender age of 12 he showed the awareness of his being concerned with his "Father's business" and that when he died that death should have been between two outcastes of the society.

If his birth was prophetic, his death was equally so: He came to reconcile man to God, and that was the last act of his earthly visible life: reconciling a malefactor to God, promising him "God's peace".

This short article may well close with the following quotation from John Masefield's "The Trial of Jesus":

Procula: Do you think he (Jesus) is dead?

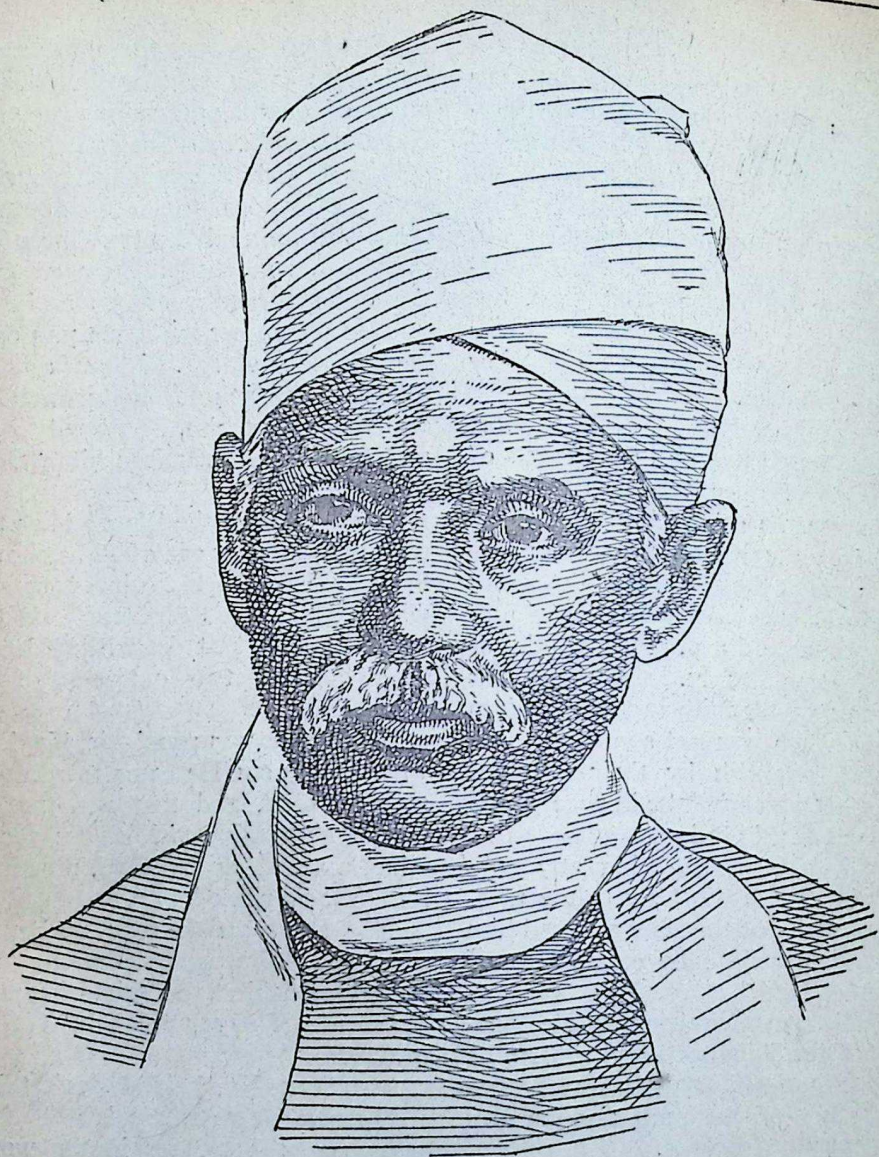
Longinus: No, lady, I don't think.

Procula: Then, where is he?

Longinus: Let loose in the world, lady, where neither Roman nor Jew can stop his truth.

If a man abide not in me he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

—Jesus Christ.



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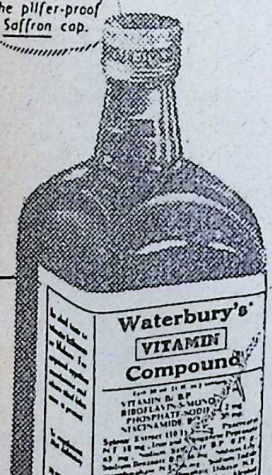

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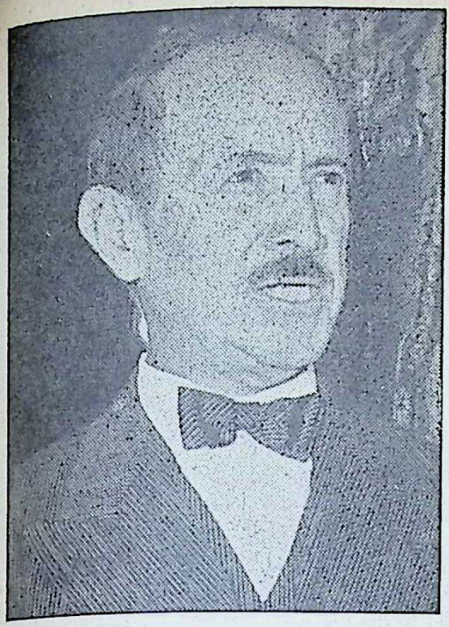


St. John Perse

THE nom de plume 'St. John Perse', the poet who has the distinction of having been awarded this year's Nobel Prize for Literature, is today a little known name outside literary circles. However, Alexis Leger—his real name—had been good meat to news-hungry reporters during the years of his long service in the French Foreign Ministry (1914-40).

Literary fame seldom survives or outshines diplomatic or political success. However, in the case of Alex Leger, it can be said that his poetic genius has totally eclipsed his diplomatic victory. His long and distinguished service as a French diplomat has become history, while his poetry lives and will continue to survive for centuries to come. How can it be otherwise? Political and for that matter, all material achievements are transient, whereas literary and spiritual achievements are permanent and they alone survive the ravages of time.

Alexis Leger was born in Guadalupe in the Caribbean island in 1887 and his childhood years were spent on the shores of that island. After completing education in Paris, he joined the French Diplomatic Service in 1914. His conscientious work was highly appreciated and he steadily rose in the hierarchy, ultimately becoming the Secretary General of the French Foreign Ministry during M. Aristide Briand's regime.

Saint John Perse's work can broadly be divided into two groups. Those published in the early years which bear the impress of his childhood impressions and environments of the sea, the sand, the colour and the sunlight of the Caribbean Island. Those published later, after his work in the Foreign Ministry which brought him in touch with men and matters of the

world and gave him a first-hand knowledge of the stark and unpleasant realities of life, portray his poetic vision and characterise the realities of life and Saint John Perse's spiritual yearnings.

Saint John Perse's important early volume *Anabase* was published in 1911. This volume was translated into English by T. S. Eliot in 1924. During the years 1924 to 1940, despite the heavy claims on his time and energy due to his official assignment, he continued to write poetry but did not publish any during that period. Unfortunately many of his manuscripts fell into the hands of the German Gestapo during the Occupation and were destroyed by them.

Perse's later volumes include *'Exit'*, *'Venta'* and *'Amers'* the translation of which into Swedish introduced him to the topranking academicians in Sweden, which led to the eventual award of the Nobel Prize. And who was the translator into Swedish? No less a person than the debonair, soft-spoken, mild-mannered, efficient and overworked Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, the present Secretary General of the U.N.

By any standard, St. John Perse is one of the greatest poets of this century. Last year he was the recipient of the "Grand Prix National des Letters", the highest French Literary award.

The citation by the Swedish Academy on giving the award, inter alia, said: "It is for the high trend of thought and the evocative image contained in his poetry which reflects clearly in our mind the present-day conditions that we have unanimously nominated Saint John Perse".

Saint John Perse is a nationalist and a patriot to the core. He was an uncompromising opponent of Nazism. He stood foursquare against soft-pedalling of the opposition to and collaboration with the Hitler Regime, which were quite fashionable in certain quarters in England and France during 1937-39. When the French resistance collapsed in 1940 and the inglorious puppet regime of Marshal Petain was set up, the Petain Government in order to be "more royal than the King himself" deprived Saint John Perse of his nationality and subjected him to various restrictions and humiliations. In the year 1940 dissatisfied with these suffocating restrictions he managed to escape to the U.S.A. where he remained till the over-throw of Hitler by the Allies in 1945. He utilised all his time during his six years in the U.S.A. to writing poems.

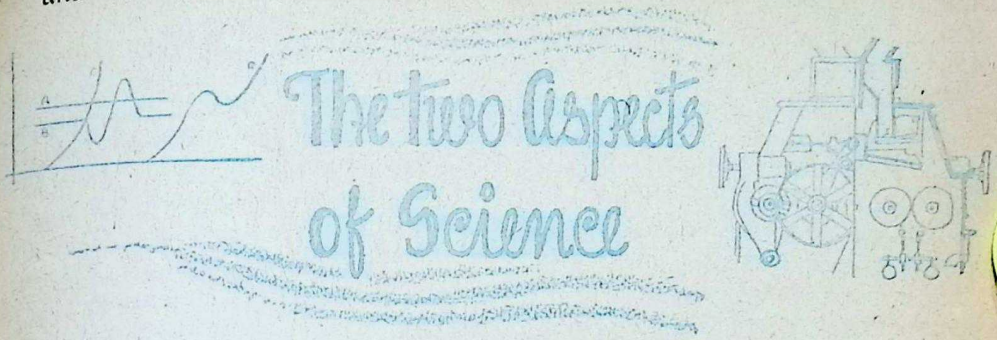
Saint John Perse is the tenth French writer to have the honour of being awarded this coveted international prize. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the first Nobel Prize went to a Frenchman, M. Sully Prudhomne.

Now Saint John Perse lives in his estates at 'Hyerest' in the South of France where he leads a secluded life, declining all interviews.

He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth.

—Jesus Christ.

. . . The chance of understanding things of fundamental and permanent importance is what makes the pursuit of science fascinating and worth while . . .



Sir George Thomson

The author is a distinguished atomic physicist. A Fellow of the Royal Society of Science, he won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1937. He is Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

SCIENCE is already valued for what it can do to increase man's control over nature, and feared for what some of its consequences may be.

Some people would have us consider these consequences as the sole justification of science. This view, or something very like it, is the official attitude in Marxist countries, and there are many in the United Kingdom and in the United States who would be horrified to be told they were Marxists but who without any explicit statement do in fact act and speak as if they thought the same. But this view is too limited.

There is a second aspect; it is this. Science also aims at understanding the nature of things, and in this it is at one with religion and philosophy. But its approach is the opposite.

Religion and philosophy try to gain knowledge of the whole, in the one case by an awareness of the deity, intuitive or revealed, in the other by building with words a system of thought that can account for fundamentals. Science starts from the other end. It begins by studying details, often apparently trivial details, but things that are strange and appeal to human curiosity: things like the black rocks from Magnesia that attract iron, or rubbed amber that makes chaff fly.

This sort of study has been more successful than one could have expected. It is a method

Summary of Presidential Address at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cardiff.

difficult to defend *a priori*—it has often been made fun of. Swift ridiculed the philosophers of Laputa who studied how to make sunshine from cucumbers. But the method works.

From the study of details such as these come concepts; these concepts, or some of them, show vitality and take charge, as characters in fiction are said by authors to do. They are the bases for hypotheses and "laws"; they are the things that get names—mass, energy, temperature, entropy, wave-length, charge, electrons, quantum numbers, to take some examples from my own subject.

But the successful concepts, or the best of them, are not concerned with details any more; they penetrate deep into the heart of things. Electrons, for example, are regarded as present in all ordinary matter, and in any attempt to explain the behaviour of matter—physical, chemical, or ultimately biological—one is, if one goes deep enough, forced back on to them. There is excellent reason to believe that the whole of chemistry is explicable in terms of electrons.

It is sometimes said that these concepts and the laws in which they are used are artificial constructions of our minds, more like the invention of the bicycle or the electronic computer than the discovery of America. I do not agree, though the relationship between the thoughts and the realities they represent is to me a mystery. Some of them—I am thinking especially of quantum theory and of relativity—have been forced by the pressure of experimental facts on unwilling minds. Others, like atoms, have come to life and explain vastly more than the few facts that originally made people suggest them.

Science is a pyramid based on many facts, topped with a crown of ideas reaching to the skies. These are its glory, and they can change without affecting its stability. What we want as scientists—I am sure in this I speak for the great majority—is that the world should realize that we as scientists are not interested merely in making possible new drugs, television sets, or weapons, though all these are important, but in enlarging the bounds of human knowledge.

The greatness of the human race is, indeed, many-sided. Thus in the world of art there is a difference between the ability to compose or interpret a great piece of music and that which writes a great novel or paints a great picture. Yet all are evidence of greatness and worthy of the name. Still more so is moral greatness. "There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon and another glory of the stars".

Surely the ability to understand, even to a limited extent, the world around him is one of the powers of which man has good right to be proud. Indeed, it seems to be the one that most divides him from the animals.

So much for understanding—but what of control? These two aspects of science do not, in fact, conflict. The best way to make advances in technology, whether on the medical or the engineering side, turns out to be to understand the principles. This is a recent discovery; indeed, it has probably only recently come true. It would not have been much use, for example, to man in the Stone Age, or even a few hundred years ago, to try to under-

stand the principles of tanning with no basic knowledge of chemistry to guide him. He did better by trial and error.

This dependence of technology on pure science is now fairly generally recognized by industry. The more progressive industries maintain research laboratories which both make use of the basic discoveries made in the universities and elsewhere and contribute their own.

Pure science receives a big return for what it contributes to technology, and this in two ways, materially and in the realm of ideas. Consider first the material return ; a modern physics laboratory could not work without instruments developed for technology and obtainable cheaply because industry needs them in large numbers.

Take just two examples out of many. The use of high vacua—and how important this is!—has been enormously facilitated by the needs first of the electric-light industry and then of the manufacturers of radio valves. Again, the complicated electronic devices which crowd every physics research laboratory would be impossible without the cheap components of all kinds manufactured originally for radio and now for television. For this return by industry I sometimes think we academic scientists are not as grateful as we ought to be.

The other influence of technology is more subtle, but every bit as important. As science advances, concepts tend to become more and more abstract, further from anything that can literally be touched or handled.

This being so, is there not a danger that we may lose touch with reality, and end up by supposing that some elaborate piece of mathematics represents reality when in fact it is only a creation of the mind, inspired indeed by physical reality but no more like it than is a modern picture? I think we are safe so long as the people who make these theories are reasonably close to those who use them, not merely in laboratories but in industry.

A theory that involves detailed consideration of the behaviour of particles less than a millionth of a millionth of an inch across would have seemed to Swift too absurd to be even worth ridicule. Yet one cannot regard it as a pipe dream when it leads to the great reactors of Calder Hall or Chapelcross.

To me, the most amazing thing about science, and the most surprising and exciting fact about our world, is this astonishing connexion between highly abstruse theoretical ideas and the matter of fact, in this case the housewife boiling her kettle with power from nuclei. This surely adds an immense thrill to discovery.

I have no sympathy with those who regard technology as intellectually a poor relation of science. To me, science without technology is incomplete and inconclusive. Systems of philosophy come and go, some are perhaps true, but who can tell? But when conclusions deduced by mathematical theory, from precise experiments, lead to detailed predictions from which working machines can be designed—machines which without the theory no one would have thought of in a million years—then, indeed, one knows that one lives in a universe that is rational and that one has found the key to one of its rooms.

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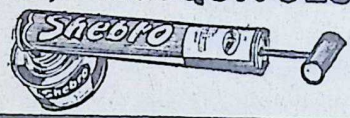

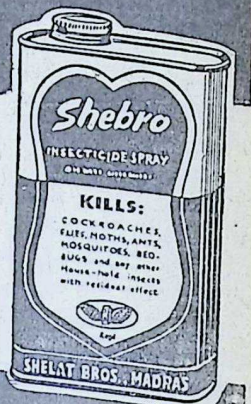

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Riddles

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES IV

Sri S. Krishnamurti, Visakhapatnam.

1. *Wings I have not, but can travel far and wide,*
I have a home but I rarely like to return
I have a tongue and my speech can make you jump for joy, or weep of woe
I am no linguist, but convey to everyone in the tongue he knows,
And I am an anxiously awaited guest in every house.
Who am I?

Sri V.V. Visweswaran, Coimbatore.

2. *She knows everyone from birth*
But she is no mother,
She is a constant companion
But she is not a wife
She follows everyone to the funeral pyre,
But she is no pall-bearer.
Who is she?

Sri Narendra Kumar Kimtee, Hyderabad.

3. *My first some men will often take,*
Entirely for my second's sake,
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear.
Who am I?

Sri Rajan Mani, Bombay.

4. *I am round, but I am not a ball*
I creep slowly, but I am not a tortoise,
I am found in gardens, but I am not a flower,
I have a home, but I carry it wherever I go.
Who am I?

Kum. Kanthimati, Quilon.

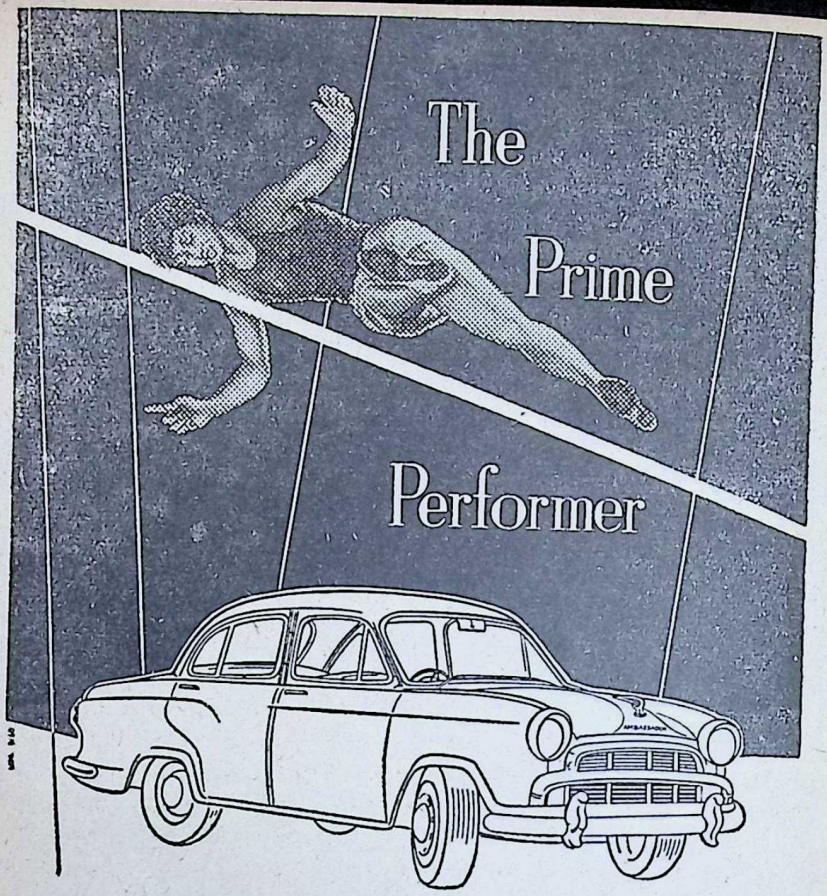
5. *I fly in the sky, but I am no bird,*
I have a tail, but I am not a monkey,
I have painted horns, I am not a cow,
Who am I?

Sri K. Rajamani, Alathur.

6. *I am tiny, but I am not an ant or rat,*
I have head, but no face
I have body, but no limbs
Others think of me as trivial,
But they cannot do without me,
And they use me at my sacrifice.

RIDDLES—Answers to Series III

(1) Potter's wheel (2) Time-piece (3) Book (4) Finger nails (5) Tongue.



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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

853

Sri T.S. Krishna Iyer, Somanur.

Q: *In the Mahabharata Yuddha we find the grandsire Bhishma siding with the Kauravas and fighting against Pandavas knowing as he did that the Pandavas were right. Please explain.*

A: Dharma required of Bhishma that he should support the sovereignty which he had built up. If he had left the Kauravas, Hastinapur, as a sovereign power, would have been destroyed. His conduct shows that in the affairs of State, it becomes a higher duty to fight for its stability and integrity than to stand away by one's personal view of right or wrong.

854

Sri S. Thankappan, Chepua.

Q: *It is mentioned in* Bhagavan Parasurama, *Part II, that the Maharishis Vasishtha and Viswamitra attained salvation when Parasurama was a youth and that Parasurama was the sixth incarnation of God. How does it happen then that these rishis were alive in the days of Sri Rama?*

A: The Vasishtha and Viswamitra of the time of Sri Rama were not the same persons as the Vedic Vasishtha and Viswamitra who took part in the Battle of Ten Kings. Each of them left behind their schools of learning and their later disciples were evidently known by their names.

855

Sri Krishan Lal Varma, Jhansi.

Q: *In his Urdu book entitled* Do Islam, *Ghulam Jilani Barq of Pakistan states that the word "Hindu" does not relate to any Indian language, new or old, and that it was first used by Mahmud Ghaznawi for the "Aryans" of India by way of contempt and that it means "a dark man, a slave, a cunning fellow, etc." Kindly give full information on this point.*

A: The statement in the *Do Islam* is incorrect. Punjab, where the Aryans settled first, was called Sapta Sindhu, the Land of the Seven Rivers, Sindhu meaning a river. The word Sindhu stuck to the main river, which in English we call Indus. The ancient Iranians corrupted Sindhu into Hindu. And those who lived in the valley of Sindhu and across generally came to be known as Hindus. When the Central Asian barbarians invaded India, they adopted the word to indicate the people of the land across the Indus, and being arrogant conquerors—as all conquerors are—they treated the conquered people as infidels and enemies. The British scholars transferred the name to the religion by calling the religion of the Hindus 'Hinduism'.

K. M. MUNSHI'S

Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART II

Who's Who in the Story

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, a truant husband.
SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman.
MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh.
UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England, a Barrister working with Radharaman.
RAJBA :—Sister of Uday Solanki.
POET MATTAMAYUR :—A well-known poet of Gujarat, an orthodox personality for whom poetry was a jugglery of words.
VIDWAN KALIDAS :—Editor of *Sanatan Yug*, an organ of orthodoxy.
SAMAR SINH :—The Prince of Premkot.
HANSKUNVERBA :—Widow of Maharaja of Manigadh.
BECKY :—One of the Eurasian ladies.

The conduct of Samar Sinh whom Bhupat and Majiba had already come to regard as the future husband of Rajba aroused Uday's suspicions, and Samar's secret meetings with the Maharani Hanskunverba merely served to confirm those suspicions.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, his wife, ultimately returned to England and wrote to Uday seeking divorce from him.

Knowing Samar Sinh's character well, Rajba decided not to marry him. She became almost hysterical. In order to have mental peace, Majiba and Rajba went on a pilgrimage. Now they were at Pondicherry seeking blessings and advice from Sri Aurobindo.

Meanwhile Uday went to Matheran and there met Poet Mattamayur and spent a few days in his company. They discussed *Tapaswini*, a novel, written by Piyush. Mattamayur thought that *Tapasvini* was just pornography and he asked his friend Vidwan Kalidas to condemn the book in the columns of his journal. But Vidwan Kalidas found Tapaswini, though not to his taste, full of life and well-written, recalling memories of his youth.

When Radharaman and Sheela went to Matheran, Uday joined them and all three had a very happy time there.

Hanskunverba was getting tired of life in Manigadh, and she had planned to join Samar Sinh at Premkot. Under the guise of going on a pilgrimage she went to Premkot and was housed in Vihar Bhavan. There she as well as Samar Sinh found happiness in each other's company.

On New Year's Day, Samar Sinh went to Matheran to meet and consult Radharaman. With the coming of Samar Sinh troubles started. While Radharaman, Uday and Sheela were standing outside the Railway station, two Eurasian ladies emerged from the railway station. They came close to where Radharaman and party stood and waited for a *riksha*. Sheela noticed the fleeting glances exchanged between the Eurasian ladies and Radharaman. That suddenly roused her suspicion and she became sad.

Samar Sinh came out of the platform and greeted Radharaman, Sheela and Uday. He told Radharaman to meet him at Pestonji Villa as he had to consult him on important matters. He also invited Uday to meet him there.

37. WORRIES OF HIS HIGHNESS

UDAY went with Radharaman to Sir Pestonji's bungalow rather reluctantly. He had not yet succeeded in finding out why His Highness had suddenly become so very affable. When plain captain, Samar Sinh, the Maharaja, had deceived his family and had humiliated his sister, Raj. The very thought of that incident, even after a lapse of years, was like opening a closed wound. His Highness and Hanskunverba had then completely fooled his family and had successfully conspired to make him, Uday, a witness to a dishonest document. He smarted under the folly on that occasion.

While one part of his mind was occupied with these memories, another part of his mind was preoccupied with Sheela. The three days during which they had been thrown together talking, singing and laughing had re-awakened him, as it were, and once again he felt his mind and heart pulsating with joyous enthusiasm. He was charmed by her manner, her way of talking and singing, her affectionate and yet dignified ways, in short, with everything about her. This did not mean that outwardly there had been any change in his behaviour towards her; to him she was still the wife of his professional boss, his *guru*. Nevertheless there had been added to the relation a new element. His respect for her was converted into adoration.

Sheela had not been able to conceal her distress at what she expected would happen as a result of the exchange of meaningful glances between her husband and the unknown woman. Since their return from the station, her sadness, evident on her face, was very disquieting to Uday. He could not fathom the reason for this sudden change. If there had been any opportunity for him to meet Sheela by herself he would have asked her and tried to do what he could to console her. No such opportunity, however, offered itself.

Pestonji Villa was on the way to the Louisa Point. As soon as they arrived at the Villa, they met His Highness who seemed to have been waiting for them anxiously. They were cordially received by His Highness. Radharaman and His Highness had similar tastes and were close associates in their pleasures and Uday could not help feeling that he had no business to be there at all. After some time, His Highness and Radharaman retired to another room for discussing important matters.

Left alone, Uday went out for a stroll. He was still unhappy at the thought of Sheela being left to herself on the New Year Day. Radharaman could have invited His Highness to his own house on such an auspicious day instead of leaving his wife to her own devices in a solitary house. Verily, he murmured to himself the line of the poet: "Happiness was not to be found in palaces, nor in bedsteads of gold and rich trapping". All this talk of love was just romantic nonsense, he thought to himself. In real life, there were only couples such as himself and Alice, Radharaman and Sheela! Could this

not have been the reason why Rajba had not decided to marry? Some sixth sense must have warned her of the unhappiness that lay behind the facade of love.

These three days had made Uday see how well Sheela ran her house. Although she never raised her voice nor spoke harshly to her servants, they were prompt and punctilious in carrying out her orders. Everything was to be found in its place. Nothing was untidy. Everyone's convenience was looked after. So successful was her management that everything was done without any friction and an outsider would have found it difficult even to discover that it was Sheela who was responsible for the clocklike working of the household.

Uday was charmed by her society manners. Whatever she did was appropriate to the occasion. Whoever she talked to felt that she was deeply interested in him. Uday was not by nature very sociable but within three days he had come so close to Sheela that it seemed to him as if they had known each other and had been friends for years. She seemed to have understood him sympathetically and so she seemed to understand everyone whom she met. It was many years now since Uday had enjoyed himself so well, and had this unexpected cloud not come, he would have looked back to the memory of those days with pure joy and delight.

Uday's thoughts were interrupted by a servant of His Highness, who had come to request him to accompany him to where His Highness was. As soon as he returned to the Villa, His Highness greeted him and invited him to take a seat.

He then turned to Radharaman and said: "Excuse me. I have to go out and shall be back in a minute. In the meantime you may talk things over with Uday. When you are ready, please send for me. Uday, my boy, I need your help badly. Do not fail me. Radharaman will explain things."

Uday immediately realised that the problem was not one which needed knowledge of the law for its solution, but that some nefarious scheme was afoot to get him involved. Radharaman wasted no time and straightaway started to use his great skill and persuasive powers to make Uday do what he wanted. "Uday, listen," remarked the barrister in a voice sweet as honey. "This is a very important matter. His Highness has got into serious trouble and we have to pull him out of it".

"Surely there is nothing about which you cannot advise properly. What is there for me to do?" replied Uday. This was an opening gambit and he wanted to see how Radharaman would proceed further.

"I need in particular your help in this matter. Listen, I will be very frank with you. Many years ago, His Highness had been engaged to your sister Raj. He was very fond of her but because of unavoidable circumstances that marriage had to be called off. Pressures which he could not resist forced him to marry the daughter of a ruling house."

Uday still carried the painful memory of that incident. He had felt deeply wounded at the way in which His Highness had conducted himself towards his sister. It was with great difficulty that he now controlled his

anger. "My dear sir, is there any point in your reviving an unpleasant memory of the past? Please do not talk about it."

"Look, Uday, I realise how unhappy you are about it. There should be complete frankness between us. I do not think that I should keep anything back from you; that would do me no credit, nor would it be fair to you."

Uday realised that Radharaman was trying to make the best of a bad job as a skilful barrister. He was impatient, however, and wanted to put an end to all this sparring. "Sir, you can surely save His Highness from whatever mess he has got into. I would earnestly request you not to bring in these personal matters into our discussion," Uday made the appeal exercising great self-control.

"My boy, this is a strange world. It is not enough to have good intentions, good feelings and affectionate relations. Business is business. And you have necessarily to find a right path," remarked Radharaman as he called out for the waiter and asked him to bring tea. "Look, Uday, His Highness feels very sorry that he was unable to marry Rajba."

"But why should he be sorry? I am not unhappy; nor is Rajba," replied Uday.

"Never mind. But His Highness has very great regard for your mother and your maternal uncle. He wants to marry Rajba. And as Bhupat's friend, this is something which I also would regard as very desirable."

"Sir, you wanted me to speak frankly," remarked Uday, controlling his rising anger. And then he started making his points, counting them on his

... Barrister Radharaman is also there ...

fingers. "First, we are not worthy objects of His Highness' grace. Second, even if she were on her death-bed, Raj would not care to look at His Highness' face. You do not know her or you would not even dream of suggesting such a thing. Third, even if everyone in my house was prepared to accept His Highness' offer, I would not accept it, whatever the consequences."

"Now, now, why do you speak with such heat," interjected Radharaman affecting deep feeling for Uday.

"Please excuse me, I beseech you to refrain from exercising your courtcraft on me. I cannot cope with you

in argument and would beg of you, therefore, not to talk about this matter. But please tell me frankly, why is it that His Highness has begun suddenly to display so much affection for me? What is the real motive?"

"Alright, alright, let us come to brass tacks." Radharaman burst out laughing as if so far it had all been a joke. He had now reconciled himself to the new situation. "You surely know Hanskunverba, the Dowager Maharani of Manigadh, well."

"Very well indeed. She is—worse luck—my aunt."

"Now she has become the cause of misfortune to His Highness. And that is due to something of importance which he has given to her in writing."

"I know something more than what His Highness has perhaps told you," explained Uday. "Do you think that His Highness is showing so much affection for me without any ulterior motive? The two of them deceived me once into being a witness to that document."

"I see, I see. His Highness must get back that document now," said Radharaman as if he was talking about some quite insignificant matter.

"My aunt is not such a simple person as to give away a document of that importance. For months past, she has been enjoying His Highness' company at Vihar Bhavan at Premkot. Why does he not ask her for the document?" Radharaman laughed loudly as he said: "Well, then you know everything. Let me be quite frank. His Highness obtained his rulership with the help of the eight lakhs of rupees he obtained from His Highness Ganga Sinh of Manigadh. At that time Sir Chandulal and I were his advisers. After the death of Ganga Sinh, Hanskunverba tried to put forward the claims of an imposter child. She was unsuccessful."

"I know all that very well, for I had been sent by Hanskunverba to Col. Venlock to represent her case, and I can assure you, I had never been made to look more foolish," commented Uday.

"Well, it would have been a good thing had it all ended there. Your aunt seems to be a veritable witch. She appears to have mesmerised His Highness."

"That of course I saw for myself," remarked Uday bitterly, "even while His Highness Ganga Sinh was alive." he added.

"Then there was between them a lover's correspondence." Radharaman now appeared to have decided to give out all the details. "They came to the conclusion that they could not do without each other, so they hatched a plot. Hanskunverba was to leave Manigadh ; on the way to Banaras, it was to be reported that she had died. Thereafter she was to dress herself as a nurse and proceed to Colombo, and from there to take a steamer to Europe to join His Highness."

"And it was this gentleman that you wanted my sister to marry," remarked Uday with a scarcely veiled bitterness in his voice.

"It is our duty to put forward our client's case as ably as possible," retorted Radharaman, and continued: "His Highness wrote a number of letters explaining this plot. By then His Highness had become so mad after Hanskunverba that he invited her to

Premkot and settled her in Vihar Bhavan."

"The whole of Saurashtra has been talking about nothing else but the love affair of these two."

"Here is the rub. They have thrown their discretion to the winds. Whether out of his passion for Hanskunverba, or because of the fear that she may make use of the document and the correspondence, His Highness has found it difficult to send her away. Their conduct has become so scandalous that the Agent General can no longer ignore it and has been compelled to warn him. But what can His Highness do? How can he push out Hanskunverba? She has now threatened to publish the document and the correspondence. The position now is that His Highness may even lose his rulership. Next month the Agent General is to visit Premkot and unless His Highness is able to recover or suppress these documents, he will be in great trouble."

"But what has that to do with me? You reap what you sow."

"No, no. We must do what we can to save His Highness. If necessary, you must go to your aunt. Do something. His Highness is prepared to spend any amount of money, if only you can persuade Hanskunverba to leave Premkot and retrieve the papers from her."

"I am afraid, my aunt will not hand over the papers so easily. She is capable of teaching us all a lesson or two!"

"Well, well, it seems your aunt is well worth cultivating," remarked Radharaman who was now anxious to mollify Uday.

"Why are you taking such a pessimistic view? Make an effort. It will be very much to your advantage. You will become known among the princely circles and gain very lucrative practice. Sir Chandulal and I have a very profitable practice among them."

"I am afraid, my aunt will not listen to me," said Uday.

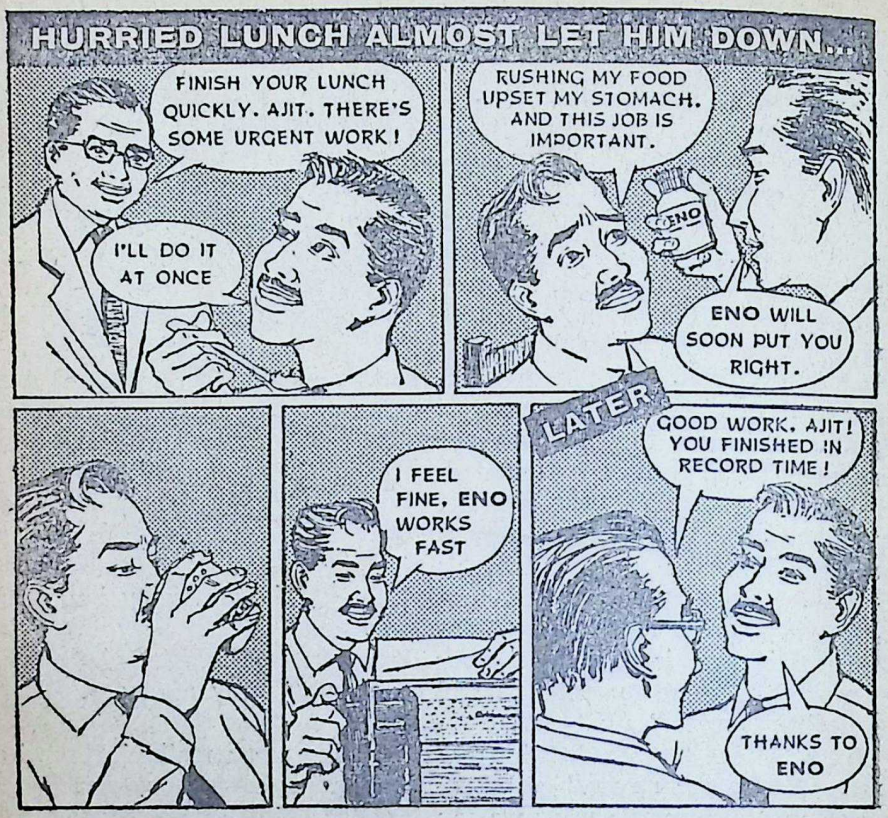
"The document has been witnessed by you. How can it be proved without your testimony. She will have to listen to what you say," suggested Radharaman.

Uday was embarrassed and deeply hurt at the suggestion made by Radharaman that he, Uday, should not mind adopting improper means to obtain the papers from Hanskunverba. He said somewhat bitterly but without mincing words, "Please forgive me. I do not wish to take any part in this affair. It hurts my self-respect and I think it is all highly improper. It would have been very much better, had you not mentioned to me anything about my aunt and His Highness."

Radharaman realised, shrewd as he was, that he had overreached himself, and that if he attempted to bring more pressure on Uday, it could only be at the risk of his professional reputation. So he reversed the gears. "Well done, well done, my boy. I congratulate you on your integrity. It is much better not to use improper means. If you can think of any other way of assisting His Highness, please let me know before tomorrow morning when His Highness and I would be leaving."

"Of course, if anything occurs to me, I shall let you know. But there is very little chance of my changing my mind and I doubt whether I shall be able to think of anything."

"Where is your sister?" enquired



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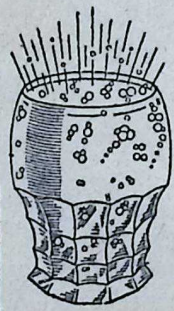

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Radharaman anxiously. "How old is she?"

"She is twenty-one."

"I would like to meet her when we are in Bombay."

"At the moment she is in Pondicherry with Majiba. I would be grateful if you would let me go without my having to meet His Highness. I am not in a proper frame of mind at present. I would request you therefore to make my excuses," said Uday as he stood up to go.

"I well understand your feelings," said Radharaman as he somewhat affectionately patted Uday. "But, my boy, we cannot afford to be so sensitive in our profession. The sooner you harden yourself the better," and then putting his hand round Uday's shoulders he continued: "Well, if you want to go, by all means you may. It is perhaps just as well. Sheela is all by herself. Will you give a message from me to her? I have some urgent work with His Highness and I shall be delayed. Do not wait for me for dinner. Sheela will have prepared something nice. If you like, invite the Kaviraj. He must have had enough of the hotel food. Good luck, and look after my wife," and as he concluded, he winked at Uday.

Uday was taken aback by this impertinent suggestion. To cut a joke at the expense of such a good woman as Sheelaben! He could not help thinking of the unhappy relationship of the two. Without another word he departed waving good-bye to his *guru*.

As he passed through the dining room he saw that the table was being laid for four persons. So Samar Sinh had hoped that he (Uday) would be persuaded to dine there. Scoundrel!

At the house, Sheelaben would have been all alone, he reflected. When he left Pestonji Villa it was already late. He had not gone very far when he met two Eurasian women coming towards him. They were talking and laughing among themselves. One of them stopped him and asked how far Pestonji Villa was. "You turn to the right and you will come to it almost immediately," replied Uday, rather taken aback at the question.

"Does His Highness of Premkot live there? Are you coming from there? Is there anyone else?"

Uday's suspicions were aroused. He was now certain that these were the two women whom he had seen at the station alighting from the train which brought His Highness. He also recollected that that was the moment from which Sheela's sadness had begun. He replied: "Barrister Radharaman is also there."

The two women broke out in loud laughter. "Come along, Becky," called the woman who had been talking with Uday, to her companion. Suddenly Uday realised what the cause of Sheela's unhappiness was. He was disgusted. What a terrible fate for such a fine woman, at once so affectionate, so cultured and so sensitive! What a man Radharaman was to have left his wife on the New Year Day to go to Pestonji Villa for such a woman! He had never given any credence to the stories that had been going the round in the Bar Library, and had thought that they were all born of professional jealousy. Now he saw the truth. His imaginative mind pictured the unhappiness of the lonely wife. If he could, he would have done something to console her but there was nothing that he could do about it.

[*To be continued*]

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Ingenious Pushpagandhi

AFTER vowing before the Brahmarakshas in the manner desired, Ratnamandana returned home and related to his father, King Nanda, all that had happened to him and the vow under which he had returned. The aged King was shocked to hear them and nearly fainted on realizing the danger in which his beloved son stood.

He sent word to the royal astrologer Chandra Sarma and bewailed: "Alas! All the blessings of the holy Brahmins have come to nought!" and related all he had heard from his son.

Chandra Sarma quickly computed the chart of the planets and after examining it carefully, observed: "My lord, the planets indicate no harm to your son. On the contrary, they all seem to be one in the opinion that nothing but happiness can happen either to you or your son. The planets will never lie. The ways of God are inscrutable. Be not afraid. Keep cheerful."

It is easy to console others but hard to do it with oneself. The King embraced his son again and again and cried: "How possibly can your mother bear to see you killed by a Brahmarakshas! How, again, could the aged nurse who brought you up from the cradle bear to separate from you? Look at the milk-sweet face of your wife. Oh!.....'

Ratnamandana pitied his father and said: "Father, it ill becomes kings of your calibre to feel so lost at the separation of a son. Don't you recollect that once we are born in this body, we have perforce to depart one day or the other? Look, what a difference it makes to die an ordinary death from becoming food for hungry soul. Son becomes one only when he contributes to the glory of his clan and never otherwise. As you know, our clan has so far been unsullied in its history. I, for my part, shall never be party to any action that will tamper with our prestige. A deep well is preferable to a hundred fountains; a *yaga* is holier than digging a hundred wells; a son is greater than performing a hundred *yagas*; uncompromising truthfulness is greater than a hundred sons. You will see that it is not difficult to have many sons like me, but very much so to keep to truth on which the super-structure of this world really rests. I shall not therefore tarry longer. Be of cheer!"

So saying, the Prince quitted his father's presence and entered his mother's room. Prostrating before her, he comforted her saying: "Mother! you know very well that, for women, it is not their parents, brothers or even sons who contribute to their happiness and glory. Their husbands alone can fetch them. I am confident therefore that you will continue to care for the happiness and love of my father!"

Taking leave of the sobbing mother, Ratnamandana went to the room of his wife, Pushpagandhi. Embracing her fondly, he said: "My love, what the astrologer had said on the day of your

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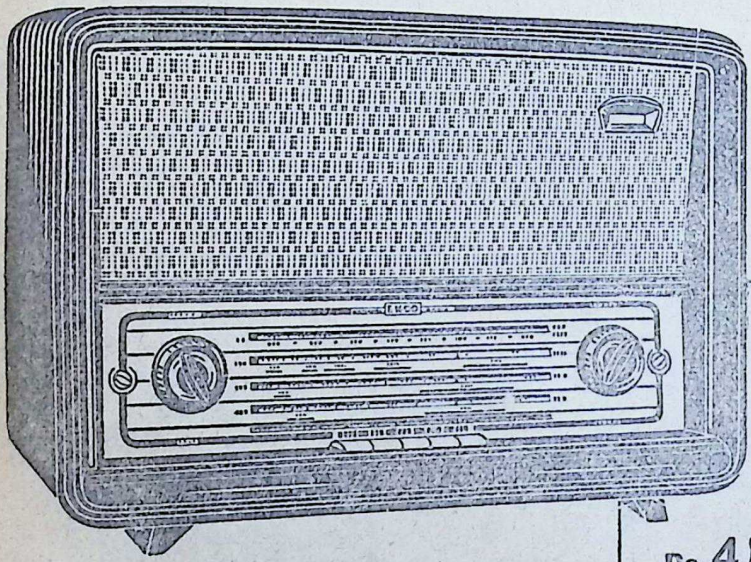

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birth has come true today. The Brahmarakshas is awaiting my return. Give me leave!"

Replied Pushpa: "My lord! You are vastly learned and I have heard great men say that when a dangerous situation arises a wise man does not rush into the jaws of death but thinks and tries his very best to outwit that danger. It passes my comprehension why my lord who does not lag behind anybody in wisdom, intelligence and righteousness, should talk in this fashion."

Ratna: You may be right in your accusation. But it is a fact that I have given my word to somebody to return at once. Would it be wise of me to break that pledge once it has been made? Do you call a liar's life a life at all?

Pushpa: Would my lord tell me the nature of that pledge?

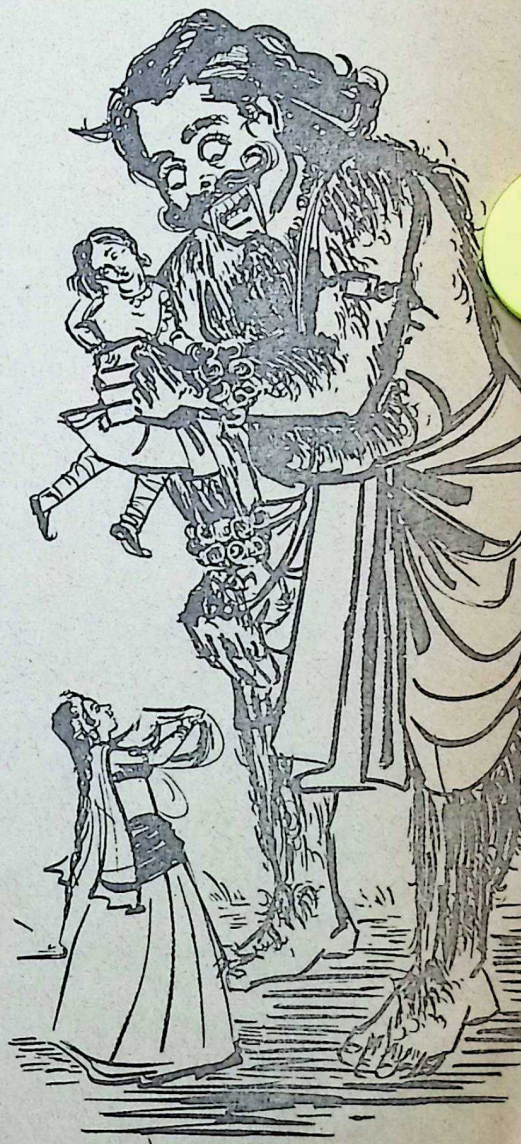
Ratnamandana explained to her in extenso the circumstances and the nature of the plighted word.

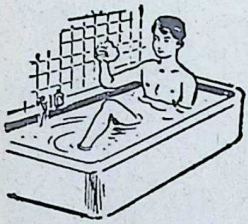
Wise men have observed that the intelligence of women is four times that of men. Pushpa gladly gave him leave observing: "You may return to the Brahmarakshas, but may the flowers on my head remain fresh till you return!"

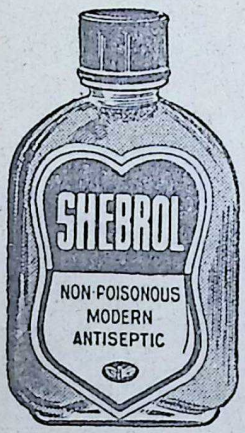
Ratnamandana smiled at her naivety and after sporting a kiss on her forehead, walked away with a jauntiness in his steps.

The anatomy of the world is as strange as the minds of the creatures that people it. The amazing part of the thing is each considers himself as the last word in fair or correct judgement.

The people of the city who saw the parting of these two young lovers, commented: "Is the heart of the girl made of stone to say such words and feel so cheeky? One can understand her attitude if her husband had been a cripple, disabled, ugly or otherwise







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undesirable. What cheek should she have to send such an exemplary husband direct to the jaws of death with not a tear in her eyes! The Prince owes everything that is happening now to himself and his own pigheadedness. When his parents objected to this marriage, he stood on one leg and married the unlucky girl and today he rues his fate. Alas Prince! This girl should turn out to be your Yama!"

Ratnamandana returned to the Durbar like a bridegroom heading for the wedding hall. He prostrated before his father and holy Brahmins like Chandra Sarma. Blessed by them all, Ratnamandana walked briskly alone in the direction of the forest and the citizens watched him with the same sentiments as did the citizens of Ayodhya watch when Sri Rama went into exile.

But few noticed the heavily veiled female figure that emerged from the palace and shadowed the Prince at some distance. It was no other than Princess Pushpagandhi.

Not finding Ratnamandana return for some time, the Brahmarakshas started thinking: "The sun has almost set and my hunger is mounting. I hope the Prince has the sense not to debunk me; for as surely as I am, I shall devour the entire city."

Seeing Ratnamandana return hurriedly, the Brahmarakshas descended on the ground and extending its hand, caught hold of the Prince's pigtail and baring its fearsome teeth was about to thrust the Prince's head into its mouth, when Princess Pushpagandhi jumped before it and said *"Bhiksham dehi"* meaning *"Give me alms!"*

The Brahmarakshas looked up sur-

prised and asked: "What kind of alms do you need?"

"I need my husband as my alms!" replied she.

The Brahmarakshas could not help expressing surprise at the request. Mused it: "Isn't it uncanny that she should pay me in the same coin?"

"You win!" exclaimed the Brahmarakshas and left Ratnamandana.

The angels gathered at the spot and praised all the three for safeguarding *dharma* and receiving eternal benefit.

Soon there descended an aerial vehicle from heaven which lighted the four corners of the earth. The Brahmarakshas cast off its form and becoming an angel, took off to heaven in that vehicle. While departing, it praised the princely couple: "Permit me to thank you heartily for giving me an opportunity for performing a priceless *dharma* and thus helping me in my liberation. May God bless you with long, happy married life," and vanished into the cloud, finally reaching Indra-Sabha.

The princely couple returned to the city and the aged King and Queen were mightily pleased at the way things shaped and were full of praise for God and His ways which were spotlighted by *dharma*.

Chandra Sarma observed: "The words of holy Brahmins can never go wrong."

Others said: "The good fortune of the girl connived at the Prince's escape from sure jaws of death!"

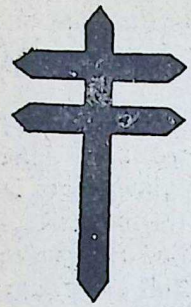
Thus blessed by the people, the couple lived a long and delightful life.

Sarpati philosophised: "Bhoja! Therefore, if an unexpected guest announces himself at the time of meals, one must share one's food even if he is actually eating."

Replied Bhoja: "Deva! I am greatly obliged to you for these interesting anecdotes. I now quite appreciate the need for parting with one's meals when another is in need of it. Now, can you enlighten me the full consequences of feeding an *athithi?*"

"With pleasure," replied Sarpati. Continuing, he said: "It is impossible even for Brahma to fully describe all the virtuous effects of feeding the *athithi*. Listen to this story."

[*To be continued*]



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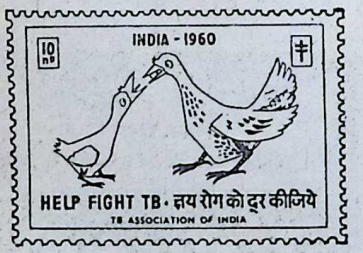

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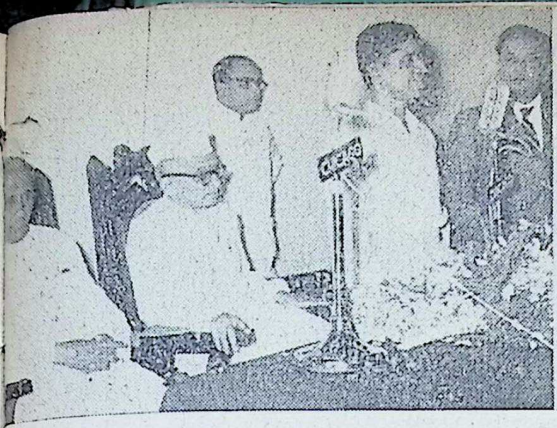


Left: Sri M. B. Pimputkar of the Press speaking on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Press.
Right: Sri S. K. Patil, Chief Guest, speaking on the occasion.

23rd FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATIONS

THE Foundation Day celebrations which started from Saturday the 3rd December, 1960 lasted till the 14th December, 1960, according to the programme already published in these columns.

SILVER JUBILEE: THE PRESS

The function started on 3rd December with the Silver Jubilee of the Associated Advertisers & Printers, who constitute the Printing Division of the Bhavan. On the evening of that day the premises of the Press was tastefully decorated and over 1000 guests attended the function. Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi who presided over the function, welcoming Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Food and Agriculture, who was the Chief Guest of the day, and other invitees to the occasion, delivered the following address:

I take this opportunity to thank Sri S. K. Patil for his kindness in accepting our invitation to inaugurate the Silver Jubilee of the Bhavan's Press. As you know, it was Sri Patil who founded the Associated Advertisers & Printers and established this Press twenty-five years ago and in the beginning, for some years, took an active interest in its management, Sri Patil has also been a friend of the Bhavan from its inception, and whenever required, has given it unstinted help.

In 1950, when the Bhavan's publication programme was planned on an extensive scale, it was felt that it would remain unrealised without a printing press of its own. The Bhavan, therefore, acquired a majority interest in the share capital of the Associated.

First, Sri Dharamsey Khatau, then Sri Jasvantlal Matubhai, Sir Chunilal B. Mehta, and later Sri Shrigopal Nevatia, acted as its Chairmen. Sarvasri Jagjivandas, Dave, Krishnamurti and Ramakrishnan undertook the office of Directors. Ramakrishnan, then the Registrar, and Raman, then the Deputy

Registrar, spared no pains to build up the Press.

Above all, the workers of the Press felt the change. They were no longer employees ; they were comrades in the great mission for which the Bhavan stands—the re-integration of Indian Culture. Everyone worked in a spirit of dedication. In this connection, Padval, Works Manager and Viswanath, Technical Superintendent, deserve special mention.

The workers, both honorary and stipendiary, were now a family, building up their common heritage. The Bhavan had acquired the interest in the Press not to run a business concern, but to convert it into an effective instrument of the Bhavan in its attempt to spread education and culture.

The Trustees of the Bhavan completely took over the Press in 1957.

Having begun my earning life, when a law student, as a proof-reader, I had looked forward to establishing an academy where poor and deserving students of the College can do part-time work to pay as they study. A Printing Academy was, therefore, established primarily to train college students to learn press work to supplement their income, and at the same time learn a trade.

During the years that the Press has been a part of the Bhavan, it has turned out educational and cultural works of the order of Rs. 20,00,000. It has printed five volumes of the *HISTORY & CULTURE OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE,* which has established a world-wide reputation ; 800,000 copies of our Book University volumes, and BHAVAN'S JOURNAL in 3 languages, which have a sale of about 100,000 copies in a month. Above all, the Press has established an all-India reputation in printing by its efficiency and promptitude, its neatness and accuracy.

The pressure of work has led to the Press being expanded. It is now fully modernised. Plans have also been finalised to expand the Academy of Printing into a College of Journalism & Printing, which will start from June next year.

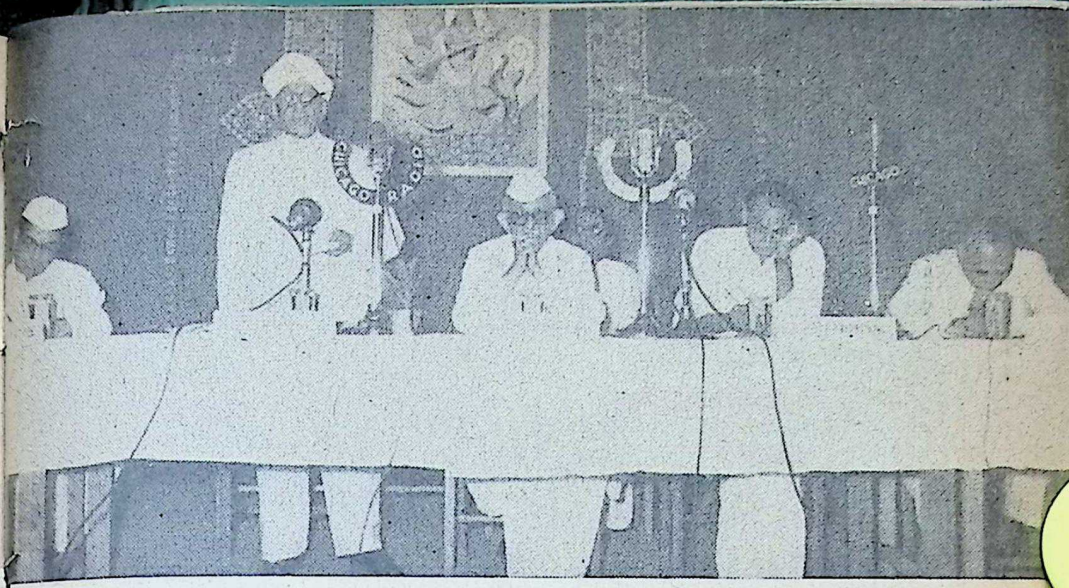
In the Bhavan, whether it is Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya or the Kala Kendra or the Colleges or the Press, there is no employer and no employee, no master and no servant ; no one has rights, he has only duties. All are workers, whether honorary or stipendiary, knit together by a family bond, inspired by the common zeal to serve the aims of the Bhavan.

The Bhavan can look back with satisfaction on the work the Press has done. The achievement is actually due to the fact that all workers bring to it the zest of private enterprise without the greed of personal motive and the efficiency of successful business with a missionary spirit of dedication.

And to all the members of the Bhavan's family, whatever work they do, I express my thanks for the noble tradition which they have built up.

In commemoration of this occasion, the Bhavan has decided to give a special bonus of one month's salary to the staff and workers of the Press and to give special awards to those who have completed 25 years of service. The awards will be presented tomorrow at the Convocation.

I will now invite Sri Patil to inaugurate the Silver Jubilee of the Press.



The symposium: L to R: Sri Sriman Narayan, Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar (speaking), Sri Munshiji, Acharya Kripalani and Sri H. M. Patel.

Sri S. K. Patil who spoke next, recalled the early days of the press which he himself had the honour to start. He felt particularly gratified that what he started 25 years ago in a humble way had flowered into one of the most leading presses of India and could boast of printing several major works of quality and quantity to its credit. He paid a tribute to the memory of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel who had helped him with money and parental care in the building of this press in its initial stages. He narrated some of the vicissitudes which the press had gone through, during those years. He praised the workers of those years who had put their heart and soul in their work. He felt that the same spirit was continuing even today. He praised Sri K. M. Munshi for his manifold activities and particularly for making the Bhavan take over the Press and build it up to such huge proportions. He wished the Press many more years of useful service to the country.

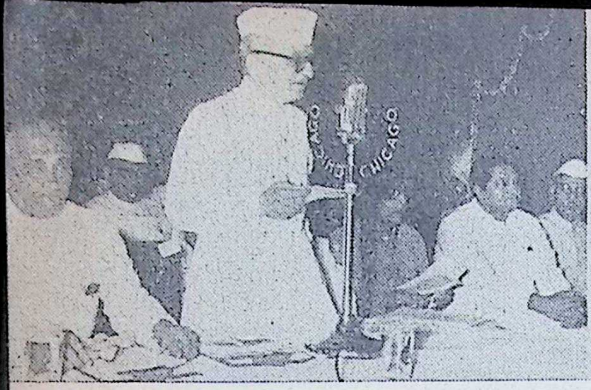
Sri Pimputkar of the press spoke on behalf of the workers of the press and garlanded Sri Patil, Sri Munshiji and other authorities of the press.

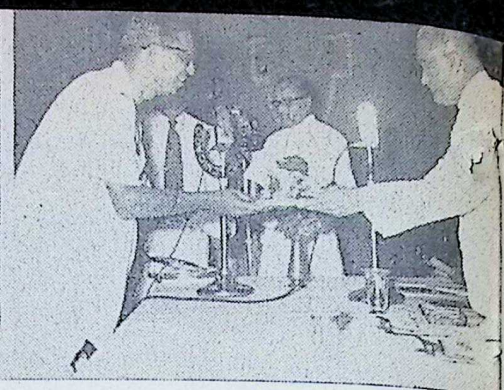
The party of guests was taken round the press where they were shown the streamlined automatic machines newly installed, the composing rooms and the rest of the organisation.

After the meeting was over, the guests were hosted by the Press at a brief tea party.

CONVOCATION

On Sunday, the 4th instant, the Fourteenth Convocation of the Bhavan was held at which, again, Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Food and Agriculture, was the Chief Guest. After the usual ceremonial procession of the office-bearers and the Heads of the Departments into the auditorium, there was Vedic invocation, recited by Acharya Venkateswara Dikshitar,





Left: Kulapati Munshiji delivering the welcome address during the Convocation.
Right: Sri S. K. Patil presenting to Sri D. R. Padwal, Works Manager of the Press the silver plate for meritorious service in the Press for over 25 years.

after which H. H. Sri Shankaracharya of Dwarka gave his benedictions. Sri K. M. Munshi thereafter welcomed the Chief Guest and other invitees to the function in the following words:

I am happy indeed to welcome Sri S. K. Patil amongst us today. Though I welcome him as the chief guest, he is no stranger to us. He is one of us, ever solicitous of the welfare of the Bhavan.

For over three decades now, Sri Patil has served Bombay in several spheres. As an outstanding Bombayite, he led its war of freedom in the thirties and later presided over its civic affairs. Today he fills the high position in the Central Government as Food Minister —a position of great responsibility. But more—there has not been a noble public cause to which he has not extended his support in this country.

With these celebrations we begin the twenty-third year of the Bhavan. During these years, it has travelled far. Beginning as a humble institution for the study of languages, it has grown into a national institution with international contacts. It has a membership of 475, with 6 branches in the country and 13 institutions; a publication output of roughly 2 lakhs volumes per year and over 50,000 copies per issue of its journals; an annual budget of Rs. 51.5 lakhs; dozens of honorary workers and 628 stipendiary workers. This success is due to the spirit of all those who worked for it with single-minded enthusiasm.

The Bhavan can look back with satisfaction on the work it has done. It has been due only to the fact that all workers bring to it the zest of private enterprise but without the greed of personal motive, the efficiency of successful business but with a missionary spirit of dedication. And to all these members of the Bhavan's family, whatever work they do, I express my thanks for the noble tradition which they have built up.

This year the Bhavan has made progress in several directions.

The Academy of Printing, which still goes by its familiar name Associated Advertisers & Printers, the Silver Jubilee of which we celebrated yesterday, is now considerably expanded and

has gained an all-India reputation.

This year, the sixth volume of the *History & Culture of the Indian People* has been published, and so have been several volumes of the Singhi Jain Series and the Book University.

In the College, the shibir, its cultural core, has come to stay, though it has not been very effective. This year we begin the annual Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture and the Birla Endowment Lectures on History. The School of Languages conducted by the Delhi Branch, which is fairly popular, teaches Sanskrit, German, Russian and Spanish languages. The Madras Kendra has now begun its work in right earnest.

The project of an Engineering College will soon be implemented. Its foundation-stone is proposed to be laid in January 1961. This College will be a memorial which the Bhavan proposes to raise to the great Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, who, under Gandhiji's guidance, led the battle of national freedom, and but for whom India would never have become what it is—integrated as it never was before. He was closely associated with the Bhavan, and we hope this memorial will remind Bombay—and the country—of what he was and of what legacy he left us.

The project of the College of Journalism and Printing is taking shape.

Sometimes I stand afraid at this rapid expansion of the Bhavan lest like many such attempts it might become a mere educational society, drained of its sense of mission to reintegrate Indian Culture. There are too many elements floating in the atmosphere which stifle ethico-spiritual motives of such institutions. Luckily, however, we have men and women amongst us dedicated to the Bhavan's aims. My prayer to God has been always to give us more and more of them, not merely efficient workers and high-browed academicians. Without them, Bhavan will lose its soul.

God, in His inscrutable wisdom, has deprived the Bhavan of some of its valuable friends, without whom it could not have grown so fast. Among them were Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, who was the first to give encouragement to the Bhavan idea; Sri Mungalal Goenka, whose generous donation first gave it shape; Dewan Bahadur Krishnalal Jhaveri, its guide, philosopher and friend; Sri Babu Bahadur Singhi, Sri Megji Mathuradas, Sri Pranlal Devkaran Nanji and Sri Gordhandas Sonavala, all of whom helped it grow by their whole-hearted co-operation; Principal V. N. Bhushan who, to his last breath, worked to build up the college.

In this connection I may also mention a valued friend of the Bhavan—Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, who never stinted help whenever he was approached for it.

Recently Bhavan has lost a very valuable worker in Srimati Sarayubala Khandwalla, who had devoted herself to build up the Stree Seva Sangh—its women's wing—with unceasing enthusiasm.

The Bhavan, like many such institutions, stands confronted with the crisis through which our culture is passing. Materialism is casting an increasingly sinister shadow over our land—as over many lands. In trying to secure economic advance in breath-

less hurry, we do not count the cost in terms of higher value. A generation of Indians, therefore, is springing up whose roots in the soil on the one hand stand weakened by the cult of crime and sex popularised by the West, and on the other, are denied nourishment by a blind neglect of the ethico-spiritual inspiration of our ancient values.

However, I see a change coming over the world. Material values, so far deified by the West, are leading to cultural decadence. A new awareness of the need for moral reconstruction of humanity is dawning among Western thinkers, though it has not yet come to some in this country who have a pathetic belief in the dogma that external change suffices to change the man.

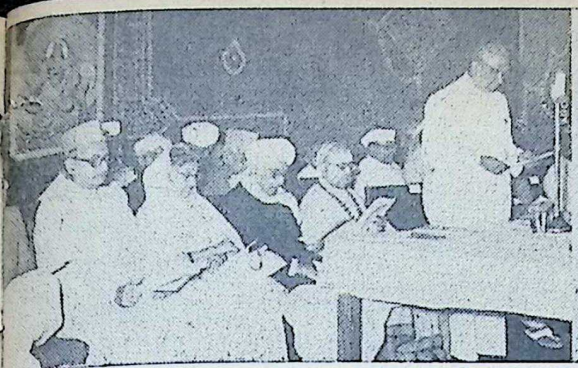
It is, therefore, essential that we should extricate our religious attitude on life and culture from outmoded forms and outworn superstitions; that we should realise more clearly that the supremacy of the Spirit over material values and demoralising environments alone will enable man to fulfil himself. This implies a new outlook, a new awareness, a new sense of dedication to Truth, Beauty and Love, —a new vitality to the age-old but ever new message *tena tyaktena bhunjithah*—By giving up the lure of life alone can we enjoy it.

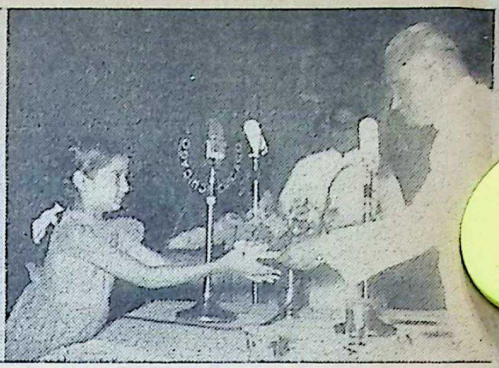
To work for this object, however humbly, is the aim of the Bhavan; it is the work of God, and in this noble mission, we should all join hands if man has to be rescued from the decadent values which have made life in modern times a nightmare.

Report

Sri J. H. Dave, Honorary Director, then read the Annual Report, in which he described the various activities of the Bhavan during the year just passed. Here are a few points from that Report:

From the Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya 29 students qualified for the Acharya Diploma and 55 for the Shastri Diploma. In the Saral Sanskrit section 31,752 candidates appeared for the different examinations from 357 centres. 43 text-books had been published for these examinations in Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Sindhi, Tamil, Kannada and English. 1556 students appeared for the Higher Sanskrit Examinations. 635 students took the Gita Examination. 15 students were working for the Ph.D. degree in the Research and Post Graduate Department. Volume VI of the *History and Culture of the Indian People* was released. There were 65,000 volumes in the Library and its membership stood at 1056. The Children's Library had 7500 books. 30 Colleges had entered this year's Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Competition with 72 One-Act plays in 7 languages. 21 candidates from the Sangeet Sikshapith appeared for the Sangeet Examination of Bhatkhande Sangeeth Vidya Pith, Lucknow, all of whom had passed successfully, 10 securing first class. This year the Western Staff Notation was introduced in this section with suitable adaptation to Indian music, as a result of the efforts of Mr. Howard Boatwright of U.S.A., who worked in the Siksha Peeth under the American Fulbright Scholarship Scheme. 127 Students were undergoing training in Classical Dances under





Left: Sri S. K. Patil, delivering the Convocation address: Right: Kumari M. Chokshi receives the medal for being first in the Kathak division of the Nartan Siksha Pith.

the Nartan Shiksha Pith. So far 47 volumes have been published in the Singhi Jain Series. 9 new titles were released in the popular Book University Series with reprints. Over half a dozen books in the General Series were also published. The number of students in the Meghji Mathradas College of Arts & Narrondass Manordass Institute of Science was 2962. 210 students lived in the Hostel. A platoon of the NCC is attached to the College. A special feature of the College is their regular morning prayers and the periodical 'Shibir', where Kulapati, Upa-Kulapatis, Principal, staff-members and students met and discussed matters of general importance for three to four hours at a stretch and had common lunch or dinner. The Delhi Kendra progressed satisfactorily. The public school attached to that Kendra coached students for the Overseas Certificate Examination. There is also an Academy of Languages teaching Sanskrit, French, German, Russian and Spanish. The School of Indian Culture at this Kendra held 30 lectures on Indian culture by eminent scholars. The Madras Kendra moved into a bigger premises in Tyagarayanagar. Regular classes for teaching Saral Sanskrit as also *Bhagavad Gita* were conducted. The Bangalore Kendra had now a regular, well equipped office in Residency Road. The U.P. Government had allotted a plot of land in a central locality for a building for the Kanpur Centre. Periodical lectures on cultural subjects by scholars were among the regular activities of the Allahabad Kendra. A Music School is also being run by them. The Stree Seva Sangh conducted various cultural and social activities for the benefit of women and children including the looking after of the children's library.

After the reading of the Report, the Heads of the different Departments presented the successful candidates and prize-winners to the Chief Guest, who awarded Diplomas, Medals and Prizes:

Summary of Prize-winners, etc.

(a) Sri Ramashankar Tripathi won the Kulapati's Gold Medal for being adjudged the best student of the Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya. (b) Sri B. A. Nanavati and Sri N. I. Joshi, students of the Bombay Astrological Society, were awarded the Society's Certificate of Merit. (c) Principal C. D. Nagarkar was awarded the Maganlal Dress-

wala Gold Medal for his outstanding contribution to the cause of Indian Classical Music. (d) Sri Shambhuram Joshi was awarded a Tambura as the best student of Bhavan's Sangeet Shikshapith. (e) Kumari Sumati Rao was awarded the Kulapati's Silver Medal as the best student of Bhavan's Nartan Shikshapith in Bharata Natyam. (f) Kumari Minal Chokshi won the Kulapati's Silver Medal in Kathak. (g) 11 workers of the Associated Advertisers & Printers were awarded Silver Plates for having completed 25 years of service in the Press. (h) Kumari H. H. Shah was awarded the Kulapati's Gold Medal as the best student of the Bhavan's College. (i) Kumari Kunda Nabar won the Kulapati's Silver Medal as the best lady student of the College. (j) Sri R. B. Deora was awarded the Kulapati's Silver Medal as the best student of the Arts Section of the Bhavan's College. (k) Sri R. M. Kamath won the Kulapati's Silver Medal for the best student of the Science College. (l) Sri Dhirubhai V. Patel won the Kulapati's Bronze Medal as the best student of the Hansraj Morarji Public School, Andheri. (m) Sri D. N. Hodar won the Kulapati's Bronze Medal as the best student of Bai Kabibai High School.

After the Upanishadic Exhortation in Sanskrit by Acharya T.A.V. Dikshitar, Sri S. K. Patil delivered the Convocation Address, which is as follows:

I am grateful for the opportunity which has been given to me for addressing this formal academic function in an atmosphere somewhat unusual from the one I am accustomed to from the public platforms in my home city of Bombay. It is not so easy to imbibe the peaceful atmosphere of an academic function but I realize what place such an occasion has, not only in the academic life of an Institution but also in the career of its students.

Today many of you would be crossing the thresholds of this Institution to make your mark in the wider sphere of life. For others, this function constitutes the shape of things to come and it fills them with a feeling of reverence and affection for the Institution in which everyone of them attempts to make his mark in preparation for the years to come.

The inmates of this Institution are very fortunate in having at its head such illustrious personalities as Sri and Srimati Munshi. Between themselves they constitute a synthesis in domestic life which should serve as an inspiration to others. They have been able successfully to impart that synthesis not only into the life of this Institution but also into many spheres of activities outside. In them, I think, you have a pleasing combination of a healthy respect for salutary traditions and lessons of the past and the good that the modern age has offered us. Their breadth of vision, their lofty idealism, and their sense of art and culture are typified in the life and syllabus of this great Institution which is making such a signal contribution to the art of life, letters, and other matters of aesthetic value in this great city. Not being content with their achievements in this city, they have established, undoubtedly with the same sense of extra-territoriality, a blissful domain in the capital city of India itself.

I wish them and these Institutions every success in the great and glorious task of seeking that harmony between the old and the new, between art and life, and between culture and traditions in which the true meaning of life can best be found.

Fellow students, from this pleasing, though formal and academic atmosphere of this hall and this great gathering, I would like to take your mind to the great expanse of the country in which we are all proud to live and to the prosperity of which it is our bounden duty as loyal citizens to make our own humble contribution in whatever sphere of life we may be. I do so not because in the field of politics it has always been my endeavour to look at things in an all-India perspective but also because today we can divest ourselves of that perspective only at our peril. When we think of our narrow loyalties to the city we live in, or to the village in which we pursue our normal vocations, or to the State to which the city or village as a unit belongs, or when we think of the caste and community of which we may be a part in the distribution of population, or when we think of ourselves in our own intimate groups and circles, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that all these are matters of comparative insignificance at a time when we must, above all, regard ourselves as units of a vast organism, that is the country itself.

When we were struggling for our freedom, whether in the latter decade of the 19th century when we were passing in our premier political organisation paper resolutions at our annual conferences, or a decade later when, carried away by a wave of discontent, we took more active measures for expressing our discontent and misery, or later still when under the inspiring leadership of a great humanitarian soul, we were pursuing the path of peaceful and non-violent struggle against British imperialism, we did so not as members of those narrow parochial groups but as the citizens of the Motherland in whose service neither life nor property seemed to acquire any particular significance. Unfortunately, in the latter phase of our struggle, we were submerged again by those narrow loyalties of religion and creed and we had to pay the penalty of a surgical operation that cost us an important limb.

When we secured Independence more than thirteen years ago, we were still a jigsaw puzzle of pieces, each with its own loyalties and attachments, though some of us were wedded to the concept of a united India that remained with us. It was the vision and statesmanship of the late Sardar Patel that obliterated the different shapes of the jigsaw puzzle and gave to this vast country a unity, an integrity, and a sense of security which it had not witnessed for thousands of years in the past. Few of us realize what dangers we then avoided, what obstacles we then removed and what foundations for the future we laid merely by achieving this unity and integrity. The strength that we thus acquired enabled us to settle down to our tasks of peace and nation-building almost immediately after the great holocaust of post-partition developments. Since then we have constantly engaged ourselves in devising means for increasing the pres-

tige and prosperity of the country, both in national and international spheres and in planning and achieving the country's economic progress.

It would neither pay us nor profit us to belittle either the significance or the difficulties of the great tasks in which we have been engaged during this short period of thirteen years since Independence. Considering the shortcomings and unfortunate legacies of the centuries of slavery and foreign domination, and bearing in mind that many other countries in the world stole a march, over us, of decades and centuries, this task of nation-building is a stupendous one. Its magnitude can be realized only by those who are devoted to the goal of prosperity and have grappled with difficulties, obstacles and handicaps which appear to defy, many a time, human ingenuity and exertions.

All of us, I hope, are agreed atleast on one thing that this country must occupy a place of honour not only in the polity but also in the economic life of the comity of nations. If so, is it too much to ask that we should also realize what is involved in trying to achieve that position in the shortest possible measure of time with all the handicaps and difficulties to which I have referred and of which we become painfully conscious, not only every day but practically every moment of our lives? The first requisite obviously is that we should all feel Indian first and Indian last and subordinate our petty jealousies, parochial loyalties and the narrower attachments to the passion of patriotism and devotion to country's interests which are, in any context, supreme and, in the present context, more so.

To my way of thinking, such jealousies, loyalties and attachments are an anathema. I cannot describe to you the mental anguish that I feel when I take into account the barren and wasted efforts of so many of my countrymen in the pursuit of courses which are the very negation of nationalism or in adherence to policies which are anti-national in the sense that they promote activities and tendencies which distract our minds from the path of nationalism and patriotism and take us into courses which are harmful to the interests of the country. If there is one thing that is needed above everything else, it is that great revival and upsurge of a sense of patriotic duty and obligation which permeated us when we were still struggling for freedom.

This great country of ours has witnessed such revival and upsurge a number of times in the past. One of the great lessons of the *Gita* is that in real times of distress and misery, we are not deserted by God who always comes to our rescue when the cup of misery is full to the brim. We witnessed the great hand of Providence when groping in the dark for truth, the Vedas descended upon us under divine inspiration. We have witnessed similar resurrection whenever we mortals made the world a sadder place to live in.

In our own known history when the ills of Hinduism had gone beyond limits, we found amongst ourselves the great Buddha who gave us the true Dharma. Humbled by a foreign invader, we saw the great age of Maurya and Asoka ; harassed by the invading

hordes of tribes from the North-West, we got relief through the efforts of Vikramadittya who ushered in a golden era of prosperity and promotion of art and culture in a measure seldom known in history. This was followed by a great religious revival brought about by the dominating genius of Shankaracharya. Nearer our time when the country was rent by communal and religious divisions, we had in this very country an age of saints who promoted a *bhakti* movement, the legacies of which we find even today in many lines of religious thought in which we have secured a synthesis of many religious precepts in our country.

Whilst we may derive some comfort from these pages of history which I have briefly unfolded before you, we must not forget that each age of revival has been the culmination of years of misery and depths of degradation in which our country landed itself due to the faults and weaknesses of its children. A poet has said that self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control lead to sovereign power. It is an axiomatic truth about which there need be no controversy. Can we preserve our self-respect if we succumb to the weaknesses which are repeated with disastrous consequences to ourselves in our history? Have we any chance of knowing ourselves when we delude ourselves into an attitude of freedom without being conscious of its obligations and responsibilities? Can we control ourselves when we give ourselves over to the passing narrow loyalties and attachments and place in subordination higher aspirations which not only must dominate us but which also must ultimately prevail if we have to achieve the declared goal of our lives?

When I look round our great country to survey our present material with a view to assessing it in terms of the future to which we have set our course, I sometimes wonder whether we are truly laying the foundations for our promised achievements. Intellectually our young men are in no way inferior to those who inhabit many advanced countries of the world. Our children, either in their intellect or in their desires and ambitions, yield to none in any other country. Still when we assess the potentialities of those young men or qualities of those children, we find that they do not have those equipments of life which alone can make them useful instruments of a new order. It is because we are either teaching them a contempt for the old, whether it is healthy or unhealthy, or keeping them ignorant about the good in the past that has gone before us. We are not giving them the moral influence whether in their homes or in their schools and colleges wich are such an asset in building them up for their allotted future. Even our educational courses in schools and colleges, our methods of instruction and the life we give them, generally leave much to be desired from the point of view of building up of their intellectual and moral fabric.

I recognize that in the field of art, we are now making considerable progress and we are bringing up our children and youth in an atmosphere where art and culture are beginning to have more and more place in their lives, but the average quality of that instruction is still far behind the best that is need-

ed and their attainments in the field of sport, athletics and other fields of physical well-being are still very low as compared with many other countries in the world. Technically and scientifically, there is no doubt that the average young man of today is yielding better results and we have made astonishing progress in departments and activities where technical and scientific talents are required. But we have yet to go a long way in rising above individualism and securing progress on well-coordinated and smoothly functioning lines. The defects to which our children and young men are exposed acquire an elongated shape when they settle down in the wider spheres of life with the result that despite the numbers of human material at our disposal, we are unable to invest its wealth and achieve the full dividend to which we are entitled.

It is clear, therefore, that in order to fulfil the aims and objectives of a free country, namely the enrichment of our lives through democratic thoughts and practices, we have to take further bold ventures in the sphere of nation-building. In this great endeavour, it is not only the learning that one acquires in the University or schools and colleges, but also the attainments that one obtains in Institutions like Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, which play their part. Art, literature, science, ethics, philosophy, languages, fine arts, sports, athletics, physical games, extra-curricular activities, and a right type of moral instruction have all to be blended into a harmonious whole with a view to give our youth and children the best opportunities of building themselves up as useful citizens.

I am convinced more than ever that the poet who said that the child is the father of man, has transmitted to generations a truism which needs to be repeated almost every day of our life. It is our sense of pride in the virtues of our past and in the equipment of the present that alone is going to give us an outlook in life which would promote such harmonious blending. So far as the past is concerned, we must separate the good from the bad, the healthy from the unhealthy, the gold from the brass, and the grain from the chaff. It is then that our respect for the past acquires a substance which enables us to mould it to our present needs. So far as the present is concerned, we have to develop a sense of discrimination of values which would enable us to judge between what needs to be imbibed and cultivated and what needs to be shunned as harmful or undesirable. It is only in this approach to the past and present that we can build up healthy foundations for the future. That future life must follow the course of a broad river which moves steadily to its allotted destination.

If life is to acquire any shape and meaning, it must have a noble purpose, and no nobler purpose can be conceived for a useful life than that it should make a solid contribution to the build-up of this great country of ours.

Fellow students, it is in that spirit and devotion that I would ask you to approach the responsibilities that are going to devolve on you in the wider spheres in which you would soon be moving out. In the open spaces of life, it is essential that you cultivate a broad

vision. As the saying goes, in the crowded city, you cannot clearly see, but in the open spaces one sees infinity. It would be an ill service to the country and an ill return to yourself if you involve yourself in narrow views and outlook.

Life is so full of contradictions and incompatibilities that only a broad vision can secure that harmony which is essential to make it pleasant and livable.

I hope, therefore, that in your future you will conduct yourselves with a spirit of catholicism and tolerance and imbibe those refinements and liberal instincts which would enable you to treat life not so much as a tragic imposition but as a happy interlude. In cultivating this attitude of mind, you would perhaps find that a sense of humour combined with realism is a useful and helpful aid to one's existence and utility.

Friends, one word more and I shall have done. May I ask you not to take what I have told you in the light of a sermon or construe it in terms of platitudes? I am neither qualified to sermonise nor am I habituated to indulge in platitudes. During my own life as a person of some outlook and intelligence, I have learned many a lesson. I only wanted that on this occasion I should share with you some of those lessons. After all, it is only through such lessons gained from experience in the field of life that we can make our lives sublime and in the words of the poet:

"Departing leave behind us
Footprints on the Sands of Time".

Let me conclude with the blessings of the Upanishads: Let thy means be noble so that the end may become glorious.

शुभास्ते पन्थानः।
सफलास्ते मनोरथाः ॥

Thereafter a Vote of Thanks was proposed by Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice President of the Bhavan. The function came to a close with 'Jana Gana Mana'.

OTHER FEATURES

Among the other activities of interest during the celebrations, these events may be mentioned:

Swami Akhandanandji's Pravachanas on the mornings of 5th, 6th and 7th.

Symposium on "Disintegration—How to avert it" on the 5th in which Sarvasri C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Acharya Kripalani, Sriman Narayan and H. M. Patel participated. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided. (The text of their speeches will be published serially in the *Bhavan's Journal* soon.)

On the evening of 5th a Gujarati Drama "Baduti Pati" directed by Sri Adi Marzban was put on board.

The Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar on three days. The subject of the first lecture in this series on the 6th was "Philosophy & Culture" with Shri K. M. Munshi in the chair. The second, on the 7th was on "Science and Culture"; Dr. H. J. Bhaba, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, presided. The third lecture on the 8th was on "Dravidian & Sanskrit Cultures". Dr. P. V. Kane, National Professor of Indology, presided.

On Friday the 9th, the Parents' Day was celebrated in a joint programme

by the Bhavan's College, Sangeet Shikshapith, Nartan Shikshapith and Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya.

On Saturday the 10th, in the afternoon, a meeting of the workers of the Bhavan was held when Kulapati Munshiji addressed them.

The same evening, a symposium on "Sugam Sangeet" was held in which a number of leading Gujarati writers participated. At night, a cultural programme, the Gujarati Drama "Dasyo Phasyo Khasyo" directed by Sri Adi Marzban was staged.

On the morning of Sunday the 11th, a programme of light music—"Sugam Sangeet"—was held. Most of the leading poets and lyricists of Gujarat took part in it.

On Sunday, the 11th, the 5th College Day was celebrated in the College Campus, Andheri. Sri Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan, Maharashtra's Minister for Health, Tourism and Small Savings, was the Chief Guest. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided. There was a contribution dinner at night.

Earlier in the evening, there was a Past Students Convention, at which Srimati Lilavati Munshi addressed the students. The following is the text of her speech:

The first meeting of the past students of the Bhavan's College was held in the month of August and as promised by me then, we have called the Past Students' Convention today. The first meeting was attended by about 300 past students. But at that time we had not called the Science students as the circulars had not gone to them. Subsequently the circulars were sent to the Science students as well and about 700 fresh replies were received. So, for this Convention we have sent invitations to all the students who have replied to the circulars. Many of them are scattered outside Bombay and some students are in foreign countries.

Some of you may be thinking why do we hold the Past Students' Convention. What is the purpose behind it? I feel it is worth while to repeat what I said at the first meeting.

The idea of renewing our contact with the past students occurred to me when we were in U.P. As Sri Munshi was the Chancellor of many Universities in Uttar Pradesh we were being invited every year to them. One of them was Roorkee University, where every year during the University Week the past students also were invited. Roorkee being the oldest Engineering University, many of its past students are holding very high positions as engineers all over India. So many of them, who are highly placed persons, take special trouble to come and attend the University Week and to renew their contacts with their Alma Mater as well as to make acquaintance with the present students from among whom they selected engineers very often.

Again, when we went out on world tour in 1958 we had occasions to visit many foreign Universities. There I found that they were keeping contact with their past students. If any student or a member of the staff or any one connected with the University went to any part of the world, and approached the University office, they took the trouble to write to the past students residing in that part of the world about the person's arrival, or

they gave letters of introductions to the person concerned who was travelling. Very often these letters prove most helpful to them.

We also met during our tour many students of the Bhavan or U.P. Universities who were members of the Chancellor's Camp. Sri Munshi, as the Chancellor, was organising such a camp every year where the best boys of every University were invited. Most of them were pursuing higher studies in foreign countries. As soon as Bhavan's students or U.P. University students came to know that we were there, they found us out and came to meet us. It is a great thing for one when one travels either in this country or abroad to have someone at the other end who could receive him or render him some help if needed. This can only happen if there is a common bond of having studied in the same University or college.

Going through the list of the past students of the Bhavan, I have found that many of them have settled down and are occupying good positions.. Some of them are still studying in foreign countries, and some are spread out in many walks of life.

For today's function, we wrote letters to those whose replies had been received. Many are not residing in Bombay. But if those of you who are here approve of the idea of keeping in contact with the Bhavan and with each other, much can be achieved.

You will ask me what will be the purpose of such contacts. I consider the Bhavan and the Bhavan's members as well as students as members of one family. By frequently meeting, we can create a closer bond between the past and the present students and the Bhavan itself. The past students can help the present students in many ways. For instance, such of you who are well-placed can help the present students when they pass out to get employment or you can even get or extend yourselves some help to the poor students while they are studying. At least each one of you can help one such student either by yourself or through your influence. If you do that, it will be a very great thing. Another thing that those who are either in Bombay or staying outside Bombay can do is that if any of Bhavan's students or members meet you or write to you through the Bhavan, you can at least guide him in a new place. The Bhavan can be a link between the past and the present students. The past students can have the satisfaction of helping a student of the same college. The guidance and the help that you can give to the present students will be invaluable to them.

Now I shall come to the Bhavan itself. The booklet distributed at the time of the 23rd Foundation Day Celebrations is before you and therein you will find the report which will give you an idea of the Bhavan's various departments and their activities. I am sure, as a past student of the Bhavan you will be proud of the achievements of the Bhavan. I would like that you should all be a part of this movement and make it a mighty stream of progress, encompassing every branch of life. I am certain that all of you will wish it, but wishing is one thing and achieving the aim is another thing.

First of all, you should think out how the Bhavan can come into con-

tact with so many past students, in what way Bhavan can help them and what help they can offer the Bhavan. If you become the members of the Past Students' Association and run it actively I think the above purposes can be achieved. That way you can frequently meet each other and further the activities of the Association. For instance, you can arrange lecture series. You can contact distinguished foreigners who come here from abroad and invite them to speak and this way you can develop contact with the outer world. You can also help us in spreading the message of the Bhavan by helping us to have larger circulation of Bhavan's books and journals. You can help us in Kala Kendra activities of Dance, Drama and Music. Our Inter-collegiate Dramatic Competition is another annual event in which you can continue to take interest. You can develop pen-friendship with other students. You can even organise special trips, or any social or cultural programmes which will bring many of you together.

You must make it a point to meet at least once a year in a Convention. There are various ways in which you can cultivate each other's acquaintance and be of help to each other by creating a friendly bond.

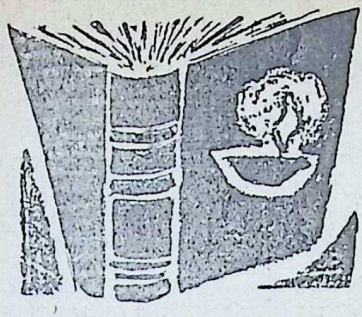
Personally I shall be very happy if any of you can come and call on me with the members of your family. I would like to know them. If we meet in this way we can know each other better.

Today is the Bhavan's College Day in which you are all participating. You will notice that the Andheri campus is getting more and more beautiful every year. Now there is a temple also where even outsiders come in great numbers for worship.

I thank you very much, friends, for responding to our invitation and spending this evening with us. I hope this will not be the only one evening, but there will be many such evenings when we will be able to meet and be with each other.

Birla Lectures

The celebration came to an end with the Birla Endowment Lectures by Dr. R. C. Majumdar, held on the 12th, 13th and 14th, on "Three Phases of India's Struggle for Freedom". On the first day Smt. Lilavati Munshi presided. Shri G. L. Mehta presided on the second day and Principal T. M. Advani, former Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University presided on the third day.



Our Bookshelf

COMMUNISM IN INDIA. By Gene D. Overstreet and Marshall Windmiller. Published by the University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles. 1959. Price: 10 Dollars.

THE MODERN INDIA PROJECT was established at the University of California, Berkeley, in the spring of 1954 to encourage research on Indian political parties, leadership and issues. Since then it has published (1) *A Checklist of the writings of M. N. Roy,* compiled by P. Wilson (1st. Ed. 1955; 2nd revised Ed. 1957); (2) *Government and Politics of India and Pakistan: 1885-1955: a bibliography of works in western languages,* compiled and edited by P. Wilson (1956, out of print) and (3) *Communism in India* by G. D. Overstreet and M. Windmiller. The first is a work of sound scholarship which obviously has helped the writing of the book under review, but the other two are major contributions to the history of modern India. If the publications of the California University maintain this standard, as we sincerely hope them to do, their series will become as famous as the Harvard

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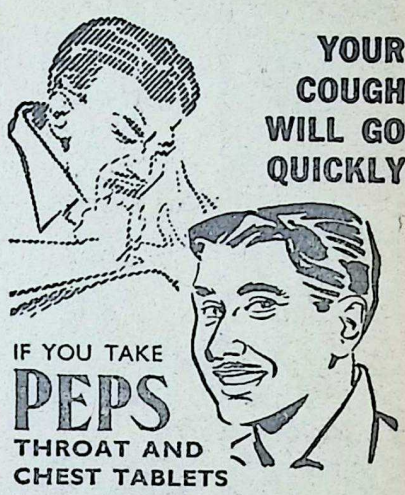
Oriental Studies, with greater practical value, both for Americans and Indians.

The book under review deals with the history of the Communist Party of India from its inception in the early twenties to the formation of the Communist Ministry at Kerala. From its beginning the CPI had only one aim in view: to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat in India under the leadership of the Communist Party. This policy has been put to shape by a band of able political workers with a ruthless fanaticism which has enabled them to build up the most efficient party organization in India. More than once they have acted against the interests of the nation, still even now, after the China Incident became public knowledge, their position in the country seems to have suffered little.

In the Statement of Policy of the Communist Party of India (1951) it was stated that "all action of the masses in defence of their interest to achieve liberation is sacrosanct. History sanctions all that the people decide to do to clear the lumber-load of decadence and reaction in their path to progress and freedom." (p. 522-3). This of course means that the CPI as the leader of the masses can do anything to achieve their desired end. Does it include a secret pact with Chinese comrades to stage another Telingana in the tea-gardens of Assam? It seems very probable. For as we shall see, the CPI is eager for guidance and help from outside. Also, one of the avowed tactics of the CPI is to divide India into as many parts as possible and disrupt national unity, so that they alone can survive as the only all-India organization. They would therefore pose as the champions of the Nagas, and help them in their so-called struggle, just as they have taken the lead in Maharashtra and to some extent in Gujarat also to divide the State of Bombay.

This brings us to the subject of other parties co-operating with the Communists. Such activities, however laudable the object may be, end by destroying the other parties. The

PI with their better party organization can and do dominate the alliance and emerge stronger than before while their allies are usually crippled by the experience, or the Communists capture the organization, as they did with the A. I. T. U. C. and the All-India Kisan Sabha, and the All-India Students Federation. The other tactics, namely, to weaken the other party in an United-Front was shown in its treatment of the Congress Socialist Party, which in January 1936 admitted Communists to join it. By June 1937 Communists had to be refused admission and by the beginning of 1939 the alliance was broken. But during this short period the Communists reaped enormous benefit. "By the second half of 1936, reports began to reach the CSP National Executive that Communist fractions were disrupting the organization; they were converting members to communism maneuvring to capture local CSP units, or competing with Socialists in such mass organizations as trade unions. The Executive responded with no more than a word of caution to the provincial CSP Committees. In some cases this warning was wholly futile, for certain provincial CSP units were already in the hands of Communists or their sympathizers. In South India, Socialist affairs were largely directed by E. M. S. Namboodiripad, Joint-Secretary of the CSP and leader of the Kerala provincial unit; by the end of 1936, he had placed the Tamilnad organization under the direction of P. Ramamurti and P. Jeevanandan, and within a short time all three of them had openly espoused communism. The Andhra provincial unit fell under the control of the known Communist P. Sundarayya. Through the influence of these leaders, whole provincial units were gradually turned into branches of the CPI. Similar cases occurred in labour centres in North India where, open or secret, Communists took over the leadership of CSP units. An important unit dealing with labour organisations in Bombay for example, was controlled by the Communist, Soli Batliwala, who later



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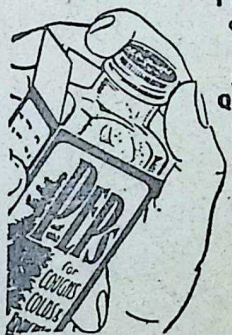

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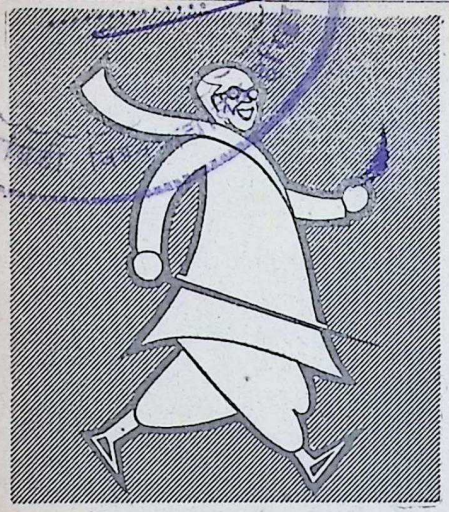

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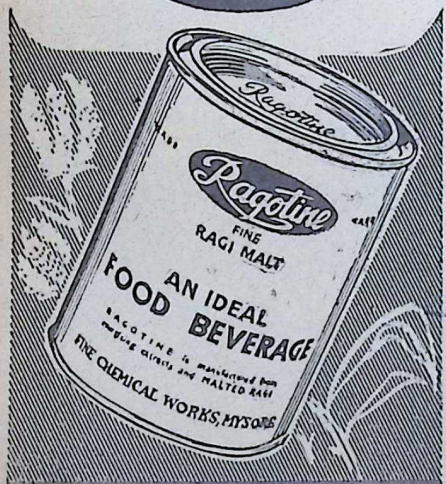

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became a member of the CPI Central Committee." (p. 163).

This aspect of the Communist activities has been described with details from personal experience by Sri M. R. Masani (*The Communist Party of India: A Short History*, London, 1954), Prof. N. G. Ranga (*Kisans and Communists*, Bombay) as also by Sri Soli Batliwala, (*Facts Versus Forgery*, Bombay) mentioned above, after his expulsion from the CPI.

There is, however, another aspect of the CPI, namely its affiliation with—one might say subservience to—the international communism. From its inception the CPI was under foreign control, and after the expulsion of M.N. Roy, it functioned practically as the colonial organization of the Communist Party of Great Britain. After independence the CPI shook off its British connections, but Russian tutelage remained as strong as ever, and any dicta from that Socialist country was hailed with deep reverence. Then came the Chinese revolution, and a section of the CPI attached itself to the chariot-wheel of the new gods, Mao and Chou. In 1950 the CPI sent greetings to the Communist party of China on the occasion of its twenty-ninth anniversary, declaring that "the Communist parties in the colonial world are looking upon the Communist Party of China as their model." (p. 298) Soon after, Ajoy Ghosh, the General Secretary of the CPI, declared in a speech: "Today the reality is that nobody in the Indian Party can solve this crisis. *It was the international comrades who pointed out our mistakes. Since we are not agreed.....only they can help us. We must, therefore, contact the international leaders.*" (p. 302-3, Italics by the reviewer). These statements, set in their proper perspective interpreted with a background knowledge of international communism, which the authors possess to an unusual degree, show the CPI in its true colours.

The two young authors deserve our sincere congratulations for their objective study. They have produced a book which will be read with profit by every

Indian. For students of modern Indian history this is an indispensable guide.

—*Dr. A. K. Majumdar.*

A HANDBOOK ON STAFF NOTATION FOR INDIAN MUSIC. By Howard Boatwright. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. 56 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

THERE have been many in the past who have invented or modified existing systems in an endeavour to put Indian music down on paper. Orthodox practitioners of Indian classical music insist that our ancient music cannot (should not?) be put down on paper. But, curiosity is a difficult thing to contain and the world grows daily more curious.

Of those who made successful attempts to put Indian music down in western staff notation, the most notable were Fox Strangways, Coomaraswamy, Mudaliar, Eleazer, Popley and Jothi Pandyan. I had the privilege of being associated with the last-named some thirty years ago, and believe I am right in claiming that his way was probably the most practical of those I have mentioned.

But all these systems were created with the same purpose. Every single one of them attempted to put down Indian music for the benefit of a foreigner who might be interested in knowing something about Indian music. Howard Boatwright, on the other hand, has based his attempt on the need for the Indian musician to have a practical system of notation which will enable him not only to write down his music quickly and accurately, but also to make it possible for some other musician who knows the system to be able to read what has been written down equally accurately and swiftly. Boatwright's system is close kin to western staff notation. One needs to bear in mind the fact that western musical notation is now known and used throughout the world and that because of that universality, a Chinese can play the music of German composers and American can conduct a concert of symphonic music by Japanese composers. What is more, neither the German nor Japanese compositions suffer by such performance. In other words, while each composer writes music after his own artistic image, what he writes down is immediately available to all who are able to read the staff system of musical notation.

In our country, the tendency has been otherwise. Musicians—at least the less educated of them—have not been very ready to let others into their secrets. Discipleship—which obtains to this day—is a long and laborious process and even Jacob grew impatient.

And of course, there is the fact that Indian music leaves practically everything to the performer's creative moods. In that aspect, Indian music can never be written down—for no performer's rendering of *todi* (shall we say) should be similar to his own earlier performance except in essentials that concern the *raga*.

But there is a revolution going on in our music. Radio began the unpleasing task of cleaning up and trimming a garden overgrown with weeds. Air-travel has brought the west to our doorstep. Modern needs and changing tastes and a wider interest—all make this a most suitable moment for the publication of such a book as Howard Boatwright's *Handbook on Staff Notation for Indian Music*. Professor Boatwright has written this book primarily for Indian musicians—and I hope that the English edition is mere preliminary to the book's publication in at least Bengali, Hindi and Tamil.

Boatwright makes use of Indian letters and the five-line staff, and has not forgotten the domination of the tonic and the vocal element in our music. He has made no attempt to squeeze Indian music into nineteenth century western rigidity as so many of us who worked on this problem earlier did. He has not deluded himself into believing that his system will not be opposed by vested interests—and Heaven knows they are extremely powerful in India!

I am making no attempt to review this fine book in detail. I am making a statement that Howard Boatwright's system of notation for Indian music—based on western staff notation—is both practicable and worthwhile.

I believe that every genuine music-lover should possess a copy of this remarkable work, for it is a soundly built bridge between Western and Indian music. Dr. Boatwright's preface to the book is a masterly assessment of the difficulties he has had to face and overcome and also of the arguments that will be brought up both for and against his work. This preface alone is worth the price of the book.

The thanks of every thinking Indian must go both to Dr. Boatwright and to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan for this book. Conservative musicians will almost certainly resist the implications of their art being set down and made readily available to the world, but any art that is worthwhile has never lost its charm because more people h become familiar with its beau Also there are the new vistas wh radio and the films and the conce halls have opened for our music. I perhaps here that Boatwright's sys will first be found most useful. Th time and outside pressures must m the system acceptable to musici who deal with our classical syste Growth is inescapable in all true and one needs to be grateful to a ge ine lover of Indian music—even if h an American and not an Indian—having proved that the impedim against musical literacy are pu imaginary. I for one cannot see we should not—at the same tim have a completely written-out m and our traditional music that l and has its being on creative imp visation. Frankly, I do not thinl exaggerate when I say that How Boatwright has shown the way Indian music to come out of purda

—*Sri Victor Paran*

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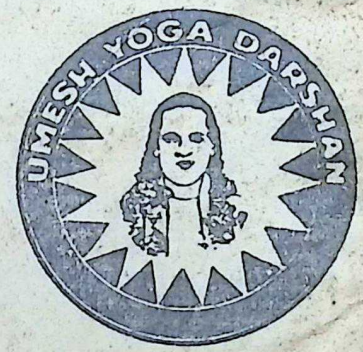

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